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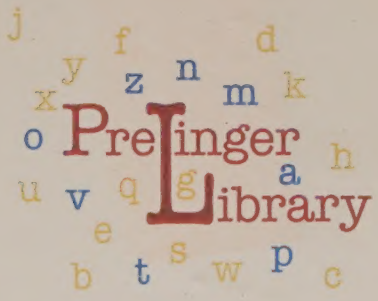

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"THE STORM OF LIFE."

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"Good words are worth much and cost little."—Herbert

GOOD WORDS

FOR 1876

EDITED BY

DONALD MACLEOD, D.D.,

ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S CHAPLAINS FOR SCOTLAND

And illustrated by

J. M'L. RALSTON, H. FRENCH, F. W. LAWSON, E. G. DALZIEL,
J. D. COOPER, R. W. FRASER, T. SULMAN, AND OTHERS

LONDON
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GOOD WORDS FOR 1876

THE STORM OF LIFE.

By HESBA STRETTON, Author of "Jessica's First Prayer," etc.

CHAPTER I.—A FRAIL BARQUE.

THE round, red sun was sinking low in the wintry sky, though it was yet early in the afternoon, for the December days were but just past their shortest, and nightfall came too soon for busy workers. The old year was not quite ended, and Christmas Day was not yet forgotten, with its good cheer and merriment. Even in the jail at Thornbury there had been a Christmas dinner, and the prisoners' dismal chapel had been decorated with green ivy and the red berries of the holly, bringing back to their minds memories of their childhood, before sin had laid its heavy hand upon them; when they too had gone carol singing through the frosty lanes, between leafless hedge-rows and glistening snow-drifts. A strange clergyman had preached to them on Christmas morning; he had looked down on several drooping heads and faces hidden behind trembling hands, especially among the female prisoners, whose hearts were most easily touched by thoughts of old Christmas days and their innocent pleasures. He had never preached from a prison pulpit before, and his voice faltered and his heart yearned with pity over the outcasts before him; his Christmas Day was saddened. But he was a stranger; the prison chaplain, who was absent through illness, had grown used to the sight of all those hard, unhappy faces, which looked at him from the solitary pews, where each one sat alone in misery and degradation.

Christmas Day was over, but New Year's Day was yet to come. To-morrow would be the last day of the old year. Probably there was but one prisoner who took any notice of the date. There was only one whose term of punishment was ended on the last day of the year. She had placed a little box on her stool, and was standing tip-toe on the top of them, just reaching above the high window-sill with her eyes, as she gazed eagerly at the setting sun. She could see nothing save the sky, with its pale wintry blue, and the low, red bank of clouds under the sun. There was not a speck of ground visible to her, or any trace of dwelling-places and homes, of which there were thousands in the town close by. There was the sky only, and that was growing dark. The bare little cell behind her would soon be filled with the darkness, and no light would be allowed for an hour longer. She could hear a robin singing somewhere out of sight, and once a rook flew with heavy wings across the field of sky on

which she gazed through the narrow window of her cell. "To-morrow!" she murmured to herself, "to-morrow!" She would be free again, like the birds, to-morrow. Early in the morning the great gates which had closed so heavily upon her would open again and let her out, to choose her own way and follow her own path.

She could not stand long on the high post she had climbed to, holding on by her prison bars, though she wanted to see the sun go down behind the bank of clouds. How terribly long the coming night would be! It seemed impossible for her to pass through its dreary hours patiently. Her task was finished, the last prison work she would have to do. Yet if she had a violent outbreak now, such as she had yielded to during the first year of her imprisonment, that would bring some days, perhaps some weeks more of confinement. She recalled to her mind the dark cell in which she had so often been buried, before her wild ungovernable spirit had been tamed into obedience. That dark, terrible cell, where no welcome sound broke the silence, and no ray of light stole in to divide the day from the night! If she should get in there to-night, the last night of all, what would become of her? It would drive her into madness; there would be no chance of keeping her wits; she must keep herself calm and quiet now.

But how was she to do it, with her heart beating, and every pulse in her head throbbing, till she could not keep herself quiet for a moment? After a minute or two of restless exhaustion, she climbed up again to bring her eyes once more on a level with the window-sill. The sun had just sunk behind the clouds, and the clocks in the church towers in the town below chimed half-past four o'clock. Only half-past four, and she could not in any case be set free before eight the next morning. Fifteen hours and a half! They seemed as long as so many weeks—longer than the weeks had seemed only three or four months ago. It was only of late that the days had dragged so heavily, and her patience had been more sorely tried than before. In the last three months the prospect of her release had made prison work and prison rules more irksome to her, though she had not shown any temper or impatience either to the warder or her friend the chaplain. But to-night the storm grew worse and worse. How could she fight against it till the morning came?

"Help me! help me!" she whispered through the bars of the window to which she clung. She scarcely knew to whom she was crying. She was straining her eyes to look up into the pale sky where the evening clouds were gathering; and it seemed to her, excited and disturbed as she was, that a face looked down upon her out of the dimness—a sorrowful, pitying face, with a crown of thorns about the head. Only for one moment: her eyes lost sight of it instantly. But she crept down from the window-sill, and, crouching upon the floor beneath, covered up her face and cried softly and quietly to herself.

By-and-by her quick ear caught the sound of footsteps treading the long corridor outside, and they ceased before her door. She knew some one was peering in through the grated hole in the door, through which she herself could be watched at any hour of the day or night. It was almost dark in her cell now, but she had quickly sprung up from her crouching attitude, and was sitting on the stool, with her hands folded on her lap. She heard the key turn almost noiselessly in the lock, and her warder entered with a carefully-guarded lamp and lighted the gas, which, like everything else in the dismal place, was kept under lock and key.

"Rachel Trevor," she said in a pleasant voice, "the time feels long to you now, doesn't it? It's hard work waiting for to-morrow."

"Ay, it is," sobbed Rachel. "I feel as if I'd be sure to die before to-morrow comes. Stay with me a little bit, ma'm; do, please. Talk to me a minute or two; for I'm sore afraid of breaking out at the very last of all, or goin' stark mad. I'm trying hard to be quiet and peaceable, but I can hardly bear it."

"I'll give you something to think about that will help to keep you quiet," said the warder gravely. "Rachel, the chaplain's dead!"

"Dead!" she cried. "No, no! not dead! Don't say he's dead!"

"Yes, we've lost him," said the warder; "he was a good friend to you, ay, and all of us. He died on Christmas Eve, just as they were singing carols under his window, and all the bells ringing. It was at his old home where he was born. We didn't hear about it for a day or two. He had a letter written for him when he lay a-dying, to be given to you, Rachel, the night before you went away from here. You can read it for yourself alone; for he told him that wrote it to write it large and plain, so that you could make it out for yourself."

"It was him taught me to read, and write too," sobbed Rachel, "I've lost my only friend. He cared for me when I was worst. Oh! what shall I do? What shall I do?"

"Haven't you any friends to go to?" asked the warder.

"I haven't had a friend to ask after me since I was sent here," she answered, "not one. My husband—he was sent to Gibraltar for ten years, you know. And there's my little Rosy—she's in the workhouse at Aston; I shall go and take her out to-morrow. She's such a little beauty. I hope they've never told her where her mother's been all this while! But I haven't a friend in all the world now."

"Dear! dear! that's bad," said the warder, sighing.

She did not know what else she could say. Now the chaplain was dead, there was no one she knew of who would think of stretching out a hand to help a woman just out of jail, after a long term of imprisonment for house-breaking. The crime had been a particularly daring one, and Rachel had taken a foremost part in it. Who would think of employing such a woman, whose husband was still in penal servitude?

"Dear! dear! that's very bad!" repeated the warder.

"Ay! it is," said Rachel, absently. She was holding the chaplain's letter between her hands, and the tears were falling fast upon it. He had been her only friend; and now, at the very moment when she needed him most, she had lost him. Yet her sorrow was, that she should never see him again, and never speak to him as a free woman; she scarcely thought of the help he would have given her, in beginning a new life outside the jail. He had come so often, and so patiently, to her cell, lightening the heaviness of her long imprisonment, and bearing with her stupidity and temper, and now she could never show her love and gratitude to him! She had wanted to bring her little Rosy for him to see, as soon as she was out of jail. She had loved him, and longed to be good that he might be glad; and he would never know it. Now he was gone for ever, and she was left alone, to be good or wicked, happy or miserable, with no one to care for her.

"Well, well!" said the warder, "read your letter, and I hope it will comfort you."

CHAPTER II.—UNDER SAIL.

As soon as she was alone in the cell, Rachel opened her letter with trembling fingers. Her eyes were dim with tears, and she could not read it readily, for it was only within the last two years, that, to please the chaplain, she had set herself to learn to read and write. But after long poring over it, and spelling over and over again many of the words, a glimmering of what the letter meant broke faintly upon her mind.

"Dear Rachel Trevor,—I am dying, and you will never see me again. I have been your friend; but now you must turn to a Friend who will never be taken from you, and who will never forsake you. Remember, that Christ, my Lord, came to seek and to save those that are lost. You know you are lost; He is seeking you, and He will save you. Keep in mind that He is always at your side; a Friend who will grieve and mourn over you, more than I should, if you fall again into sin. He died to set you free from sin, and to open the gates of heaven for you. My poor Rachel, can you sin, with your Saviour's eyes looking on? Can you utter wicked words, whilst He is listening? Oh! if I could only make you feel, what is true, that Jesus sees and hears all that you do and say, I should be sure you would not grieve Him.

"You cannot have an easy happy life, such as it might have been, if you had not fallen so low. You have made your life more stormy, and more difficult, than God meant it to be. But through all the storm of life, Christ will be beside you, and He will save you, if you trust Him. Die rather than give way to sin. The storm will be over by-and-by, and you will come home to God, whither I am going now. One word more; learn to say to yourself, wherever you may be, 'Thou, God, seest me! Thou, God, seest me!'

"I love you, Rachel. Christ loves you. God loves you. Be good."

Half aloud, with sobs breaking in between the words, Rachel spelt through this last letter from her friend. The hours did not drag by heavily now; she was no longer afraid of an outbreak. She knelt down, with the letter in her hands, feeling as if God would be sure to listen more willingly. But she could say nothing save, "Thou, God, seest me!"

She had never been sure of this till now. God had seen her through all her wild and wicked life, with its thousands of wicked days and sinful nights. There was hardly an hour she could look back upon, since her early childhood, which had not been blackened and disgraced by her own vice, and the

vice of her chosen companions. She had followed her own way without hindrance; and it had been a very bad way. At this moment she was a prisoner, suffering the penalty of her crimes, without a friend in the world. And God had seen it all!

It had been a terrible moment to her when she heard the jury utter the word, "Guilty," and when the judge had condemned her to her long punishment. But now it seemed a hundred times more terrible to think of appearing before a Judge whose eye had been upon her all her life long, and who needed no witnesses of any kind to tell Him every sin she had committed against His good and just laws. Her conscience was fully awakened. This letter, which had come to her from one who was dead, her only friend, spoke to her more powerfully than the chaplain's living voice had ever spoken. "Thou, God, seest me," she whispered; and that God heard her whisper she knew in her inmost heart.

They were the last words she uttered before she fell asleep, and the first when she awoke in the morning. The prison bell aroused her as usual, and she lifted herself wearily from her hard mattress to begin another day of prison-life. But that was only for an instant. The glad thought flashed, like a sudden gleam of light, through her heart, that to-day she was free, to-day she would see her little girl again. The warder brought a bundle containing her own clothes, and carried away her prison dress. How her hands shook, as she unfolded the gown she had been wearing when she was taken up for the crime she had committed. All the long years seemed to be wiped out like a dream when one awakes. The blue dress, with that little hole torn in it, which Rosy had made whilst romping, how familiar, yet how strange it was to her! She had always been fond of gay colours and smart dresses; and now she had her own clothes again, she felt quite a different woman from the dull, broken-spirited prisoner she had been only yesterday. There was no glass in which she could look at herself; she had not seen her own face all this long and dreary time, except in little fragments of broken glass in which she could hardly see the faintest image of herself. But she felt as young, now she had her blue gown on, as when she had first crossed the gloomy threshold of the county jail.

There were a few necessary forms to go through, and the governor of the jail addressed some words of friendly counsel to her, before the prison gates were opened; but she scarcely heard what he said, for there was a singing in her ears, and her heart was beating painfully. There was a small sum of good-conduct money for her, which she had earned since the chaplain had come; and to it was added a sovereign, which had been sent to her as a legacy by her dying friend. It was enough to meet her immediate wants. She took the money mechanically, forgetting to utter any thanks. It seemed so long before she could get outside the strong, thick walls! But at length all was over. The great gate swung on its hinges to let her out; and in the chill, keen air of a December's morning she stood outside the jail, free once more.

Just at first Rachel felt giddy and faint. She had not been able to swallow a morsel of her breakfast; and the frosty air seemed to smite her back against the high walls that surrounded the jail. There was no one about to stare at her. The gloomy place stood a little way from the town, upon the high banks of a river, which was flowing sluggishly along its course, under a thin coating of ice. For miles away a level plain of fields and meadows, hedgerows and woods, glistening with snow, stretched up to the dim-coloured sky. It was going to be a hard, dry, frosty day, with a pale sunshine struggling through the gloom. Rachel's eyes were dazzled by the glare of the snow, as she gazed eagerly across the white plain in the direction where Aston lay. She knew the long way well enough. There were ten good miles to march before she could snatch up her little Rosy into her arms and hold her close, close to her breast, with the soft cheek pressing against her's, and the tiny hands clinging round her neck. There had never passed a day in the jail, even in the dark cell, that she had not thought of the time when she should see her darling once more. What was the use of lingering under the prison walls? The sooner she started on her journey, the sooner her child would be her own again.

She shrank from passing through Thornbury, where she might, by chance, come across somebody who had known her when she used to come to the weekly market, with her mistress' butter and eggs. So she went down a long flight of steps to the river-side, and followed its windings, as long as its course led towards Aston. The narrow pathway was rough, yet slippery with ice; and she had been so long unaccustomed to walking, except round and round the dismal exercise-yard,

with its smooth flags, that her feet soon grew weary. But she pressed on, though slowly, wondering how Rosy would look when she saw her mother again. Rachel did not think of any change in her. She could only recollect the rosy little face, the small, dimpled hands, and curly golden hair of her child. She had been passionately fond of her baby; and the bitterest part of her punishment had been losing her. But it was all past now; and never again would she run any risk of being parted from her little girl. She was entering upon quite a new life.

But the road was very long and very rough. She was getting nearer, moreover, to a neighbourhood where anybody might know her; and whenever she could turn out of the high-road, she chose the fields, where the uneven furrow, and the tufts of grass, frozen hard as iron, tripped up her weary feet at every step. She was hungry too, and the biting wind crept in under her thin summer jacket, chilling her to the heart. Yet her heart was glad in spite of all. She was free, and she was going to claim her child.

There was no spot where she could rest, even for a few minutes, under the frosty hedgerows; but when she was about three miles from Aston, she saw a woman unlocking her cottage-door, and she asked leave humbly to sit down by her fireside for a little while. It was a clean and cosy house-place, and Rachel looked round it with longing eyes. If she had but a home like this to take her Rosy to, how happy and how good she would be!

"Are you bound on a long journey?" asked the woman, as she stirred up the embers of a low fire.

"Only as far as Aston," answered Rachel, "but I've been on my feet all morning, and I'm not used to it of late, and it's worn me out. I've walked from Thornbury, and I don't believe I could have gone all the way without resting a bit, and thank you kindly."

"Ay, rest is sweet," said the stranger; "have you friends at Aston?"

"Only my little girl," replied Rachel, her face flushing with gladness, "but she's such a little love! Like that picture of the angel there hanging by your clock. I've not seen her for years and years."

"Not seen your own little girl for years!" repeated the woman in amazement. "Why, how comes that about?"

"Oh, I've been away," she said, "and it's a hard thing for a mother to be parted from her child all that while, isn't it?"

"It's a long while," said the woman suspiciously.

"It'll never happen so no more," said Rachel, in an eager voice, "never, never again. It were my husband's fault mostly. Men are so; they don't care for their children like we do. He never gave a thought to what would become of Rosy."

"Is she living in the House?" asked the woman.

Rachel nodded reluctantly. She could not bear to think of her little girl having been all this time in the workhouse. It had been her deepest trouble in the jail; and now she only answered the stranger's question with a silent nod. The woman spoke more coldly when she spoke again.

"I'm thinking you'd best be on the road again," she said, after a pause; "my old man may come in any minute now, and it angers him to catch strangers about the place."

"Oh! I'll go, and thank you kindly," answered Rachel, rising wearily from the warm corner of the fire-place. The woman followed her down the garden-path, and locked the little wicket after her. Rachel's heart sank for a few minutes; but every step was bringing her nearer to Aston, and before the cottage was lost to sight she had forgotten everything but that she should soon see Rosy.

CHAPTER III.—NEW YEAR'S EVE.

It was growing dusk before Rachel reached the end of her day's journey; for when she inquired in Aston for the workhouse, she found that it was nearly a mile farther on. It was only a branch from a neighbouring union, and was built on purpose for the reception of pauper children. There was no casual ward in it. Tramps who applied there for a night's shelter were bidden to march on another four miles to the larger workhouse, to which this one belonged.

At last Rachel stood beside a door in a high wall, which was pointed out to her as the entrance to the place; but she hesitated now, and trembled to ring the bell. All day long she had been alone, except for the little while when she had been resting in the cottage by the way; but the hour had come when she must not only face her fellow-creatures, but must let them know who she was and where she came from. Her long, solitary imprisonment—for the greater part of her life in jail had been solitary—had made her shy of seeing new faces and of speaking to strange people. Yet there was no escape

for her. If she was to see Rosy and claim her, she must say that she was her mother, and must produce proof of it. More than once during the day she had unfolded the chaplain's letter and spelt out the words in it, and now in the dim light she looked at it once more to give her courage. "Thou, God, seest me!" she said, as, with a shaking hand, she pulled the handle of the bell, and heard it clanging loudly somewhere out of sight.

The door was flung open quickly enough by a boy in the workhouse dress. Rachel could see over his head into a large square court, white with frozen snow, where a crowd of girls and little boys were playing together, or cowering under the shelter of a wall, shivering with the cold. Her eyes ran eagerly about the groups; but she could see no child like her Rosy. Suppose she should be ill, or perhaps dead!

This last dread struck her dumb. Dead! She had never thought of that. There were so many sicknesses which kill young children, and her child had had no mother to watch her and nurse her through them. Yes. Very probably Rosy had died in some illness, with no one to care for her, with only a pauper nurse to be hard and cruel to her, and not one to drop a single tear upon her lifeless little face. She fancied she could see her, nailed down in the rough coffin provided for pauper children, and carried off carelessly to be buried away out of sight, like something not worth thinking of.

"Come, now then, what is it you're after?" asked the boy, holding the door fast in his hand, as though to prevent her going in.

"I want to see the master," she said, in a choking voice.

"Can't," he answered, "it's New Year's Eve, and it's our treat to night. They're smartening up the school as fine as fivepence, for there's lots of grand folks coming. That's why we're all turned out, though it's so precious cold. But there'll be cake for tea, and oranges after."

"But I must see the master," urged Rachel, "there's a little girl of mine here, or ought to be, and I've walked ten miles or more from Thornbury. I must speak to the master for one minute—only one minute."

"No good trying," he answered, "he'd say nothin' save box my ears; only they've got some ladies helpin' to do the room, and he'd be afear'd of showin' his teeth afore them. I'd go for a penny."

"Do you know if there's a little girl called Rosy Trevor here?" she asked tremulously; "a very pretty little girl. I can't see her anywhere about."

"Oh, I don't know the little girls' names," he said, "and it's against rules to let them speak to anybody, without the master, or somebody, being by. They're afeard of 'em tellin' tales out of school, I reckon."

"Is this a bad place for little girls?" she asked in great anxiety.

"Oh, no; not so bad," he answered, "they give us enough to eat, and they don't thrash us for nothink. They never do thrash the little girls, you know; only box their ears soundly, like their mothers 'ud do at home. And we've treats twice a-year. It's our winter treat to-day. If you'll give me a penny, I'll go to the master; and what are I to tell him, suppose he'll hearken to me?"

"Tell him Rachel Trevor has walked all the way from Thornbury," she said, "to see her little girl Rosy, and take her out of the house. I'm dead tired and worn out, and I don't know wherever I can go for the night, if he won't take me in here."

"They never takes folks in here," answered the boy, shutting the door in her face, and bolting it inside. She leaned against the door-post, waiting and listening for his return. Deeper and deeper fell the shadows of the night; and the air grew keener and sharper with the frost. It was quite dark before she heard the children trooping into the house, in answer to a bell that tinkled and jangled sharply. The little ones must be almost frozen to death, she thought, as she stretched her own benumbed limbs. But what was she to do? She could not stay outside the door all night; yet she could not go away unsatisfied. She must know, at least, if her Rosy was still alive.

Her ring was answered by a woman this time, who listened patiently, and bade her follow her to the kitchen. There was a great stir and bustle going on. Fires were blazing, and huge cans of sweetened tea were being carried across the playground into the schoolroom beyond, with piled-up baskets of cake following them. The sudden heat, and light, and noise smote upon Rachel painfully. She sank down on the floor, with a strange, shrill, passionate cry, and rocked herself to and fro, as if to keep down the wild fears and frenzy, which threatened to be too strong for her. The women crowded round her, but her sobs hindered her from speaking to them for a minute or two.

"Is my little girl here?" she cried, at length, "oh! I'm feared she's dead; dead

and buried! Ask somebody if Rosy Trevor's here!"

"Give her a drop of tea to drink, poor thing," said one of the women, "why! she's all but froze! There, dear, you drink a drop, and I'll run to the master, and ask him for Rosy Trevor; that's her name, is it? I'm a'most a stranger here, or I'd tell you at wunst, poor, lost dear!"

Rachel felt dazed and light-headed; everything swam giddily before her eyes. She drank a cup of tea thirstily, but she could not swallow any food. It seemed an age before the master came in, though he had sent word by the woman that he would speak to her for a minute. At last he came into the kitchen hurriedly.

"Now then, where's the woman?" he asked, "oh! there you are! what's your business with me?"

"Please, sir," cried Rachel, falteringly, "is my little girl, Rosy Trevor, dead?"

"Dead! no," he answered, "Trevor's all right; what do you want with her?"

"I'm her mother, and I've come to take her away," she said.

"So! you are Rachel Trevor!" he exclaimed, speaking in slower tones, and looking more closely at her, "and you've just served your time out in Thornbury jail for the housebreaking at the Hall."

"Yes, sir," said Rachel, with downcast head. She had caught a quick movement among the women in the kitchen, and knew they had all turned to stare at her.

"Your husband's in jail still," said the master, in a half whisper, but in the sudden and deep silence that prevailed, his words could be heard distinctly. "I don't know that you've any right to claim your child. I daren't let you have her on my own responsibility. I must apply to the guardians, and you must come again, say in a week's time.

"Oh, sir!" cried Rachel, "only let me see her to-night!"

He hesitated for a minute; but there did not seem to be any risk in letting her merely see the child, in the presence of so many witnesses. Shrill voices singing a hymn rang across the play-ground, giving notice that tea was over. He hurried away, promising to send the girl, on condition that her mother would take herself off quietly, as soon as she had seen and spoken to her. Rachel forgot all about her, as she gazed out into the darkness, through the open door by which Rosy was to come in. She saw the school-room door open and close again; and heard a child's step coming slowly, very slowly and lingeringly, across the yard. She tried to speak, to call "Rosy!" but her voice failed her. Why could she not call Rosy, as she used to do, when the little curly head and laughing face were hiding away from her, in the old times?

But it was not Rosy, who crept in timidly out of the darkness! It was no merry laughing little darling. This thin, long-armed girl of seven, with short clipped hair, and dull, pale face! Where was her little love, full of fun and frolic, and pretty as the roses, after which she was named? This frightened-looking child had her face half hidden by an ugly green shade over her eyes, and she crept about carefully, like one nearly blind. It could not be Rosy; they were trying to put off some other woman's girl upon her. Rachel trembled with disappointment, mingled with a vague dread.

"Who are you?" she asked, sharply.

"Trevor," answered the child, in a sulky voice, "the master said my mother was in the kitchen, and I must come to her."

"No, no; not Rosy, not my little Rosy!" cried Rachel, with a strange yearning to catch the poor, half-blind child in her arms; yet fighting against the thought that she had found her lost darling in a creature so unsightly and so sad. The little girl stood apart from her, peeping at her from under the green shade.

"Yes, I'm Rosy Trevor," she said, "is it true you're my mother; quite true?"

"If you're Rosy," she sobbed, falling on her knees before the child, "I'm your mother. Don't you know me? If you're my Rosy, come close to me, and kiss me."

"No," she answered, pushing away Rachel's hands, "if you're my mother, teacher says you're a wicked, wicked woman; and I want to go back to the treat."

She freed herself from Rachel's grasp, and ran away more quickly than she had come in, as if she were afraid of being kept against her will. But Rachel neither followed her, nor called her back. A blow had struck her to the very heart. Rosy had not died as she had feared, uncared for, and unwept; but she had lost her merry, pretty little darling; lost her more even, than if she could have gone to her little grave, and mourned bitterly over it. Rosy had been taught to hate her, to shrink from her as a wicked woman! She hardly dared to lift up her head, and face the glances of the women, who had seen and heard all that had passed; who had listened to her own child calling her wicked. It was true enough; she was

willing to own that humbly; but it was very hard to hear it from the lips of her own little girl.

"I promised the master I'd go as soon as I'd seen Rosy," she said, rising up from her knees, and turning to the door without looking round. The woman who had spoken kindly to her before, followed her, and thrust a large piece of cake into her hand.

"There, poor creature!" she said, softly, "maybe you're a wicked woman; but you've got a mother's heart, and God knows how you was tempted. Eat that, as you go along, my dear."

CHAPTER IV.—TROUBLED WATERS.

With heart bowed down, and with slow and weary footsteps, Rachel passed out into the snowy lane. It had been dark for an hour or more, and the sky overhead was black and starless; still, the glimmer of the snow gave her light enough to see her way. She did not dare to ask the favour of a shelter in the workhouse for the night; and four miles

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of lonely road lay before her, before she could find a resting-place. Yet, if her heart had been light, she could have walked along the frost-bound lanes bravely, buoyed up by the thought of soon having her child as her own again. But now her broken and saddened spirit made every step she trode a weariness and pain to her.

By the time she had crept a mile or so upon her way, a waggon overtook her, going towards the town. The waggoner wished her a good New Year as he came up to her, and with a sorrowful voice she asked him if he could not give her a lift in his waggon.

"Thee'rt sick, I reckon," he said, as the low, pained tones struck even upon his dull ear.

"Ay! sick at heart," said Rachel, "I'd as lief lie down i' the snow, and die, as go on to yonder town. There's no good New Year for me; never, no more."

"That's bad," he answered, "but there's no long lane without ne'er a turning. Patience! Thee'll come to a turning by-and-by, I'll be bound. There! Get thee up in the waggon, and lie thee down on the straw. We'll be more than an hour yet; the snow clogs us so."

Rachel fell into a feverish sleep before many minutes had passed, and saw and felt no more till the waggoner called her at the first lamp-post in the town, to ask where she meant to go. She awoke shivering and wondering where she could be. Not in her little cell, which had been her home so long. She almost wished herself back in it.

"Can you tell me to a lodging?" she asked, after she had climbed down from the waggon, and stood desolately in the light of the lamp.

"Well," he said gruffly, "I'm slow of thinking, but I've thought may be you're the woman they told me of in Aston; a house-breaking woman, fresh out of Thornbury jail. If I'd thought, I'd have left thee to tramp thy tramp by thyself. If thee'rt a honest woman, I know a place for thee; but if thee'rt nought else save a jail-bird, there's places for such as thee, though I know nought about them. So tell the truth; which woman art thee?"

It was a hard question for Rachel. It seemed easy enough to declare herself an honest woman, and deceive the simple and kindly countryman. She was ready to tell the lie; the words were upon her lips, when the recollection of her friend's letter, which she carried for safety in the bosom of her gown, came sharply across her mind. If God saw her, how could she speak that falsehood?

"I'm that poor, bad woman," she said, almost in a whisper.

"Then thee must go thy own road," answered the waggoner, "and I must go mine. My wife's an honest woman, thank God!"

Rachel watched the waggon lumbering heavily down the street. A gleam of comfort came to her as she thought that God would be pleased, and maybe the chaplain would know what she had done; but it soon passed away in the difficulty of finding a lodging. There seemed to be no room for her in any decent place; and at last she was forced to pass the night in a low lodging-house, where a rough and riotous crew were keeping New Year's Eve. She cried herself to sleep as the bells were ringing the old year out and the new year in. Not the worst day in the jail had been so full of pain and misery as this first day of her freedom.

To claim Rosy, and to get away from this neighbourhood, where her crime was known, was the first thing to do. But where was she to go? and how was she to earn an honest living for them both? Honest she must be; that she was bent upon. No fresh crime of her's should part her again from her child. Even Rosy's hard words to her strengthened her in her resolution. She should never be taunted again with having a wicked woman for her mother. Rosy should see how good, and industrious, and honest she would be. Before her marriage, so long as she kept herself steady and trustworthy, she had been a most valuable servant; and she was longing to prove herself steady and trustworthy again. If only she might meet with somebody who would give her a chance!

The first week of the New Year was not ended, when Rachel received her little girl from the master of the workhouse, who cautioned her to take good care to keep off the parish for the future. Rosy had been crying bitterly, and was sobbing still, when Rachel took her by the hand and walked with her down the village street. The women and children in the cottages looked out after her, with loudly spoken remarks; for the robbery at the hall had been the favourite subject of talk ever since it had been committed. Rosy hung back, and dragged heavily on her hand, hindering her from passing swiftly, as she would have done, out of sight. It was a cruel, bitter grief to her. Rachel's face grew white and miserable as she dragged Rosy's reluctant feet along towards the deserted lanes. Could it be true that God saw it all; these sneering, mocking women, who were shouting after her, and this reluctant crying child who would escape from her if she could? He knew how she wanted to be good. If He loved her, if only He saw her in her trouble, would He not help her?

She felt calmer when at last they reached the lanes, where there was no one to stare at them and revile her. She sat down on a stone by the wayside, and took Rosy on her lap. It was the first time she had held her in her arms, pressing her closer and closer to her breast, since she was a little, laughing baby, hardly old enough to call her mother. How often in prison she had dreamed of nursing her and fondling her, and wept bitter tears when she awoke to find it only a dream! Rosy shrank from her at first; but the kisses that were pressed upon her lips and cheeks were so different from the harsh and cruel treatment she had been dreading, that after a minute or two she resisted no longer. By-and-by even she returned her mother's kisses, whilst a faint smile stole over her dull face.

"Are you a very wicked woman?" she asked doubtfully. "They told me you'd beat me, and take away my new clothes."

"No, no, my darling," sobbed Rachel, "I'd die for you! I've been a wicked woman once, but I'm going to try to be good now, and you'll help me, Rosy. I couldn't ever be bad to you. You'll always live with me, and I'll never take to bad ways again. The chaplain says he loves me, and Christ loves me, and God loves me. Rosy, won't you love me too—a little bit at first, till you know how good I'll be?"

"I'll love you if you're good to me," said Rosy. "Teacher used to say I was a good girl for such a father and mother as I've got. They told me you were a jail-bird. Are you, mother?"

"They were wicked to tell you so," said Rachel. "They ought not to have told you where I've been. But we'll try to forget it, Rosy. We are going somewhere where nobody will know us, and we'll not talk about it ever again. You'll soon love me a great deal, I know."

"Where are you going to take me to?" she asked, shivering. The snow and frost were not gone yet, and the child's thin bare arms, with no other covering than the grey workhouse cloak, were blue with cold; and her eyes, almost hidden by the green shade, were inflamed with crying, and by the keen biting wind that whistled through the leafless branches of the tree beneath which they sat. "Where are you going to take me to?" she cried again. "It's colder here than at school."

Rachel had no answer ready. There was no home waiting to welcome her and her little girl. She thought of all the bright firesides in the cottages they had passed, but there was not one where she could sit for a few minutes only and get rid of this chill, which was making her teeth chatter and her flesh creep. Rosy's last home had been the workhouse, and her's the jail. She did not even know in what direction to wander: every way was the same to her.

She was about to rouse herself and pursue her aimless journeyings, not knowing whither to go, when the sound of wheels, coming carefully and slowly along the frost-bound road, fell upon her ear. The lane was a very lonely one, and no conveyance had passed along it since the last snow had fallen, two nights before. Rachel turned her head and watched, with listless and forlorn curiosity, to see what it was that was coming towards them.

THE FORGOTTEN GRAVE.

OUT from the City's giant roar,
You wandered through the open door;
Paused at a little pail and spade
Across a tiny hillock laid;
Then noted on your dexter side
Some moneyed magnate's "love or pride;"
And so, beyond a hawthorn-tree,
Showering its rain of rosy bloom
Alike on low and lofty tomb,
You came upon it—suddenly.

How strange! The very grasses' growth
Around it seemed forlorn and loath;
The very ivy seemed to turn
Askance that wreathed the neighbour urn.
Sunk was the slab: the head declined;
And left the rails a wreck behind.
No name; you traced a "6," a "7,"
Part of "affliction" and of "Heaven;"
And then—O irony austere!—
You read in letters sharp and clear,
"*Though lost to Sight, to Memory dear.*"

AUSTIN DOBSON.

THE CHEVIOT HILLS.

By JAMES GEIKIE, F.R.S.

I.

THE ridge of high ground that separates England from Scotland is not, like many other hilly districts, the beloved of tourists. No guide-book expatiates upon the attractiveness of the Cheviots; no cunningly-worded hotel-puffs lure the unwary vagrant in search of health, or sport, or the picturesque, to the quiet dells and pastoral uplands of the Borders. Since the biographer of Dandie Dinmont, of joyous memory, joined the shades, no magic sentences, either in verse or prose, have turned any appreciable portion of the annual stream of tourists in the direction of the Cheviots. The scenery is not of a nature to satisfy the desires of those who look for something piquant — something "sensational," as it were. It is therefore highly improbable that the primeval repose of these Border uplands will ever be disturbed by inroads of the "travelling public," even should some second Burns arise to render the names of hills and streams as familiar as household words. And yet those who can spare the time to make themselves well acquainted with that region should do so; they will have no reason to regret their visit, but very much the reverse. For the scenery is of a kind which grows upon one. It shows no clamant beauties—you cannot have its charms photographed—the passing stranger may see nothing in it to detain him; but only tarry for a while amongst these green uplands, and you shall find a strange attraction in their soft outlines, in their utter quiet and restfulness. For those who are wearied with the crush and din of life, I cannot think of a better retreat. One may wander at will amongst the breezy hills, and inhale the most invigorating air; springs of the coolest and clearest water abound, and there are few of the brooks in their upper reaches which will not furnish natural shower-baths. Did the reader ever indulge in such a mountain-bath? If not, then let him on a summer day seek out some rocky pool, sheltered from the sun, if possible, by birch and mountain ash, and, creeping in below the stream where it leaps from the ledges above, allow the cool water to break upon his head, and he will confess to having discovered a new aqueous luxury. Then from the slopes and tops of the hills you have some of the finest panoramic views to be seen in this island. Nor are there wanting picturesque nooks, and striking rock scenery amongst the hills themselves: the sides of the Cheviot are seamed with some wild, rugged chasms, which are just as weird in their way as many of the rocky ravines that eat into the heart of our Highland mountains. The beauty of the lower reaches of some of the streams that issue from the Cheviots is well known; and few tourists who enter the vale of the Teviot neglect to make the acquaintance of the sylvan Jed. But other streams, such as the Bowmont, the Kale, the Oxnam, and the Rule, will also well repay a visit. In addition to all these natural charms, the Cheviot district abounds in other attractions. Those who are fond of Border lore, who love to seek out the sites of old forays, and battles, and romantic incidents, will find much to engage them; for every stream, and almost every hill, is noted in tale and ballad. Or if the visitor have antiquarian tastes, he may rival old Monk-barns, and do his best to explain the history of the endless camps, ramparts, ditches, and terraces which abound everywhere, especially towards the heads of the valleys. To the geologist the district is not less interesting, as I hope to be able, in the course of these papers, to show. The geological history of the Cheviots might be shortly summed up, and given in a narrative form, but it will perhaps be more interesting, and, at the same time more instructive, if we shall, instead, go a little into detail, and show first what the nature of the evidence is, and, second, how that evidence may be pieced together so as to tell its own story. I may just premise that my descriptions refer almost exclusively to the Scottish side of the Cheviots—which is not only the most picturesque, but also the most interesting, both in an antiquarian and geological point of view.

The Cheviots extend from the head of the Tyne in Northumberland, and of the Liddel in Roxburghshire, to Yeavering Bell and the heights in its neighbourhood (near Wooler), a distance of upwards of thirty miles. Some will have it that the range goes westward so as to include the heights about the source of the Teviot, but this is certainly a mistake, for after leaving Peel Fell and crossing to the heights on the other side of the Liddel Water, we enter a region

which, both in its physical aspect and its geological structure, differs considerably from the hilly district that lies between Peel Fell and the high-grounds that roll down to the wide plains watered by the Glen and the Till. The highest point in the range is that which gives its name to the hills—namely, the Cheviot—a massive broad-topped hill, which reaches an elevation of two thousand seven hundred and sixty-seven feet above the sea, and from which a wonderful panorama can be scanned on a clear day. The top of the hill is coated with peat, fifteen to twenty feet thick, in some places. A number of deep ravines trench its slopes, the most noted of which are Hen Hole and the Bizzle. Peel Fell, at the other extremity of the range, is only one thousand nine hundred and sixty-four feet high, while the dominant points between Peel Fell and the Cheviot are still lower—ranging from one thousand five hundred feet to one thousand eight hundred feet. The general character of the hills is that of smooth rounded masses, with long flowing outlines. There are no peaks, nor serrated ridges, such as are occasionally met with in the northern Highlands; and the valleys as a rule show no precipitous crags and rocky precipices, the most conspicuous exceptions being the deep clefts mentioned as occurring in the Cheviot. The hills fall away with a long gentle slope into England, while on the Scottish side the descent is somewhat abrupt; so that upon the whole the northern or Scottish portion of the Cheviots has more of the picturesque to commend it than the corresponding districts in England. Indeed, the opposite slopes of the range show some rather striking contrasts. The long, flat-topped elevations on the English side that sweep south and south-west from Carter Fell and Harden Edge, and which are drained by the Tyne, the Rede Water, and the Coquet, are covered for the most part with peat. Sometimes, however, when the slope is too great to admit of its growth, the peat gives place to rough, scanty grass and scrubby heath, which barely suffice to hide the underlying barren sandstone rocks. One coming from the Scottish side is hardly prepared, indeed, for the dreary aspect of this region as viewed from the dominant ridge of the Cheviots. If in their physical aspect the English slopes of these hills are for the most part less attractive than the Scottish, it is true also that they offer less variety of interest to the geologist. Those who have journeyed in stage-coaching times from England into Scotland by Carter Fell, will remember the relief they felt when, having surmounted the hill above Whitelee, and escaped from the dreary barrens of the English border, they suddenly caught a sight of the green slopes of the Scottish hills, and the well-wooded vales of the Edgerston Burn and the Jed Water. On a clear day the view from this point is a very charming one. Away to the west stretch in seemingly endless undulations the swelling hills that circle round the upper reaches of Teviotdale. To east and north-east the eye glances along the bright-green Cheviots of the Scottish border, and marks how they plunge, for the most part somewhat suddenly, into the low grounds, save here and there, where they sink in gentler slopes, or throw out a few scattered outposts—abrupt verdant hills that somehow look as if they had broken away from the main mass of the range. From the same stand-point one traces the valleys of the Rule and the Jed—sweetest of border streams—stretching north into the well-clothed vale of the Teviot. Indeed, nearly the whole of that highly-cultivated and often richly-wooded country that extends from the base of the Cheviots to the foot of the Lammermuirs, lies stretched before one. Here and there abrupt isolated hills rise up amid the undulating low grounds, to hide the country behind them. Of these the most picturesque are dark Ruberslaw, overlooking the Rule Water; Minto Crags and Penielheugh, with its ugly excrescence of a monument, both on the north side of the Teviot; and the Eildon Hills, which, as all the world knows, are near Melrose.

After he has sated himself with the rare beauty of this landscape (and still finer panoramic views are to be had from the top of Blackhall Hill, Hownam Law, the Cheviot, as also from various points on the line of the Roman Road and other paths across the hills into England), the observer will hardly fail to be struck by the great variety of outlines exhibited. Some of the hills, especially those to the west and north-west, are grouped in heavy masses, and present for the most part a soft, rounded contour, the hills being broad atop and flowing into each other with long, smooth slopes. Other elevations, such as those to the east and north-east of Carter Fell, while showing similar long gentle slopes, yet are somewhat more irregular in form and broken in outline, the hills having frequently a lumpy contour. Very noteworthy objects in the landscape also are the little isolated hills of the low grounds, such as Ruberslaw,

and the Dunian above Jedburgh. They rise, as I have said, quite suddenly out of that low gently undulating country that sinks softly into the vales of the Teviot and the Tweed. This variety arises from the geological structure of the district. The hills vary in outline partly because they are made up of different kinds of rocks, and partly owing to the mode in which these rocks have been arranged. But notwithstanding all this variety of outline, one may notice a certain sameness too. Flowing outlines are more or less conspicuous all over the landscape. Many of the hills, especially as we descend into Teviotdale, seem to have been smoothed or rounded off, as it were, so as to present their steepest faces as a rule towards the south-west. And if we take the compass-bearing of the hill-ridges of the same district, we shall find that these generally trend from south-west to north-east. So much, then, at present for the surface configuration of the Cheviot region. When we come to treat of the various rock masses, and to describe the superficial accumulations underneath which these are often concealed, we shall be in a better position to give an intelligible account of the peculiar form of the ground, and the causes to which that configuration must be ascribed.

The solid rocks which enter into the composition of the Cheviots consist mainly, (1) of hard grey and blue rocks, called *greywacké* by geologists, with which are associated blue and grey shale; (2) of various old igneous rocks; and (3) of sandstone, red and white, interbedded with which occur occasional dark shales. Now, before we can make any endeavour towards reconstructing in outline the physical geography of the Cheviot Hills, during past ages, it is necessary that we first discover the order in which the rock masses just referred to have been amassed. I shall first describe, therefore, some sections where the members of the different series are found in juxta-position, for the purpose of pointing out which is the lowest-lying, and consequently the oldest, and which occupy the uppermost and intermediate positions.

The first section to which reference may be made is that exposed in the course of the River Jed, at Allars Mill, a little above Jedburgh. This section is famous in its way as having been described and figured by Dr. Hutton, who may be said to have founded the present system of physical geology. In the bed of the stream are seen certain confused ridges of a greyish blue rock running right across the river course, that is, in a direction a little north of east and south of west. These ridges are the exposed edges of beds of greywacké and shale, which are here standing on end. The beds are somewhat irregular, being inclined from the vertical, now in one direction and now in another, or, as a geologist would say, the "dip" changes rapidly, sometimes being up the valley and sometimes down. The same beds continue up the steep bank of the river for a yard or two, and are then capped by another set of rocks altogether, namely, by soft red sandy beds which at the bottom become *conglomeratic*, that is to say, they are charged with water-worn stones. The annexed diagram, Fig. 1, will show the general appearances

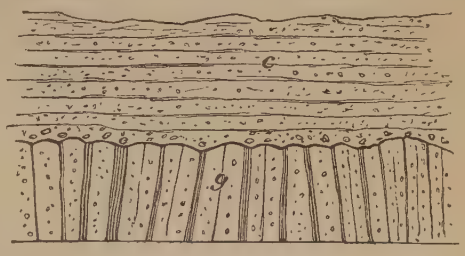


Fig. 1. Conglomerate and red sandstone, &c., *c*, resting on greywacké and shale, *g*.

presented: *g* represents the vertical greywacké and shale, and *c* the overlying deposits of conglomerate and red sandy beds. Now let us see what this section means. What, in the first place, is greywacké? The term itself has really no meaning, being a name given by the miners in the Harz mountains to the unproductive rocks associated with the vein-stones which they work. When we break the rock we may observe that it is a granular mixture of small particles of quartz, to which sometimes felspar and other minerals are added. The grains are bound together in a hardened matrix of argillaceous or clayey matter, blue, or grey, or green, or brown and yellow, as the case may be. At Allars Mill, and generally throughout the Cheviot district, the prevailing colour is a pale greyish blue or blueish grey; but shades of green and brown often occur. The component particles of the rock are all rounded or waterworn. Again, we notice that the ridges and bands of rock that traverse the course of the Jed at Allars Mill are merely the outcrops of successive *strata* or beds. It is clear then that greywacké and the grey shales that accompany it are *aqueous* rocks, that is to say, they consist of hardened sediment, which has undoubtedly been deposited in successive layers of variable thickness by water in motion. But since the sediments of rivers and currents

are laid down in approximately horizontal planes, it is evident that if the greywacké and shale be sedimentary deposits they have suffered considerable disturbance since the time of their formation; for, as we have seen, the beds, instead of being horizontal or only gently inclined, actually approach the vertical. The fact is that the outcrops which we see are only the truncated portions of what were once rapid undulations or folds of the strata, the tops of the folds or arches having been cut away by geological agencies, to which I shall refer by-and-by. What existed at one time as horizontal strata have been crumpled up into great folds, the folds being squeezed tightly together, and their upper portions planed away before the overlying red sandy beds were laid down. The accompanying diagram, Fig. 2, may serve to make all this clearer. Let A A

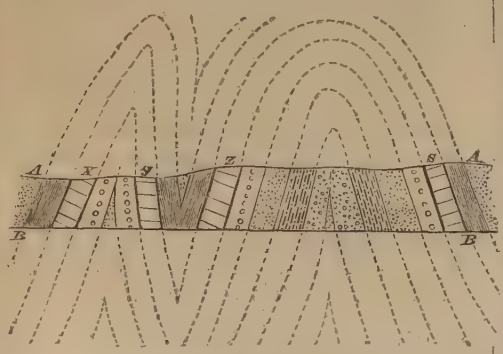


Fig. 2.

represent the present surface of the ground, and B B a depth of say fifty feet or a hundred feet from the surface. The straight continuous lines between A and B represent the greywacké beds as we now see them in section; the dotted lines above A A indicate the former extension of the strata, and the dotted lines below B B their continuation below that datum line. Thus it will be obvious that in a succession of vertical or highly inclined beds, we may have the same strata repeated many times, the same beds coming again and again to the surface. Thus the stratum at *s* is evidently the same bed as that at *x*, *y*, and *z*.

Such great foldings or redoublings of strata are most probably originated during subsidence of a portion of the earth's crust. While the ground is slowly sinking down, the strata underneath are perforce compelled to occupy less space laterally, and this they can only do by yielding amongst themselves. All folding or contortion on the large scale, that, namely, which has affected areas of strata extending over whole countries, seems to have taken place under great pressure, in other words, to have been produced at considerable depths from the earth's surface. We can conceive, therefore, of a wide tract of land sinking down for hundreds of feet, and producing at the surface comparatively little change. But a depression of a few hundred feet at the surface implies a considerably greater depression at a depth of several thousand feet from the surface, and it is at great depths, therefore, that the most violent folding must take place. Consequently considerable contortion, and much folding, and lateral crushing and reduplication of strata may occur, and yet no trace of this be observable at the surface, save only a gentle depression. For example, in Greenland, a movement of subsidence has been going on for many years,—the land has been slowly sinking down. The rocks at the surface are of course quite undisturbed by this widely-extended movement, but the strata at great depths will no doubt be undergoing much compression and contortion. It follows from such considerations, that if we now get highly contorted strata covering wide areas at the surface, we may be sure that very considerable *denudation* has taken place. That is to say, large masses of rock have been removed by the geological agents of change, so as to expose the once deeply buried tops of the arched or curved and folded strata. We may therefore infer from a study of the phenomena in the Jed at Allars Mill; first, that the red sandy beds are younger than the greywacké and shale, seeing that they rest upon them; and, second, that a very long period of time must have elapsed between the deposition of the older and the accumulation of the younger set of strata; for it is obvious that considerable time was required for the consolidation and folding of the greywacké, and an incalculable lapse of ages was also necessary to allow of the gradual wearing away by rain, frost, and running water of the great thickness of rocks underneath which the greywacké was crumpled. And all this took place before the horizontally-bedded red sandstone and conglomerate gathered over the upturned ends of the underlying strata. The succession of rocks at Allars Mills is seen in many other places in the Cheviot district, but enough has been said to prove that of the two sets of strata the greywacké beds are the older.

There is another class of rocks, the relative

position of which we must now ascertain, for no one shall wander much or far among the Cheviots without becoming aware of the existence of other kinds of rock than greywacké and sandstone. Many of the hills east of the Oxnam and the Jed Waters, for example, are composed of igneous masses, that is to say, of rocks which have had a volcanic origin. As we shall afterwards see, the whole north-eastern section of the Cheviots is built up of such rocks. At present, however, we are only concerned with the relation which these bear to the greywacké and the red sandy beds. Now at various localities, for example, in Edgerston Burn, on the hill face south of Plenderleith, and again along the steep front of Hindhope and Blackhall hills, which are on the crest of the Cheviots, we find that

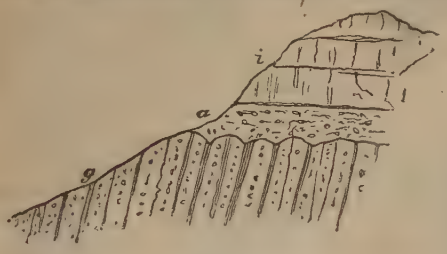


Fig. 3. Igneous rocks (*i a*) resting on greywacké and shale, *g*.

the igneous rocks rest upon the greywacké and shale (see fig. 3) precisely in the same way as do the red sandy beds. They therefore belong to a later date than the greywacké. In other places, again, we meet with the conglomerates and red sandstones resting upon and wrapping round the igneous rocks (see fig. 4), so that it becomes quite obvious

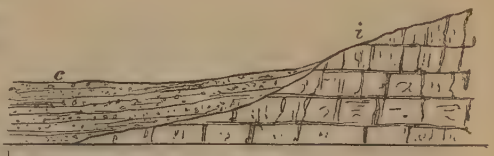


Fig. 4. Conglomerate and red sandy beds, *c*, resting on igneous rocks, *i*.

that the latter occupy an intermediate position between the greywacké and shale on the one hand, and the conglomerate and red sandstone upon the other.

We have now cleared the way so far, preparatory to an attempt to trace the geological history of the Cheviots. The three sets of rocks, whose mutual relations we have been studying, are those of which the district is chiefly composed; but, as we shall see in the sequel, there are others, not certainly of much extent, but nevertheless having an interesting story to tell us. Nor shall we omit to notice the superficial accumulations of clay, gravel, sand, silt, alluvium, and peat; monuments as they are of certain great changes, climatic and physical, which have supervened during the ages that have passed away.

SHEPHERD'S SONG.

FOLLOW, follow, little sheep,
O'er the dreary wold;
Follow, soon ye all shall sleep,
Safe from wet and cold.

Linger not, oh! lagging feet!
Night will soon be here;
Weary shepherd fain would greet
Wife and children dear.

In his cot the fire burns bright,
Supper's ready laid;
Baby waits to say good night,
Ere he goes to bed.

Little ones run in and out,
Watch beside the gate;
"What can father be about,
That he's home so late?"

Mother makes the ashes blaze,
Baby smiles to see;
Tells them how some wanderer strays
From the flock and me.

Whilst the children warmly sleep,
On the dreary wold,
Father stays till all his sheep
Are safely in the fold.

Linger not, oh! lagging feet!
Darksome night is near;
Weary shepherd fain would greet
Wife and children dear.

M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.

THE MEN OF BETH-SHEMESH.

BY THE LATE BISHOP THIRLWALL, D.D.

"And the men of Beth-shemesh said: Who is able to stand before this holy Lord God? and to whom shall he go up from us?"—1 SAM. vi. 20.

WHAT a striking contrast have we here, between these words of the men of Beth-shemesh and that which is related of their conduct only a few verses before! When the ark, after a captivity of seven months, was restored by the Philistines, it was at Beth-shemesh that, under supernatural guidance, it first crossed the border of Israel. The men of Beth-shemesh were reaping their wheat-harvest; and when they lifted up their eyes, they beheld the ark, as many of them had seen it seven months before, when it was taken away from the tabernacle at Shiloh to the camp of Israel, drawn by the milch-kine into the valley. The sight filled them with transports of joy. The labours of the field were suspended for the pleasanter and more important work of welcoming the arrival of the ark with due honours. The Levites—for Beth-shemesh was one of the Levitical towns—took it down from the carriage in which it had been placed, and when they had set it on a great stone, a kind of natural altar, "the men of Beth-shemesh offered burnt-offerings and sacrificed sacrifices the same day unto the Lord."

When we remember what the ark was to every faithful Israelite, we cannot be surprised that its return from captivity should have been hailed with such tokens of joy and gratitude. We may in some degree conceive how its loss was felt, how deep was the grief with which it pressed on every bosom, if we consider that which is related of the manner in which the tidings of the national calamity were received at Shiloh. Eli, the chief priest and governor of the land, could bear to hear that "Israel was fled before the Philistines, and that there had been a great slaughter among the people." Eli—the too affectionate father—could bear to hear that both his sons had fallen in the battle. But when the messenger added that the ark of God was taken, he could bear no more: he fell to the ground, as if struck with a thunderbolt. It was for the ark his heart had been trembling all along; and when his worst forebodings were fulfilled, he could live no longer. And his daughter-in-law sank under the same blow. The joy of motherhood might have consoled her for the loss of her father-in-law and her husband. But when she heard that the ark of God was taken, she became deaf to every word of comfort; "she answered not, neither did she regard it." Her dying pang was not that of orphanhood or widowhood. It was the Ichabod, which was perpetuated in the name of her child. It was the thought that "the glory is departed from Israel; for the ark of God is taken." So, in every one's estimation, the ark was the glory of Israel. Was this a vulgar error, a groundless fancy, a popular superstition? Not so. The more we consider what the ark was in itself, the more clearly shall we see that this estimate of its value and dignity was neither false nor at all exaggerated. The ark was indeed the glory of Israel in many points of view.

1. It was the centre of the national religion, the visible sign by which the worship of Israel was distinguished from that of the surrounding idolatrous nations. A stranger, if he had been permitted to enter the sacred precincts, might have passed through the outer court, and even into the holy place, without being sure that he was not in some heathen temple. But when he came to the holy of holies, and saw the ark, in the place which, in a heathen shrine, would have been occupied by some image of the god to whom the building was dedicated, whether a human form or some bestial and monstrous idol—like the Dagon of the Philistines, half-man, half-fish—he could no longer doubt that he was in the tabernacle of the God of Israel.

2. And if he inquired into the meaning of that which he saw, he would learn that the contents of the ark were infinitely more precious than the gold with which it was overlaid. For it contained the tables, deposited in it by divine command, from which it was called, sometimes the ark of the covenant, sometimes the ark of the testimony, inasmuch as the Ten Commandments were the fundamental law in which God testified of himself by the revelation of his will, and the terms of the covenant into which He entered with his people.

3. The stranger would also have observed a covering of pure gold on the top of the ark, and he would have been told that this was the throne of the Divine Majesty, where it was the Lord's good pleasure to be found, to receive atonement for the national breaches

of the covenant, and to commune with his servants, who were admitted to his immediate presence, of the things which concerned the common weal.

So the ark was at once a memorial of God's mercies in times past, and a pledge of his continued favour in time to come. It was a centre and a bond of national unity, which, even in the absence of any supreme earthly authority, knit the hearts of the people together by the closer alliance of a common faith and hope, and a more dutiful allegiance to a Heavenly King.

Yes, the ark was indeed the glory of Israel, its most precious treasure, its surest safeguard, the crown of all its blessings. Yes, it was with good reason that the men of Beth-shemesh beheld it with joy, and received it as a most welcome and honoured guest. Yet a very short time seems to have elapsed before their mind was entirely changed. Their language now is, "Who is able to stand before this holy Lord God?" Their most ardent desire is to see the ark moved to some other place.

How had this come to pass? What had happened in the meanwhile? It was that they had made a discovery as to the character of Him with whom they had to do. They had learnt that, as Hannah declares in her song, "The Lord is a God of knowledge, and that by Him actions are weighed;" and also that he is a God of judgment, and that by Him misdeeds are punished. Not as if they had not known this, in a general way, long before. But the conviction had recently been brought home to their minds by painful experience, and had flashed upon them with all the force of a newly-revealed truth. There is much obscurity as to the precise nature of the offence which had been committed, and of the penalty with which it had been visited. But all that concerns us at present is the effect produced upon their minds. They had suffered a calamity in which they recognised a divine punishment of their transgression. Their conscience witnessed to them that it had been deserved. They felt, as for the first time, that they were in the presence of a holy Lord God. The presence thus manifested overwhelmed them with awe. It was more than they could endure. "Who," they cry, "is able to stand before this holy Lord God?"

Surely that was the expression of a very right as well as natural feeling. It was the feeling of the Psalmist, when he exclaimed, "Enter not into judgment with thy servant, O Lord, for in thy sight shall no man living be justified." It was the feeling of the last of the prophets, when he asked, "Who may abide the day of his coming, and who shall stand when He appeareth?" But that which strikes us as strange, is the practical conclusion to which the men of Beth-shemesh were led. As soon as they have been impressed with a sense of God's tremendous holiness, their first thought is how they may rid themselves of a presence which had become insupportable: "To whom shall He go up from us?"

No doubt, throughout this history, the sacred record exhibits a faithful picture of an age of rude, childlike simplicity, which is nowhere more apparent than in this part of the narrative. Israel was at this time halting between two opinions, and while it retained the worship of Jehovah, was still hankering after the grossest superstitions of the heathen, and bowing the knee to Baal and Ashtaroth. It was in the same spirit in which the men of Beth-shemesh desired that the ark might go up from them, in order that they might be delivered from the terrors of the divine holiness, that the elders of Israel, in the day of their distress, had said, "Let us fetch the ark out of Shiloh, that when it cometh among us it may save us out of the hand of our enemies." Astonishing blindness, we are ready to exclaim, as we look back from the noonday light of our Christian knowledge, to those days of ignorance and error. What! was the Lord less mighty to save at Aphek, though the ark had remained at Shiloh? or was He less able to punish the sins of Beth-shemesh after it had been transferred to Kiriath-Jeharim? And yet is it so certain that, with all our better light, our religious privileges, our higher intellectual cultivation, we never fall into practical errors as gross as those which move our wonder and our pity, when we read of those who lived thousands of years ago in that infancy of the world? Are we altogether free from a like confusion and vacillation in our view of the divine character, or from a like inconsistency in our own conduct, as subjects of the divine government?

1. The men of Beth-shemesh fluctuated between two apparently opposite and irreconcilable aspects of the divine nature, and passed rapidly from the one to the other. Do we not often allow ourselves to be perplexed in like manner by the seeming difficulty of reconciling God's holiness with his love? and are we not ready to justify our uncertainty and indecision by the authority

of Scripture? For if we read that God is love, we also read that He is a consuming fire. If we are taught to think of Him and address Him as our Father, we, nevertheless, hear Him proclaiming a threat of "indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish, against every soul of man that doeth evil." And though his wrath may be more or less fully revealed before its appointed "day," still, revealed or not, it does not the less exist, nor, if it does exist, can it be regarded otherwise than as the constant frame, so to speak, of the divine mind toward evil-doers. But then how can they at the same time be the objects of a fatherly love? And yet that they are so we have the fullest assurance in the declaration, that "God so loved the world, even while it was lying in wickedness, that He gave his Son, that the world through Him might be saved." The worst is that many, while they keep wavering between these two views, transfer that contradiction, which really exists only in their own thoughts, to the divine character, and picture God to themselves after the image of their own infirmity, as a capricious and arbitrary Lord, whose government proceeds on no fixed principles, but is swayed in the distribution of good and evil by motives like those which commonly prevail in human bosoms, of partiality or resentment. If we were not blinded to the truth by our personal interests, we should see that in the Godhead there can be no such thing as self-contradiction or inconsistency, no such thing as change or variableness of turning. What God is now He has ever been, and will ever be. What He does now He has ever been and ever will be doing, though to us it appears as a process of development and of continual progress. Whenever He is spoken of in Scripture in terms borrowed from the language of human frailty and passion, we may be sure that it is in condescension to the imperfection of our faculties. God would not be God if He was not good. And if He is good, it follows that He is purely and supremely good, as, if He is light, there can be in Him no darkness at all. His will is uniformly, unchangeably, inflexibly set on that which is good. It cannot for a moment waver, or be found tending to any other end. This persistency is God's righteousness, which is immovable and everlasting. But such a constant tendency to good implies a no less constant opposition and antagonism to evil; that is, to every will which is not conformable to his own. And this, expressed in the language of human affections, is what is meant by God's hatred of evil, or his wrath against evil-doers. And so it appears that his hatred is indeed one with his love, and only another side or aspect of his perfect goodness, which would not be goodness if it could behold iniquity with complacency or indulgence.

2. But the fault of the people of Beth-shemesh lay not in any speculative error, nor in the want of clear and well-connected ideas; it was that they were guilty of practical inconsistency, and were not faithful to the light that was in them. They received the ark with every sign of joy; they put aside for the time all their ordinary occupations, the work of the field and the household, to do it honour, and to make the day of its arrival a solemn feast-day. What, then, was the ground of this joy? No doubt they believed that in the ark they were receiving a pledge of numberless blessings, of victory abroad, of peace and plenty at home. And we shall probably be doing them no wrong, if we suppose that they regarded its presence as an honour to themselves. It distinguished their township above all the cities of Israel. Beth-shemesh appeared to have taken the place of Shiloh. But still, they were well aware that it was not the ark itself, the work of men's hands, that was the source of these blessings, and that, indeed, it was only worthy of honour, because, through a special divine appointment, it testified to the invisible presence of a living God. And the witness which it bore to his presence was at the same time a witness to that which was most essential in his character, and most prominent in all the declarations He had made concerning himself; that is, his holiness. In this word was summed up all that He was in himself, and all that He claimed from his people: "Ye shall be holy; for I the Lord your God am holy." That was all the meaning and all the value of the ark. That was why it was called the ark of the testimony and of the covenant. That was why it contained the tables of the law. That was why it was covered with a mercy-seat. Wherever it was, there could be no excuse for any Israelite's forgetting that it betokened a special presence of a holy Lord God. And yet, when the festival was over, when the men of Beth-shemesh had returned to their ordinary pursuits, this thought seems almost immediately to have vanished from their minds. The ark, to which they had been paying such devout homage, became to them as if it had been no more than a common empty chest.

It ceased to remind them of the dread presence to which it silently witnessed. There was need of a great calamity, of an alarming visitation, to bring the truth home to them. And when it broke upon them they were as men waking from a pleasant dream to a terrible reality.

But are we, my brethren, more faithful to our better light? Do we live more nearly up to our higher privileges? Or, on the contrary, does not the example of Beth-shemesh reflect the likeness of a far grosser and more lamentable inconsistency in our own conduct? I need not tell you that as often as we come together in the house of God we there find all that the presence of the ark could give, and infinitely more. There we behold and grasp the substance, of which it could only present the shadow. The tables, which were its richest treasure, were but figures of that better covenant in which God would put his laws in the mind of his people, and write them in their hearts. And the mercy-seat did but signify that perfect and final reconciliation wherewith He would be "merciful to their unrighteousness, and would remember their sins and their iniquities no more." In the worship of the Christian sanctuary we have access with boldness to that presence which dwelt of old in the thick darkness, and are permitted to make that pure offering, which, presented by our Great High Priest, is more acceptable to the Lord than thousands of rams and ten thousands of rivers of oil. The time which we set apart for this worship should be to all of us a season of gladness, an occasion of purer and higher joy than the arrival of the ark could afford to the inhabitants of Beth-shemesh; and it is with good reason that, as often as it returns, we exhort one another "heartily to rejoice in the strength of our salvation." So far we are following their good example. But how is it with us when the season is past, and we have resumed our ordinary occupations? Is there, then, much difference between us and them? Do the services of our sanctuary appear to leave a deeper trace in our hearts and minds? Or is there less of variance than there was in their case, between the language of our solemn meetings and the common practice of our daily life? Does it not seem as if we thought that, as soon as we have left church, we had passed out of the divine presence? I do not mean that this is apparent in our looks and gestures, or that the outward demeanour which is suited to the sanctity of the place and the occasion ought to be retained everywhere else. That would be the affectation of a "sad countenance," which our Lord so severely condemns and forbids. But how many even try to retain any wholesome impression which may have been made upon them in the house of prayer? How much fewer are those who let it shape their conduct in the affairs of life—when a question arises as to some new course of action, some new connection or engagement, when they have to choose between seeking or shunning a dangerous temptation, between seizing or neglecting an opportunity of dutiful self-sacrifice? These are the things which test the sincerity and earnestness with which you have taken part in public worship. If your profiting does not appear in these things, you will have reaped little benefit, you will have incurred the risk of great loss and hurt.

And so it must be with those who come not of their free will, but from some worldly motive, as to comply with custom, to save appearances, but grudge the time which they spend in God's house, and are saying in their hearts, "When will the Sabbath be gone?" So it must be with those who really delight in the Sabbath, but only as a welcome repose after a week of toil, enabling them to return with new vigour and zest to the pursuits which engross all their interest. So it must be with those who regard their attendance simply as a duty, which demands the sacrifice of a certain portion of their time, and is accomplished as soon as this has been spent, and who are unconscious of any ulterior object. How many with a right, but not fully enlightened feeling, would shrink from making the holy season a day of toil, who do not scruple to waste it as a day of rest? How few endeavour to turn it to account as a day of progress in their spiritual life, which may and ought to be bringing them constantly nearer to God!

Here, my brethren, is a very serious thought, with which I will conclude. Unless we are moving in this direction toward the centre of our true rest, and our everlasting home, since we cannot remain stationary, we can have no prospect before us, but that of an ever-growing distance and an endless alienation from the source of all real peace and joy. If we attempt to disguise this from ourselves, we are acting in the spirit of those who said, "Who is able to stand before this holy Lord God? and to whom shall He go up from us?" As if, by banishing Him from our thoughts, we could escape from his presence, or place ourselves beyond the reach of his arm. Rather let us learn to fly, not *from*,

but *to* that holiness which is perfect love, as the one strong hold to which we may always resort; the one stay which will surely bear us up, when all others give way from under us; the haven where we would be, and which, though seen but afar off, gives us strength and courage to ride upon "the waves of this troublesome world," and keeps our souls calm and steadfast, in the perfect peace of a holy comfort.

ST. MICHEL.

I.

AT night, on the barren strand of Moidrey. —I hear the dry autumn wind—dry and yet charged with salt, it comes singing over the stunted rushes and coarse herbage of the low sea marsh. One after another the lights of Ardevon are extinguished in the primitive farmhouses along the heavy road that leads to "La Grève"—that waste of sands which appear and disappear daily for leagues along the Norman coast.

The moon is high, but hidden by a long aerial rampart of clouds. By the dim light of stars I push on alone toward the sea. No other human soul is travelling thither. Is it clay, or is it sand beneath my feet? Surely the road has changed? I cannot see for the darkness, but the ground is moist and yielding to the tread. *Yes,* I have reached the sands. I hear no longer the wind in the rushes—another strange sound is in my ears. Is it the murmur of some distant forest, or the steady plunging of a waterfall? I peer into the darkness, I can distinguish nothing—only the smell of the salt wind comes across the "Grève." The clouds part slowly—a rift of pale light—a flash upon the horizon—wide white splendour upon sea and sand. What rises before me—black, immense, solitary? The sky shows pale against it; in another moment the light seems to creep round. It smites upon the walls and towers of a huge citadel, with ranged ramparts and granite slopes and pinnacles thrown into the air. This black mass rising on the summit of a huge rock from the midst of what I now perceive to be a waste of sand and sea, has suddenly lost its terror; as I gaze it assumes a more dim and shadowy form, a mist is rising from the dark recesses, whilst here and there a granite surface with castellated turrets and machicoulis shines out against the deeper shadow of the rock. With eager eyes fixed upon this strange apparition I walk steadily on, heedless of the flooded sands, expecting to see the castle of white mists and moonlight shadow vanish into the darkness out of which it has so suddenly emerged.

But the rushing sound of the rising tide recalls me to my senses. I am ankle deep in the sea. In another moment the moon passes behind the black clouds. The wondrous castle has vanished. The very stars seem to have gone out. I turn my face towards Moidrey, and hasten to regain its barren strand.

II.

The heat smote up from the rock. I leaned over the parapet of Beauregard—four hundred feet above the sea. The faint smell of the white and red laurel was wafted by the grateful breeze from the little gardens that lay skilfully disposed beneath me on the rugged and irregular platforms of the island. The vines were budding, and the pear and apple blossoms glowed within many an ancient granite enclosure, flecking the rock with their snowy and crimson petals. The bright vigorous green of spring lay cool upon the grey hot stone. I watched the gold and copper-coloured lizards dart in and out of the crumbled masonry. Here and there great butterflies rose like winged flowers beneath me, and floated away over the steaming sands.

The tide had turned. The sands were at their driest. The venerable rock of the Tombelaine, forlorn relic of the mainland, lay between us and the coast line bathed in mirage.

The gatherers of shellfish, scattered like black specks over the Grève, were assembling for the homeward march in little groups with their heavily-laden baskets on their backs, and hundreds of white seagulls left their feasting by the shallow tide-stream as they heard the distant roar of the water coming in.

To the north and west lay three square leagues of sand, and a fair mile between us and the mainland; yet, with the exception of a thin stream that never fails, for ever winding between sea and sea, all was dry and firm to the tread.

As I looked down upon this flat and barren wilderness, I asked myself what feat of engineering, what years of toil, what human contrivance or skill, would suffice to flood this wide grey space? And whilst I mused,

steadily advancing along the thin stream came a flat head of water—crawling and spreading as it flowed.

I looked towards the sea, and saw that the distant sands were already submerged. Still between us and the shore the road was open, and the stream was thin and shallow.

As I turned I saw another huge flat-headed watery serpent crawl from afar upon the crisp dry sand to meet its fellow from the ocean. I then noticed that the long canal-like river that debouched at Moidrey was swelling, and a full tide had begun to set down it from the sea.

No sooner had I marked this than the galloping of distant hoofs fell upon my ear. A carriage and pair had started from the mainland—the driver was shouting and urging his steeds—for between tides the Grève can be easily crossed.

Then followed under my eyes one of those hazardous adventures which ere now have ended fatally. The horses galloped hard for the ford, and the two watery serpents came on pouring their deluge of sea around them, deeper and deeper and wider grew the stream, and faster galloped the horses.

They arrive breathless on the brink and pause—but for pausing there is no time; to retreat might even now be dangerous—lashing his horses and shouting wildly, the driver dashes into the stream; the poor animals struggle bravely up to their bellies, and for a moment the carriage itself seems to sway and float, but in another instant the good steeds feel the firmer ground beneath their hoofs, they are safely over the ford, and trot gaily up to the gate of St. Michel.

And even as I look the daily miracle has taken place. The leagues of hard dry sand are now nothing but a waste of waters, and boats cross freely over from the rock to the river and the strand of Moidrey.

III.

And what is St. Michel? A sanctuary from time immemorial. Its rocky summit rising into the air—first crowned with Druidical remains, later with a Roman temple, and lastly with a Christian church—has been in turn the shrine of the legend, the romance, and the religion of at least twenty centuries.

Though not always isolated, it was always sacred. The remains of the vast forest of Quoquelunde, as late as the sixth century, still stretched from the mainland to the rocky mount. In the seventh century the remnants of it disappeared before the inroads of the rapid tide, but a wooded slope on the north-east side of the island still recalls the ancient homes of the Druids; and the earth, in many parts, is riddled through and through with countless warrens, made by the lineal descendants, no doubt, of the old forest rabbits of the mainland.

As we look up at the wondrous pile from the sands, and note the mighty walls and towers behind which nestles, for protection, the little town, the eye measures those ancient granite masses, as solid and colossal as the rock on which they stand, and is fairly bewildered at the abrupt elevation, one above the other, of castle and monastery, until, on the summit of the whole, a vast cathedral, wonderful to behold even in its decadence, leaps into the air with flying buttress, pinnacle, and spire.

And who built it, and how was it built? We know where the granite came from; but how were the immense blocks floated over from the neighbouring Rochers de Cancales hardly visible in the remote distance? How were they got across that shallow, treacherous tide, or how, when the sea went out, were they prevented from sinking into the sands? These are light matters, as the student of St. Michel's Mount will soon learn. Was not the great Archangel watching over the destinies of his shrine? A string of miracles, a group of shining legends, light up the pages of its eventful history.

As we read far back in the past, the colours seem all fresh, like the gold and azure of the ancient missals on the yellow parchment of the monastery itself.

The good Bishop St. Paterne, of Avranches (sixth century), sent through the forest of Quoquelunde his band of pious workmen, who cleared part of the rock, and founded two churches to SS. Symphorien and Stephen, and a monastery.

St. Scubilion was the first abbot, but the Christian legend begins only after the washing away of the forest in the seventh century. Then it was that St. Michael twice visited St. Aubert (A.D. 708), bishop of Avranches, and pointed to the isolated rock as his chosen sanctuary. The holy man, mistrusting such visions, opened his Bible and meditated on St. John's words, "Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits." Again he fell asleep, and this time St. Michael pushed him roughly with one finger on the side of his head (*pulsatur austerius*), upbraiding him with his sluggish incredulity; and the bishop arose to found a church endowed with his own lands, and destined to become one of the most famous pilgrimages in Christendom.

IV.

From this time forward the sound of the great Archangel's wings, his shining apparition, and the echoes of his mysterious voice, constantly hallow the destinies of his favourite temple. On the lonely summit of the rock, the awe-struck monks pealed out the bells in the midnight storm; the black cloud of evil spirits was thus quickly dissipated: and, as the howling of the wind died away, the stars shone out through the flying silver films, on which St. Michael and all his Angels swept by.

But the guardian of high places extended his care to the travellers on the sands, and a huge cross, which has now disappeared, marked, for many years, the spot where a poor woman with her infant had been protected miraculously from the rising tide.

About many of the legends there is a great tenderness of feeling, strongly marking the Angel's love of little children, who on that pitiful rock, in that poor and squalid town at the foot of the monastery, must have often had a hard and precarious time of it. It was through a little child that the great Druidical stones were rolled down from the top of the mountain; and in the frequent conflagrations which took place amongst the crowded wooden huts, St. Michael had been known to protect children in their cradles beneath the ruins.

But the awe which the heavenly patron inspired is well marked by the singular regulation which forbade any porter or watchman to remain all night in the church, since there, at times in the vigil hours, the angelic choirs descended, and the trembling monk had often heard them singing. A poor priest of the monastery, consumed with a rash though reverent curiosity, hid himself one night in an angle of the basilica, when lo! the angel Michael, self-illumined with awful radiance, and accompanied by the Virgin Mary and the blessed Peter, are seen walking in the angelic temple. The monk falls almost lifeless upon the pavement, muttering a wild prayer. Michael scans him severely, but the Virgin intercedes, and, advancing towards him, utters these words:—

"Colibert! why seek to behold heavenly mysteries? Rise; go forth and expiate, as best thou canst, the affront offered to angelic spirits."

The poor monk tottered out of the church in great agony of mind, but on the third day he was a corpse. "Tertia diê vitam finivit," says the severe old chronicler.

V.

In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries the fame of St. Michel's Mount had spread all over Christendom, and as a place of pilgrimage it ranked second only to the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. So great, about this time, was the exportation of its stones as relics that the mountain itself might have disappeared by this time had the practice gone on. Shells of the bay, of which there is an unfailing supply, happily were substituted; and every pilgrim, as he left, carried his string of shells away. The shell appears on the ancient escutcheons of St. Michel; and pilgrims far inland, who had never seen the sea, eagerly adopted the famous symbol. Hence such allusions as in the well-known lines of Walter Raleigh:—

"Give me my *scallop shell* of quiet," &c.

So great was the honour paid by the Popes to the abbots of St. Michel, that one of these (Geoffroy de Servon, 1298) was even permitted to exercise high episcopal functions. Another (John Gonault, 1444) was made the Pope's Vicar-General in things spiritual and temporal. Robert de Torigny (1154—86), or Robert of the Mount, called "the friend of popes and kings," and extolled in the verses of Stephen the Bishop of Rennes, was the most illustrious of them all. After the murder of Beket, it was in the presence of De Torigny that Henry II. did penance at Avranches; and the abbot was subsequently appointed governor of the castle of Pontorson. Next in honour comes Pierre le Roy (1386—1410). He was counsellor of Charles VI. of France, came to England as ambassador, and was received with great honour by our Richard II. in 1395. He was afterwards sent twice as ambassador to Pope Benedict XIII., and afterwards to Pope Gregory XII.; and the dignity of "Referendaire" was conferred upon him by Pope Alexander V.

From the earliest times, kings and princes visited the mount as pilgrims. Childebert III. in 710, Charlemagne in 800, brought splendid gifts. Edward the Confessor and St. Louis came more than once. Here our Henry I. was besieged by William Rufus. Here Henry II. kept his court in 1166, and received the homage of the Bretons; and here Louis XI., in 1469, founded the order of knighthood of St. Michel.

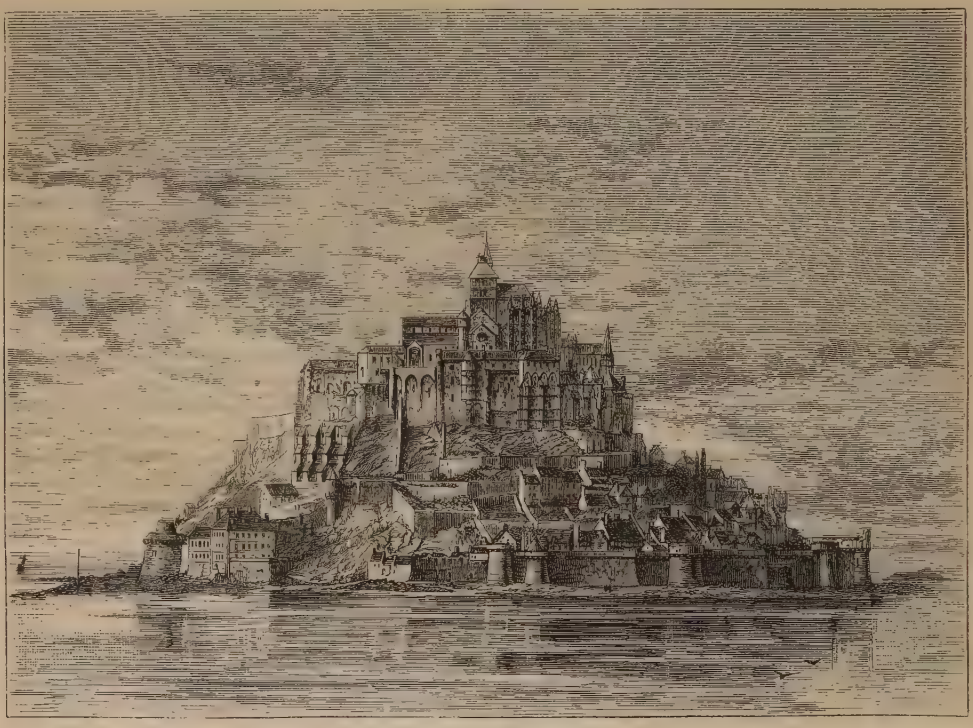
But its sacred nature has not protected the Mount from some of the bloodiest wars on record, nor has St. Michel ever shrunk

from vindicating its position, age after age, as one of the most impregnable fortresses in the world.

Endowed by kings, bishops, and nobles, it has, out of its wealth, paid for armies and fitted out fleets; and as early as 1060 its abbot sent a powerful contingent of ships to William Duke of Normandy for his expedition of 1066.

As we tread its sands, or watch from its embattled heights the treacherous sea coming in from the north and the south, we can well imagine the exulting glee with which the defenders of the sanctuary must have watched the discomfiture of the English in 1434. They had advanced across the Grève on the 17th of June, with twenty thousand (?) men, and with battering rams and many ponderous engines of war. They succeeded in making a breach, but their position then became more untenable than ever. The little garrison under Louis d'Estouteville numbered but one hundred and nineteen, all refugees of noble or gentle blood, and from their terrible vantage ground they assailed the besiegers along the line of perpendicular steeps and hurled them back into the swift returning tide.

The enemy set fire to their war engines and



Mont St. Michel before restoration.

baggage, and two thousand of them, struggling with their heavy arms, knee-deep in the swift current, sank into the quicksands, or were swept away by the sea. No wonder that the little garrison, as they beheld this fearful sight from the walls, and found that not one of their own men was killed or wounded, attributed their victory to the special love and protection of St. Michael. Two long cannons taken from our Henry VI. in 1427, still lie one on each side of the gateway of St. Michel—one of them is still loaded with an immense stone ball, nearly a foot in diameter.

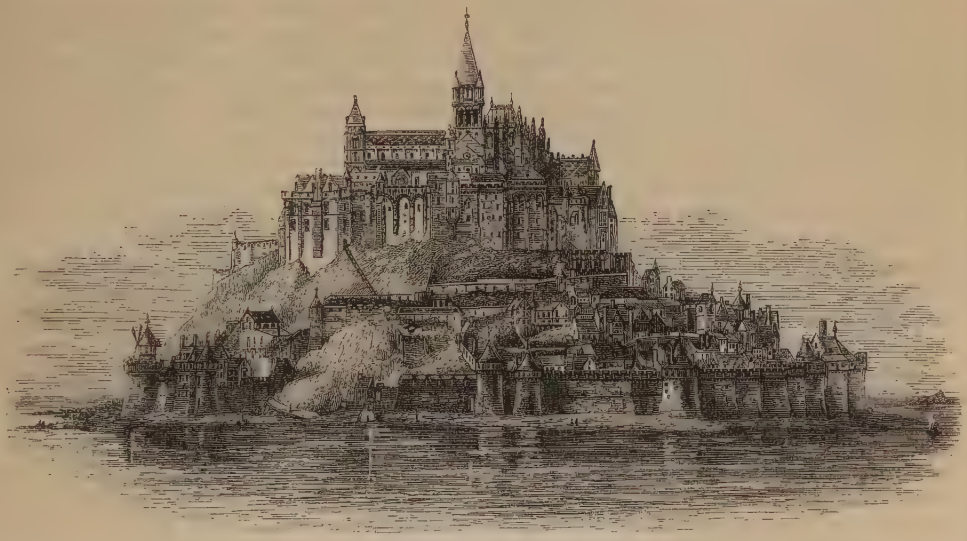
After the defeat under D'Estouteville, above recorded, the English came to the conclusion that the place was impregnable.

From the neighbouring rock of the Tombelaine, fortified by them, or even from the site of their own fortifications on the mainland at Ardevon, the proud fortress could now be knocked to pieces in a few hours by our modern guns. May that day never come!—may no English or Prussian gun, no communist infernal machine, be ever levelled against the fair monument of antiquity now rising so steadily into new life and splendour, but a splendour which we fear Michael and all

his Angels would not interpose to save from the profane rifled cannon of the nineteenth century.

VI.

But the chief glory of the Mount must ever be that in ignorant and brutal ages it was the home of piety and letters. The Benedictines early established there a strict rule. In the chapter-house, now known as the Salle des Chevaliers, the place is still shown where the simple brothers made open confession of their faults, and received public admonition and fatherly direction from the good abbot, and the little pulpit still stands in the refectory, from whence some pious exhortation was read aloud during meals. The famous "Injunctions" and counsels of perfection by the great abbot, Peter le Roy, are still preserved in the library at Avranches. But the Mount before its days of ruin was especially rich in MSS. There might be found St. Augustine's "Homilies on St. Paul"—ninth century MS.; some of Cicero, and some of Aristotle, translated by St. Augustine; works of Gregory the Great; a splendid lectionary, still extant, of the Mont St. Michel, all of the tenth century. Here, too, were the lives of the saints, the Golden Legend, the works of Seneca, so much coveted, and sought for in vain, by Roger Bacon. Robert de Torigny himself wrote a hundred books; the best known of his writings is a history of Henry I., now the eighth book



Plan of Restoration of Mont St. Michel, South Face.

of Guillaume de Jumieges, the continuation of Sigebert's Chronicles, and numerous expositions by himself and others of St. Paul's Epistles. So vast a number of MSS. did he collect, that the Mount was called the city of books, from the great library of De Torigny in the north tower, now no longer standing.

The cloisters at the top of the Mount were the favourite resort of scholars and learned pilgrims. Here, under the direction of the Benedictines, and later under the fraternity of St. Maur, regular schools were held, and courses of instruction delivered; whilst in the neighbouring cells the quiet recluses pored over their MSS., and multiplied copies of the most rare classical and sacred writings.

In these days of rapid printing, and almost equally rapid scribbling, it is not easy to enter into the feeling of the patient monk as hour after hour, and day after day, with little sense of the lapse of time, he bent lovingly over his exquisite caligraphy, or fashioned with a kind of artistic inspiration those lovely and delicate borders of crimson, ultramarine, and burnished gold which make at once the wonder and despair of modern illuminators. Yet in the heart of the recluse there was often a longing for the sympathy of the outer world, a conscious reaching forward to generations yet unborn, a sweet sense that his handiwork would be blessed by future students, a desire that at such a moment his own modest name might not be wholly forgotten; nay, as I handle the stained parchment, the spirit of the old monk seems peeping over my shoulder, nodding a mute

approval when I read his lines of self-recommendation at the close of a transcript of St. Augustine :—

"Friend, whilst you read remember the scribe, and should you care to know it, Cyraldus is the name of the humble brother whose pen has transcribed this work."

The ideal of obedience, prayer, and study may not always have been reached by the inmates of St. Michel, but history bears witness to their exceptional merits, whilst the strange functions to which they were sometimes called is quaintly summed up in the following terse rhyme written by one of them :—

"Miles in claustro,
Monachus in prælio,
Azura in cœlo."

"A soldier in the camp,
A monk in battle!
Glory in heaven!"

NATURAL HISTORY OF ATHEISM.

I.

"I had rather believe all the fables in the Legend and the Talmud, and the Alcoran, than that this universal Frame is without a Mind."—Lord Bacon.

I REMEMBER well, when I was passing from boyhood into youth, some fifty years ago, shortly after the battle of Waterloo, there was a general conviction in the public mind—at least in that large section of the public which is more mightily stirred by the present than taught by the past—that after so many years' wild turmoil of guns and bayonets there was now an end for ever of that culmination of sanguinary horror called War; and I remember no less distinctly how when, a few years afterwards, by the advice of a stout old doctor of divinity in Marischal College, Aberdeen, I waded my way through that most interesting of all ancient theological treatises, "Cicero de Naturâ Deorum," and finished the perusal with the abiding belief that that culmination of all speculative absurdities called Atheism was a thing of the past, and could no more reappear on the stage of credible things than those old women suspected of holding communion with the Evil One, who, not more than two hundred years ago, used to be flung into the milldam, that, if they were not witches they might sink, and if they were witches they might float and be burnt. But I have lived long enough now to understand that both these anticipations were premature. As for war, I have long since made up my mind that it is not only a theatre of horrors, but a school of virtue; and that in a rich and various world, crowded with antagonistic tendencies and contrary interests, hostile collisions of various kinds must take place; and the only thing to be done with war, by sensible men, is not to dream it out of the world, but while we are never eager for it, to be always ready, and, when we are in the heat of the strife, to fight like men, and not like tigers. As for Atheism, again, I have learnt equally, by the consideration of certain recent phases of thought, taken along with the general history of human speculation, that it is a disease of the speculative faculty which must be expected to reappear from time to time, when men are shaken out of the firm forms of their old beliefs, and have not yet had time to work themselves into the well-defined mould of a new one. It indicates, in fact, a chaotic state of mind analogous to that physical chaos which makes its epiphany betwixt the destruction of an old world and the creation of a new.

What is Atheism? As a theory, with regard to the nature and constitution of the universe, the word means either that the mighty something, the τὸ πᾶν, the *all*, was produced out of nothing, nobody knows how, and goes on producing itself into something, nobody knows how; or that it has existed for ever, and will exist for ever, as a mighty confused complex of something that acts, called *force*, and something that is acted on called *matter;* but it takes its shape from no intelligent or designing cause, merely from blind *chance;* or at least that it is a self-existent combination of forces and the results of forces, of which, in their unity, no intelligible account can be given.

Now the first observation that occurs to one on this view of the constitution of this wonderful structure of things called the world, is, that on the broad view of the ages and cycles of human speculation it is a strikingly exceptive, abnormal, and monstrous type of reasonable thought. It seems, on the first flush of the matter, to bear somewhat the same proportion to the general current of human thinking that dypsomania and other odd conditions of morbid sensi-

bility do to the normal state of the human nerves. Or, to take another simile: the general aspect of the fields and the forests and the face of the earth, except in the desert of Sahara, is green; but sometimes, wandering in the depths of the leafy dells, or through the luxuriant beds of artificial gardens, we stumble on a single plant whose leaves are red, while all its congeners are of the normal green. This peculiar hue, though it have a certain novel attraction about it, is in fact a disease, and will not be looked upon with favour by any gardener. Such exactly seems to be the case with Atheism. It is a doctrine so averse from the general sense of human sentiment, that the unsophisticated mass of mankind instinctively turn away from it, as the other foxes did from that vulpine brother who, having lost his bushy appendage in a trap, tried to convince the whole world of foxes that the bushy appendage in the posterior region was a deformity of which all high-minded members of the vulpine aristocracy should get rid as soon as possible. In common times and under normal circumstances, men are not disposed to accept Atheism, in any shape, as having any positive value. It is simply a defect in the reason, as much as the want of an eyeball in what looks like an eye, or the want of a beard in what looks like a man. Men without beards, or women with them, will justly not be taken account of in the general estimate of the sexes.

The fact is, as Socrates says in the "Memorabilia," man is naturally and differentially a religious animal, and is not thoroughly or normally himself unless when he is so. It has been so much the fashion lately to hunt out and to parade points of identity between man and the lower animals, that it may be a service to sound reason just to state the immense gap that exists betwixt the strange unfeathered biped called man and our first cousin the ape, if Dr. Darwin or Mr. Huxley will have it so. What monkey ever wrote an epic poem, or composed a tragedy or a comedy, or even a sonnet? What monkey professed his belief in any thirty-nine articles, or well-compacted Calvinistic confession, or gave in his adhesion to any Church, established or disestablished? Did any monkey ever smile or laugh (for a grin is not a laugh), or sing, or give the slightest indication of knowing even the most elementary propositions in the first six books of Euclid, such as are easily crammed into the heads of the dullest undergraduate of the term? Plainly not. And though men in Egypt, for some symbolical reason that may not have been so foolish as we imagine, paid certain sacrosanct attentions and pious ministrations to crocodiles, there is no proof that even crocodiles or monkeys, or any other of the lower animals, ever worshipped anybody. Dogs worship men, you will say. Yes, but only in a fashion. Dogs have neither churches nor creeds; and as the god whom they worship is the man who visibly feeds them and tangibly flogs them, it is a very cheap sort of religion. Socrates was certainly right in this matter, rather than Darwin. He saw as great a gap betwixt man and the lower animals in the descending scale, as betwixt men and the gods in the ascending scale; and he recognised the peculiar differential excellence of the human species simply as this, that they could recognise the gods, and give evidence of the recognition by the reverential observances of what we call a religion. Surely this was a much more human, more normal, and more noble way of philosophizing than to take infinite pains, as some of our modern scientific men do, on the one hand, to restore our lost brotherhood with the baboon, and, on the other, to raise up an impassable wall of partition between all reasonable creatures and the Supreme Reason from whom all creatures flow. We miscalculate very much indeed if we imagine that the peculiar doctrines and favourite fancies of a few cultivators of physical science in this small corner of the world, and in this small half of a century, are likely to exercise any notable influence over the thoughts of men, after the one-sided impulse out of which they arose shall have spent its force. Not only all the unsophisticated masses of men, but all the great originators of philosophic schools and the founders of churches, have been theists. Moses, David, and Solomon; Pythagoras and Anaxagoras; Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, and Zeno; St. Paul and St. Peter; Mahomet, St. Bernard, Thomas Aquinas, Dante, Kepler, Copernicus, Shakespeare, Luther, Spinoza, Bacon, Leibnitz, Newton, Locke, Des Cartes, Kant, Hegel. Against such an array of great witnesses of sound human reason, it is only the narrowness of local conceit, or the madness of partisanship, that could plant such names as David Hume (if David Hume did indeed believe in his own bepuzzlements), Jeremy Bentham, and John Stuart Mill. As for Confucius and Budd, the two great prophets of the far East, who certainly embraced a much wider sphere of human discipleship than any of

our English sophists of the negative school, they lie outside of our Western European culture altogether; but in so far as they seem to have taught a morality without religion, or a religion without God, we shall say a word or two about them by-and-by.

That the general consent of the most cultivated part of the human race, taken in the gross, is in favour of theism, and against atheism, seems, therefore, as a fact, plain enough. But whether there be certain races of human beings, up in the frozen North, or down in the fervid South, the tablets of whose inner nature, when nicely read, present absolutely no traces of a recognition of a superior world-controlling power, this is a question by no means easy in an exhaustive way to answer. One of the speakers in Cicero's book above-named, starts precisely this question — "Whence," says he, "do you—*i.e.*, the Stoics, who argue from the consent of the human race—prove the opinions of all nations? I verily believe that there are many peoples so lost in savagery that they have not even the slightest suspicion of the existence of gods." * Here are two contrary opinions: the one that there is a universal consent of all men and all peoples in the belief of a Supreme Being or Beings; the other, that there are nations so sunk in savagery, that they entertain not the remotest suspicion of God any more than their cattle, their sheep, or their swine; and to make these adverse notions more than opinions, to turn them into knowledge, as Plato is fond of saying, it is manifest that what we want is facts. Now the facts in this case are to be sought in remote and little travelled places, under circumstances not without danger, and, what is worse, often discouraging and disgusting to civilised men. Who is to go and live among wild men of the woods and roving Nomads of the waste for years, till he has thoroughly mastered their language, and by this process acquired the key to their notions and sentiments and convictions about whatever lies behind and above and within that wonderful evolution of beauty and grandeur and power, which we call the world? We naturally look to Christian missionaries here in the first place. They alone, with very few exceptions, seem to possess the earnestness of purpose, the single-hearted devotedness, and the intensity of moral apostleship, which could lead civilised men to make a moral experiment of this kind. But even their evidence in such a matter must be looked on with caution, and sifted with care. An intense zeal—without which a missionary would be nothing—so far from implying an impartial judgment in all moral and religious matters, not seldom renders such a judgment impossible. We may say generally, indeed, that a zealous Christian missionary is not the man fully to appreciate the amount of genuine theistic piety that may lie hidden and half choked beneath the grotesque mummeries and disgusting practices that are all that certain low types of humanity have to show for religion. It is not at all uncommon, even among ourselves, to hear persons and parties branded as atheistical, only because the individuals who so stigmatize them have not been able, and, perhaps, are not in the least degree willing, to appreciate the sort of theism which they profess. If Spinoza has been called an atheist, though he did not deny God, but rather denied the world, and was, therefore, as Hegel says, more properly styled an *acosmist;* how much more may many savage tribes have been termed atheistical by ignorant and unthinking missionaries who failed to make the very obvious distinction between worshipping gods who are no gods, and worshipping no god at all? With this caution, therefore, let us hear what the most intelligent of the missionaries have to say; and in such a case there are few men who have a better right to be called into court than the noble apostle of South Africa, Dr. Moffat. Here is a well-known passage about the African Bushmen :—"Hard is the Bushman's lot—friendless, forsaken, an outcast from the world; greatly preferring the company of the beasts of prey to that of civilised man. His gorah * soothes some solitary hours, although its sounds are often responded to by the lion's roar or the hyena's howl. He knows no God, knows nothing of eternity, yet dreads death, and has no shrine at which to leave his care and sorrows. We can scarcely conceive of human beings descending lower in the scale of ignorance and vice, while yet there can be no question that they are children of one common parent with ourselves." † And to the same effect is the distinct testimony of Dr. Monat in reference to the Andaman islanders :—"They have no conception of a Supreme Being. They have never risen from the effects they see around

* De Naturâ Deorum, i. 23.

* "The gorah is an instrument something like the bow of a violin—rather more curved—along which is stretched a catgut, to which is attached a small piece of quill. The player takes the quill in his mouth, and by strong inspirations and respirations produces a few soft notes in the vibrations of the catgut."

† "Missionary Labours and Scenes in South Africa," Thirtieth thousand, p. 15.

them, even to the most imperfect notion of a cause. They have never ascended in thought from the works to a Creator, or even to many Creators—that is to say, Polytheism."* And one of the most eminent investigators into the primitive condition of man has the following interesting passages:—"The opinion that religion is general and universal has been entertained by many high authorities. Yet it is opposed to the evidence of numerous trustworthy observers. Sailors, traders, and philosophers, Roman Catholic priests and Protestant missionaries, in ancient and in modern times, in every part of the globe, have concurred in stating that there are races of men altogether devoid of religion. The case is the stronger because in several instances the fact has greatly surprised him who records it, and has been entirely in opposition to all his preconceived views. On the other hand, it must be confessed that in some cases travellers denied the existence of religion merely because the tenets were unlike ours. The question as to the general existence of religion among men is indeed to a great extent a matter of definition. If the mere sensation of fear, and the recognition that there are probably other beings more powerful than one's self, are sufficient alone to constitute a religion, then we must, I think, admit that religion is general to the human race. But when a child dreads the darkness, or shrinks from a lightless room, we never regard that as an evidence of religion. Moreover, if this definition be adopted, we cannot longer regard religion as peculiar to man. We must admit that the feeling of a dog or a horse towards its master is of the same character; and the baying of a dog to the moon is as much an act of worship as some ceremonies which have been so described by travellers."†

But strong as these testimonies appear, it is extremely doubtful how far they would satisfy an impartial jury impannelled to try the point we are now discussing. Certainly if anthropological questions of this kind are to be decided on the same strictness of detailed testimony that pecuniary cases are decided in our law courts, the three testimonies here given, notwithstanding the weight justly attributable to the words of the writers, would require to be submitted to the most sifting cross-examination before they could be accepted as elements in the formation of any conclusive verdict on the subject. And accordingly we find that another writer of equal authority, after quoting various testimonies in favour of the existence of atheistic races, nevertheless declares his opinion that no evidence sufficiently detailed and searching has been brought forward, such as might enable a cautious thinker to assert with confidence that there exists anywhere a race of human beings absolutely without religion of any kind.* And our great African explorer, Livingstone, talking of some of the most degraded tribes of the Africans with whom he came into connection, says, "There is no necessity for beginning to tell the most degraded of these people (the Bechuanas) of the existence of a God, or of the future state, the facts being universally admitted. Everything that cannot be accounted for by common causes is ascribed to the Deity—as creation, sudden death, &c. 'How curiously God made these things!' is a common expression, as is 'He was not killed by disease, he was killed by God.' And while speaking of the departed—though there is nought in the physical appearance of the dead to justify the expression—they say, 'He has gone to the gods,' the phrase being identical with *abiit ad patres*."†

This testimony is sufficiently strong, but of course it is strong only within the range of personal observation which it includes, and does not necessarily contradict the assertion of Moffat; for Livingstone, in the very next page, honestly states that "he had not had any intercourse with either Caffre or Bushmen in their own tongue." On the whole, therefore, so far as our very imperfect evidence goes, we seem justified in concluding that, while some sort of religion seems to belong to man as man, one type of religion may differ from another as far as lust differs from love, opinion from knowledge, or caricature from art.‡ And if there be races of reasonable beings who have no idea of a cause, it is just the same thing as if we were to find in every Alpine valley whole races of Cretins, or anywhere in the world whole races of idiots; they are defective creatures such as no naturalist would receive into his normal description of one of Nature's types; such as roses, for instance, without fragrance, horses without hoofs, and birds without wings. Any type of things, indeed, as well

* "Adventures and Researches among the Andaman Islanders." By Frederick T. Monat, M.D., F.R.C.S. London, 1863. P. 303.

† "Origin of Civilisation and Primitive Condition of Man." By Sir T. Lubbock. Pp. 138—9.

* Tylor, "Primitive Culture," vol. i. p. 379.

† "Livingstone's Missionary Travels," chap. viii. p. 158.

‡ An extremely interesting account of a very low type of religion, among the Ostjaks of Asiatic Russia, will be found in Alexander Castren's "Reise Erinnerungen," Petersburg, 1853, p. 288, which we should gladly have inserted here had space permitted.

as man, may, by a combination of untoward influences, be curtailed and stunted into any sort of degradation.

So much for the facts. We return to our original assertion, and say, The great majority of human beings acknowledge God, and the practical form which this acknowledgment takes is called Religion. But this, no doubt, is a very wide and a very vague word, and requires exposition. In the main, however, its variations fall under two heads. Either it is a simple acknowledgment of an existing supreme authority in the universal order of things both physical and moral; or it contains further a philosophical theory with regard to the original creation and the continued preservation of the universe. Of these two types of popular faith the first is certainly the more important, affecting as it does directly the conduct of human life, and the position of personal subordination and responsibility, which all faith in a divine government implies; but the philosophical element is always included in the highest forms of religious belief. In this respect, indeed, religion is merely the popular form of metaphysics. Metaphysics and theology, in fact, in their ultimate issue are identical—metaphysics being formally only the more general term for the search into the ultimate ground of all Being, which search, in so far as it does not lose itself in a self-puzzling scepticism, issues necessarily in the assertion of the Eternal Reason, or Λόγος, which, in the well-known language of the Apostle John, in the opening words of his Gospel, is only another name for God.

It is a curious fact in the history of the human mind that the most subtle and speculative and scientific people of the ancient world—the Greeks—inherited a religion utterly destitute of this philosophical element, which is so prominent, not only in our Christian religion, but in Brahmanism and other superior forms of popular faith. There is not in the whole breadth of the Homeric poems—and Homer was virtually the Greek Bible—the slightest indication of that great philosophical proposition which stands written on the threshold of the Mosaic Scriptures, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." The old Smyrnean minstrel indicates, indeed, in a familiar line, that the gods of the Jovian dynasty had a father and a mother, whom he distinctly names Ocean and Tethys;* but this fragment of an early theologic speculation—for it is nothing better—bears on the face of it that the existing gods, like the races of men, were born; and any religion in which such gods were supreme could not be said to contain a metaphysics; for every metaphysics must ask not only what is behind the show, but what is before the first. To say that old Ocean and his briny spouse were the father and mother of the gods was nothing more than going another step back in a celestial genealogy of which the origin was in the dark. When you have traced back a pensile chain a thousand links, you are no nearer to a philosophy than when you started, unless you tell us to what the first link is attached. The more current notion among the Greeks was, that the existing dynasty of gods of whom Jove was chief was preceded by two dynasties—the first that of Kronos, whom the Romans identified with Saturn, and the second that of Uranus and Gee, or Heaven and Earth. This implied, no doubt, a philosophical dualism, though in a different style from the dualism of the Good and Evil principle in the religion of the ancient Persians, but still a sort of philosophy. But whether we call this sort of theistic duality a philosophy or not, it is certain that the theory or the fancy was not a living, effective element in the Greek religion. It was a sort of infantile theology, which remained entirely outside of the popular faith and the national worship; not, as in the creed of all Christian Churches, where a dogmatic theology, or a positive theistic philosophy, constitutes the solid basis and the firm framework of the faith of the Church. Accordingly we find that when the Bœotian poet, Hesiod, who lived some fifty or a hundred years later than Homer, ventured in his capacity of theologer to trace the celestial genealogy a step or two further back, he fell plump into a mighty void, which showed how little there was of deep, thoughtful piety, and how much of superficial impression of the senses and shallow sport of fancy, in what the subtle Greeks had to content themselves with for a theology. Hear how the book of the celestial generations runs. Hexameters are apt to have rather an ungraceful hop in English, but we may try them here for a recreation:—

"In the beginning was Chaos: and afterwards came into being
Earth broad-breasted, the stable upholder of starry Olympus;
Darksome Tartarus too, within the bosom of broad Earth:
Likewise Eros, the loveliest-born of all the Immortals,
Thrilling the limbs of men and of gods with gentle emotion,
Conquering counsel and wit in the charmed breast of the wisest.
Erebos, then, and black-stoled Night were children of Chaos;
Night was mother of Ether, and Day was daughter of Darkness,

* "Ocean the father of gods immortal, and Tethys the mother."—Il. xiv. 201.

Then when Erebus mingled with Night in fruitful embracement;
Earth then brought into being the might of the starry Welkin
Like to herself, to spread his vasty curtain around her."

We have nothing here manifestly but a succession of appearances, which no man who meant thinking could mistake for a philosophy of the universe. To call Night the mother of Day, if anything like causal connection is implied, is just as absurd as to say that emptiness is the mother of fulness. When I pour water into an empty tumbler, no doubt the tumbler was empty before it was full; in the order of my sensations the emptiness came before the fulness. That is all. In like manner, when I take my dinner, hunger goes before eating, and is in one sense the cause of my eating; but the cause of there being a dinner to eat is the culinary care of the cook. So, if I build a house, I may say, with Hesiod, In the beginning was the chaos of stones called a quarry, and from that chaos came the beautiful array of curiously co-ordinated stones which I call my house. But everybody sees that without the plan of the thoughtful architect and the hand of the skilful mason, the stones of the quarry could never heap themselves into a house. So it is with all order. To say that as a matter of individual experience in any particular case order proceeded out of disorder, explains nothing; it only states the case to be explained. How did the order come about? This simple question the theology of the Greeks seems never to have even started. Their religion consisted simply in the recognition of an established divine order of things under supreme authority, with reverential submission of the will thereto.

We have now to answer a very natural question: how far is this general consent of humanity a valid argument for theism? If an old sage had any reason for saying οἱ πολλοὶ κακοί (*the majority are bad*), might he not have equal or greater ground for asserting the majority are fools? Certainly a mere majority taken by itself would be a very poor argument for the truth of any proposition or for the rectitude of any course of conduct; otherwise all unlimited democracies would always be right, whereas experience has proved that they are peculiarly liable to go wrong. If the majority of persons in any village were given to drunkenness, this certainly would afford no argument in favour of the beauty of intoxication. And though men often decide very serious matters by mere majorities, is it not rather because they cannot do better than because they have any firm faith that the majorities will be right? If suits on the issue of which many thousands of pounds depend are constantly decided by a majority of judges in the Scottish Court of Session, how often has the decision of that majority been reversed by the decision of a single judge in the English House of Lords? And naturally enough too; for one strong head will always be better than twenty weak heads; and turning the scores into hundreds would only multiply the confusion. And if, looking into the general administration of human affairs in any small town or large city, you should happen to have your eye fastened by any great improvement which has recently been made—such as, for example, the winning of land from the sea, and turning a useless, slimy beach into a beautiful, breezy, green esplanade, as has been done at Rothesay in Bute, or opening up a free prospect and a healthy ventilation—you will find that it was not the majority at all who did or desired these changes, but that some one man of large views and strong will had forced these changes, in spite of the indifference of the great majority and the violent hostility of a few. In what sense, then, shall we say that the consent of a majority supplies a test, or affords even a presumption of what is right? Plainly not in cases where any very extensive knowledge or subtle views are required; nor in cases where a man can claim no right to have an opinion at all, except after special study, and with professional training; as little in cases where the general judgment has been obscured, and cool discrimination been rendered impossible by the hot smoke and steaming mists of faction, ecclesiastical or civil. Nevertheless there is a preponderant rightness in the sentiment of the multitude, even in their judgments of important public matters, which every one feels in practice, and which even the cool Aristotle defends and illustrates at considerable length in his estimate of the value of democratic forms of government, as opposed to oligarchic. Perhaps we shall hit the mark here if we say broadly that as nature is always right, the general and normal sentiment of the majority must always be right, in so far as it is rooted in the universal and abiding instincts of humanity; and public opinion, as the opinion of the majority, will be right also in all matters which belong to the general conduct of life among all classes, and with respect to which the mind of the majority has been allowed a perfectly free, natural, and healthy exercise. And there will always be a presumption against practices, sentiments,

and opinions which run flat in the teeth of universal practice and the unvaried tradition of humanity. It affords a presumption against total abstinence, for instance, as a philosophy of life (for its utility as a special vigorous remedy against a special severe malady may well be admitted), that men of all classes in all ages have been fond of a glass of wine: in like manner it affords a presumption against the Quakers that men of all nations and in all centuries have fought great battles with their neighbours, and become great and strong by the fighting of great battles; and, again, it affords a strong presumption against the notion of dispensing with lawyers, clergymen, physicians, and all professional men—a favourite panacea with some—that in all ages and in all countries such types of the social man have grown up, and found grateful recognition from the majority. And though the majority of mankind are not philosophers, yet in all matters where nature rules them there is a wisdom in them that justly maintains its ground against the subtle speculations of abstract thinkers who excite attention by confounding things which are naturally distinct, and denying things which the constitution of our nature forces us imperiously to assert. If a glib creature, for instance, calling himself, or being called, a philosopher, should maintain that beauty depends on utility and fitness, you may safely let him spin as many chapters as he may choose in illustration of such a perverse paradox, when everybody knows that the ugliest possible bridge (which the railway companies frequently make) is as useful for its end, and as fit for its purpose, as the most ornamental structure ever devised. The systems of subtle thinkers, in fact, always require to be watched with particular caution: clever people are peculiarly apt to love the fancies of their own begetting, more than the facts of God's creation: though clever, they are not necessarily wise; and like Narcissus will be found sometimes glassing themselves complacently in their own real or imagined beauties.

J. S. BLACKIE.

TWO SONGS.

By the AUTHOR of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

I.—THE BOAT OF MY LOVER.

Gaelic Air—*F'hir a bhata*—"The Boat of my Lover."

O BOAT of my lover, go softly, go safely;
O boat of my lover, that bears him from me!
From the homes of the clachan, from the burn singing sweetly,
From the loch and the mountain, that he'll never more see.

O boat of my lover, go softly, go safely;
Thou bearest my soul with thee over the tide.
I said not a word, but my heart it was breaking,
For life is so short, and the ocean so wide.

O boat of my lover, go softly, go safely;
Though the dear voice is silent, the kind hand is gone:
But oh, love me, my lover! and I'll live till I find thee;
Till our parting is over, and our dark days are done.

II.—DEEP IN THE VALLEY.

Welsh Air—"Waters of Elle."

DEEP in the valley, afar from every beholder,
In the May morning my true love came to me:
Silent we sate, her head upon my shoulder;
Fondly we dreamed of the days about to be:
Fondly we dreamed of the days so soon to be.

Deep in the valley, the rain falls colder and colder:
Safely she sleeps beneath the churchyard tree:
Yet still I feel her head upon my shoulder,
Yet still I dream of the days that could not be:
Yet still I weep o'er the days that will not be.

"WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH."

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WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH.

By the AUTHOR of "Lady Bell," Etc.

CHAPTER I.—"TELL MISS SMITH TO SEND MISS HATTON AND MISS PLEASANCE HERE."

"TELL Miss Smith to send Miss Hatton and Miss Pleasance here," said Miss Cayley to the housemaid, who came in answer to her mistress's ring.

Miss Cayley spoke sharply, for she was a little sharp by nature, and she was rendered sharper by her profession. She was a schoolmistress—a little keen-eyed, intelligent-looking, not unlady-like woman, wizened and worn by half a lifetime's struggle, not to make her bread alone—though that is sometimes hard enough to make—but with the contrarieties of pupils and pupils' parents, teachers, governesses, and servants. Miss Cayley fought them all single-handed, and she showed the brunt of the battle by not a little leanness, and not a few lines in her thin grey face. But she was not so worn as not to remain mistress of herself and of a painful situation.

Miss Cayley was in her drawing-room when she rang the bell. It was a pleasanter room than many such drawing-rooms. In the first place, Miss Cayley's school was situated in an old country-house, six miles beyond even the suburb of a large town. In the second, Miss Cayley had a character of her own, and managed to impress it on her belongings—on her favourite chair, her little reading-table, her stand of plants, her very knitting, and the magazine which she had been reading, and which lay open on the table before her. In the third, those essentials of a school drawing-room, which are almost as inevitable as the girl found practising on the best piano,—gifts and specimens of old pupils' work, crude performances in water colours and embroidery, mingled as they were here with old solid furniture and home comforts, only lent a certain air of youthful, hopeful aspiration to the room.

Miss Cayley was not alone, she had a guest who had till that morning been a stranger to her, and who had during their short acquaintance made anything save a favourable impression on Miss Cayley's mind.

Unlike Miss Cayley, this guest was a large handsome woman. She had imposingly prominent and regular features, and a complexion which was still clear, red and white—contrasting in its clearness with the blackness of her hair, unsilvered by a single white thread. It had better be said at once that, though the lady's large person had so far outgrown the slenderness of youth, there was nothing in the unfading bloom and the unblanched locks, to suggest the idea of artificial substitutes to supply the thefts of time. On the contrary, this was a perfectly genuine woman, whose unimpaired vitality, if it needed any explanation, suggested only the German proverb that weeds do not wither.

The stranger was dressed well, in deep mourning. The depth of her crape and the dimness of her silk did not, however, prevent her having an obvious consciousness of the perfectly satisfactory style of her dress, and of the person on which the dress was fitted. There was an occasional glance at the fall of her skirt and the smoothness of her glove, with a droop of the long eyelashes, and a delicate modulation of the mouth—all probably tricks of habit, which, under the circumstances, were peculiarly exasperating to Miss Cayley. These were the only outward signs—and it required an observant eye to detect them—of under breeding, having its origin in more or less latent narrowness and meanness of nature.

There was a pause in the conversation after the mistress of the house sent the message with the servant. Miss Cayley leant back in her chair with a sense of weariness from

past fatigues and (brave woman as she was) from coming trials. She knit the already furrowed brow under her little lace cap, and looked as if she did not care to make an observation.

"Why should I speak and smooth away difficulties for a woman who I am sure is going to behave with abominable heartlessness, and who, when her brother is just dead, and when she has come to tell his death to his daughters, whom she has never seen, can sit and rejoice in her elegant clothes and make faces?" thought Miss Cayley to herself.

Very probably she did not make sufficient allowance for a formal woman of the world who was not her own mistress, and who, besides an enforced subjection, had one ruling passion, and only one, which steeled her sternly for this morning's work. Miss Cayley was still saying to herself, "I am not a sentimental woman. I know that the girls and governesses think me a flint and tyrant, but I cannot conceive how a woman, a mother, as this Mrs. Wyndham has told me she is, can meet those poor girls, for the first time, as she has shown me she means to meet them, with the news which she brings to-day. She is afraid of a scene! there will be no scene; the poor things will be too startled, scared, and shocked; and Anne has a good deal of sense and self-control for her years, while Pleasance will not take it in just at once; but they will remember this April morning to their dying day."

Miss Cayley moved restlessly, and looked for relief out of the window, to the lawn which she liked so much for the very things which would have been offences in many people's eyes—the unkempt lush grass under the great plane-trees, the daisies in the sunshine, the violets in the shade. But the lawn suggested no greater consolation to her than that such trials must be, even in the midst of God's sunshine; she could do nothing to prevent them; and she had troubles enough of her own at this time particularly.

All the while Mrs. Wyndham was nerving herself for the task which she had undertaken, by reflecting on what was to her its absolutely compulsory nature. "Wyndham would never consent to have it otherwise," she thought. "He has been disappointed as it is. I have suffered sufficiently from the consequences of poor Fred's folly; and I do not suffer alone;" and at this point of her reflections Mrs. Wyndham raised her head, and a flush of maternal pride, for the moment, kindled and softened the usual hard coldness of even the rounded outlines and fresh tints of her handsome face. "There are my boys and girls. It would have made some difference to Tom at Oxford, and to Nelly and Rica in their coming out, if my brother had not wasted his portion, if he had lived quietly and economically, as we had the right to expect that a single man gone abroad to retrench and nurse his health would live. Instead, he has died the next thing to bankrupt, and for a legacy has left this undreamt-of affront and drag upon us;" and at the thought Mrs. Wyndham drew herself up and closed her mouth so that the natural curves of her lips were drawn tightly over her white teeth.

Though with ladylike reticence she held herself quite a different order of woman from the best and most capable schoolmistress, yet, like Miss Cayley, she was not beyond explaining herself, and appealing to the other's sense of what was right and fitting, soliciting as it were sympathy and co-operation.

"My brother could not have intended to acknowledge these girls," said Mrs. Wyndham, with determined conviction, "else why should he not have made known their existence to those of his nearest relations with whom he was on perfectly good terms?"

"I cannot tell why he should not," answered Miss Cayley with a considerable spice of abruptness and stubbornness in her politeness, "since he married their mother and gave them his name."

"Oh, my brother was like no one else in many things," said Mrs. Wyndham, quickly; "and although there was a marriage, else, of course, I should not move in the matter, I have no doubt he was wheedled into it, and certainly he was ashamed of the whole connection."

As this assertion seemed proved beyond doubt, Miss Cayley remained passive, for once in her life, and did not try to dispute it.

"My brother was at my father's place, living alone with him for some months before he died," continued Mrs. Wyndham, hammering on at her foregone conclusion. "He was my father's favourite child, to whom he would have forgiven any offence at last—do you think that any man in his senses, who owned children that he meant to bring forward, would not have seized the opportunity to confess his low marriage and the existence of children in order to ask for such a provision as my father had it in his power to make for them?" asked Mrs.

Wyndham, incredulously. "But no such appeal was made, and my father's will only left my brother his younger brother's portion, which he has since contrived to cast to the winds."

"All that I know," said Miss Cayley, feeling as if she were driven to the wall and compelled to speak, "is that the late Mr. Hatton, after writing and asking if I could take his daughters and keep them with me entirely because their mother was dead and he was going abroad, brought them to me six years ago, and left them with the instructions that they should have the best education which I had it in my power to give. I understand that he has never returned to this country, but has died abroad. However, I am happy to tell you"—and there was a suspicion of malice in the assurance—"that the girls' board has been regularly paid; and that he wrote to them and they to him, at the stated intervals which are usually observed between a father and children who have been long separated."

"I have no doubt of my brother's acting honourably," said Mrs. Wyndham with some hauteur. As she was not an irritable, but rather an obtuse woman, however, she returned to the charge. "As to the judiciousness of his arrangements, that is quite a different thing. I have already told you he was peculiar in his ideas, while he could not stand up for them before the world: witness this wretched business of a private and low marriage, with children that none of his friends ever heard of! He was one of your half-way offenders, who bear heavier punishments, and are often really greater trials to their families than the out-and-out sinners."

"I understand you," said Miss Cayley, stiffly.

"But, about these girls," said Mrs. Wyndham. "Could they be qualified to become governesses? They must earn their bread in some way, and the sooner they begin the better. My brother has left little or nothing to his account here. Money always did slip through his fingers, and he had tried speculation within the last year or two in America. A desperate resource for such a man in such a place. I don't think that there is more money than might fit out the girls and set them up respectably in their station in life; for, Miss Cayley, I hold distinctly that they are only raised by education a grade or two above what must have been their mother's station. It is said that the husband's rank becomes the wife's, and I do not quarrel with the assertion in a general way; but my brother never acknowledged his wife openly, and there is no indication that she sought to be so acknowledged. As for his children, his conduct proved that he considered that it would be more consistent with their happiness to keep them in a comparatively humble sphere, and I shall do nothing to interfere with his intentions. The ignorance in which he kept me of his private relations, gives me no more claim upon the girls than it gives them a claim upon me."

Miss Cayley was by no means so satisfied of what the dead man's intentions might have been, but she contented herself with putting in the questions—

"May I ask if you are the nearest relation to my pupils? if they have other relations?"

"On the father's side I am the nearest and almost the sole relation," admitted Mrs. Wyndham, "of my father's family; the elder son and the younger daughter, neither of whom were on terms with my brother Frederic, though they were not aware of his worst scrape, died unmarried soon after my father—there were only poor Fred and I left." Any softening which might be implied in the statement passed away in a moment, as Mrs. Wyndham added, "And you know that I am a married woman and have a family of my own. In addition I may tell you frankly, that, although my father's landed and funded property thus unhappily all came to me, Mr. Wyndham's estate, which is in a hunting county, was burdened, my husband has expensive habits and tastes, our establishment is necessarily a liberal one, we have needed all and more than all the money we have inherited. Nothing shall tempt me to rob my own children of the advantages which are their due, in order to make an uncalled-for provision for my brother's unacknowledged children."

Miss Cayley was hot all over, but she kept silence, though she fulfilled the condition of the Psalmist, in so far as her heart's burning within her was concerned.

Yet Mrs. Wyndham had an amount of reason on her side. It would doubtless have been hard upon her, with her lawful pretensions, her despotic spendthrift husband, her doted-on children, suddenly to be called upon to dispense bounty to poor relations, low born on one side—orphan nieces—of whose very existence she had been unaware a month before. If she had only wielded her right to protest gently, and been merciful, not to say human, in the strait.

"I have no doubt that the girls could be governesses in time, as well as other girls,"

said Miss Cayley, after she had composed herself. "I think I may say that they have been well grounded. Anne retains all that she gets, and is thoughtful and steady. Pleasance is the cleverer, and promises to develop almost exceptional ability, but she requires to settle down, and grow up and out, before much can be said of her yet." And Miss Cayley smiled a little, and sighed a little. She was considering Anne's pride and delicacy, and Pleasance's thoughtlessness and fire when roused, with the difficulties of governess life, even although Miss Cayley advocated work for women, and anything was better than dependence here.

"When I spoke of the girls being governesses," said Mrs. Wyndham quietly, "I meant from this date, as nursery governesses, or *bonnes*, or something of that sort. As you say they have been six years with you, I am sure that ought to qualify them for all that need be required, above all since farther preparation is out of the question." And with this speech there was the inadvertent glance at the unexceptional lines of her jacket and gown, and the bland modulation of the mouth which had belonged to a beauty, and had already so annoyed Miss Cayley.

"It is out of the question," answered Miss Cayley, so curtly, thought her visitor, that for a schoolmistress she had a particularly bad manner. "Why, Anne is but fifteen, and Pleasance is little more than a child of thirteen. I do not approve of imposing responsibility on such juvenile teachers. I could not in conscience give them the recommendations which they should want from me, and as to keeping the girls here in that capacity, I do not require them, and their fellow-pupils are all too near them in age, for even Anne to have any authority. Besides, I have some idea in case of a—a call, which I fear from my only surviving relative, of giving up the school, that is, of selling the goodwill to my principal governess at a moment's notice." Miss Cayley's asperity was not lessened by the recollection of her own private trouble, but what really lent it the sharpest edge was the indignant consideration, "and the girls don't yet know that their father is dead."

"Ah! indeed," exclaimed Mrs. Wyndham, with no show of interest in Miss Cayley's trouble. "Very well, we shall say nothing more about that just now," she added, not so much like a woman who yielded the point, as like a woman who, in her dignity, was too callous to dispute where nothing was likely to come of it. "I find by my late brother's papers, which have involved us in such a painful discovery, that these girls have some relation on the mother's side by the name of Balls."

"Mrs. Balls is the name of a housekeeper in an empty farm-house in Norfolk or Suffolk," said Miss Cayley. "The girls corresponded with her and went to see her once, as a cousin of their mother's."

"They had better go to her, she is the person who ought to have them," said Mrs. Wyndham.

"Here they are," said Miss Cayley, drawing a long breath, as steps sounded at the door.

CHAPTER II.—"BE QUICK, PLEASANCE, AND WE'LL WAIT FOR YOU."

THE message had to be carried to a schoolroom with benches, maps, globes, and books, its stereotyped order, which, with the union of bareness and cleanness would have had somewhat of a prison character, had it not been contradicted by little extravagant spurts of disorder, showing that the youthful are still more irrepressible than the criminal portion of society.

Two governesses, the one elderly and trained to tolerance and long-suffering, the other young and still divided between the ire and the severity of youth when it is conscientious, had been standing waiting for the last complement of a troop of girls, who were about to improve a fine spring half-holiday by a long country excursion.

The greater part of the girls had been standing also, in recognition of their superiors' attitude, at a respectful and convenient distance from the governesses; it had been but the laggards, usually the awkward squadron also, for whom there had been the delay.

Among the elder girls, whose various lighter woollen gowns and freshened prettier hats testified to their appreciation of the advancing season, and their gravitation to the budding period of woman's life, when neatness and individual taste begin to be a definite possession, stood Anne Hatton—a dark-haired, pale-complexioned, middle-sized, and slightly-made girl, who yet looked older than her years. Her face was decidedly pretty in a small-featured refined way, though it was deficient in the glow of youth; while it had none of that uncertainty of promise, which, while it may exist in actual defects that seriously mar the present harmony of a young girl's face and figure, has still a charm of its own in producing expectancy and unsatisfied curiosity.

Anne Hatton's promise was already in part fulfilled. The half-opened bud displayed exactly what the flower would be. This was a miniature woman, with a woman's earnestness, and scrupulous dutifulness, tenderness, and ambition in small.

We are apt to think of a miniature woman as being a baby or girlish embodiment, of vanity, affectation, and precocious worldliness; and no doubt Anne Hatton had, at fifteen, a fair growth of all the vanity, affectation, and worldliness of which she could ever be guilty, after the fashion of her sisters. But there are two lights, at least, in which to view women; and the higher womanly qualities, good and bad, ripen as soon in some instances as the lower,—the premature ripeness having the ordinary fate of what is, somehow, out of the course of nature, that of being exposed to extra hardship and suffering.

Anne Hatton had stood unable to join in the low-voiced conversation in which the elder girls were privileged to indulge in the presence of their governesses, as a court-circle may communicate in whispers round its sovereign. She had been fretting quietly because of her sister Pleasance being among the delinquents.

Anne was a pattern girl in her behaviour, but she could not rest, because Pleasance was not a pattern girl too. Anne was devoted to Pleasance, perhaps more so at this time than Pleasance was devoted to her. She was proud with an exceeding pride of Pleasance's cleverness and popularity. She prized and gloried in Pleasance's kindness and singleness of heart, but she would have had her heroine and darling immaculate. It was part of her own nature to be strictly accurate, punctual, methodical, and her unmixed school life had in her case exaggerated these valuable adjuncts to character, till they threatened to beget a rigidity of character. Withal there was blended with her womanly fervour and tenacity the girlish demureness of an unbroken school life, under a woman who was reasonable and good, and like all good women with the essence of motherliness in her, but who was still a schoolmistress, whose subordinates were naturally tenfold more schoolmistresses than herself. It hurt Anne like the commission of a wrong, to be confronted with slovenliness and disorder, and she positively writhed when Pleasance was habitually an offender under these heads.

Yet it was greatly owing to this that she was saved from the bann which, in school communities, is apt to fall on pattern girls or boys. The consciousness of Pleasance's demerits, which rebounded on Anne with quite as much shame and remorse as if the demerits had been her own, modified the tendency to austerity in the elder sister, and at the same time furnished her with charity for other offenders. Thus Anne was not merely respected, which might have been supposed; she was liked, though in a different degree from Pleasance, at the Hayes, Miss Cayley's school.

"Miss Smith," said the younger governess, who blazed up at last, even to an attack on her superior and senior in command, "it is intolerable that we should be kept waiting like this. Are you to allow it any longer?"

"What can we do, Miss Eckhard?" Miss Smith had remonstrated mildly, speaking in an undertone, in answer to the protest which had been delivered aloud, and had startled the girls into silence.

"What can we do, Miss Smith?" Miss Eckhard had repeated with passionate distinctness, forgetting that she was thus exposing any weakness in the position. "Why, set out, of course, and leave those who are too late at home."

"But you forget, my dear," Miss Smith had persisted, with all the careful consideration of calm dulness, and speaking in her cautious undertone, "that they would be sure to fall into mischief, and require to have tasks set to them which we should be engaged all the evening in hearing. I do so want to write home, and to mend my *jupe*, and to practise that old-fashioned sonata of Clementi's which Miss Cayley was so pleased with."

"I should not mind for letters, or *jupes*, or sonatas," Miss Eckhard had cried, still audibly, "but I should not be put upon and treated impertinently by a set of girls."

Anne had heard it all, and felt as if she could sink into the earth on Pleasance's account. She had been not so much resentful (she was too just for that) as vexed in her soul that Pleasance should be to blame and in disgrace. Yet she instantly identified herself with Pleasance.

"Miss Smith, may I go and hurry Pleasance?" she had started forward imploringly, and having received a nod from the accommodating elder, had darted off before Miss Eckhard could interfere. She was to discharge her own obligations and bear her own sins.

As if it had been possible for an obligation which affected Pleasance not to reach to

Anne, or as if Pleasance could suffer alone while Anne was there to suffer with her!

At the same time Anne had made up her mind, as she ran up the stairs quickly, but mindfully, to scold Pleasance roundly for getting the two into bad odour by her inveterate negligence.

"What are you about, Pleasance?" Anne had cried, in so sharp a voice that it had sounded like a wonderful imitation of Miss Cayley's, as she had entered the small dormitory which Miss Cayley had permitted the two sisters to have for their own bedroom and private apartment. "Do you know that Miss Smith and Miss Eckhard, and all the rest are waiting? Do you mean to make us waste all the afternoon? Oh dear, I am distressed to think of it!"

"No, no! Never mind, Anne; it will all come right now that you are here," a contrite yet hopeful voice had come from a youthful body bent double over a chest of drawers, two of which stood open with the contents pulled about in the wildest confusion.

"It is my gloves, Anne, have gone a roving, and my veil has followed them, and Miss Eckhard says I am to wear a veil upon my hat because of my eyes, though I hate veils, and I do not understand how, if I do not see well without a veil, I am to see better with one. But there will be forfeits, and you know I cannot afford any more, else I shall lose all my best marks—not that I should mind so much, but you would, if I had not the prizes in literature and history. Do, like a kitten, look for me. Things come to you to be found. I have searched Eupatoria and Balaclava till I am out of breath, and I can see no more trace of the missing plagues than if they had been spirited away." And the searcher rose from her efforts, and sank exhausted on the top of a trunk.

"Pleasance, I wonder at you!" Anne had begun, even while she proceeded to dive promptly, as requested, into the heterogeneous mass, but not without the disgust of her orderly nature at the unmitigated disorder; "and don't call me a kitten—I won't have it," she had said by snatches, in the middle of her eager occupation. "Miss Cayley dislikes nicknames and silly pet-names, and this is so silly and inappropriate."

"Yes," Pleasance had granted reluctantly; "but kittens are so dreadfully nice. I know that you will say things cannot be at once dreadful and nice," Pleasance argued, taking to talking at her ease on her trunk; "but you are mistaken. Things are often dreadfully nice; there is no other expression strong enough for them, since Miss Cayley frightened us all by saying that there was nothing awful save the day of judgment. I think Dean Swift called poor Stella a kitten; at least I am sure that it was he who wrote the dear little ditty—

'Oh my kitten, my kitten, Oh my kitten, my darling!'"

"The more fool he, and never mind Dean Swift. What drawers! and I put them all in such excellent order for you only last week, that Miss Eckhard might look over them on Saturday."

Anne reproached Pleasance almost plaintively, so that Pleasance felt quite cut up, and mumbled disconsolately—

"I know it is a very bad return to you, Anne, but I cannot help it; they will go wrong."

"I think if you would be more serious, and leave off giving them those foolish names," sighed Anne, not wishing to discourage her sister further—indeed, already relenting at the sight and sound of Pleasance's humiliation.

"But they are so appropriate," Pleasance pled, "after what we read of the harbours during the Crimean war. You found fault with me just now for the inappropriateness of calling you a kitten—though you know you are a little like a grown-up pussy-cat, Anne, just a well-behaved, steady kind of a beast—but at least you cannot complain of my not hitting the mark in my comparison of the drawers."

The two sisters, dressed alike in grey camlet gowns and jackets, and with grey felt hats, bore little resemblance to each other. Pleasance at thirteen was as tall as Anne at fifteen, and promised in course of time to be the taller. She had already the bigger framework of a woman, out of proportion in this stage, and a little clumsy, particularly as it was angular and not rounded. Pleasance's hair was in colour that dusky brown which, when it is rumpled—its normal condition in her case—looks dusty; her complexion was muddled, though it was not coarse; her nose was a little thick, though tolerable in form; her mouth was full, with undecided lines; her eyes were a hazel grey, but had commenced to develop the blink of short sight; her low, broad forehead was partly concealed by her unruly hair and her hat. The best thing about her face was the fine round oval of the contour, and the bright, honest expression of the countenance.

"Here is the veil," Anne had ejaculated, pulling a wisp of blue gauze from a gordian-

knot of ribands and scarfs, "and I shall lend you a pair of gloves, and tell Miss Smith that I have done so, for we cannot stay any longer."

At that moment there was a brisk tap at the door, which was at once opened by the prim, sober housemaid, who announced—

"Please, Miss Hatton, Miss Cayley has sent to Miss Smith that she wishes you and Miss Pleasance in the drawing-room. Miss Smith says that you are to go straight to her, to be sent down-stairs."

Anne looked surprised, while she answered, "Very well, Elizabeth. Please, tell Miss Smith we shall come immediately."

Pleasance stood convinced that her enormities in making away with gloves and veils had attained such an eminence that she was formally summoned before Miss Cayley to answer for them, while Anne was to be exposed to fresh mortification on her account.

In the meantime Anne, with light sleight-of-hand, was putting a finishing-touch of smoothness to her own smooth cuffs, gloves, and neck-tie, and preparing to do what she could in the briefest space of time to soften Pleasance's general roughness; but while she was not startled into forgetfulness of these offices, a little delicate colour was rising and increasing in her cheek, and a light coming into her grey eyes.

"Clara Anderson told me there was a visitor with Miss Cayley," she said; "it must be somebody for us."

"But who can it be, kit—Anne, seeing that we have nobody belonging to us except papa, and he is at New Orleans?" questioned Pleasance, not fairly aroused to this new light on the position, and at the same time awakening to the fear that she was to lose the half-holiday excursion after all. As she spoke she stood helplessly, but with a few twinges of discontent to be put to rights, very much like a young colt who is called upon to have the appearance of a well-conducted and cared-for horse, standing to be rubbed down.

"It may be somebody from papa—it may be papa himself," cried Anne, getting redder and redder, and with an ever-brightening light in her eyes, while she did not desist from making darts at the borrowed gloves on Pleasance's hands to button them, and at Pleasance's feet to see if her boots were as they should be.

"No, Anne, it cannot be," gasped Pleasance, all aroused now, "he never said he was coming home just now."

Pleasance exhibited that singular sudden failure of imagination, which the most imaginative people sometimes experience when their special faculty is all at once brought to bear on that practical life with which their fancy has not been wont to meddle.

"He may be going to surprise us, it is past our usual time of hearing from him," said Anne, running on as if she were the quick-witted sister, while the two were going down-stairs together, Pleasance stumbling and hanging back in what was to Anne an utterly unaccountable fashion.

"Stay a moment, Anne—it is so long since we have seen him, if it be papa—what are we to do or to say to him?" Pleasance besought Anne piteously, while a sudden horror of shyness met, and struggled with the lingering childish fondness for her father; and she felt as if this unexpected meeting with him was a trial which she could not encounter.

"I cannot stay," Anne threw back with rare haste for her, and altogether unable to comprehend this phase of bashful misery and reluctance on Pleasance's part. "What shall we say? that we are only too glad and thankful that he is come safe home—I hope to stay—as to be sure we are."

It had been the cherished dream of Anne's life, this return of her father; she had been little older than Pleasance when the father and children parted, and, doubtless, in the nature of things, it was a wistful idealised memory, rather than the real father whom Anne had loved, but that shadow represented her father, and to that she had steadfastly clung.

Anne had not been unhappy at school, she was sensible of the school's advantages, and anxious to profit by them; but these were to enable her to play her part better when her father came home,—that was the goal of all.

Anne felt that papa ought to return, and take her and Pleasance to keep house for him. That would be so much nicer than the isolated circumstances of the girls even with a friendly schoolmistress. In listening to the experiences of the other girls, this had jarred on and pained Anne still more than it had pained Pleasance, though it had been Pleasance who had sighed and pined the most for the variety and indulgence of home holidays. It was not more indulgences, it was more, if nearer and dearer duties, that Anne craved.

Anne had known enough to judge that her father was not a rich man, that he had not a profession or business which might make him a rich man, some day, that he was a

voluntary wanderer, somehow separated from his family, a fact which, as their mother had possessed few relations in her humble station, had left his daughters almost without friends. But he was all the more her's and Pleasance's, and as fifteen is hardly ever without an imagination of some kind, Anne had conjured up many a pleasant vision of the household that was to be.

It might be a quiet simple household, but it should be so well ordered, so becoming a true gentleman and his daughters (for Anne was as largely endowed with pride as Pleasance was destitute of it), so different from the vulgar profusion and excess of which Maria Hollis was given to boast, as existing in her father's house.

Pleasance was by no means sure that she was glad and thankful for her father's return, at this moment, though she hoped that she would be the moment the ordeal of their meeting was over. At present she was not sure that she should know him when she saw him; and withal there crossed her mind an inopportune regret for the loss of the country excursion.

Anne did not much care for country excursions, she was delicate and easily fatigued. To her, long walking parties—in April weather above all—meant, among other things, muddy roads, soiled skirts, and weariness for the rest of the day.

But this was just the sort of pleasure that Pleasance doted on, it was better than being one of the draft of pupils, promoted into drinking tea in the drawing-room with Miss Cayley, though Pleasance was, wonderful to relate, fond of Miss Cayley; it was better than a working party, better than charades or toffee-making, better even than a new book, whether prize or gift. And this excursion was to have skirted Covey Wood, and Pleasance had been so hugging herself with the wild daffodils which were to be gathered in the meadows there, and the squirrels and hedgehogs which were to be seen in the wood. It was not the real daffodils so much that Pleasance coveted, it was a dim yellow glory of Shakespeare's daffodils scenting the winds of March with beauty, and Herrick's daffodils fading away so soon, which had taken possession of the poetry-haunted girl's fancy. But it was the real squirrels and hedgehogs, for along with her intellectual bent Pleasance had the extravagant love of animals which is oftener found in school-boys than in school-girls. It was not doomed to die of inanition, Miss Cayley's being a country school, and Miss Cayley herself being at least as broad as she was sharp in her theory and practice. Pleasance was allowed to cultivate a warm friendship with the house-dog, and with sundry cats, and caged birds; but Miss Cayley did object to a hatch of rabbits to be fed and tended, and to mice kept in a box in the tool-house, so that Pleasance, for extending her acquaintance in the animal kingdom, had to depend on such walks as this to Covey Wood.

The two girls had passed muster before Miss Smith, and been told that they would do, and might go in to Miss Cayley, but Miss Smith could not pro ise to wait for them.

"Be quick, Pleasance, and we'll wait," whispered some of the younger girls to whom the withdrawal of Pleasance, with her quips and cranks, and stories to lighten the road, was a grievous prospect. "There is a shower coming, and we must wait for that now, and, besides, neither Ellen Millar nor Amy Worsley are down yet."

In the prospect which ought to have been such a happy one, and was yet for the moment so alarming as it lay before her, Pleasance could not take much comfort from the friendly assurance, and Anne for the first time was unsympathetic. Anne had so often rehearsed what she was to do when her father came home, that the rehearsal remained at her finger ends, and the tip of her tongue.

Pleasance glanced out of the hall windows as she and Anne passed through to the drawing-room. A cloud was over the sky, but it was an April cloud with silvery light on its fringes, with the blue sky doubly blue and fresh, and spring-like beyond. It seemed to Pleasance as if she could almost smell the daffodils, and hear the rustling of the boughs upon which the squirrels sprung, and beneath which the hedgehogs scuttled when Anne turned the handle of the door, and the two girls were in the drawing-room.

CHAPTER III.—"YOUR FATHER HAS BEEN TAKEN FROM YOU."

ANNE looked eagerly before her. Pleasance lifted her dazzled eyes from the ground. There was no tall, prematurely grey-haired man with restless movements, and a face like Pleasance's. There was no one with Miss Cayley save a large handsome woman in deep mourning, who stared stonily at the girls, without rising for a moment, as she reflected that the elder was too pretty by half, and the younger looked too like an over-

grown child, which was exactly what Pleasance did look at that moment.

"My dears," said Miss Cayley, "here is an aunt of yours whom you have not seen."

Miss Cayley rarely called her pupils dears, and never before their friends; but, though it may be that a schoolmistress should be equal to any occasion, she was put out at this moment, and she said "dears" in a spirit of contradiction, and blurted out the relationship with a sense of savage satisfaction.

The moment after Miss Cayley had spoken, she felt that she had done wrong, though she did not know very well what else she could have said. She had better not have spoken at all than have made this speech. To prevent herself from working farther harm which would come back upon the girls, she

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quitted the room, and left the aunt and nieces to have their meeting in private. She halted in the hall, thinking of the communication that was to be made, and wishing to be at hand. She had said to herself there would be no scene; but Anne Hatton was delicate, and Pleasance was very young, and she was not of opinion that Mrs. Wyndham could spare the girls, even if she would. What if Anne fainted, or Pleasance cried aloud? But a few moments passed, and there was neither sound of dull fall nor sharp cry, and Miss Cayley's mind was set at rest so far.

"As we have not seen each other before, we cannot be very familiar, can we?" asked Mrs. Wyndham languidly, rising, taking a step forward, and touching the girl's hands

with her gloved fingers. "Pray, sit down, I wish to talk to you."

Pleasance was still occupied with her half relief, half disappointment. She really believed that disappointment preponderated now at not finding her strange father, otherwise her stately, handsome aunt in the deep mourning would have made a strong impression upon her. Whether she would have appreciated the peculiarity of that aunt's manner, was another question; for there were some things in which Pleasance was as slow and far back, as she was quick and far forward in others.

But Anne felt the peculiarity at once and keenly. With more capacity for piecing together the portions of their father and mother's history with which she was acquainted than Pleasance possessed, Anne knew instinctively that there was something wrong. The acquisition of colour with which she had entered the room faded so fast as to add to Mrs. Wyndham's other vexed considerations the additional annoyance, "she is sickly too."

"I beg your pardon," said Anne, not sitting down, and with a great effort to check her agitation, "but have you brought us a message from papa?"

The question thrilled even through Mrs. Wyndham.

"Not exactly," she said, hesitating a little; "but you must have almost forgotten your father, since it seems you were quite children when he left England."

"Forgotten papa!" exclaimed Anne, as annoyed as she was indignant. "Why, Pleasance, who is two years younger than I, can remember him perfectly."

Pleasance felt a little guilty. Such a big wonderful world had begun to open upon her, since she was the little girl of seven years, whom her father had led by the hand, to whom he had given donkey rides and sugar-plums, and who had run crying to the door after him, and sobbed herself to sleep though her doll was in her arms, on the night of the day on which he had bidden them good by. But happily she was not called upon to speak and admit her sin of memory.

"And we have been constantly hearing from papa, and looking for his coming home," continued Anne, feeling that she was maintaining both his dignity and her own by asserting the strength and constancy of the relation.

"But still it cannot be the same feeling," insisted Mrs. Wyndham. "I wish you would sit down when I require you," she said, in parenthesis, and the girls, used to obedience, sat down in their bewilderment and sense of offence. "It cannot be the same feeling to you as to girls who have been with their fathers every day of their lives to hear what I need not say is the will of God, and must be submitted to, that your poor father has been taken from you."

Pleasance gave a great start, gasp, and shiver; a moment ago she had not wished to see her father, and now she was told that she was never to see him again.

The last particle of colour ebbed in a second from Anne's face, leaving her poor lips white, but she did not faint; she recovered herself with a womanly protest of incredulous anguish, "Not dead, surely not dead, only very ill, I can go to him and nurse him."

"He died at New Orleans, six weeks ago," Mrs. Wyndham went on with her task calmly, satisfied that she had been right and was now reassured by the satisfaction—these unacknowledged, boarded-away children had not had much to do with their father, and could not mourn him acutely—and neither had shed a tear as yet. "The death was sudden; your father was saved much pain; I have brought the letter which conveyed the particulars to me, or rather to my husband; here it is," and Mrs. Wyndham drew the thin dark blue sheet in its envelope from her pocket. "You may have it, if you please; as to your having gone to nurse him—had he suffered from a long illness—at your age, what with the distance and the expense of the journey, it would have been out of the question."

"Has papa left nothing for us?" inquired Anne piteously, holding the offered letter unopened.

"I believe your father has left very little money," answered Mrs. Wyndham coldly; "he had almost spent his patrimony," while she made the silent commentary, "It is better that they should be apprised of their penniless position at once. But how race will come out! What a vulgarly calculating, and sordid inquiry from a girl of fifteen, who has just learnt that she is fatherless!"

"I did not mean that, I do not care for money," cried Anne, desperately. "But was there no letter, no word for us?"

"No, and it was not likely that there should have been," Mrs. Wyndham replied, not caring to have her disparaging conclusion removed, and not quite believing in the explanation. "Your father had no reason to apprehend his death; besides, he was never a foreseeing man. As to your not caring for money, that is an ignorant speech, apt to be

insincere, even from a girl; however, let it pass just now. You seem able to investigate matters; I do not object to that, there is nothing more desirable for you than self-reliance. Anne Hatton—I think Anne is your Christian name?—I had better speak plainly to you. I have come a long distance at great inconvenience, to see you and tell you of your father's death, and settle matters;" and as Mrs. Wyndham named the exertions and sacrifices which she had accomplished, a sense of virtue fortified her still further, and she was so entirely herself again, after the slight disturbance she had sustained, that she could cast down her eyes on the faultless style of her sleeve, and make the bland modulation of her lips, while Anne sat sick and stunned with the shock which had come upon her.

"When my poor brother, your father," went on Mrs. Wyndham, "married your mother, against whom I have not a word to say, as I never saw her or even heard of her existence till the other day, he chose to take his wife from a class much below his own, and he did not think fit to make his family acquainted with his marriage. The first information which we had of it was from the certificate of his marriage and the registers of your and your sister's births, which were discovered and forwarded to us amongst his papers. The consequence is this very awkward situation." Mrs. Wyndham uttered the last words with emphasis, and then paused.

Anne heard dully; a certain explanation of a state of affairs that she had only known partially, and which had puzzled her, reached her mind through her misery; but she could not, even when she was conscious that an aspersion was cast upon her father, raise her voice and justify him.

Mrs. Wyndham was not displeased with the effect of her plain speaking; she thought the girl was going, after all, to be submissive and easily managed.

"You must be aware that under the circumstances, you have very little claim upon me and my husband; but we shall do what we can for you and your sister—that is, in laying out your money, a few hundred pounds, to put you in a position in which you may become independent. In the meantime I think you had better leave the school at once. I understand that you have a relation of whom you do know something, named Balls. I should like you to go to her."

At the conclusion of this speech, as Anne listened, white and cold and still—as if she were frozen—as if it had been she that had been struck dead in the midst of life—something of a wild, appalled look came into her fixed eyes; yet she said nothing, her readiness in the most untoward circumstances which she had known, or could have anticipated, utterly forsook her when chaos was come and she was called on to face undreamt-of disaster.

With that silence of Anne's another marvel came to pass—Pleasance, who had never spoken in a difficulty before, spoke now for herself and Anne also. She was sitting with large tears coursing down her face, but with a quietness in her crying which might have struck Mrs. Wyndham—if she had been really observant or susceptible to other than her preconceived notions—quite as much as the circumstance of neither of the girls having cried at all on the first announcement of their father's death.

"Oh, yes, Anne," said Pleasance, "let us go to Mrs. Balls; she is always at home, and will be pleased to have us, and then we can see what we shall do."

In the midst of her dumb distress, it was to Anne, who had been accustomed to regard Pleasance—the cleverest girl of her age at school—as a baby when removed from her lessons and her books, very much what it must have been to the old Roman citizens when Brutus spoke in the emergency of the state, no longer with the voice of an inspired idiot, but of a rational man and born leader—the one who intuitively, by the right of his nature, comes to the front and takes the lead when the blow strikes.

Still Anne was silent—"sulky," conjectured Mrs. Wyndham. But silence gives consent, even if the other girl had not spoken for the two.

So Mrs. Wyndham, without more ado, sent for Miss Cayley, and announced that the girls were to leave the Hayes directly; indeed, as a fly was waiting to carry her back to the station, and as that station happened to be a railway junction, with a line which led to the eastern counties, among lines in other directions, she thought it would be safer for her to take the girls—she had not once called them her nieces—with her, and see them so far on their way to their mother's relations. When Mrs. Wyndham completed this arrangement, she felt her behaviour to be so exemplary, that virtue could ask nothing farther from her.

Miss Cayley demurred at first, as far as was in her power. She expressed her perfect willingness to keep the girls with her for some time. She let Mrs. Wyndham clearly understand that the school-terms were all paid in advance,

and that the Misses Hatton's term was not out. Under the stress of her feelings, Miss Cayley would even have extended her hospitality to Mrs. Wyndham, and begged her to stay at least over one night, till the girls had recovered from the first shock of her melancholy tidings.

But, no. When Mrs. Wyndham had made up her mind, she adhered to her decision; she had got matters in fair train, her *coup de main* had been as yet wonderfully successful, and she did not know what revolt and reassertion of old views to-morrow might bring, and she had a long way to return to Sufton Hall. The family were going up to town for the season, but in the first place she wished to take her daughters to the seaside for a week, as on account of the affliction in the family, they had lost their Easter holidays—and so she had not a moment to spare.

"Please, Miss Cayley," whispered Pleasance, "I think we had better go at once. I think it would be worse if we stayed a little longer."

Was it Pleasance who spoke? Miss Cayley was confused and excited, what with these girls' misfortunes and her own trouble. On second thoughts, she was not astonished that it was Pleasance who had found voice, though it brought the moisture to eyes which had been too busy for many a year to have leisure for idle sentimental weeping, to distinguish that the crisis in the girl's life had come in such a fashion. But young oracles were not always the blindest and most blundering; it might be easier for the girls not to meet their companions in their changed circumstances. Miss Cayley herself might be gone within another week; so she undertook to pack up the Hattons' clothes and books, and send them after the girls, and to make their farewells to the rest of the house.

As Pleasance left the drawing-room following Anne, who had let others settle for her, and who was walking totteringly, Pleasance glanced again out of the hall-windows. Why did she do it? What did it matter now whether the sun shone or the rain fell? She should go on no more country excursions from the Hayes. The daffodils, squirrels, and hedgehogs seemed already removed so far away, that they might have been withered and scentless skeletons and dust these hundred years. The girls would have had to wait long indeed if they had kept their promise and waited for her. It was not they who had left her, but she who had left them for ever behind.

Pleasance searched for and got a little carriage bag, which was the sisters' property; she remembered about taking their night-dresses and put them in it for herself and Anne. She swallowed the wine which Miss Cayley brought her, and made Anne swallow her wine. She said, "Now, Anne!" and marshalled Anne down-stairs, and bade "good-bye" for the two to the wondering servants, as if she had taken care of Anne, and not Anne had taken care of her, all the years of her life. She did not break down even when Miss Cayley said, "God bless you, child," and whispered into her ear, not into Anne's, "Remember, if I can ever do anything for you, I shall be glad to do it."

CHAPTER IV.—THE STEPS OF THE DESCENT.

ANNE sat like a statue on the back-seat of the fly which was carrying her and Pleasance with Mrs. Wyndham, not to the station merely, but away from the Hayes, to another state of existence. Anne's fine little face had an old, pinched look, a look which doctors fear to see on the faces of babies a week old, as she sat beside Pleasance, who occupied the same seat, Mrs. Wyndham's dignity and ample proportions filling up the front seat. Pleasance had the tears again streaming down her face, while she strained her eyes and ears to catch the last sights and sounds of the Hayes—the lime-trees, beneath which was Miss Cayley's walk; the beeches which held the girls' swing, where she had oftener sat and read than swung; the boxwood bush, where she knew of neighbouring pairs of thrushes' and of blackbirds' nests, already built and holding treasures of blue, and blue and green-speckled eggs; the very bark of Tyke! If she had been able just once unseen to clasp her arms round Tyke's neck, and press her lips to the white star on his forehead, and ask him to remember her till she came back again, only not to miss her too much, and fail to enjoy the bones and crusts which the hand of somebody else would bring him! The heart of the girl who had just learnt the loss of her father, and who had been accused of not at once shedding tears for the loss, swelled at the thought of not saying good-bye to Tyke. But Pleasance bit her lip to keep down the choking sensation in her throat; she was not going to sob before that stranger kinswoman who had conducted herself so coldly, and let them know she was to continue strange to them.

When the station was reached Mrs. Wynd-

ham's north-western train was nearly due, but she made inquiries as to the starting of the eastern trains, and took out and paid for the girls' tickets to the little country station which Pleasance told her they knew quite well. Then she held out her perfectly-gloved fingers and said, "Good-bye; I think you will find no difficulty, my address is on the letter which I gave to one of you. You may write to tell me what you and your mother's relations fix upon with regard to your future, and I shall answer you and let you know what Mr. Wyndham's lawyer agrees to do about your money—it is very little, remember, as well as I can tell you, not four hundred pounds (your father had let himself get nearly destitute), of course not enough for you to live upon, even for a few years, and you are not entitled to touch it till you are of age. But if your relatives think of anything for you, we shall see what can be done. Ah! that is my bell. I see the train. Once more good-bye."

There was a rattle and rush, a confused crowding to one centre of excitement on the platform, in which Mrs. Wyndham passed away, preserving her assured deliberation to the last; then with another rattle and whiz the train steamed out of the station, and Anne and Pleasance Hatton were left standing alone on the borders of a little crowd of excited arrivals and bustling officials to whom they were unknown.

"Come this way, Anne." Pleasance drew her sister away to what was still the retired promenade of their eastern platform. "Anne, dear, oh! look up and speak to me, and tell me, like yourself, what we shall do. There is nobody here but me; that strange woman, that aunt who has been so much less than kind is gone; and Anne, if papa is dead, you have still me," urged Pleasance, getting frightened at her sister's long-continued immobility.

The familiar voice, with its old all-powerful appeal, and the knowledge that the two were alone together, did something to arouse Anne.

"Oh, Pleasance, I am so cold," she said at last with a sick shudder.

The April day was past its noon, and its early brightness had sunk into a damp grey atmosphere, as if it had been November; only outside the station spring work was going on briskly and cheerily in the fields, where calves and lambs were nibbling at the sprouting grass, among which were tufts of primroses, while rooks sailed cawing across the sky, and in the trees and shrubs at the Hayes, a continual twittering and piping of the lesser birds made faint and shrill accompaniments to the mellow songs which the blackbirds and thrushes were already singing to their mates.

It was past the season of even the most comfortless waiting-room fire, and Pleasance could think of nothing better for her sister, whom sorrow and humiliation had chilled to the marrow, than begging her to walk up and down, to cause the stagnant blood to circulate anew, till the appointed time for the arrival and departure of their train.

The motion, the open air, the companionship of Pleasance, helped still farther to thaw Anne's deadly rigidity, and to open the flood-gates of the tide which was engulfing and stifling the beating of her heart.

"Oh, Pleasance, how could papa do it?" she said, her breast heaving with short, hard sobs, referring to the unkindest cut of all.

"Do what?" asked Pleasance, so thankful to hear Anne speak again, that she was seized with one of her stupid fits, which alternated with her girlish cleverness, and hardly knew what she herself was saying, not to say what Anne meant.

"Make such a marriage as he was ashamed to own—fail to own mamma or us—leave us to bear the consequences."

"But he could not help dying," remonstrated Pleasance in a low tone; "he would have come back if he could, and made everything right."

"Oh, what a wicked wretch I am," cried Anne, her sorrow taking a new turn, "to complain of papa, and he lying, laid in a far-away grave, which we shall never, never see!"

"But you were hurrying to meet papa and to welcome him," Pleasance reminded Anne, her own voice breaking down with grief, "and I did not want to see him just then; I grudged him the small sacrifice of my walk." And the forlorn girls mingled their innocent remorse with their sorrow.

The little station for which the girls were bound was four hours' journey from the junction. It was getting dusk when the train at last approached its destination. It had carried them out of the wooded southern county through intermediate ground into a new country—level, bare, with a spring bleakness in its miles of ditch-divided, well-watered pastures, and with old towns by the slow rivers, and little churches and hamlets scattered between.

But the girls had been there before, and were aware that they had only half a mile

of quiet country road to traverse to reach the Manor, while they had no luggage to render their transportation difficult.

Even that half mile was hard upon Anne's throbbing head and trembling limbs. As for Pleasance, in the midst of her tribulation, she had a dim sense of pleasure in walking there, and in recalling the various objects that were faintly distinguishable.

"See, Anne, yonder is one of the windmills"—she could not help pointing out a gaunt object on the horizon—"and there must be others all round, for I counted as many as seven seen at a time when I was here before. I believe these are birds from the Broad," she added, with still more animation, as a flock of wild-fowl flew overhead, "and if it were not getting so dark," peering eagerly with her short-sighted eyes into the obscurity, "I am sure I could find the direction of the moor."

"Don't, Pleasance, don't," forbade Anne, with an accent of shrinking pain, for it seemed to her that her sister's voice sounded elated, and what childish levity it would be in Pleasance if she could find satisfaction in any outward object after the dreadful misfortune which had befallen them!

Pleasance sank into rebuked silence. She, too, was shocked at her own thoughtlessness when she remembered that after the last time she had been there she had written a full description of all the novelties of the scene to their father. His short letters had still taken notice of and encouraged their girlish confidences; and as beyond a little inspection of grammar and spelling the girls at Miss Cayley's school had been let write very much what they chose, Pleasance's letters to her father had been more of a pleasure than a task, and had proved, little as she remembered of him personally, a happy outlet for her expanding nature. The knowledge that the correspondence was closed perhaps gave Pleasance the liveliest present sense and foretaste of her loss.

At last, when Anne's footsteps had become feeble to halting, the Manor came in sight.

If it had ever been a squire's seat, as its name seemed to imply, it had fallen out of its rank so many generations back, that only its rambling extent, and a cluster of huge, hoary round-headed Spanish chestnuts and walnut trees still rising behind the house, in a country where trees were scarce, remained as vestiges of its former estate. The house stood close to the road, which was but a by-way through pasture fields leading past the farm-house to the village of Saxford. Two low, wide gables, yellow plastered, and surmounted with olive-green thatch—the whole having a warm look in the grey April twilight, formed the front, while the building extended backwards from the one gable in a long wavy line, bulging out here and there with age, and with the superstructures of different periods in its history, till it terminated in offices, outhouses for cattle, and a straw-yard. The windows were strewn broad-cast—just below the thatch, at one side, in the middle, up and down, here and there. With regard to the windows themselves, some were mere slits, some tall and comparatively narrow, some broad and low, like the gables they pierced. Above the door was a triangular stone porch, on which lichens, mosses, and house-leeks flourished. From one window, which was only half screened, a ruddy light glowed.

To the door, as the girls' feet approached it, came a stout elderly woman of some sixty years, wearing a stuff gown, with the cuffs turned up, a clean apron, and an old-fashioned approach to a cap, which covered decently her silver-grey braids of hair, while it bordered, if it did not shade, her face, which even in years was an apple face, round in its wrinkles, retaining streaks of scarlet, and lit up with twinkling eyes.

"Lor' 'a mussy," she cried, the moment she distinguished her visitors, "it be Miss Hatton and Miss Pleasance. Mawther and wumman I were never so taken. I 'ont say you're not like flowers in May, but why han't you towd me you were a-coming, so that I might hev had things tidy and pretty, but now, when you d' walk up like tew sperrits in the darkening, nor'n's ready for you."

"You are here, and that is enough, Mrs. Balls," said Pleasance, grasping the old woman's hand, and trying to make up for Anne's silence. "We could not tell you, for we did not know ourselves that we were coming, and here is my sister fit to sink."

"I never! and I, like an owd fool, keeping you standing on the door-step axing you all mander on questions; but you'll not say another word till you're rested and wittled. Come into the kitchen, since the best room ain't aired. Throw off your things on the dresser, sit you down on each side of the chimley, for it d' feel damp and drizzly—them spring days go off so. Now, what 'll you 'a for supper?—a rasher, poached eggs, a half dozen real Norfolk biffins, roasted as you had them, and praised them the last time—tell me, do?"

"Any of them—anything you like, Mrs. Balls," said Pleasance, as the girls entered the low-browed kitchen, with its heavy beams hung with flitches, and its projecting chimney garlanded with onions and dried herbs.

"Anything that will give you the least trouble, Mrs. Balls," echoed Anne faintly, while she went after Pleasance, who was willingly casting aside her hat, jacket, and gloves, and followed her example with a half unconscious sigh of discomfort, as Anne glanced at the great, heavy, hacked, but well scrubbed dresser, that looked as if it must have carried many a meal of boiled pork and cold greens, roasted pork and Norfolk dumplings.

"No, it ain't a bit what I like, but what you tew like," said the hostess emphatically. "As for trouble, don't 'ee think to affront me! Ain't I Molly Balls! and ain't you, my two misses, children of my cousin Pleasance as made the great marriage, and were quite the lady, but were allers the same kind gal to me? I'll tell you what I'll do, I'll give you all the dishes I hev said, on'y the one after the other, and you'll be eating the one as I d' be cooking the other, and I'll draw a pitcher of ale and a jug of cider; then, when your warmed and filled and rested, you'll tell me why you've come athowt word sent, and kinder stammed me."

It was with difficulty that Mrs. Balls could be restrained in her hospitable intent, and persuaded that the girls could not eat and drink, in any circumstances, like a couple of day labourers or farm lasses.

Anne and Pleasance sat each sunk and swallowed up in a great old oaken elbow chair—possible relics of the Manor when it was a true Manor-house—with the fire which cooked their supper falling full upon, and playing with, their youthful figures, their wan tear-dimmed faces, their heavy eyes, and their ruffled bare hair.

But, true to her word, though Mrs. Balls clearly perceived something was amiss, and although with the keen, seldom-restrained gossiping propensities of her class, she was dying with curiosity to get at the truth, so that she could neither eat nor drink with her guests, but felt, as she said to herself, as if her "inside were dried up," she put not another question. She contented herself after her preparations for the meal were ended, by sitting down opposite the girls, and with her elbows resting on the little round table drawn for their better accommodation before the fire, gazed her fill at them, unaware that she was doing anything to disturb them while they ate their supper, or, as she complained, "picked like sparrers." The description was true of Anne, who only swallowed with difficulty a few morsels, but Pleasance's healthy young appetite, to her shame, was ready for the food.

Mrs. Balls was the more willing to accept Pleasance's small feats in return for her hostess cares, since, with the conclusion of the meal, she was able, according to her understanding with herself, to say—

"Now, on'y one word—you ain't runned away? I thought your school and missus were of the right down good sort; but there is never no knowing, and them schools are most traps, it seems to me."

"No, indeed, Mrs. Balls; we were sent away, we were sent here," Anne managed to say, while she could not help hanging her head even before her dead mother's humble cousin, as she, a pattern girl, had never thought to do before mortal man or woman.

"Mrs. Balls," Pleasance broke forth with her youthful engrained candour, "word has come that poor papa is dead. The news was brought by a lady who said she was papa's sister," continued Pleasance, volubly enough, not alive to any disgrace in the statement, and not noticing that Anne winced at every word. "We never saw the lady before, and I don't think she means to see any more of us, and I'm sure I don't care. I think the less we see of such relations—calling themselves relations—the better; but she arranged that we should leave Miss Cayley's this very day, and come to you."

"Dear hearts alive! bean't it a cruel shame?" exclaimed Mrs. Balls, with a flash of indignation. "You know it ain't that I ain't pleased and proud as a cropper to 'a you, and to be able to 'a you, as every poor single soul can't say to them as are her great relations;—but to be brought up like gentlefolks, on'y to be dashed down on a day's notice."

"Nobody can dash us down," interposed Anne with piteous pride; "we are just come to you, till we can look about us."

"You would be right welcome to come for good and all, Miss Hatton, if so be it were proper for you," replied Mrs. Balls, with homely earnestness that was not without dignity, "but you'll forgive me, that's of your blood, for axing if your gen'leman father, as ever behaved like a gen'leman to me—and I have none to say against him—han't left no perwision for his tew young ladies, as are more helpless than strapping country wenches with their fortune in their showder heads."

"I don't know much about it, Mrs. Balls," Pleasance hastened to say, feeling that the investigation was exquisitely painful to Anne.

"No, no! I dessay, my poor fine mawther, with all your know, what should you know about such things?" interrupted Mrs. Balls, half below her breath.

"But I think papa had very little to leave, and he could not tell that he was to die just yet, and not be able to do anything more for us. The lady who said she was his sister said something of money—a little, which we could not touch for an age, so that it does not seem much worth the thinking of—but we'll live together, and get along somehow. We are no worse than thousands of young orphan girls I have heard of. I am sure I shall be able to think of something."

"Hush, hush, Pleasance," Anne interrupted her sister, evidently infected by the spirit of adventure. "You don't know how my head aches, and surely there is time for all arrangements. But I must say to Mrs. Balls, are you sure that you will not be put about by our being here for a day or two, or a week or two?" Anne corrected herself with a sigh, "may not your master object?"

Anne spoke with the gentle consideration which was all her own, but with the distinct reserve which was quite as much a part of her in dealing with a woman like Mrs. Balls. It was not that Anne had not been taught to regard all men as brethren, and did not keep the precept in her own way; but she was without the imagination which made Pleasance at home with high and low. Anne's scrupulousness was in constant danger of being hurt, and the more she had tried the harder she would have found it, in the happiest circumstances, to fraternise with those removed from her by education and habit.

"None on he," said Mrs. Balls cheerily. "It is Lawyer Lockwood now—him as 'a succeeded the owd squire, and lawyer though he be, he lets well alone, and knows his own place. He hev his business to mind—away over in the town o' Cheam, that is what they call a seaport, and he won't look over here once a month except when the milk is on. He d' know a good servant when he hev her, though you may larf to hear me say so. It were on'y Monday were a week that he hollered to me from his hoss's head, 'Aint you lonesome, dame?'—he allers calls me dame, like his owd uncle called me—'biding here by yourself winter and summer in this crazy owd barn. Han't you better 'a some company?'

"'No company is better'n bad company, Lawyer Lockwood,' I hollered back, for I clean forgot at that moment he had stepped into the owd squire's shoes, and I didn't know what fine company I 'ould have ere long. He larfed and rode on. And what thief in the wood towd you I could be put about with you and Miss Pleasance here, Miss Hatton? But your eyes d' be going together with sorrer and tiredness, you 'a had your troubles this day, and I must see about your bed. I pound it you 'a travelled nigh a hundred miles—as you towd me when you were here before."

Within less than an hour Anne and Pleasance were laid down between Mrs. Balls's clean coarse sheets, in a dimity-hung bed, in a large bare brown room.

Pleasance had fallen asleep, after a few sad thoughts of what was little more than a tender memory, with a pensive wonder whether the girls at the Hayes would be putting aside their books for prayers, and if Miss Eckhard would be sorry that she had kept her—Pleasance all the previous evening rewriting a badly-written exercise, and with some breathless expectations of the entirely unknown life in the future, which were rather inspiriting than otherwise. But Anne lay wide awake ringing the changes on the dreary refrain, "Oh, papa, how could you do it? Oh, papa, poor papa, where are you now?"

PAUPER HOMES.

IT is possible to hatch birds and fish by machinery in thousands, but then the object is only to produce plenty of animals good to eat. We do not train human creatures with the same object, and it will be found that they cannot do without their nests. Year by year the number of thoughtful persons who hold this view increases, and already there is good hope that no future huge manufactory of human machines will come into existence. With those that exist we must do the best we can, and it is difficult to limit the amount of good which may be done with them when once size and system are recognised as evils instead of being proclaimed as glories. Breaking-up and letting-

in are the two great remedies. At Norwich one form of breaking-up is on its trial, and the result is awaited with much anxiety. Letting-in is, however, still a hope, and not a fact. But when it is fully perceived that an inexorable system is only a necessary misfortune, inseparable from the assemblage of vast numbers, the object of those who administer it will no longer be to preserve it from infringement, but to infringe as much as they possibly can without giving it up altogether; and then we shall have social influences and personal affections introduced into the schools themselves, and the girls will come out with some ties already formed in the unknown world which they are entering, some faces which they have been accustomed to welcome, some friends to whom it will be easy and natural to go in trouble.

Not long ago it was mentioned to me as a triumph of modern practical science that forty operations for cataract had been performed in rapid succession in the eye-ward of a great hospital, and only the fortieth had failed. The nerve of the assistant gave way, and he dropped the patient's eyelid at the critical moment. Now this seems to me a very forcible illustration of the evil of dealing with human beings *en masse*, because it is a case in which they must necessarily be so dealt with, and in which we find the greatest number of advantages and the fewest chances of mishap that can be imagined. The skill and practice required for these delicate operations can exist only at a few centres (comparatively speaking), around which both patients and students must gather. The care and calm of a hospital ward do very much more than compensate those who are not rich enough to command a visit from the great surgeon in their own homes, for that disadvantage, as it cannot be supposed that such homes would supply favourable conditions, before, during, or after the crisis. Still, if those forty operations had been performed at different times and in different places, there would probably have been no failure at all. And there are persons so constituted that instead of considering the happy multitude who rejoiced in the light, they cannot help following the disappointed one who went back to the bitterness of his darkness. Sufferers are often curiously submissive. Perhaps he, too, had his word of admiration for the triumph of science and humanity which had passed him by, and it is quite possible that he admitted that in matters so delicate occasional failures are unavoidable, and saw no reason for blaming anybody in the misfortune which deprived him of hope. If there must be a victim, why not he?

But the assembling together of vast multitudes of children of a low type, physical and moral, in order that they may be fitted for a low position in life, is without any such reason or explanation. It is simply a mistake. The good which is attained by gathering great numbers about a few centres is not the good which you primarily want in this case; and the inseparable evils are precisely those from which you are seeking to escape. You have a certain number of plastic years to deal with, during which you hope to merge the class and develope the individual, and you arrange your circumstances so that the class is isolated and the individual lost. Hundreds of village schools can supply all the intellectual teaching that is needed for pauper girls, while no huge pauper school can possibly provide the home element on which their hopes and their affections may feed, or the personal care and oversight under which their consciences may be developed. The evil here is not accidental or exceptional; it is not in the circumstances, but in the aim and essence of the work. And yet we have not even touched upon a greater evil; namely, the arrangement by which the most depraved and unhappy class of children in the kingdom is constantly passing through the great schools, remaining long enough to pollute the others, but not so long as to obtain any lasting benefit for themselves, even if they are capable of receiving it. Here, too, we may take a hospital illustration. In some of the larger hospitals a few fever cases are taken into the general wards, and the nurses assure you that the disease never spreads, though the wisdom of the course is questioned by many. But mark the difference. Fever patients so admitted are perhaps in the proportion of two per cent., while nearly half the inmates of a district school are "casuals." Moreover, the mischief, if any, caused by the presence of a fever patient is certainly discernible. You know whom he has infected, you trace the malady from its beginning to its close. But secresy is the very essence of the moral poison diffused by depraved minds. It spreads invisibly, and you know nothing about it. You can neither correct nor cure. The very milk on which the children are feeding has in it the germs of a fatal disease, and you do not know what they have swallowed till they are dying.

The attempts to supply a thoroughly wholesome, natural training in lieu of the monster system, are of several kinds. There

are larger and smaller Orphanages and Homes, and there is Boarding-out proper. Of larger orphanages one of the most successful is that at Kendal, in Westmoreland, for thirty-five girls, which has been at work ten years. Eighty-four children have passed through it, of whom thirty-four are now in service, five in other known occupations, two married, and six dead. Thirty-four are at present in the Home. Only three are lost sight of. Several characteristics of this excellent little Home-school are worth notice. It has been worked from the first with the co-operation of the parochial authorities, who send there the class which, before 1865, would have been received into the union schools. The girls go to a National school about a mile from the Home. Daily exercise of the best kind, and daily intercourse with the un-pauper class—two inestimable advantages are thus secured. Every girl who at twelve years old is a fairly good scholar (one would like to know the standard) leaves school, and is employed in house-work at home till she is fourteen, when no difficulty is ever found in procuring her a respectable situation. She learns cooking, washing, cleaning, &c., not where the scale is so large and the machinery so complete that the lessons are practically useless for the future, but in a manner which has at least some resemblance to that in which she will hereafter have to apply what she has learned. The physique of these children is of course rather below the average, but they grow and improve during their school-life, their health is generally very good, and ophthalmia is unknown among them. The peculiar violence of temper which characterizes workhouse girls does not show itself under this training, and that "apathy" which Mrs. Senior and her assistants encountered everywhere, does not exist. They are as lively and as various in their ways and characters as other children. The total expense for each girl, including education, varies from £13 to £15 per annum. About half the expenses of this Home are defrayed by the parish authorities, half by private subscription, and its prosperity is mainly due to the generosity of one lady, who built the house, and contributes largely to it, and to the wisdom and goodness of another, who originally planned it.

There is another very interesting orphanage on a small scale, containing eight children, which is also working in concert with parish authorities, but is at present so young, and engaged in trying so many experiments, that it would not be fair to name it just yet. Here variety is carefully studied both in food and dress, no two children being clothed alike. They have weekly pence, which they are allowed to save or spend at their own discretion. They attend a school in which the other children are not paupers. They have a capital matron, with a keen sense of humour, who really loves them, and is infinitely amused by their peculiarities. They have all the freedom of genuine family life. Of the happiness of these children there can be no doubt, and as they are under admirable teachers and trainers, it may confidently be expected that the "pauper element," which is so completely obliterated during their school days, will not re-appear in after-life.

Of boarding-out in England the year 1875 has nothing but good to tell. Thirty-two new committees have been formed, and sanctioned by the Local Government Board. Miss Preusser's report contains many entries pleasant to read. Emma S. is remarkably intelligent, "attends the National school, and is in the Fifth Standard." An orphan boy "has shown great ability at Diocesan school examinations, and the pride which his foster-parents take in his success is most gratifying." Children who arrive at the cottages with scrofulous or ophthalmic affections improve rapidly, and in some instances are already cured. One weakly boy gained ten pounds in weight in his first three months. The girls knit their own stockings and make their own underclothing, attend church and school, and are almost always reported to be "bright and happy." Difficulties of temper diminish, and untruthful habits are overcome. Strong affection grows up between foster-parents and children. One committee complains that the Board of Guardians, which made great difficulties about sending children, has not once caused them to be inspected, though inspection has been repeatedly solicited. In one instance, where payment was refused by a board after it had been discovered that the child belonged to another parish, the child was so happy and doing so well in her foster-home, that the Ladies' committee took her off the rates, and are maintaining her at their own expense. In another case the children are boarded in a very busy farm-house, and have plenty of useful work, in-doors and out, when not at school. The little narratives contain as much variety as other cottage biographies would contain, if fairly set down, and the little heroes and heroines have nothing of the pauper about them except

their origin, which they forget now, and perhaps may remember hereafter with a momentary pain, passing into thankfulness.

It is very desirable that statistics of the little orphanages, which are now springing up in many places, and which the present writer believes to be an excellent mode of attacking the pauper problem, should be accessible. Any information from such institutions will be gratefully received, as material for future articles. A single writer can of course only give her own opinion, but out of the free contact of opinions Truth will emerge, and I make my small contribution towards that consummation in no presumptuous or dictatorial spirit when I say that, for girls, it seems to me very desirable to multiply the numbers of these orphanages, and to keep down their size. I should be sorry to see more than thirty-five children in any; I think eight or ten quite enough. I should like to see small pauper orphanages attached to all the National schools in the kingdom. Much is now said of the desirableness of improving the character and position of the mistresses of primary schools, and of inducing gentlewomen to undertake the office. Is there any reason why a schoolmistress should not receive a little family of pauper boarders—say three or four—into her own cottage? There must be many cases in which this would be practicable, and such a scheme would certainly answer some of the most important exigencies of boarding-out, in its first conditions. You would secure a careful and respectable home, and a sufficient education. The tax on the mistress would not be heavy, as she would probably send her family to bed early enough to prevent them from disturbing the quiet of her evenings; and if it could be arranged that one of her inmates should be an elder girl, and the others several years younger, the little household would, under good management, soon work of itself, and enable her to dispense with a servant. Some ordinary schoolmistresses, who are, so to speak, wholly uneducated in moral and social questions, would probably at first cry out against the plan, which should not be pressed upon any one, but only recommended to the acceptance of those who are very anxious to do a little good work in the world. But everybody knows that this anxiety is professed and felt by great numbers of educated women at the present day, and I leave this suggestion for their consideration, merely adding that for a woman able to choose her own position, surely no better, no fuller, no more thoroughly Christian work could be found than that of infusing her own higher and purer modes of thought into the education of her poorer sisters, and making a good and happy home for a few of the most desolate among them.

One word more about the little orphanages. The first requisite seems to be that they should be as like homes as possible; the second, that they should be very plain, simple homes. Even a little roughness, so long as it is consistent with perfect cleanliness and order, and a few privations if they do not lower the sanitary standard, would seem desirable under the peculiar circumstances of the case. One of the most zealous of the advocates of the monster school mentions among its glories that the dining tables are warmed by hot-water pipes! Such an inversion of the natural argument tells with curious force in an opposite direction to that intended by the writer. No such expensive and luxurious arrangements are necessary where the natural number and life of a family are the conditions with which we have to deal. I think that a little orphanage should be made, as far as possible, the model and type of a perfect cottage home. The matron should take all her meals with her children, preserving order and teaching good manners by her presence, and by an occasional pleasantly spoken word to those who need it; the food should be plain, but of the most nourishing kind, because of the low physique of the pauper class; and quiet conversation at table should be promoted and encouraged, not only because it is a wholesome habit in itself, but because it tends to produce intimacy (which is a difficult matter in this relation), to open hearts, and to promote affection. It is also an eminently civilising habit. No tiresome or unnecessary restrictions should be made; everything which is likely to irritate or suppress the feelings of the half-formed creatures with whom we are dealing should be avoided with the utmost care. The freedom as well as the restraints of family life should be anxiously imitated, and always with the recollection that the family does not consist of ordinary children, who have been in our hands from the beginning, but, for the most part, of children who have inherited special tendencies towards evil, and who have learned early habits which they must now forget. There must be a certain reformatory element in the training of all such children, because we have not only to awaken and train, but probably to revive and to cure, a conscience which is, in many cases, not only dormant, but diseased. The

child has probably no clear sense of the difference between right and wrong; do not confuse the first lessons on this, the most important subject which you have to teach, by giving it more than the simplest elements to consider. Make as few rules as possible, in order that you may have as few offences as possible, and see that these are real offences, and not of your making. Do not run the risk of teaching practically that a word spoken out of season is a greater sin than a wicked thought or a secret lie. Great leniency and tenderness towards every new-comer, much pleasant and friendly conference between matron and children about "showing the new girl our ways," an atmosphere of cheerfulness and brightness, as much mirth and liberty as are consistent with obedience—these are conditions which the best orphanages seek at all times to maintain, but which are perhaps not quite so generally understood as one would desire.

Orphanages and boarding-out are not, however, the only remedies for pauperism which we have to consider. Several societies have been formed with the object of supplying the pauper girl with a home and a help after her education-time is finished and her service-time begun. This excellent work is prospering as well as it can be expected to prosper under the enormous difficulties with which it has to contend. Where a girl leaves a cottage home or an orphanage these difficulties vanish because she has friends already. But the girl who leaves a pauper school knows nothing outside the wall of her seclusion, and she shrinks from the strangers who offer her protection, as a wild animal shrinks from the hand that would caress it. Birds and beasts may be caught and tamed, but the human animal runs away and feeds elsewhere. Not disheartened by the failures which are at present inevitable, helpers of the poor persevere in their labours, and much ground has been made ready for future occupation, some is already occupied. In one district only, a hundred poor servant-girls have been persuaded to become depositors in a penny-bank. This may seem a trifle to some, but it will not seem a trifle to those who remember that want of thrift is the great fault of the English poor, and one of the main sources of English pauperism. Still less does it seem a trifle when we consider it as a step towards obtaining influence over this inaccessible and unfortunate class. It is hoped that servants' homes and servants' friendly societies will continue and increase in numbers and persevere in work, in the face of all discouragements. The day will come when modifications will be attempted within the monster schools, when it will be acknowledged that a good influence from the world outside is greatly to be desired for the pauper girl before she enters it, and when consequently some means of introducing this influence without breaking down the system will be devised. The admission of lady-visitors to the infirmary and the play-ground, and an occasional "afternoon out," under their guidance, for small detachments of girls, would seem to furnish such a means, and when once this, or some similar plan, is adopted, all that authorities can do for the welfare of pauper girls will be accomplished. If, when this time arrives, there are already homes in existence, and societies of visiting and superintending ladies experienced in their work, we may hope for fewer mistakes than must needs occur if the homes and the societies had not been feeling their way, while as yet few are ready to take advantage of them. Where human beings are the material, that work is generally the most hopeful which is the most gradual and tentative. Failures are the bricks which build success.

M. B. SMEDLEY.

SOUTH AFRICA.

I.—MOUNTAIN—MEADOW—PLATEAU.

FAR up in the mountains of South Africa, where the peaks of the Drakensberg and the ridges of the Malutis attain their loftiest level, there lies a region but little known even to the people who dwell in its vicinity.

It is a land of jagged peaks and scarped precipices, of torrents and rocks, of secluded valleys, and great wind-swept hills. Snow rests for many months in the year upon its rugged hill-tops; grass grows rank and green in its many valleys. A thousand crystal streams flash over rocky ledge, and ripple through pebble-paved channels, and all the year round there is a sense of freshness in the air; for the breeze that sweeps the land comes over peaks set ten thousand feet above the sea-line.

This in Africa—that land of heat and sun, of swamps and forest? Yes, even in Africa lies the region just pictured; this Switzerland of South Africa, mountain Basutoland.

The clouds which the Indian Ocean sends to South Africa linger over this region of mountain peak, and shed their showers upon it through the months of summer; but in winter the skies are clear, the sun shines over the land, and the clouds which occasionally gather upon the peaks float away, leaving them clothed in dazzling snow, and seamed with ice-crusted cataracts.

Many rivers have their sources in this mountain region, and east, west, north, and south streams flow forth from it into a lower set land. Streams of small size and of large, streams which soon swell into mighty rivers, and become yellow and muddy as they roll towards far-separated oceans, forgetting the pure traditions of their birth among the snow-hills, in the turmoil of maturer life.

Looked at from its many sides, Basutoland presents always to the traveller a sight filled with a sense of freshness and of pleasure. From whatever point he regards it, he must ever look up to it, east or west, north or south, it first rises before him in the outline of a stupendous mountain, whose summits yield to the eye, long wearied of the leaden level of interminable plain, that cool draught which is fresh as water to a thirsty wanderer in a desert land.

But if from all sides it is grateful to the eye, from the east side it is something more; spread beneath it to the east lies a fair and fruitful land, a land whose highest level is fully four thousand feet lower down, and whose plains and hills lie outlaid at its feet, like a vast sea beneath a lofty shore.

This land of lower level is Natal: where Natal ends on the west, Basutoland begins on the east, and begins in a line so abrupt, so rugged, so scarped into precipice, and turret, and pinnacle, that it would seem as though nature had upraised a mighty wall of rock to mark for ever her line of separation between the mountain called Basutoland, and the meadow called Natal.

There are not many sights in South Africa which linger longer in the traveller's mind than that which can be seen almost every morning from the eastern ridge of Basutoland —the Drakensberg.

It is sunrise over Natal, up from the haze which hangs over the Indian sea—the haze which has turned to varying green, and gold, and crimson, as he drew nearer to the surface—comes the great blood-red sun, flashing on the rent pinnacles of the mountain wall while yet the region far below is wrapped in purple mist. No towns, no hamlets, no homesteads stud the vast plain beneath; but scores of rivers wind through great grass-covered valleys, and from their unseen beds, long rifts of snow-white vapour float upward towards the growing light, and wreathe themselves along the feet of hills and cling to kloof, and catch upon their upmost billows the light in which they are so soon to die. And as the light grows stronger, and the flying remnants of night prisoned at the base of the great cliffs, are killed by the shafts which the day flings into "krance" and cavern, there lies spread before the eye a vast succession of hill and valley, table-topped mountain, gleaming river—all green with grass —dew-freshened, and silent. This is Natal.

Far away, beyond all, a vague blank upon the horizon, the unseen sea is felt by the sight, where, at the furthest verge of vision, the Indian Ocean sleeps in space.

But there is another sight which the traveller sees just before night-fall, when from the meadow, called Natal, he looks up to the lofty ridge of Basutoland. The day has done its work; the sun has gone down behind the great western barrier; turret, dome, and rent mountain pinnacle, are clear cut in snow and purple against the green and saffron curtain of the sunset; the wall of rock is dark at its base, indistinct in its centre, sharp and lustrous along its serrated summit; the night gathers at its feet; the day lingers around its head; there is a shade of untold beauty in the sky, a green, such as one sometimes sees in Sevres, and which I have never seen in sunset, save in Natal. The night deepens, and the light dies; but long after nightfall, that glorious light still lives in the western sky, and the unnumbered peaks, and jagged spires, and pinnacled turrets of the Drakensberg stand in lofty loneliness as though guarding the slow retreat of day into some far-off world.

This great range of the Drakensberg, called by the natives Kathalama, runs nearly north and south along the west frontier of Natal; but near the 29th parallel of south latitude, its direction changes suddenly from north to west, and culminates in a vast mountain mass, known as the Mont Aux Sources, from which many subsidiary ranges, and innumerable streams descend into the surrounding countries. If one can imagine a large letter A laid with its apex to the north, the right-hand arm would form the Drakensberg, the apex flattened out would be the Mont Aux Sources, and the left arm would be the Maluti range. Between the arms of the range are several minor ranges and clusters of mountain, a great sea of peaks; and from

the Mont Aux Sources, flowing from a labyrinth of cliff and cataract, springs the Orange river and its many tributaries.

Three other large rivers rise in this impenetrable fastness, the Wilge, or south fork of the Vaal, the Caledon, or north fork of the Orange, and the Tugela, the principal river of Natal. These many rivers flow from the Mont Aux Sources, south, east, north, and west; the Orange, as we have said, springing from between the arms of the letter A, the Drakensberg and the Malutis; the Caledon having its source outside the Maluti range, and between it and the lower range of the Rhode Berg; the Wilge river rising on the north face of the Mont Aux Sources, and flowing down into the Orange Free State to join the famous diamond Vaal; and the Tugela, which, also waking from the same bed, leaps suddenly from its cradle on the summit of the Mont Aux Sources down the perpendicular verge of the Drakensberg, as though, overjoyed to turn its steps to the fair region of Natal, it cared little for the three thousand feet of ledge that lay beneath it and that fair, green meadow. All these rivers carry to the Atlantic or Indian seas the tribute which the mountain monarchs send to the ocean from which they once rose.

So far for the rivers and the mountains of the land. Now for the people who have made their dwellings in this lofty region.

Many years ago, when the present century was in its cradle, a young Zulu warrior came riding from the south along the base of the Drakensberg. He held a northern course. He was accompanied, or rather carried, by an animal never before seen in the land; at times he appeared to the astonished eyes of the beholders as a portion of this animal, at other times he was separated from it.

The young Zulu was a long-banished exile returning to his home on the Tugela from a far southern land, the strange animal he bestrode was a horse, the first of its kind ever seen in these great wastes of South Africa; but he brought with him from the white man's home other and far greater secrets than the strange animal that carried him—he brought the idea of unity where there had been disunion, of discipline and combination where all had been petty tribal war and internecine confusion, of the strength which lies in organized numbers against the weakness of the individual. He had seen the regular soldiers of the white man, had caught in a vague way the outline of their organization, and now, as he sought, after a lapse of years, his Umtetwa people, it was with the hope of moulding the scattered power of his tribe after the manner of the white soldiery in the infant colony to the south, and he succeeded.

His people received him as their chief, named him Dingiswayo, or "The Wanderer," and listened to his counsel and his plans.

Soon the youth of the Umtetwa were formed into bodies, fighting under distinct chiefs, and subject to the will of one man, Dingiswayo. This army of the Umtetwa was not a mere plaything in the hands of its chief, and ere a year had passed, the neighbouring tribes had felt the power of the new organization; small tribes became incorporated with or subject to the Umtetwa, and many restless spirits among the young men of the country beyond the Tugela joined the army of Dingiswayo, to push their fortunes in the new field which he had opened to them.

Among the adventurous spirits thus drawn to the service of the Wanderer, there was one of no ordinary genius. Chaka, the son of Senzangakona, chief of a small tributary tribe called Zulus, entered as a common soldier into one of the regiments of Dingiswayo. His bravery soon pointed him out for leadership; he learnt the lesson of organization and discipline even to greater effect than had his master; and when his time of chieftainship had come, a new power had dawned among the scattered tribes of South-Eastern Africa.

Some time about 1814, Chaka began his career of conquest. Everything went down before him. He changed the mode of fighting in the field—of movement in the campaign. To throw the assagai was forbidden: a shorter-handed weapon was instituted, and it was to be struck into the enemy, not cast at him from a distance. "Wait until you see the whites of the enemy's eyes, and then strike hard," was the order of the Zulu chief. His spirit was caught by his soldiers, and they closed with their enemies only to conquer.

An immense territory soon owned the dominion of the chief of the Zulus, but he conquered only to desolate and to kill. From the far Limpopo to the southern St. John, from the Indian Ocean to where men now dig diamonds by the swift-running Vaal—all that portion of Africa lay prostrate at Chaka's feet. The lower countries were a vast waste; famine, pestilence, and death had swept the land; and only in remote glen or wooded kloof, or impenetrable fastness, could be found a remnant of the desolated tribes.

It was in the year 1828 that the conqueror's career came to a close. He was assassinated by some of his own people at his kraal south of the lower Tugela. Seeing his end inevitable, he cried out to his murderers, "Ye think when I am gone that ye shall rule this land; but behind ye I see a white man coming from the south, and he and his shall be your masters."

As he spoke they struck him with their assagais, and the greatest conqueror of Zululand was no more. The scattered tribes that had been unable to oppose the Zulu chief had withdrawn into remote countries. One powerful band, attacked in the open country, had retreated along the Vaal, and by the fastnesses of the Drakensberg, into what is now called Basutoland. They were without cohesion. A dozen chiefs claimed their obedience, and it was only the rugged land and the natural defences of their new home which enabled them to preserve even a shadow of their power.

About the time of Chaka's death there arose, in this Basuto nation, a man differing in every respect from the Zulu conqueror. He was a shrewd observer, apt in council, held peculiar views about the white man's dominion, and had more faith in the power of the tongue than in that of the assagai; yet he was a brave and skilful soldier. The name of this man was Moshesh. From a petty chief he soon became a powerful leader, and ten years after the death of Chaka he was the acknowledged paramount of all Basutoland, and had moulded together into one nation all the tribes which dwelt around the Mont aux Sources, and along the upper waters of the Caledon.

At the period we speak of, this region of Basutoland, the great level now called the Orange Free State, and the meadow of Natal were all unknown to the white man. A few travellers or hunters had penetrated north of the Orange River, but the great mountain fastness had resisted all attempts to pierce its mysteries; and nothing of Natal, save its half-tropic shore-line, was known to the outside world. A vast unmeasured solitude was this land beyond all the Orange River. From the rising of the sun until its going down, the traveller beheld an endless plain. At times a flat-topped hill rose abruptly from the level; loose rocks of sand or trap cumbered the base; the sides were scarped, or steep and overhanging near the summit; and upon the top a perfectly level table surface was cut clearly against the sky line. Perchance the hillside held a straggling growth of bush. For the rest—hill and level, plain and precipice—were clothed in a short green grass in summer, a dry brick-coloured clay in winter, but at all times it was a land of life.

Across the endless plain, upon the table-topped hill, in the dry dust-coloured valley, there moved and grazed and galloped innumerable herds of wild animals. Springbok and blessbok, wilderbeeste and hartebeeste, eland and quagga, roamed in countless numbers, and the traveller saw when the sun shone over the land the light reflected upon the glistening sides or striped foreheads of tens of thousands of graceful antelopes, careering in circles round the track, or stopping in their prancing gallop to gaze in wonder at the stranger's presence.

But at length the great wastes north of Orange River began to know a change.

About forty years ago there came in long succession from the south a vast troop of waggons; men rode on horseback by the waggons; twenty coupled oxen drew each ponderous load; there were fully nine hundred waggons, and across the dusty plains crept the monstrous cavalcade.

It passed slowly on. Some tarried here, some there, others wandered on further into the wilds.

There is a tall mountain which stands out by itself in this great plain. It is rugged and lofty, and can be seen from a great distance; fifty miles away it still seems near at hand. It is called Tha-banchu, or the Hill of Night. Near this dark hill many of the new-comers halted. They were white men, who had long dwelt in the regions to the south, and they now sought this northern waste, not because their own lands were becoming over peopled, or because fresh arrivals pressed them from without; but from a restless longing to escape from law and civilised restraint, and to establish themselves in a kind of patriarchal freedom in the remote interior. They had but a faint idea of the geography of the earth, and not a few among them looked upon this migration as a counterpart to the exodus of the Israelites of old, and had some dim expectation of finding a promised land beyond the deserts of the treeless Karoo.

Some halted within sight of the Hill of Night, others pressed on to the north and east. Moshesh held many parleys with them as their slow lumbering waggons jolted along the plains of what is to-day the Orange Free State; but he did nothing to oppose their progress, and they passed along his rugged

frontier to where the ridge of the Drakensberg breaks down from the Mont Aux Sources, and a gradual decline leads into the pastures of Natal.

They reached the ridge, and looked down upon the fair land below. It was a sight which woke even in the dull nature of the Dutch onlooker a sense of enthusiasm. Here was their promised land, here was their possession. Slowly the long cavalcade wound down the steep descent, and took possession of Natal.

Moshesh had built his kraal at the base, and upon the summit of one of these innumerable flat-topped hills called Table Mountains of Basutoland; the hill was named Thaba Bossiou, or the dark mountain. It stood some six miles from the Caledon river. Twenty miles to the east, the great range of the Malutis rose in dark blue masses, around them lay a perfect network of table mountains, deep winding valleys, abrupt sandstone precipices, and every variety of intermixed hill and kloof, vale and ridge.

Moshesh's name had widened out over a broad area of fame; many tribes of Griquas, Amonquanis, and Zulus had tried the strength of the Basuto nation, and felt the power of the crafty chief who dwelt in Thaba Bossiou. Once, a large horde of Griquas (Dutch half-breeds), attacked the mountain kraal under a certain Hendrick Hendricks, and of his doughty followers not one escaped. Again, Palarita led the Amathlubi tribe into Basutoland, and left his bones and theirs to whiten the hills of the Caledon.

But Moshesh was crafty in his victories. He kept to his mountain fastnesses; repelled all attacks upon his territory, and took counsel from a few foreign missionaries who had sought his country.

Time went on. The Dutch were not to have quiet possession of Natal. Chaka was long dead; but a tyrant almost as cruel, though with but half his cleverness, reigned in his stead.

At the base of the Drakensberg, amidst the kloofs and glens of the upper Tugela and its tributaries, there dwelt a chief named Sikkunellya. This chief had made a foray into Zulu-land, and carried off cattle from the people of Dingaan, the murderer and successor of Chaka. The Dutch restored the captured cattle to the Zulu chief, and asked in return for a cession of Natal. The request was acceded to. It is easy to give away that which is not ours, and all Natal was given by the tyrant's murderer to the new-comers—all Natal from the Tugela to the Umzimkulu, from the Drakensberg to the Indian sea.

At the king's kraal by Umkinglové this cession was made. Dingaan placed his sign manual to the document, and the Dutch leaders Maritz and Retief affixed their signatures in due form. It may be presumed that this latter operation was one of no little difficulty to the Dutch commanders; for to these modern Israelites a pen was a stranger weapon than a gun; but somehow or other the names were affixed and the Dutch commanders prepared to withdraw.

At evening there arose a great uproar in the camp; there was a cry of treason through the Dutch Laager; thousands of naked Zulus crowded among the waggons; there were random shots and fierce shouts, and much stabbing and glint of assagais, and when daylight dawned again, Retief and his comrades all lay weltering in their blood.

It would be long to tell of the scenes that followed; how the Zulus swept down into Natal upon the scattered Laagers of the Dutch by the swift-running Tugela, and the Bushman Rivers; how these brave savages rushed the Laagar by the Bushman river drift, and carried such destruction through the camps, that to-day an immense tract of country bears the name of "Weenan," or the place of weeping; and then, how the Dutchmen rallied and bore back the savage tribe, and in a great battle by the Blood river, destroyed the king's kraal, and broke for ever the power of the Zulu tribe.

But while all this wild work went on in the lower country, along the base of the Drakensberg, up aloft in Basutoland the crafty chief Moshesh held quiet possession of his glens and table-topped ridges. Five years earlier, a small group of white men from a distant country had come to Basutoland. They came to teach, not to fight; they were French missionaries. Moshesh received them with favour. He gave them land in many parts of the country. Hard by his own stronghold of Thaba Bossiou, they built a mission station of great beauty: it was in a valley between two steep rugged table hills; a stream ran below it; great cliffs of basaltic rock stood like sentinels around it, and in spring, the scent of almond blossoms filled the air, and the thatched eaves were white with jessamine flowers.

But Moshesh, though he encouraged the missionaries, and counselled his people to attend their teaching, did not himself adopt their faith. "He was too old to change;

the young people might learn; but for him it would not do." So has it been in these times of ours all the world over, the days have passed when savage kings and chiefs adopt the cross at the teaching of the missionary, and with Xavier, that power which penetrated the hearts of peoples, and changed kings and nations, seems to have vanished from the earth.

But though Moshesh took small heed of the teachings of the Frenchmen in spiritual matters, in temporal ones he gave full attention to them. Beware of war; resist when attacked; make friends with the white man;—these were the chief tenets of the worldly creed they taught him, and under such teaching Moshesh grew in power, and Basutoland became rich and prosperous.

But a great danger soon began to menace Basutoland. The wave of the white man's

Moshesh.

domination was beginning to surge against the mountain fastness of the Mont aux Sources. South Africa had not a white population equal to a third-rate English town; nevertheless, an area as large as Germany was found too small to hold these fifty thousand white men, and the thin but restless stream was already beating against the remote regions of the Malutis, and flowing away to the mighty wilderness where the Vaal washed from its gravelly shores in summer floods the yet-unknown shining stones called diamonds.

To build empires out of her colonies; to make Greater Britains in the vast wastes of America, in the great uplands of South Africa, or in the island continents of the southern hemisphere, seems a dream that for ages never dawned upon the British mind. Why should it? Our statesmen were not intent on building

empire anywhere—even at home. To make it "last our time" was policy sufficiently far-seeing for the wisest among them; and as for the wastes, well, there were buffaloes there, and wildebeestes, and kangaroos, and there they might stay until the day of judgment.

It was a fanciful picture that of the New-Zealander, and the broken bridge, the crumbling dome, the silent city; but for all that there is not to-day a wanderer who has ever roamed through the new lands of the earth who has not seen full many times repeated the drearier spectacle of possession—born to us in earlier times out of the throes of fight and fierce contention over sea and land—abandoned into other hands, or let crumble from us in a heedless apathy more irritating than defeat.

But to Basutoland.

The Dutch Boers who had crossed the Orange River proceeded to establish themselves as an independent community among the wildebeestes and the blessboks; there were no Englishmen in that part of the world, and the establishment of a Dutch republic met with no opposition at our hands. Those of the Dutch, however, who crossed the Berg, and went down into Natal, met with different treatment.

Far away by the Indian Sea, at the port of Natal, a small English settlement had taken root. After defeating the Zulu king and destroying his kraal in the upper country, the Dutch adventurers had drawn nearer to the sea—to Araby or Jerusalem or the Jordan, as they fondly imagined. All at once they found themselves face to face with the English settlement. "Curse these Englishmen!" doubtless cried the Boers; "here they are safely settled in Jerusalem before us." Still, there was peace between the rival settlers for a time, and, in the face of the common enemy, war would have been dangerous.

But after the victory over the Zulus things changed. The Dutch attacked the English settlement, and for a time had matters their own way. Beaten by superior numbers, the English commander shut himself up in a hastily-built fort, composed verses to the Southern Cross, and bid defiance to the Boers. Months passed away; help came to the British camp from Cape Colony; the Dutch were beaten back; they moved into the upper country again, and more than half their number recrossed the Berg to seek for Araby in other lands. Natal was English; but by a fatal error the line of British boundary stopped at the Drakensberg; no claim was made to the great plains north of the Orange River—no claim, at least, for six years after.

In 1847 a man was appointed to the governorship of Cape Colony who, whatever might be his other qualities, knew the true policy of England in the wilds. There were to be no boundaries to English possession in South Africa, save such as ocean set. Boers might migrate here or there; but whenever the time should come that English civilisation reached the confines of the country in which they had settled, then, too, had come the time for the establishment of British dominion in that land; whether Boer, or Basuto, or Bosjisman reigned or roamed in it. South Africa was British by every right of conquest and privilege of possession. The Dutch, dissatisfied with our abolition of slavery, might "trek" where they pleased; but they must still remain British subjects, by the self-same law which made the Mormons citizens of the United States, after they had placed sixteen hundred miles of wilderness between them and the last outpost of Yankeedom.

In 1847, there arrived at the Cape of Good Hope a new Governor; he had been a dashing leader of dashing men. British power, as represented by a few squadrons of British cavalry, was in his eyes irresistible. Dutch Boers setting up a republic of their own beyond the Orange River—the thing was absurd to the last degree. "Forward the Cape Corps. March away the Rifle Brigade. We'll soon see who is to be the ruler in South Africa."

So across the wilds of the Karoo, and up to the banks of the Orange River, went a small force of regular troops. Some little distance north of the river, a "Commando" of Boers had taken its post amidst rocks and stone-covered hills nigh a place called Boomplatz.

The victor of Aliwal, brave to rashness, rides forward in advance of the little army. Shots ring out from the rocks, a few of the staff fall, an escort of Cape-mounted men run away; but the brave old chief reins in his charger where he is, and cursing the runaways, calls out to the Rifles to advance. They come up at the double, spread out into the hills, and move straight up against the rocks. Suddenly the puffs of smoke cease. "This is not a proper way to fight," say the Boers; "we came prepared to lie here quietly for a few hours among the rocks, and here these fellows come running up to us as if they were our friends."

So in order to escape being shaken by the

hand, or perhaps by the throat, the Dutchmen scramble into their saddles in yonder hollow, midst the hills, and gallop away to northern wilds, their brave leader, one Prætorius by name, never drawing rein until sixty miles lay between him and the Boomplatz.

The Orange Republic was no more. Moshesh heard with joy, up in his mountain, the tidings of Boomplatz, and he marched out from the hills, with his army, to greet the English Governor, and to show his respect for the Queen's authority.

They met at Winburg. It was a novel sight. The Basuto army numbered above five thousand men, mostly mounted on shaggy or wiry ponies. Sir Harry Smith was in high spirits. "Moshesh was his friend and brother," he said. "The Basutos and the English would ever be friends."

The English general called out in his deep voice, whether there was any trooper in the ranks who could perform the sword-exercise in front of the line, for the edification of the Basutos. A trooper rode out and began to cut and thrust about his horse's ears. Sir Harry waved him back with a gesture of disdain. Another essayed the feat; again the old general cried out, "that was not the sword-exercise."

At last, an Irish soldier rode to the front, he cut and thrust, and whirled and slashed, and jerked about in his saddle in such a frantic manner, that the Basutos roared with delight, and Sir Harry Smith declared his satisfaction. Then came some cavalry manœuvres, and finally the review was over.

It was now Moshesh's turn. He attempted a charge; but a great part of his cavalry was suddenly transformed into infantry by the simple process of being sent flying over its horse's head. The horse was still a newcomer in Basutoland, and the monkey-like seat which now cannot be shaken, had not then been attained.

A war dance wound up the day. The whole Basuto army danced like demons, Moshesh capering at their head. At one period the excitement became so intense that it is said the old general caught the infection, and, seizing Moshesh in his arms, danced round and round with him.

Moshesh went back to his mountains. The English Governor pursued his way to the Drakensberg. On the ridge overlooking Natal he met the Boers in council. They were flying with their flocks and herds from Natal, to escape from the British Government once more: Araby and the Promised Land were to be sought somewhere else.

It would have been better for Natal if the English Governor had allowed the Boers to seek fresh fields and pastures new.

To make the earth a waste and to call it a farm is the first rule of Dutch agricultural practice in South Africa. Six thousand acres are still known as "a small farm"—no fence, no tree, no shrub, no sign of agriculture breaks the terrible monotony of an up-country Dutch holding: far as eye can reach there is but a wilderness unmarked by man.

In the council on the top of the Drakensberg, Sir Harry Smith offered to the flying Dutchmen the most liberal grants of land in Natal. In many cases these grants were accepted, the Boers resumed their former places; the system of vast farms became perpetuated in a country whose conditions of soil and climate were in perfect keeping with a system of small agricultural holdings, and the opportunity was for ever lost of planting on the African continent the germs of the only European settlement which can ever ripen into a prosperous civilisation.

Time went on. A new governor was sent to the Cape; war, fierce war, had broken out among the Kaffir tribes of the Kei river. Moshesh kept to his mountains; but ever and anon the Boers, who had settled in the plains, cut off some slice of Basuto territory, run the swerving lines of farms further towards the Caledon, and set up beacons nearer to the Blue Malutis.

Then there came raids upon cattle, horses disappeared from the farms: the Basuto said it was but fair retaliation; the Boers called it unprovoked robbery.

Following the affair of Boomplatz came the establishment of British government north of the Orange River. An English resident dwelt at Bloemfontein, a small garrison occupied the fort. The resident took the views of the farmers, got together some tribes of Barralongs and Bechuans, and moved against Moshesh. The Bechuans and Barralongs made a poor fight: Moshesh was the victor, but he knew better than to push his advantage against the British.

Towards the middle of 1852 the war on the Kei was over, and the English Governor, Sir George Cathcart, bethought him of a new move. He ordered the assembly of a Field Force on the Orange River in the month of November of that year, and, crossing the river early in December, moved along the right bank of the Caledon. He had with him the finest force ever seen in South Africa—a regiment of lancers, a battery of artillery, and four regiments of light infantry.

About mid-December the little army reached Plattberg, on the Caledon; a few miles across the river lay the mountain fastnesses of Thaba Bossiou, and from the ridge of Plattberg could be seen the hills and rocks of Basutoland stretching from the river side to the Malutis.

On the 19th of December Moshesh came to the English camp in considerable alarm. The interview between him and the British commander was a curious one. Cathcart demanded ten thousand head of cattle, and a large number of horses as a fine for the misdeeds of the Basutos. Moshesh expostulated, declared the number was out of all reason, begged for time, spoke parable after parable, dealt in metaphor by the hour; but all to little purpose. "Peace is like the rain that makes the grass grow," he said, "war is the hot wind that burns it up."

At last, finding neither metaphor nor entreaty of any avail to prevent the lessening of the fine imposed upon him, he asked the General what would happen if the whole number were not forthcoming on the third day. "In that case I will go and take them," was the reply. "War is bad," answered Moshesh; "but even a beaten dog will bite." Then he went back to his mountain.

The 20th of December came. At daybreak the army moved from its camp at Platburg, crossed the flooded Caledon on pontoons, and held its way towards Thaba Bossiou. It was a dull overcast morning: now and again the vapour broke into rifts, and between them could be seen the steep sides of cliffs hanging abruptly over winding valleys, and at times perched on some craggy point, a Basuto scout was visible keenly watching from his shaggy pony the moving column beneath; all else was quiet.

From the centre of the valley through which the column marched a large hill rose abruptly before the troops, and stood like a great island in a stream, the valley separating at its base and throwing out arms on either side. The hill that rose between these branching valleys was high and table-topped; its sides, scarped into perpendicular "krances" near the summit, sloped down at a steep angle near the base, where lay piled together a *debris* of crag and boulder, long since ruined and shattered from the rock-frontlet above.

The hill was called the Berea. At the spot where the gorge or valley divided into branches, Cathcart divided his little army too. The Lancers followed the valley to the left; the Infantry took the hill of the Berea in front; the Artillery, the general and his staff, and half a battalion of foot kept along the valley to the right.

It was a strange disposal of the little army. The valleys along which the wings moved, diverged further and further apart—mist, fog, crag, and precipice intercepted the view; nothing could be seen of the table-topped hill save its scarped sides and rugged "krances;" troops in the valley could render no assistance to troops on the hill; nor was it possible to communicate from one valley to another except by a long circle round the base of the Berea. It is difficult to climb these table mountains, but it is ten times more difficult to come down them again; for the rugged path which zig-zags through the cliffs can be traced from beneath, but is altogether lost from above.

On the summit of the Berea hill Moshesh had collected together a vast number of cattle and horses, these the cavalry had orders to capture. Through a rough and broken incline which wound through rocks and shingle, the Lancers reached the top of the Berea. On all sides there spread around them a level expanse of sward, upon which Basutos galloped to and fro endeavouring to urge to greater haste huge droves of cattle. The Lancers rode in among the cattle; the Basutos fled into the fog. For a time all went well; but the work of cattle driving was not a military manœuvre much in practice among the cavalry, and the troopers riding to and fro soon became detached into broken parties of a few men lost in a maze of terrified animals.

All at once through the fog there came a dense mass of Basutos riding down upon the scattered troopers. The cattle broke in every direction—in vain the Lancers tried to rally; from rock and crevice, from the sharp edge of the precipice where the flat-topped hill dipped all at once out of sight, the shaggy ponies and their naked riders came sweeping through the wreaths of mist—the right, the left, the north, and the south had all become to the English soldier a hopeless puzzle; some fought singly against many foes; others, endeavouring to reach the main body, became only further separated from it; others, pent between their enemies and the wall-like precipice edge, boldly charged into the Basutos. In a few moments a score of the finest cavalry in the world had been killed, their horses taken, their gay trappings torn off, and then was there seen the singular sight of these monkey-like negroes, arrayed in scarlet coat and leather over-all, flourish-

ing bright-pennoned lances aloft as they galloped hither and thither over the table-land of the Berea hill.

While this wretched scene was being enacted on the left, the centre column of infantry pushed its way up the precipice and gained a footing on the summit. A mounted staff-officer was with them. Riding some distance in advance of the front of the column, he thought he discerned in the fog the helmets and pennons of the Lancers. Galloping up to them, he suddenly found himself surrounded by Basutos dressed in cavalry uniform. Faunée is said to have surrendered his sword, and asked for a few minutes' grace before his death. Some hesitation appears to have been felt by the Basutos at the final moment. There were those among the savages who would have spared the life of the prisoner; but while some clamoured for his life and others sought to preserve it, news came that the white soldiers had killed Basuto women at the base of the Berea hill, and these tidings decided the captive's fate. He was killed on the spot.

The day wore to a close. Cathcart spent many an anxious moment. Dark clouds of Basuto horsemen hovered around the English army. At length the infantry descended from the hill; the clouds of horsemen seemed to increase. For a moment, it is said, the English general deemed himself lost. "Let us die like English soldiers," he exclaimed to some of his staff.

"Die!" exclaimed the fiery-spirited Eyre, who had just arrived, maddened by the result of the day. "Give me leave, sir, and I will soon answer for this black rabble."

But night was already closing; and as the daylight darkened over Thaba Bossiou, the Basutos drew off into the mountains.

Next morning Cathcart withdrew his forces to his original camp on the Caledon. The troops were wild to avenge the disasters of the Berea. Such an army foiled by such a foe! They must advance again and storm Thaba Bossiou. But ere the morning wore away, messengers came from Moshesh. That crafty chief knew well what would be the result of his transient victory. His soldiers might deck themselves with the Lancer trophies, but the triumph would be short-lived if he did not at once make peace; so, with many protestations of submission, the old chief offered cattle and horses to the General he had beaten but the previous day, and besought the clemency and forbearance of the vanquished.

It was a sagacious move. Moshesh blazoned forth his triumph far and near to Kaffir, Zulu, and Bechuana; for many a day the Lancers' pennons flew gaily above some Basuto kraal, tokens of Basuto victory, over the white man. But by his crafty submission Moshesh saved his kingdom from destruction, and if to-day there is a native state called Basutoland in South Africa, it is because the old chief knew how to build a bridge for a baffled foe, and to pay him handsomely for crossing it.

This battle on the Berea hill was fought in December, 1852. Ere a second December had passed, the old English general had fallen on a far-off Crimean field, and the hill named "Cathcart's," in memory of him, was furrowed deep with the graves of England's bravest sons who had died "like English soldiers."

W. F. BUTLER.

THE MOUNTAIN WALK.

By PRINCIPAL SHAIRP, LL.D.

PART I.

FROM beaten paths and common tasks reprieved,
My face I set towards the lonely grounds
Where Moidart and Lochaber, northward heaved,
Meet with rough Knoydart bounds.

And with me went an aged man on whom
Still lightly hung his threescore years and ten,
Intent to see once more before the tomb
His long-unpeopled glen.

O'er 'Faeth,' 'Maam,' 'Gual,' each shape of mountain-pass,
From morn to eve, an autumn day we clomb
A lone waste wilderness where no man was,
Nor any human home,

And looked o'er mountain backs, misty or bared,
Ridged multitudinous to the northern bourn,
Where, high o'er all, the great scours watch and guard
Loch Nevish and Lochourn,

Saw far to west through yawning gaps upleap
Dark Moidart mountains with their clov'n defiles,
And here and there let in the great blue deep,
With the far outer Isles.

While close beneath our feet clear streams were flowing
Down dark glens walled steep sombre hills between,
But lit with streaks of grassy margin glowing
Bright with resplendent sheen.

And by the stream's grass-mounds and grey-mossed heaps
Lay, once the homes where thriving men had been,
And far up corries, where the white burn leaps,
Where pleasant airidhs * green.

But no smoke rose from any old abode;
From the green summer shealings came no song,
No face of man looked on us where we trode,
From dawn to gloamin long.

Only high up hoarse-barking raven's croak
Knelled on the iron crags, or glead's wild screams,
And down the awful precipices broke
The everlasting streams;

The while the old man told how times remote
Had named the balloch from some famous man,
Slain in old battle when the Camerons smote
Their foes of Chattan clan;

Or on 'the squally shoulder' he would pause,
And, pointing to grey stones, would whisper, 'Here
The mourners builded Evan's cairn, because
They rested with his bier

'On the long journey from his native glen,
Down to his last home by the sea-loch side;'
And, 'There by night and weariness o'erta'en,
Long since a shepherd died.'

And then more lightly, 'O'er these very knowes
I ran the browse upon my wedding-day
With other lads to win my young bride's house,
Now fifty years away.'

Late in the afternoon my steps he stayed
On a high mountain pass, and bade me look,
Where the burn, plunging from the height, had made
One small and sheltered nook;

'Beneath that bank we rested us at eve,
The first day's weary journey ended, when
Full sixty years since we were forced to leave
For ever our dear glen.

'A day it was of lamentation sore,
As we set face against the steep ascent,
Slowly the lowing cattle moved before,
Behind we weeping went.

'And well we might; the old folk from that day
Found never home like that they had resigned;
And we—thenceforth our happy childhood lay
In that far glen behind.'

And so with talk like this the day wore on,
No rock unnamed, no cairn without its tale,
Till, from the western scours the last gleams gone,
To the deep-shadowed vale

Down through Leaëna-vaata slow we passed,
'The hollow of the wolf,' so named of old,
Since hunters there o'ertook and slew the last
Grim spoiler of the fold.

There where Loch Aragat hath his utmost bound,
And from the western glens the waters meet,
Beneath the kindly shepherd's roof we found
Welcome, and warm retreat.

PART II.

All night enfolded in the lap of Bens,
Around our sleep the loud and lulling sound
Of many waters meeting from the glens
Made lullaby profound.

Next day the westering morn our guide we make,
Where a strong stream in jambs of granite pent,
From pool to pool, down-plunging to the lake,
Hath grooved itself a vent.

That strait throat passed, back falls the mountain's bound,
Before us there out-spread in silence, lay,
With loop on loop of river interwound,
Long, green Glen Desseray.

A long, flat, meadowy strath of natural grass,
Where calm, from side to side, the river flows,
After the turmoil of yon splintered pass,
Loitering in slow repose.

Each side steep mountain-flanks wall the green flat,
To west the long glen closes, grimly barred
By the stern-precipiced shelves of Scour-na-naat
And by dark Maam-clach-ard.

There as we stood on the mute glen to gaze
The old man pointed to the hillocks green,
Where, either side the strath, in former days,
The Clansmen's homes had been;

* Shealing-pastures.

Homes that had reared the Camerons, who in old
Centuries of ceaseless battle, true and leal,
Against Clan Chattan had been brave to hold
His country for Locheil;

Who, in the latest rising of the clans,
For King and Chief, devoted hearts and pure,
Had led the crashing charge at Preston-pans,
Died on Culloden moor.

For all those homesteads only here and there
A gaunt, grey, weathered gable—for the hum
Of many human voices, on the air
Blank, aweful silence dumb.

Only the hill-burns down the corries broke,
Only one hern harsh-screaming from the fen,
And but one shepherd's solitary smoke,
Far in the upper glen.

Then, one by one, the old man, sad in heart,
Pointed the stances, where in childhood time
From four blithe farm-towns, each a mile apart,
He had seen the blue smoke climb.

Two on the north side, dry on ferny knowes,
The noonday sun had welcomed with frank look,
The southern two, withdrawn 'neath high-hill brows,
Each cower'd in bielded nook.

Then closer drawing 'neath rank weeds he showed
The larachs * of the homes, wall, hearth and floor,
Where in each town large brotherhoods abode,
Twelve families and more.

And as he traced each home, the names he told
Of men and women who there once had been,
How lived and died they in wild days of old,
What weirdly sights had seen.

And last he led me to his own farm-town,
Even to his father's home—there lay the hearth
Grey-lichened, walls around it crumbled down,
Till all but blent with earth.

'There yawned the window to the crag behind,
Through which my grandsire gallant burst away,
When two red-coats, who had him in the wind,
After Culloden day,

The threshold crossed to seize him; fleet of foot,
He took the crag—they fired and missed their aim,
Then, throwing down their guns, in hot pursuit,
Fast on his track they came.

He slacked his speed, and let the foremost near,
Then heaved a slag of rock, and laid him low;
The chase was over—he left free from fear,
Forth to the hills to go.

And then, with lowered voice and deepened feeling,
Pointing one spot upon the floor, he said,
'Here on these very stones we bairns were kneeling,
And there my father prayed,

'One stormy Sabbath-night, when wild winds hurried
A loosened snow-heap from the crag, and o'er
The rigging rolled it clean, and deeply buried
The house, and blocked the door

'With a great boulder.' These and many more
Tales through the glen beguiled us west away
O'er Maam-clach-ard to dark Loch Nevish's shore
Down with declining day,

There, 'neath a roof, where people of the old kind
Still keep the ancient faith, through the deep calm,
All night we heard the cataracts behind
Down-thundering from the Maam;

The while they told how oft when no wind stirred,
Unearthly sounds the mountain stillness rent
At midnight, by belated travellers heard,
As through the Maam they went;

And apparitions when the spirit fled,
Crossing the gaze of melancholy seers,
And trystings where the living met the dead
By lonely mountain meres;

All the weird, visionary lore that lives
Still by the dim lochs of the western sea,
And to that region and its people gives
Strange eerie glamourie.

Next morn we clomb the Maam with eastward foot,
And walked the higher ranges of the glen,
Looked on green summer shealings, long left mute
By old Glen-Desseray men.

* Foundations.

One last look back—there lay the glen inlaid
Deep in its walling hills—a meadowy strath,
Through which in loop on loop the river strayed,
A slowly-winding path.

And all the west, jagg'd precipices riven
With gorge and gully and ravine black-gloomed,
Closed in—above them in the twilight heaven
The great peaks ghostly loomed.

All these days, as we wandered, morn to eve,
The old man, piece by piece, the tale unrolled,
How once the Cameron clansmen wont to live
Within these glens of old.

Things too his grandsire and his sire had seen,
After Culloden, till the ruthless time
That swept the glens of all their people clean,
Things mute in prose or rhyme.

J. C. SHAIRP.

GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE.

THE influence of the Gothic style has been so marked on our English architecture generally that it may not be out of place to devote a few pages of GOOD WORDS to an explanation of its development. This will turn out to be the shortest way of explaining its principles, and enabling us to judge how far it is suited for modern domestic requirements.

Although England and France developed each their own forms of Gothic architecture,—similar advances being made independently in both countries about the same time, as is the case at present in astronomy and other sciences,—the style was imported into England already somewhat advanced. Its first appearance was in France, and there, from the more logical character of the people, less tolerant of compromise than we are, its development can best be traced. It sprang from an imitation of the buildings which the Romans during several centuries of occupation, with their faculty of giving their conquered provinces not only their language but their manners, had left everywhere throughout Gaul, in their own round-arched style, palaces, baths, aqueducts, bridges, basilicas, and villas or country houses like villages, consisting of straggling agglomerations of buildings one story high connected by covered colonnades for country residence and the cultivation of the soil. After a century or two of pillaging excursions the German barbarians settled in the land. About the middle of the sixth century the Franks had occupied the whole country except part of Languedoc held by the Visigoths, the east held by the Burgundians, and Brittany, which was not conquered. By these conquests they lost the social organization they had brought with them. Ceasing to be a conquering army under a single head, the habit which Cæsar and Tacitus had observed in their ancestors arose again among them, each tribe dwelling apart, isolated from its neighbours by tracts of waste land. Military chiefs became landed proprietors,—heads of little independent sovereignties uncontrolled by the central power. Their companions in arms, almost their equals before, were now their dependents. With their love of plunder and fighting, when there were no more villages and towns to pillage, they took to fighting among themselves, and it was some centuries before even the rude national unity of feudalism became a fact as well as an idea.

In this anarchy the monasteries were the only refuge of civilisation, preserving some traditions of Roman art and order, organizing needful trades into guilds, a system afterwards adopted in the towns when, in the beginning of the tenth century, they began to recover their freedom.

When with rising civilisation churches or monasteries and towns began to be built, architecture had to begin at the beginning again. Roman buildings remained everywhere, but no one knew how they had been constructed. These in their new buildings the people copied as well as they could, making up for miserable construction by lining them inside with marble and gaudy painting.

When they began to build churches they attempted a reproduction of the old basilicas, or halls for the administration of justice (as had been already done in Italy), the form of which churches still retain, a large central nave or vessel, with an aisle or passage along each side, half the width and height of the nave, opening into it through a range of pillars supporting round arches, above which was a range of windows called a clerestory, lighting the central nave. At first, as they were unable from poverty and want of skill

to reproduce the Roman vaulting, the roofs were wooden. But churches in those days, like theatres now, were always being burnt, and attempts were made to make the roofs as well as walls of incombustible material. In the south of France this was attempted—without the use of wood—by a plain waggon vault, as it is called, from being like the cover of a long waggon stretched on half hoops. This vault they covered with solid masonry in the ordinary form of a roof (Fig. 1). But for this a round arch was very unsuitable; a

Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

pointed one saved weight on the apex and had less thrust (Fig. 2). And, wherever they got the idea, whether out of their own heads, which is not impossible, or through Venice from the East, where the pointed arch seems to have been used continually since the time of the Pyramids and Nineveh, it was for vaulting almost immediately adopted. But the arches opening between nave and aisles and those of the windows were still round.

In another way the pointed arch was found advantageous in construction. Attempts, again from a desire for fireproof construction, were made to build domes. Gothic had once a chance of becoming a domical style of architecture. If a square is supported on four arches, and carries a dome (Fig. 3, plan), the bottom of the dome being quite inside the angle pillars, must be supported from them by four spherical triangles (*a a* Figs. 3, 4, and 5) whose points rest each

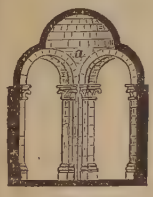

Fig. 4.

Fig. 3, plan.

Fig. 5.

on one of the pillars, and whose bases, turned uppermost, form together the lowest ring of the dome. These triangles resting on their points, their tops a quarter of a circle, their sides each half of one of the supporting arches, are called pendentives, from their hanging as it were in the air. Now if the arches whose curves their sides follow are pointed (Fig. 5), the pendentive will be longer than if the arches were round, and, the projection being the same, will not slope so steeply forward; while, if the arches are round, the top part of these pendentives must project actually level, and thin away to nothing. Consequently a dome is more easily placed on pointed arches than on round.

Neither of these styles of Gothic was ever developed. In them the windows and openings always remained round. The domical style with the means at the command of the builders was suited only for small churches, and could not serve the needs of the great towns of the north. The style with waggon vaults was suited only for the south, for churches so constructed were difficult to light. To form an abutment for the massive central vault the lower side aisles had to be carried up to its springing, thus abolishing the clerestory and preventing any light getting into the central nave except from the side aisles, leaving the central vaults dark caverns (Fig. 6). Then the roofs

Fig. 6.

all stone did not do. Water got through their upper surface, as will happen, and filtered through the solid roof in devious courses. The place where it appeared on the inside was no indication of the position of the leak outside; so that it was found necessary, especially when the vaulting became more intricate in form, to make it merely an inner ceiling, protected outside by a simple wooden-framed roof.

Gothic, as we know it, developed in the north of France, in what was called the Royal Domain, comprising Paris, Rheims, Amiens, &c.* At first, their churches being

* Viollet-le-Duc, Dictionnaire de l'Architecture Francaise du XIe au XVIe siècle, Paris, 1854, which gives an admirable account of the history and meaning of Gothic architecture.

large, the builders confined their fireproof constructions to the side-aisles, for they were unable to vault over the wider central portion; nor could they afford to lose the range of windows, or clerestory, as it is called, which lighted this central part, by raising the side-aisles so as to make them abutments to a waggon vault. For this difficulty they found in Roman work a solution which enabled them to vault the central nave and yet preserve the clerestory. By dividing the continuous waggon vault of the nave into square compartments, and running another vault across each compartment, so that the two vaults intersected, as the Romans had done, they concentrated the thrust on the four angles of the compartment, where it was abutted, at first ineffectually by tall buttresses, but with larger experience completely, being carried down to the ground by half an arch above the aisle roofs, to which is given the name of flying buttress. At the same time an arched space was left clear in each compartment of the nave above the aisle roof in which windows could be opened. These improvements are shown in Fig. 7.

Fig. 7.

This form of vaulting is called groining, in contradistinction to the continuous waggon vault, as the masses of the vault are divided and joined at a point like the limbs to the trunk in the human groin.

This system of vaulting it was easy to apply either to the nave, leaving the aisles with wooden roofs, or to the aisles only with wooden roofed nave; but to vault both at the same time, using only the Roman round arch, was a problem of some difficulty. For, if the width of the nave was taken as the size of the square of vaulting, the vaults of the narrower aisles, springing from the piers of the wider nave, become oblong in plan, the arches across the aisles only half the size of those into the nave (Fig. 7), and the vaults rising from these lower arches to the higher ones having an awkward domical appearance.

If, again, the aisle vaults, as well as those of the nave, were made square in plan, each square of the nave corresponding with two squares of the aisles on each side (Fig. 8),

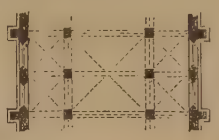

Fig. 8, plan.

the thrust of the nave vault was brought on every second pier only.

Again, if only semicircular arches are used, those across the diagonals of the square of vaulting, being larger and higher than those of the sides of the square, the windows under these cannot be as high as the centre of the vault. Light is thus lost, and a mass of dead wall is needed over the clerestory windows to form a level bearing for the beams of the roof over the central vault. In other positions, also, the round arch was found awkward. Where the piers were close together, as round the apse of a church, the arches resting on them, in order that their crowns might be on the same line as those of the wider arches down the sides of the church, had to be "stilted," as it is called; that is, perched on the top of straight piers, down which their mouldings were continued to the line of the capitals.

By the use of the pointed arch, all those difficulties were got over. By means of it arches of different spans could be made all the same height. By breaking the round arch into two parts, attached by a point at the top, the arch could be widened or narrowed like a pair of compasses, and by adding to the length of the legs in the longer stretches, could be kept the same height as in the narrower stretches.

In this way the determination to render churches fireproof by means of vaulting produced the pointed style of architecture which we call Gothic. In consequence of being so constructed, our old cathedrals have been preserved to us. Canterbury and Chartres, in our own time, Rheims in the sixteenth century, have had their wooden roofs which covered the vaulting destroyed by fire, without injuring the buildings under them.

For some time after the discovery of the pointed arch the width of the nave con-

tinued to be taken as the size of the square of vaulting, the aisles also being vaulted in square compartments, two to each square of the nave on each side. The defect of the thrust of the nave vault coming on each second pier only was partially obviated by springing a subsidiary rib from the intermediate pier, thus dividing the vault into six parts, instead of four, whence this method is called sexpartite vaulting (Fig. 8). Taking the width of the aisles as the size of the square of vaulting, which the use of the pointed arch rendered possible, obviated all difficulties (Fig. 9). The central nave vault

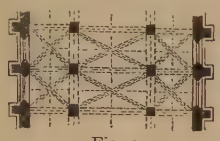

Fig. 9.

became thereby oblong, its length the width of the nave, its breadth the width of the aisles, and the arches across the nave twice the span of those against the clerestory walls, which, springing from the same piers as the nave arcade, were of the same span. (Fig. 10.)

Fig. 10.

The clerestory windows were raised to the full height of the apex of the central vault, sometimes even higher, and the thrust of the vault was equal on each pier. Thus by the use of the pointed arch were completely solved the problems of making both nave and aisles fireproof by vaulting, of bringing the thrust of the vault equally on every pier, and of making the vaults as high at the side walls as in the centre, thus giving height for windows.

Even after the vaults became pointed the windows under them continued round-headed. (Fig. 11.) But a round arch under a pointed

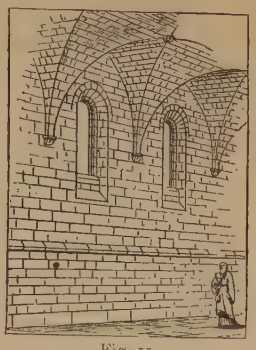

Fig. 11.

one leaves a space something like an arrow-head in shape between them, which it was soon seen could be made available as window. The shapes of the windows were therefore made the same as that of the vaults, and the same form was, from the principles of harmony, carried out everywhere throughout the building.

A new impulse had been given to the art of vaulting by the invention of vaulting ribs. In the Roman groining the angle of the groin consists merely of a line formed by the intersection of the two vaults (see Figs. 7 and 11). The Gothic builders, even while still using the round-arched style, made the angles of the groin strong arch ribs, which form the skeleton of the vaulting, filling in the spaces between these ribs with light flat arching, or even where the distance between the ribs was short, with long stones resting from one rib to another.

These ribs were made to spring each from a separate slender column, one of a cluster. As the style developed the columns and the vaulting ribs coalesced, the capitals dividing them became absorbed, the ribs in late Gothic rising without break from the base of the building to the crown of the arch. The feeling of ascent and growth thus given, with the branching groining ribs meeting overhead, gave rise to the popular theory that Gothic architecture sprang from an imitation of a forest with its spreading branches. The history of the style proves the theory erroneous; yet it is true that it has in it something of the spirit and growth of forest life, as Greek architecture has sympathy with the higher forms of animal life.

The development of the style was doubtless influenced not only by the mechanical

requirements of which we have traced the development, but by the sense of beauty in the mind of its inventors, and by the environment in which they found themselves placed. If, in the problem which they had to solve, they had been guided purely by mathematical principles, they would have found a more perfect solution, not in the pointed but in the elliptical arch. By means of it arches of different spans could have been made to intersect with perfect mathematical accuracy without recourse to the expedient which, in the light of mathematics, is a clumsier one, of vaulting ribs. But in the light of art the result would have been far less beautiful, and even if they had possessed mathematical knowledge sufficient for working out their problem by the use of the elliptical arch, their instinct as artists would have prevented them from adopting it. Besides this, opportunity had made them acquainted with the pointed arch. The Crusades had carried them to the East, which was its birthplace, and where they would see it still in use.

At first the windows were small, leaving large surfaces of wall to be decorated with colour and painting, and the decoration was carried out over the windows also by the use of stained glass. This latter mode of decoration, once introduced, was felt to be so brilliant and charming, that henceforth it ruled the development of the style. The object of every change was to reduce the surface of masonry, and give more space for stained glass. The small windows were put closer together, and the masonry between them reduced to single upright bars of stone, called mullions, narrow on the face, but deep across the plane of the window, so as to give as much opening as possible for glass, at the same time retaining strength. Openings shaped like flowers of three or four, or more leaves, were placed above them; the corners left between were pierced; the stone between these openings was reduced to bars bending round the foliated forms (to which the name of tracery is given); and thus at last one great window was formed, which filled the whole space under the vault (Fig. 10).

These mullioned and traceried windows are one of the most charming features of Gothic architecture, so beautiful in themselves that, like Greek porticos, they have been used even when the causes which led to their adoption do not exist. In large windows, however—especially when these are used in the same building along with smaller ones—a division of their surface by some such means must always remain one of the simplest and most admirable means of producing architectural effect. Windows of all sizes can thus be brought into harmony with each other, an immense advantage in domestic architecture. The architecture of the walls is, as it were, carried over the windows by bars of stone, giving them greater strength, and solidity, and interest, than if they remained mere great holes in the wall.

The form of these stone bars will naturally partake of the constructive lines of the architecture. Under vaultings they will be curved, but when the architectural construction is altogether in perpendicular and horizontal straight lines, as in our ordinary domestic architecture, the straight form which bars of stone naturally take will be simpler and more suitable.

Gothic architecture had a magnificent opportunity of development in the construction of the great cathedrals, which, in France, were all built at the end of the twelfth and beginning of the thirteenth centuries.

These were civil as well as ecclesiastical buildings; in fact, the distinction between the two provinces was a thing unknown at the time, and is wholly a modern idea, which we never probably would have had, except for the differences in religious belief which arose among us at the Reformation. The State is merely the community acting in combination for those purposes in which combined action is more convenient than individual. With us these are now almost confined to justice, police, war, and possibly education. But when religious belief was uniform, as in the Middle Ages, State action included religion. The bishops and abbots were feudal barons, with civil jurisdiction; and, on the other hand, all State action had some religious character and sanction. The cathedrals were the great meeting-places of the city, used for secular purposes, such as the administration of justice, and even for histrionic performances* (which, again, were religious in character), as well as for mass.

They sprung up just after the towns, along with the right to have walls, had attained freedom and privileges, in fact, as monuments of these and as rivals to the great castles of the lay, and the monasteries of the religious barons. The bishops and secular clergy went heartily with the movement, thereby asserting for themselves the power and importance which had been largely absorbed by the monasteries. All the important towns seemed seized with a mania to rebuild their cathe-

* Viollet-le-Duc. Dictionnaire de l'Architecture.

drals with a magnificence unknown before. The new architecture, taking nothing for granted, governed only by logical necessities of construction, is an expression of the rationalism of which Abelard sowed the seed in modern thought, though devoted, like him, to the service of the Church. Their architects were laymen, for the most part, as in several instances we know from their names, and the representations which occur of some in the lay dress. In fact, the regular clergy—those living under a rule, or monks, who had hitherto been the sole depositaries of art and culture—disliked the movement; naturally so, for it meant that their use, and consequently their importance, was gone; and they continued to practise still, after pointed architecture was invented, their own old round-arched style.

This is the reason why the architecture of the French cathedrals is in almost every instance pointed, while in England it is generally round-arched. In France the cathedrals were rebuilt in the new style. In England, in accordance with our spirit of compromise, our cathedrals were generally monasteries or minsters as well.

The main characteristics of Gothic are its system of pointed vaulting and traceried windows, filled with stained glass. The former, in the course of development, led to other peculiar features, such as the clusters of slender columns, each carrying a vaulting rib, by which the lines of the ceiling were carried down to the floor, giving the feeling of height and ascending growth; to harmonize with which, and not from any necessities of structure or of climate, the roofs were made steep and sharply pointed. The style possessed also a beautiful and vigorous style of carving, founded on natural foliage, and truthful and admirable modes of metal work.

The change to copying natural foliage for architectural ornament, instead of the carving of wild grotesques of the earlier round-arched style, which the Benedictines of Cluny carried to its greatest excess, is due not only to the decay of barbarism, and the growth of civilisation and refinement, but to the denunciations of St. Bernard. Preaching at Vezelay, where we can still see them, "what business," he asked, "had these devils and monstrosities in Christian churches, taking off the attention of the monks from their prayers?" In the churches of the Cistercian order which he founded, his puritanism forbad ornament altogether, which does not, however, divest them of their art, but produces the manliest and severest type of Gothic. When the artistic genius of the people was untrammelled, it produced the exuberance of decoration inspired by the appreciation of the beauty of foliage, which usually characterizes the style.

This cathedral-building mania (which was really analogous to the railway mania of our own day) lasted in France just about eighty years, the cities then ceasing to find that their privileges and the importance of the clergy (even of the secular clergy) were identical. Strifes arose, the clergy forbad the use of the cathedral bells for town meetings; the building impetus stopped before a single cathedral was finished, and though parts have since been built, most of them are unfinished, and not one has been completed according to the original design.

The style thus developed was, of course, used for other purposes than churches. The possibility of building in any other style than the prevalent one, or even the existence of any other, was inconceivable in times when Roman emperors were represented sitting under pointed arches; and the scenes of the New Testament were conceived of as transacted in mediæval cities, by people dressed in mediæval costume.*

Castles and houses were therefore built in Gothic, and the mouldings and minor ornaments were the same as in churches. Pointed windows and tracery, however, from the first it was found necessary to modify; while between vaulted floors when height was valuable, flat arches, segments of a circle, were adopted.

It may be urged against the statement that vaulting is an essential of Gothic architecture, that Gothic churches, as well as domestic buildings, in England especially, frequently had wooden ceilings, and this not always from economy, but even, as in St. Stephen's Chapel at Westminster,† where the wealth of English art was lavished. This, however, does not disprove the fact that the pointed style arose from vaulting necessities; and, indeed, to the use of wooden roofs in England may, I think, be traced the abandonment of the pointed arch, and the adoption of the flattened perpendicular form; while in France, where the use of vaulting was continued, the pointed arch

* One of the most curious instances of this dormancy of the historical faculty occurs in a picture at Antwerp of our Lord bearing his cross, in which the "stations" are marked by the usual crosses. A Calvary without the "stations" was inconceivable.

† Destroyed by Sir Charles Barry, from a regard for harmony, the style being earlier than that which he was using in the Houses of Parliament.

also was retained to the last. The wooden ceiling left the walls divided into square-headed spaces (instead of the arched ones under the vaulting), which a pointed window could not fill (Fig. 11). The window arch formed with the straight, level cornice, awkward corner spaces, called spandrils, which there was always a difficulty to know what to do with. So the haunches of the arch were raised, making the window nearly square-headed, and adding the space occupied by the spandril to the amount of stained glass (Fig. 12).

Fig. 11.

Fig. 12.

In every instance, in fact, in the history of the style in which the use of pointed vaulting was given up, the abandonment of the pointed arch sooner or later followed.

An explanation of the development of Gothic architecture, such as we have attempted to give, showing its principles, and the purposes which it was created to serve, enables us to form an opinion as to its suitableness for our domestic architecture.

It disposes at once of several invalid and absurd arguments against our using Gothic. It has been asserted that the style is gloomy and dark, and does not give sufficient light. Now, one of its chief characteristics, as has been shown, is that it is all window—that the main aim in its development was to reduce the surface of the wall, and increase the space for stained glass. No doubt old Gothic castles had little window-light, and this characteristic, adopted for purposes of defence, has been sometimes foolishly copied in modern Gothic houses; but it is plain that it is no essential of the style.

Again, it is called a barbarous product of the dark ages, when the people were serfs; and one of the means by which a rich and powerful clergy kept them in ignorance and darkness. On the contrary, it was the product of the revived intelligence of the people, the outcome and sign of their civil freedom; and it gives evidence of a development of art, of skill and refinement and grandeur in building, such as we are incapable of furnishing.

It is said to be a style purely ecclesiastical; it was just as much civil. It was in fact, in its origin, the lay style of architecture, as distinguished from the religious or monastic.* That in England and in Scotland the monastic buildings are frequently of pointed architecture, is due to the fact that the development of the monastic system took place later with us than in France, and after the Gothic style was formed.

Is there, however, anything in the Gothic style which makes it (as is often asserted) more suitable than any other for our modern houses?

For this, it is not sufficient that it may appear to us more beautiful than any other. Our grandfathers thought Greek porticoes so beautiful, that they were willing to block up their window-light to have them. We see now that this practice was absurd (though Mr. Ayrton has repeated it in his new Post-Office); that it destroys not only the expression of truth in the houses, but the beauty of the portico, by using it where it has no meaning. No architecture can be satisfactory, even from an artistic point of view, whose forms are not founded on use.

Of the various characteristics which make up Gothic architecture, its system of vaulting does not suit our ordinary domestic requirements. For great halls, where any amount of height can be given, the height occupied by the pointed vault is no disadvantage. But in a building divided into storeys, as our houses are, it is; and if in special buildings we want fireproof construction, we can get it conveniently and cheaply by means of iron and brick, or concrete, in the usual thickness of a floor, without the loss of space which would be involved between the springing of the vault and a level floor over its crown.

In the modern revival of the style, however, in not one in a hundred of the thousands of our churches,† and in houses still seldomer, has any attempt been made to revive the vaulting. It is therefore hardly necessary to urge that a thing is unsuitable for us which we are never likely to use. Nor would the system of vaulting by flat arches be tolerated by us inside our houses. It is grand, but would be thought prison-like and dismal, and, from its expense, could never come into general use.

* See the evidence given by M. Viollet-le-Duc, "Dictionnaire Architecture."

† Modern French churches are often vaulted in stone.

In fact, in the application of Gothic to house-building, from the earliest period the pointed arch was dispensed with. In a house at Rheims, called the House of the Musicians, from the statues in pointed niches between the windows, which was built between the years 1240 and 1250, during the highest development of the pointed style, while the pointed arch is used for all the decorative features—such as the niches and the range supporting the cornice, it is frankly abandoned in the windows, where the form would have been unpractical. Numerous instances occur where the pointed arch is retained over the windows, but the window openings are square. The glass was set in wooden frames, so as to open like shutters; and the architects were too sensible to attempt to make these in such an awkward form for wood construction as a pointed arch. In another form of window common in old domestic Gothic, the pointed arch is purely ornamental, carved on a simple straight lintel. Even when in great halls, built for civil and domestic purposes, pointed vaults and consequently pointed windows were used, the lower lights of such windows being arranged to open for air and view, were always square-headed.

From these examples of the practice of mediæval architects in domestic buildings, it is obvious that if we adopt Gothic architecture for our houses now, we ought to dispense with the use of the pointed arch.

Yet, as in all copying, it is the form, and not the spirit of the original, which is apt to be retained, our architects and builders think they are working in the Gothic style when they stick a pointed arch where it is not wanted, and means nothing—possibly an arch one brick thick, on the face of a wall supported by a wooden lintel inside—while the whole construction and details of the house follow the ordinary classic traditions.

Old Gothic attempted honestly and fearlessly whatever use or necessity dictated. It has always the merit of truthful and apparent construction. But this also to some extent unfits the style for modern use. It involves, unless when money could be lavished in decoration, an appearance of severity which does not accord with our modern feelings, and is least appreciated by the poorer and less educated, in whose houses, did we attempt really to carry out the principles of the style, it would be thoroughly disliked. Even in houses where no expense is spared, we should not like the appearance, however truthful it might be, of stone arches inside our rooms.

Moreover truthfulness of construction cannot be classed among the excellences of modern Gothic. The copiers of the style, after the manner of copyists, are very apt in their zeal for its forms to neglect its spirit. Few better illustrations of this could be given than the polished oak boxes given as wedding presents, with magnificent brass hinges meandering over them, which make it seem as if no amount of wear or ill-usage could separate the lid. Unfortunately, those great hinges have no joint; the work is done by a little feeble one, which it is attempted to conceal, fastened by two minute screw-nails; so that, with all its appearance of massive strength, the lid could be prised open with a penknife. Of course a hinge is stronger if the tail is well fastened to the wood, and the old architects spread the hinges all over their church doors, in all sorts of playful, twisted forms; but this was always the strengthening of a real hinge. So different is the modern Gothic practice of ornamental door hinges, that the workmen's ordinary name for these is "the shams."

Again, why should Gothic grates have "fire dogs?" Before the forests were cut down, in the great old open hearths, in the days when people burnt wood, they were necessary for resting the logs on, to let air under them to keep them burning; but it is sham Gothic to stick them on a grate for burning coals. And why should our gaseliers be made like the old coronas or crowns? These were great rings or hoops, suspended from the ceiling, with candles stuck round the circle. When the gaselier is very large, and the lights numerous, this may still be a convenient arrangement for gas-lights; but in a four-light dining-room gaselier, the brass hoop is perfectly useless, and it obstructs a deal of light. Such a design, while a revival of a Gothic form, is contrary to the spirit of the style.

It is seldom that architecture attaining its ideal has founded itself strictly on constructive necessities, using such ornament as could consistently be added, and no other. The human mind moves so slowly, and sticks to old habits so long, that for centuries after a nation has given up wood construction, we find it copying wooden forms in stone buildings. In the gateways of Hindoo Topes,* enormous trouble and expense has been taken to procure posts and cross-bars of stones like long logs of wood; and of course the nail-heads, which

* See photographs in Fergusson's "Tree and Serpent Worship."

in wooden construction fastened the logs, are carefully carved in the stone. Even in Greek architecture, the triglyphs which divide the frieze into spaces are said to be the reminiscence of the notched ends of the wooden beams of the roof. As to Roman architecture, its decoration has nothing to do with its construction, but is the artistic expression of a wholly different one. In fact, the history of all arts and ornament consists very much in tracing ornamental forms back to some long-forgotten use which gave rise to them. Illustrations without end might be given of this, but the following, though slight, are as good as any. The holes arranged in waves and zigzags on the toe-caps of shooting-boots are the reminiscence of the old Highland brogues of untanned leather, which allowed the water to soak through them, and consequently had to be provided with little holes at the toes, where it squirted out again with the pressure of each step. Again, the bands on the backs of books have similarly now no constructive use, except in some of the best-bound books, in which they still cover the cords to which the pages are sewed. Such features in an art are not unnatural; on the contrary they are analogous to the imperfectly developed organs of animals which in the ancestors of the species had performed functions now superseded from change of habit and development of the organism.

To the old Gothic architecture belongs the almost singular merit of perfect truthfulness. When a form ceased to have meaning, it was frankly given up; people did not, as in most other styles, weakly cling to the dead carcase. This evidences, instead of the ignorance and darkness usually attributed to the Middle Ages, a freshness and independence of thought rare in the history of humanity, and a wealth of artistic conception employed in making every new necessity beautiful, which few races have possessed. If we could but do likewise, the result of working on the principles of Gothic architecture would be something very different from pointed Gothic. We should have no pointed windows, and quatrefoils, and buttresses which receive no thrust. We should not have in stonework chamfer stops at the angles of windows, simulating wooden framed work; and all sorts of ugly and unmeaning notchings; and roofs so steep, that they endanger men's lives.*

* In old buildings these steep roofs had usually a parapet at the cornice, which saved any workman, slipping on them, from falling over the wall.

We should ruthlessly abandon forms that are unsuitable, which are not developed by our modern necessities, even though we love and admire them for their beauty. Can it be said that the Gothic revival has exhibited these signs of the true Gothic spirit? On the whole, certainly not; and we fear that such vices as appear in it are almost inseparable from the attempt to apply a thirteenth-century style to nineteenth-century use; that the Gothic style is, in fact, *the artistic expression of an obsolete mode of construction.*

Must we then give up hope of having a style of architecture suitable for our dwelling-houses, fitted for our use, and true and beautiful in point of art? Gothic does not answer our requirements, while the common builders' style, which is that of the houses most of us must live in, though the growth of our wants, and therefore in the main suited to them, becomes yearly more degraded and ugly.

"Why don't architects invent a new style?" say some. We might almost as reasonably ask grammarians to invent a new language. The time needed for the development of the great old styles of architecture is measured in centuries, not in years, and though in the present day our thoughts move faster, this but makes us liable to see-saw from one style to another without any real progress, instead of sticking to a single style and steadily improving it.

"But what style should we adopt?" As well ask what language must we adopt. We cannot alter our history and our birth. As there is a common language which every one more or less understands, so there is a common architecture which arose with the growth of modern thought, and has been the architectural style of the country for the last three centuries, which every builder naturally follows, which every workman has been apprenticed to, and more or less understands. But while our language has been kept up to a reasonable mark of artistic excellence by a high standard of criticism and the constant efforts of educated minds, our vernacular architecture is characterized by the vulgarity and commonplaceness of the men in whose hands it has been left. The interest of refined and educated minds for the last thirty years has been directed not to improving the vernacular style, but to the hopeless attempt of supplanting it by another, which appeared at first to flourish, but has not taken root in the soil of the country.

JOHN J. STEVENSON.

"THE STORM OF LIFE."

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THE STORM OF LIFE.

By HESBA STRETTON, Author of "Jessica's First Prayer," etc.

CHAPTER V.—A FAIR WIND.

It was a large, old-fashioned chaise, with a hood covering the seat and half concealing the driver; but Rachel knew it, and knew who was driving it, the instant it came in sight. She would have willingly walked miles out of her way to have escaped meeting it. But there was no escape; the high hedges on either side forbade any attempt to force a way through them, and the carriage must overtake her in a minute or two, however quickly she walked on. She turned her back towards it, and bent her face over Rosy, but as the wheels moved slowly over the crackling road she heard them coming to a standstill opposite to her.

"Why! Rachel Trevor!" exclaimed a quick, agitated voice.

Rachel drooped her head till her face was quite hidden upon her child's shoulder as she listened for the carriage wheels to move on more quickly than before; but there was no sound for a minute or two, except the impatient pawing of the horse's hoof on the hard ground.

"I thought," said the voice again, "that you were some poor woman who would be glad of a lift this bitter day. Where are you going to, Rachel?"

"Oh, I don't know," she cried bitterly, "I don't know where me and Rosy can go. There's no place for us as I can think of."

"I'm going to the station," said the lady, who was driving in the chaise alone, "get up beside me, and let us talk about it as we go along."

"Not me, ma'am," cried Rachel, "not me!"

"Yes, you," she answered, "here, lift your child up to me quickly, and get in yourself. I did not know your time was up, Rachel."

"Oh! I can't take your kindness," murmured Rachel, "when I've robbed you and wronged you——"

"Ought you to take God's kindness, then?" asked the lady; "you sinned against Him more than against my husband and me. Come; your little girl will perish with cold."

Almost against her will, Rachel carried Rosy to the chaise and lifted her up to the lady, who wrapped a thick shawl about her, and put her into her mother's lap as soon as she was seated. Rachel's eyes were filled with tears; but she dared not open her lips. The last time she had seen her former mistress was when she had borne witness against her on her trial, and completely broken down her plea of "Not Guilty." But for her clear evidence she might have escaped from the consequences of her sin. She had appeared to be a pitiless enemy to her; but there was no enmity in the grave, thoughtful face beside her now.

"Your husband was transported," said Mrs. Curtis, after a long silence, "and cannot return for another three or four years, if he ever comes back. How do you intend to earn a living?"

"I can work," she answered, in a tremulous voice, "and I'm willing to do anything."

"Ah! but you have no character," said her mistress. "I have been thinking of you often since your chaplain wrote to me and said he had great hopes of you. You told him you believed in our Lord Jesus Christ. Do you, Rachel?"

"I haven't got any book-learning," said Rachel, anxiously, "but I believe God gave us his dear Son for us to try to be like Him, and He's longing for us to love Him and to be good, and never sin, never no more. I don't know much about Jesus Christ, ma'am; where He used to live, nor what He said, nor the things He did, because I can't read quite perfect yet; but the chaplain said He loved me so that He'd died for me; and I'd like to do something back again, however hard it is, for love's sake."

Rachel had found it difficult to speak for the trembling in her voice, and she pressed Rosy closer to her to give her courage. She wished her mistress to know that she was not the same hardened, unprincipled woman she had been before her imprisonment; and yet she was afraid of saying more than she ought to say about the Lord and Saviour, whose name she felt unworthy to utter. Mrs. Curtis looked at her pale, sad face in silent surprise. Could this be indeed the wild, giddy, and ungrateful girl, who had taken advantage of her former position as her servant to lead a band of burglars into her house?

"Rachel," she said at last, "if you truly believe in Christ, you will show it in your future life. You'll find plenty to do to show your love for Him. I know a lady in London who takes strong and active women of good character out of England to countries where they can get their living easily. I will write to her, telling everything, and ask if she can help you in any way. If she will take you, I will try to pay your passage out, with your little girl. You had better go at once; this very day. I will drive you to the station, and in four hours you will be in London. My husband would not approve of my taking you home, or even of my helping you in this way; for he will never recover the shock of that night, and he cannot forgive you. You must not even write to me, for it would excite and distress him. Rachel, you know how feeble in health he was before that night, and he will never again be as well as he was then."

"I never thought of it," cried Rachel; "they were always telling me how clever I was, and when I said how easy it 'ud be to get into the hall, they snapped at it. I hope I shan't see any of them in London. They came from London mostly, and I'm almost frightened of going there."

"It will only be for a day or two probably," answered Mrs. Curtis. Miss Murray will see to it. I will write to her at my bookseller's in the town, whilst you and the child go on to the station. I do not wish any one to see you with me, lest my poor husband should get to hear what I have done."

"I wish I could ask him to forgive me," said Rachel sorrowfully; "he was very kind to me when I waited on him. I didn't think what I was doing."

Now she looked at her mistress she could see how much older and sadder she seemed than in former times, and how white her hair had grown. Deep lines of care and anxiety were graved on her face, and her eyes were sunken as if with much watching and many tears. She could not bear to think that she had been the cause of this trouble.

"We have never known a night's rest since," said Mrs. Curtis, as if she had seen Rachel's thoughts, and wished to deepen her regret and penitence. "Many, many times, at the least sound, I am compelled for his sake to go round the house and see that all is safe. Sometimes I fear he will lose his reason. No, Rachel, you did not know what you were doing, or even you and your comrades would have had pity on us. But I forgive you, and, please God, my poor husband will be brought to forgive you by-and-by. You must make up for it by being good now."

"Be good!" Those were the very words the chaplain's letter ended with. Now her mistress said the same. If she could only do something to make up for her bad life, and the sorrow she had caused in the world, she would be ready to die. Rosy should grow up a good girl at any rate; she should learn about God, and Jesus, and heaven, from any one who could teach her. For Rosy's sake, she herself would never fall into sin again. When Mrs. Curtis put them down from the carriage at the entrance to the town, Rachel walked through the streets with a firm, steady tread, as if every step she took towards the station brought her nearer to that new and better life which lay before her in London. By-and-by Mrs. Curtis came down to the station after them, with the letter she had written to Miss Murray. There was only time enough for them to get some food in the refreshment room, and then the train came in which was to carry them away from their friend. Rachel's heart beat fast with hope, and sorrow, and gratitude. She could only grasp the hand of her mistress between both her own, and stooping down hurriedly, pressed her lips upon it.

"Good-bye, Rachel," said Mrs. Curtis, "remember to be good!" The train started, and Rachel leaned out of the window to catch a last glimpse of her grave, gentle face. Yes, she would remember. Nothing could ever make her forget her sin, and its bitter harvest to herself and others. What had any one gained by their crime? Her husband was still a prisoner; she had suffered a long penalty; Rosy had lost her happy childhood in a workhouse. Now she saw what misery she had brought upon her kind mistress, and the master who had never injured her. As for herself, there was a black

blot upon her life, which no tears could ever wash away. Even her child knew that her mother had been a wicked woman, and must remember it against her till her dying day. How could she ever forget? Would anybody forget? Would God Himself forget her sins?

Yet how good the chaplain and Mrs. Curtis had been to her, though they had known all about her wickedness, even though her mistress was suffering constantly because of it! If she could forgive her, was it not sure that God would forgive her? Her mistress had seemed to feel gladness in forgiving her, and a smile had shone out on her face when she had waved her hand to Rachel at the last moment. Surely God would not be angry with her all her life. She recollected hearing a verse out of the Bible, "He will not keep his anger for ever." She could believe it now Mrs. Curtis had plainly forgiven her, and befriended her, in spite of all. Rosy was on her lap, sheltered warmly in the shawl which had been wrapped round her by her mistress, and asleep with her head on her mother's bosom. The new life had begun, and it seemed to Rachel that it would be easy to be good.

CHAPTER VI.—CROSS CURRENTS.

THE short day was ended when Rachel, with her tired child, reached London. It was the first day Rosy could recollect spending outside the workhouse and its square walled-in playground. She was bewildered and fretful, and her old childish dread of the wicked woman who called herself her mother came back when she found herself alone with her in a strange place. She cried bitterly for the only home she had ever known, till Rachel did not know what to do with her. If she had been a baby still, she could have cradled her in her arms, and carried her gently through the crowded and bustling streets, where the passers-by were constantly jostling against them. Rosy pattered along the pavement beside her, through the slush of the melted snow, making her heart ache with her quiet wretchedness. She spoke cheerily and tenderly to her, but Rosy did not answer, or only answered by a sob.

Still this cold, comfortless tramp along the slushy causeways would not last long. One of the porters at the station had read the address of the letter she carried for Miss Murray, and told her how to find the place in a street not very far away. Now and then she ventured to stop some poor person like herself to ask if she was in the right direction, and everybody told her it was close at hand. Yet it seemed a long while before she found it. But it was reached at last, and Rachel saw a small boot and shoe shop, with a narrow frontage of building rising five or six storeys above, and appearing to be squeezed in between two larger houses of business. It did not look a very important place, and Rachel entered it more confidently. There was a young woman behind the counter, and a customer turning over some ready-made shoes. The assistant glanced at the name on the letter, and tossed it back to Rachel.

"Gone away from here," she said carelessly; "left five months ago. I think she went off to Australia, or somewhere else, with a batch of servant girls. Anyhow, she's gone, and I don't know anything about her."

Rachel stood dumb for a minute. No difficulty about finding Miss Murray had crossed her mind, so fully had she depended upon Mrs. Curtis's letter smoothing every trouble of that kind out of her way. But here was a serious perplexity. She did not know a soul in London; she had not any idea where she could find a shelter for the night; and, like many country people, vague fears possessed her about untold dangers which awaited strangers. Lingering till the customers were gone, she spoke again to the girl behind the counter.

"Is there anybody that 'ud be likely to know?" she asked nervously. "I'm just come from the country, and my old mistress gave me this letter for Miss Murray to find me a place at once, where me and my little girl could sleep to-night. Maybe somebody in the house could tell me where to look for her."

"Oh dear no!" answered the assistant. "She only had her office here; she lived out somewhere in the country, I think. They're all strangers in the house now, and we know nothing about her. We've had no end of bother with servant girls coming after her. There's lots of lodging-houses everywhere, if you only keep your eyes open; or you can ask a policeman to tell you where to find one. It's quite easy. There! Good night."

Rachel felt that she must go, though her heart sank at leaving the only spot in London where she seemed to have some right to be. Rosy was beginning to cry again; and her first pressing care was to find as quickly as possible some decent lodging, if she only knew where to look for

it. Mrs. Curtis had given her some money, and the sovereign the chaplain had sent for her remained unchanged; there was no immediate anxiety about means. Her dress, too, and that of her child, was tidy enough for poor people; but she hesitated a long while before she could make up her mind to ask a policeman, feeling half afraid that in some way he would know that she had been in jail. Yet when she ventured to stop one, he answered her so mildly, and gave her such careful directions where to go, that she was quite reassured. Right thankful she was when she could undress Rosy, for the first time for so many years, and lay her softly down in bed, where her sobbing was soon lost in sleep. Though she could not fall asleep herself, until she had been lying awake for hours, pondering over the sore strait she was in, she felt a strange happiness in listening to Rosy's regular breathing, and in feeling her lying, soft and warm, in her arms.

"Do you know anywhere I could look for work?" asked Rachel, the next morning from the woman who kept the lodging-house. All the other lodgers had gone, and it was plain that Rachel and Rosy were not expected to stay during the daytime.

"Work!" repeated the woman. "There's a great want of work in London. Folks crowd in so in the winter, and they're all crying out for work. I'm a summer waistcoat-stitcher myself. I haven't had a day's sewing since September. What sort of work do you want?"

"Anything," answered Rachel; "sewing, or cleaning, or washing; anything. I've been a house servant, and there isn't an idle bone in my body. My mistress 'ud say that much for me."

"And you've got a character?" she asked. "These letters are your character, maybe?"

Rachel held both letters in her hand—the chaplain's and the one for Miss Murray. But neither of these would procure her work; her sad story was too plainly told in them. She put them hastily out of sight into her pocket.

"No; those aren't my characters," she answered. "Must I have one before I can get work?"

"Not much chance without, and not much better chance with," said the woman.

"I'll go and try," said Rachel, "if you'll let me leave Rosy with your children. I can but write to my mistress in a day or two, and I've plenty of money for a while."

"Oh! ay! you may leave your little girl," said the woman civilly; "and you'll want your bed again to-night?"

"To be sure," she answered. She could hardly bear to let Rosy be out of her sight, especially in this strange, busy place; yet she could not take her to tramp about the cold streets. The search for work might be a long and toilsome one. She was ready for work of any kind. She was strong and industrious; her appearance was pleasant, and her voice and manner were gentle. There was nothing to prevent her taking a place as a valuable servant; nothing except the dark past, and Rosy.

But when she found herself in the streets she felt bewildered and confused. Now Rosy was not with her, demanding her constant thought and care, she was stunned by the noise, and dazed by the myriads of people passing and re-passing. She did not know where to turn or how to set about seeking for employment. Now and then she ventured to speak to some ill-clad, broken-down woman of middle age, whose face bore the traces of hard work and patient struggling with poverty, and in her soft country voice Rachel asked each of them where she could find something to do, and how they managed to earn a living. But there was little information and less comfort to be gathered from what they told her. Times were bad and work was very scarce for women, except domestic service, and that was not open to Rachel.

"Die rather than fall into sin!" These words seemed to ring in her ears, through all the din and noise of the city streets. She repeated them to herself mechanically almost without knowing what she was saying. To her ears the church bells seemed to chime them, and the hoofs of the horses passing by echoed them—"Die rather than fall into sin!" There was sin enough in the city, but there did not appear to be any work for her.

It was some days before Rachel could determine to write to her mistress, for Mrs. Curtis had told her distinctly not to write to her, lest the letter should excite and anger her husband. But at length her hopelessness grew too heavy for her to bear, and she resolved to venture upon making known her difficulties. She could write but slowly, for she had not had much practice in jail, and then it had been chiefly in copying hymns and texts on her slate. But after a long effort she wrote the following letter:—

"DEAR MISTRESS,—This comes hoping to find you well, as it leaves me at present,

thank God for it. Dear mistress, I am very unhappy, or I would not write to you for fear of the master. I hope he won't see it. Miss Murray is gone away from that place, and they say she went to Australia. Rosy and me are living in a lodging-house, and my money is almost done, and I cannot find work anywhere. I know I deserve it all, but Rosy never did any wrong, and I can't bear to see her suffer. Sometimes I think I ought to have left her in the house and gone away to shift for myself by myself. But I can't part with her again, never. I'd rather starve with Rosy than I'd be like the queen without her. I'll work my fingers to the bone once I get work to do, so as I can keep her happy and get her eyesight seen to. The woman that keeps the lodging-house says there are proper places here, hospitals for the eyes, and the doctors can cure Rosy only by looking at her. It was being in the house made her blind, and I'm not content to take her into the house again. Dear mistress, if you can do anything for us, we are very poor, and my money's near gone. Please God, I'll be a good woman and honest woman yet, to show I'm in earnest and not making believe. So no more at present from your poor servant,

"Rachel Trevor."

Poor Rachel! She wrapped up her letter, and directed it very carefully, and dropped it into the post-office with an anxious yet hopeful heart. But she had never thought of putting in the address of the lodging-house where she was staying. This was the first letter she had ever written, and her mind was so full of the trouble she was writing about that she forgot the most important thing, after all. Mrs. Curtis received it safely; but there was no chance of answering it, and with warm, pitying tears shed upon it, she was obliged to lock it away out of sight, and through the wintry nights and bleak days of spring, she often wondered what had become of Rachel and her child.

CHAPTER VII.—IN THE TEETH OF THE STORM.

What had become of her? Day after day passed by while she looked for a letter from her old mistress, and very slowly died away the hope of having one. Her small store of money dwindled, though she laid it out most jealously and never satisfied her own hunger, in the dread of soon not being able to satisfy Rosy's. At last they were obliged to quit their lodgings, and drifted down to casual wards and night refuges, where there was nothing to pay, but where they could only find shelter for the night. All day long they loitered about the streets, hiding from the rain and sleet in the door-ways of empty houses or under the arches of some bridge. They were not alone in their poverty, everywhere there were women and children as wretched as themselves, who would often share with them a crust of bread, or give them information as to where they could secure a resting-place for the night. Rosy grew thinner, and the outfit she had brought away from the workhouse was already wearing into tatters, for there was no chance for Rachel to keep them clean and mended. Her eyes were certainly worse from constant exposure to the winter's cold and from want of nourishing food. But she had grown fond of her mother, the poor, broken-hearted mother, who was never weary of caressing her, and of shielding her as far as possible from suffering. She clung to Rachel, and in spite of cold, and hunger, and weariness, she cried bitterly if any word was spoken of her going back into the workhouse.

This was the dread that lay nearest to Rachel's heart. She could not let Rosy go. Yet if she did not find regular work soon, they must apply for parish relief and go into the house and be parted. It was a thought of untold misery. Already her sin had cost her some years of her little girl's life; she had lost altogether her baby with its golden curls and pretty laughing face, and now, if Rosy and she must be separated, who would see her growing up? who would be tender and gentle to her? who would teach her to be a better woman than she had been? When Rosy, in her childish voice, sang the hymns she had learned, with her arms round her mother's neck, or knelt at her knee and said "Our Father," Rachel felt that she could not be overcome by temptation. But if Rosy was gone, why, the poverty and the misery would grow too strong for her. There were so many open roads back into sin; there did not seem to be one leading to honesty and good.

Rachel was wrong; but she was wrong through ignorance. It was no wonder that she began to think it could not be true that God saw her. When Hagar was wandering in the wilderness, and the water was spent, and her child lying under the shrubs was dying of thirst, while she went and sat her down a good way off, that she might not see him die, her heart was too heavy to remember that she had cried, "Thou, God, seest me," when she was alone in her trouble.

The child's sufferings made her blind, and deaf, and dead to all other things. It was when the angel of God called to her out of heaven, telling her that God himself had heard the voice of the child crying under the shrubs, that her eyes were opened, and she saw a well of water close by. God had heard, not her cry, but the child's. Rachel, too, was blinded by Rosy's misery. If God would but hear Rosy's voice, then she would know for certain, "Thou, God, seest me."

She could not watch Rosy dying. They had been some weeks in London now, and a deep despair was settling down upon Rachel. She had seen the sunset, and the lamps lit one evening, late in February, and a thin chilly mist was creeping through every street in the city. They had been singing along a quiet street, where there was no great rattle of wheels, but not a single person had glanced through door or window, nor had any passer-by dropped a penny into her hand, or Rosy's. The child was beginning to cough now, and could sing no more. They had reached the last depths of wretchedness, beyond which there could be nothing lower, unless she fell into sin. Where were they to go for the night? By this hour all the casual wards and refuges would be full; and, besides, Rachel felt that it was useless to go on any longer, starving and shivering all day, with but a slender hope of shelter at night. They had never yet passed a night out of doors, under the wintry sky; but she had talked with women who had, women, whose children had crouched and cowered about their knees, vainly crying to be warmed and fed. She had no longer strength to bear up against her despair.

They wandered on slowly and aimlessly; Rachel hardly knowing that they were moving at all. Rosy's cold hand was in hers; a little, thin, icy hand, which could not be much colder if the child were dead. All the weakness, and the helplessness, and the wretchedness of her little daughter seemed to pass into herself, and was tenfold heavier to bear than her own misery. They might have been in a wilderness, with no man near them. There was no one who cared for them; no hand held out to them. All the voices that passed by spoke no word to them. There were firesides only within the houses, but there was no place for them anywhere. Thousands of homes were there; but they were homeless. Nothing belonged to them, except the darkness, and their hunger, and their weariness.

Rachel started up from these miserable, half-felt thoughts; and found that their feet had strayed on to one of the bridges which crossed the river. The mist hid the water from them; but it was there, below, swift and dark. Only one step over, into the mist, and all her sufferings, and Rosy's, would be ended. Then she would neither be parted from her child, nor yet see her die. They would be together, locked fast in each other's arms. If God really saw them, He did not care. "Die rather than fall into sin," said the chaplain's letter. Well! she was going to die.

Yet, she would like to nurse Rosy on her lap again for a few minutes; and feel her arms about her neck. She had missed it so whilst she was in jail. And Rosy must say, "Our Father" once more, before she fell asleep for the last, last time. Oh! if it had but been true that God loved her! She did not want to die. It was the dread of dying slowly, and first seeing Rosy pining away, that was urging her on to end it all. There was no honest way of keeping in life; and there was no chance for her.

She had sat down in one of the recesses of the bridge, and taken Rosy on her lap. But just as the child, with folded hands, had begun to say, "Our Father," a policeman came up and stood over them, tall and threatening.

"Come now," he said, "I've got my eye on you. You'll not try on any tricks here this night. We've had too much bother with young women like you these last few days. So just move on, will you? and I'll take care to see you off this bridge. I promise you."

Rachel rose up silently, and moved away, closely followed by the policeman, till she had crossed the river. A sullen recklessness had taken possession of her. They would neither let her live honestly, nor die. Well, then! her husband and his comrades had always told her how clever she was, and how well her pleasant face and manner would help her to get a living. She was forced to go back to the old ways, and who could blame her?

They had turned down a street, with small houses on each side, some of them shops, and some evidently the homes of working people earning good wages. The mist was no thicker than earlier in the evening; but the chilling damp of it wrapped about them, as if it had been the cold flood of the dark river itself. There was not a person in sight; and only one or two had passed them since they turned into the street. All at once the pleasant scent of new bread fresh from the

oven smote upon her craving hunger, and, at the same instant, Rosy clutched her hand convulsively, crying, "Look there, mother!"

A boy was passing them with a large basket on his arm, and he was opening the lid to break off morsels of the brown crisp crust to feast upon as he walked along. Her own gnawing hunger and Rosy's eager cry were too strong to be conquered. She snatched the basket out of the lad's grasp, and holding her child's hand firmly in her own, set off to run as swiftly as she could drag her along, towards the corner of another street, which was not very far away.

But the boy set up so quick and shrill a cry, that before she had run a dozen yards, she felt a man's strong grasp upon her arm from which it was in vain to try to escape. Rachel stood as if she had been turned into stone. She knew that all was over now—all was lost. She could not open her parched lips to utter a word. There was no hope for her. The old round of prison-life would shut her in once more, under bolts and bar; and Rosy would be taken back again to her workhouse home. The boy was already beside her, and had snatched the stolen basket from her nerveless hands.

"It's me, Sylvanus Croft, the chimney-sweeper," said the man who held her, "you know me, don't you, my lad."

"Ay!" gasped the boy, "I know you, Mr. Croft. You hold her fast, while I run for a p'leece. There's one round the corner, and I'll find him in no time. My! if you hadn't a caught her, she'd have been off like a flash o' lightning, and mother 'ud have lost all her batch of bread."

"Wait a moment, my lad," said the sweep, "let's hear her speech first. She's lost her breath, and can't say a word for herself. Don't let us be too sharp, there's not much harm done yet. Folks are drove to it sometimes."

"Oh! don't you give me up to the police," whispered Rachel, earnestly. "They'll part Rosy and me again for years and years. I didn't want to steal again; I didn't for certain. But it came on me so sudden, and Rosy and me we've tasted nothing since morning, not one morsel. I thought to drown myself and her in the river, and the police wouldn't let me. Ah! whatever shall I do? whatever shall I do?"

She wrung her hands and cried bitterly; whilst Rosy put her small cold hand into the sweep's, and spoke in her weak and childish voice.

"Mother's trying to be good," she said, "she's been a wicked woman once, but she's trying, oh so hard, to be good. But we've had nothing to eat all day, and we've nowhere to go to, and all our money is gone."

"Listen here, my lad," cried Sylvanus Croft, "they haven't had bite or sup since morning. I must look further into this, and if it's true, it 'ud be a shame to give 'em up to the police. I'll take 'em home with me, and lock 'em up safe for the present; and you give my duty to your mother, and the thief 'll be found safe and sound at my house, if she wants to persecute her."

CHAPTER VIII.—A HARBOUR OF REFUGE.

RACHEL did not attempt to resist, when Sylvanus Croft, keeping a firm yet gentle hold of her arm, led her away from the place where she had again fallen into sin. The terrible consequences of it had flashed across her mind at the first mention of the policeman, and she was shivering and trembling from mingled weakness and fear. Rosy ran by her side sobbing. Her little girl had seen her attempt to steal, and her vain flight; and now she saw her dragged along, not by a policeman, thank God! but by this stranger, who after all might perhaps give her up to justice.

Before long Sylvanus paused opposite a house of three storeys, on the first floor of which there were two windows, with white curtains drawn across them. The cheery flickering glow from a good fire burning within shed a bright gleam into the darkness, and with the aid of the street lamp immediately below, lit up the whole front of the building. There were several large and boldly-painted sign-boards displayed upon it, from the basement to the roof. "Sylvanus Croft, Chimney Cleaner to Her Majesty's Public Works." "Chimney Sweeper to the Society for the Suppression of Climbing Boys." "Smoky Chimneys Effectually Cured." "No Cure, No Pay." The master's eye lighted up with satisfaction, as he glanced up and down his habitation. There was so much brightness and cleanliness and cheerfulness about it, that he could not keep himself from pointing it out to Rachel.

"That's my house," he said, "and that's mother's room, up there. She do love to be spruce and clean, more than most women, I think. Yet she married me, a master sweep. That was love, I say. She's bed-struck now; never stirred hand or foot since our little Sylvie was taken away from the evil to come. But I can't abear to let the outside

get dingy, for fear she'd feel it; though, bless your heart, she'll never set eyes on it again. But you come along; you're my prisoner, and you mustn't give me the slip. Here! march in. I've unlocked the door."

Rachel stumbled weariedly over the door-sill into a dark passage; and Sylvanus followed, carefully locking the door behind him, and taking out the key, which he put safely into his pocket. He left them for a minute or two in the darkness, and then he called them into a kitchen at the back, where he had already placed some food on a table.

"There, get something to eat," he said, "whilst I wash off some of my grime; it's colly rather than clean soot, and takes a deal of time, so you get a good meal while I'm at it. Then we'll go up to mother, and hear what she says."

He went away, but Rachel could not eat anything. Her hunger had passed into a sick faintness. But she gave Rosy some food, and held her closely whilst she was eating it with unsatisfied appetite. There was a low fire smouldering in the grate, and the steam rose from her worn-out boots as she put them near to its warmth. In a half dream she went through all her prison life again, with its unbroken sameness and its long, solitary hours, until she felt the old ungovernable longing to break out, to scream and cry aloud, and to dash the things about her into pieces. If it had not been for Rosy, and the fear she had of alarming her, she could not have kept herself still and quiet, sitting motionlessly before the fire, with her eyes watching the flicker of its flames.

After a long time, hours it seemed to her, Sylvanus Croft returned from the back kitchen, where all the while she had heard vaguely the sounds of washing and brushing. She looked up at his face eagerly, for he held her future in his hands. To her surprise, it was the face of a man just bordering upon old age. His hair was thin and grey, and there was a network of wrinkles about the corners of his eyes and mouth. There was hardly any trace of his employment about him, and he had put on a clean linen house-jacket, which he stroked down as he looked at Rachel smilingly.

"Mother can't abide to look at me in my business suit," he said; "she were of a higher birth than me, and it were a come-down to be my wife; but she well-nigh forgot that she married below her. But come! you haven't ate anything? How's that? Isn't there anything you like?"

"I want to know what you're going to do with me," she answered faintly. "I can't eat anything till I know that."

"Well, well! that's natural," he said, in a pitying tone, "but it quite rests with mother. If she says you're to be let go, you are let go; and vicy versy. So come along; you and your little maid."

He took Rosy by the hand, and trod softly and slowly up the staircase, while Rachel followed, scarcely breathing for the quick throbbing of her heart. The room Sylvanus entered startled and almost frightened her, and she paused on the threshold, not venturing to take a step forward lest her soiled and tattered clothes should sully anything they touched. It was a white room; the bed-hangings and counterpane, the window-curtains and the great dimity-covered easy chair standing by the fire, were as spotlessly white as they could be in the smoke of London. Propped up with many pillows, on the bed lay a small, slight woman, in whose face there was not a shade of colour, except in the dark, piercing eyes which rested upon Rachel's miserable figure. She felt in an instant how lost and degraded she must appear to those eyes. Her blue gown had been drenched through and through again with the winter's snow and rain; and her bonnet had neither shape nor colour left, while the hair beneath it was tangled and rough. Rosy looked a little vagrant, dirty, and forlorn, and castaway.

"Oh!" cried Rachel, stretching out her hands beseechingly to the white, quiet face turned towards her, "I'm a wicked woman; but I meant to be good. I meant never to steal again, and if it hadn't been for Rosy——"

Her voice faltered and broke into sobs; and for a minute or two a deep silence fell upon them all, which seemed terrible to Rachel. She could hear nothing but the clock ticking on the mantelpiece, but at last the quick and eager tone of a woman's voice reached her ear.

"Bring her into the room, Sylvanus," said the voice, "and put her to sit down in my chair beside the fire, and make some tea quickly, and let us comfort her."

"No, no," cried Rachel, "not till I've told you what I am. I only came out of Thornbury jail the last day of the old year. I'd been servant at the Hall, and I knew all their ways, and let the men into the house. My husband was one of them, and he got ten years, and is gone to Gibraltar. I've never told Rosy all about it, not till now;

she's such a little creature, and I'm her own mother. We've been tramping up and down London streets, and I tried to keep right, but nobody cared, and I'd spent all my money, and to-night I fell." Her words were lost again in bitter sobs; but Rosy's voice broke in, in their clear and childish tones—

"Mother isn't a wicked woman now," she said; "teacher told me she'd try to make me bad, but she never does. I say my hymns and prayers to her; and she tells me often that God sees us all the time."

"Oh! if I'd only remembered," sobbed Rachel, "God sees us all the time! But He seemed so far off, and as if He didn't care. It's hard to believe He cares when everything goes against you. And we couldn't even die. But if you'll let us go——"

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"Bring her in, Sylvanus," interrupted the eager, solemn voice that Rachel had heard before, "bring her in and set her in my chair, and make her welcome. Don't you see as we can be like the father that made merry and was glad, when his poor son came home? Make some tea for her, Sylvanus, and put her close by the fire, and bring her little lass here to kiss me, quickly. Poor little lass! The same age as our Sylvie, old man."

Before she could speak again, or make any resistance, Rachel found herself seated in the white chair, and Rosy was carried quickly across the room, and laid beside the bedridden woman. The fire was stirred up, and a bright copper kettle placed carefully upon it to keep its spout and handle from

the smoke. Sylvanus Croft's mild, wrinkled face looked down kindly upon her whenever she lifted up her eyes; and she heard him calling Rosy by all kinds of pet names, as if he had known her all her life.

"Mother," he said, when Rachel had finished her tea, and the colour had come back to her cheeks and lips, and light into her eyes—"mother, there's no call for the police, is there?"

"No, Sylvanus, no," she answered.

"What's to be done with them, then?" he asked. "You've to decide everything, you know, mother, that's not in the way of my business. They are my prisoners, and I am bail for 'em. I sent word I'd keep 'em till morning, though there's no fear of 'em being asked for. There was dancing and singing in the father's house when the poor lad got home, and there'd be a bed got ready for him, as well as the rings on his fingers, and the shoes on his feet. He wasn't turned out again when the feast was over."

"No, Sylvanus," said his wife; "there's our maid's chamber empty. Let them go there, and have a good night's sleep; and to-morrow we'll see what can be done."

The maid's chamber was a low little attic at the back of the house, with a window in its gable looking over a crowd of chimney-stacks and roofs of dwellings. There was not much furniture in it, and that was very poor; yet it had an air of humble comfort and cleanliness. It was altogether a different resting-place from any Rachel had slept in for years; and it brought back to her the happy days when she had been a girl, without trouble, and untouched by crime. She sank down on her knees beside the low bed, as soon as Rosy was lying peacefully upon it, to thank God; but she could find no words to say; only deep and heavy sobs of thankfulness told Him what she meant. Then she slept as she had never slept since she had been herself a child.

THE CHEVIOT HILLS.

By JAMES GEIKIE, F.R.S.

II.

IF we draw a somewhat straight line from the town of Girvan, on the coast of Ayrshire, in a north-east direction to the shores of the North Sea near Dunbar, we shall find that south of that line, up to the English border, nearly the whole country is composed of various kinds of greywacké and shale like those rocks which have been mentioned in a previous paper as forming the basement beds of the Cheviot district. Here and there, however, especially in certain of the valleys and some of the low-lying portions of this southern section of Scotland, one comes upon small isolated patches and occasional wider areas of younger strata, which rest upon and conceal the greywackés and shales. Such is the case in Teviotdale, the Cheviot district, and the country watered by the lower reaches of the Tweed, in which regions the bottom beds are hidden for several hundreds of square miles underneath younger rocks. Indeed, the greywacké and shale form but a very small portion of the surface in the Cheviots, appearing upon a coloured geological map like so many islands or fragments, as it were, which have somehow been detached from the main masses of greywacké of which the Lammermuirs and the uplands of Dumfries and Selkirk shires are composed. Although the bottom rocks of the Cheviot Hills are thus apparently separated from the great greywacké area, yet there can be no doubt that they are really connected with it, the connection being obscured by the overlying younger strata. For if we could only strip off these latter, if we could only lift aside the great masses of igneous rock and sandstone that are piled up in the Cheviot Hills and the adjoining districts, we should find that the bottom upon which these rest is everywhere greywacké and shale. In part proof of this it may be mentioned that at various places in those districts which are entirely occupied with sandstone and igneous rock, the streams have cut right down through the younger rocks so as to expose the bottom beds, as in the Jed water at Allars Mill. Again, when we trace out the boundaries of any detached areas of greywacké we invariably find these bottom beds disappearing on all sides underneath the younger strata by which they are surrounded. One such isolated area occurs in the basin of the Oxnam water, between Littletonleys and Bloodylaws, a section across which would exhibit the general appearance shown in the accompanying diagram (Fig. 5). Another similarly isolated patch is intersected by the Edgerston Burn and the Jed Water between

Paton Haugh and Dovesford. But the largest of these detached portions appears, forming the crest of the Cheviots, at the head of the River Coquet. There the basement beds occupy the watershed, extending westward, some three or four miles, as far as the sandstones of Hungry Law, while to the north and

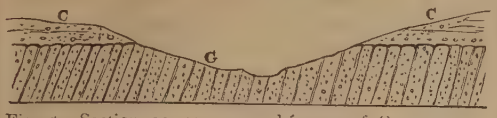


Fig. 5.—Section across greywacké area of Oxnam water. G, greywacké and shale; C, sandstone, &c.

east they plunge under the igneous rocks of Brownhart Law and the Hindhope Hills. Now it is evident that all those detached and isolated areas of greywacké and shale are really connected underground, and not only so, but they also piece on in the same way to the great belt of similar strata that stretches from sea to sea across the whole breadth of Scotland. Indeed, we may observe in the Cheviot district how long and massive promontories of greywacké jut out from that great belt, and extend often for miles into the areas that are covered with younger strata, as for example in the Brockilaw and Wolfelee Hills. A generalised section across the greywacké regions of the Cheviot Hills would therefore present the appearances shown in the annexed diagram, in which G represents the basement beds, I the igneous rocks, and C the red sandstones, &c.

Throughout the whole of the district under review the bottom beds are observed to dip at a high angle—the strata in many places being actually vertical—and the edges or crops of the strata run somewhat persistently in one direction, namely, from south by west to north by east; or, as a geologist would express it, the beds have an approximately south-west and north-east "strike." Now as the dip is sometimes to north-west and sometimes to south-east, it is evident that the rocks have been folded up in a series of rapid convolutions, and that some of the beds must be often repeated.

From the character of the fossils which the bottom beds have yielded we learn that the strata belong to that division of past time which is known as the Silurian age. These fossils appear to be of infrequent occurrence, and the creatures of which they are the relics occupied rather a humble place in the scale of being. They are called *graptolites* (from their resemblance to pens), an extinct group of Hydroid zoophytes, apparently resembling the sertularians of our own seas.

The general appearance of the Silurian strata of the Cheviots is indicative of deposition in comparatively quiet water, but how deep that water was one cannot say. Upon the whole, the beds look not unlike the sediments

Fig. 6.—Diagram section across greywacké districts of Cheviot Hills.

that gather in calm reaches of the sea, such as estuaries, betokening the presence of some not distant land from which fine mud and sand were washed down. Another proof that some of the strata at all events were accumulated not far from a shore line, is found in certain coarse bands of grit and pebbles, which are not likely to have been formed in deep water. This evidence, however, cannot be considered decisive, and in the present state of our knowledge all that we can assert with anything like confidence is simply this:—that during the deposition of the Silurian strata the whole of the Cheviot area lay under water,—existed, in short, as a muddy sea-bottom, in the slime of which flourished here and there, in favourable spots, those minute Hydroid animals called *graptolites*.

Between the deposition of the Silurian and the formation of the rocks that come next in order a long interval elapsed, during which the mud, sand, and grit that gathered on the floor of the ancient sea were hardened into solid masses, and eventually squeezed together into great folds and undulations. It has already been pointed out that these changes could hardly have been effected save under extreme pressure, and this consideration leads us to infer that a great thickness of strata has been removed entirely from the Cheviot district, so as to leave no trace of its former existence. Long before the deposition of the younger strata that now rest upon and conceal the Silurian rocks, the action of the denuding forces—the sea, frosts, rain, and rivers—had succeeded in not only sweeping gradually away the strata underneath which the bottom beds were folded, but in deeply scarping and carving these bottom beds themselves. Can we form any reasonable conjecture as to the

geological age of the strata underneath which the bottom beds of the Cheviots were folded, and which, as we have seen, had utterly disappeared before the younger rocks of the district were accumulated? Well, it is obvious that the missing strata must have been of later formation than the bottom beds, and it is equally evident that they must have been of much more ancient date than the igneous rocks of the Cheviot Hills. Now, as we shall afterwards see, these igneous rocks belong to the Old Red Sandstone age, that is to say, to the age that succeeded the Silurian. How is it then, if the bottom beds be really of Silurian and the igneous rocks of Old Red Sandstone age, that a gap is said to exist between them? The explanation of this apparent contradiction is not far to seek. When we compare the fossils that occur in the Silurian strata of the Cheviot Hills and the districts to the west, with the organic remains disinterred from similar strata elsewhere, as in Wales for example, we find that the bottom beds of the Cheviots were in all probability accumulated at approximately the same time as certain strata that occupy a very low horizon or position in the great Silurian system. In Wales and in Cumberland the strata that approximate in age to the Silurian of the Cheviots are covered by younger strata belonging to the same formation which reach a thickness of many thousand feet. It may quite well be, therefore, that the succession of Silurian strata in the Cheviots was at one time much more complete than it is now. The upper portions of the formation which are so well developed in Wales and Cumberland, and which are likewise represented to a small extent here and there in Scotland, had in all probability their equivalents in what are our border districts. In other words, there are good grounds for believing that the existing Silurian rocks of the Cheviots were in times preceding the Old Red Sandstone age more or less thickly covered with younger strata belonging to the same great system. The missing Silurian strata of the Cheviots may have attained a thickness of many thousand feet, and underneath such a mass of solid rock the lower-lying strata might well have been consolidated and subsequently squeezed into folds. And if, as is by no means improbable, the sea deeply covered the Cheviot area during the slow subsidence of the earth's crust that gave rise to the lateral squeezing and folding of the strata, then the pressure of the water would be added to the weight of the descending rocky mass underneath which the bottom beds suffered plication.

We now pass on to consider the next chapter in the geological history of the Cheviot Hills. As we proceed in our investigations it will be noticed that the evidence becomes more abundant, and we are thus enabled to build up the story of the past with more confidence, and with fuller details. For it is with geological history as with human records—the further back we go in time the scantier do the facts become. The rocks upon which Nature writes her own history are palimpsests, on which the later writing is ever the most easily deciphered. Nay, she cannot compile her newer records without first destroying some of those compiled in earlier times. The sediments accumulating in modern lake and sea are but the materials derived from the degradation of the solid rocks we see around us, just as these in like manner have originated from the demolition of yet older strata. Thus the further we trace back the history of our earth, the more fragmentary must we expect the evidence to be; and conversely, the nearer we approach to the present condition of things the more abundant and satisfactory must the records become. Accordingly, we find that the igneous rocks of the Cheviot Hills tell us considerably more than the ancient Silurian deposits upon which they rest. The surface of the latter appears to be somewhat irregular underneath the igneous rocks, showing that hills and valleys, or an undulating table-land, existed in the Cheviot district prior to the appearance of the younger formation. But before we attempt to summarise the history of that formation, it is necessary to give some description, however short, of the rocks that compose it.

These consist chiefly of numerous varieties of a rock called porphyrite by geologists, piled in more or less irregular beds, one on top of another, in a somewhat confused manner. The colour of the freshly fractured rocks is very variable, being usually some shade of blue or purple; but pink, red, brown, greenish, and dark grey or almost black varieties also occur. Some of the rocks are finely crystalline; others, again, are much coarser, while many are compact, or nearly so, a lens being required to detect a crystalline texture. The mineral called felspar is usually scattered more or less abundantly through the matrix or base, which itself is composed principally of felspathic materials. Besides distinct scattered crystals of felspar, other minerals often occur in a similar manner; mica and hornblende being the commonest. Occasionally the rocks

contain numerous circular, oval, or flattened cavities, which are sometimes so abundant as to give the appearance of a kind of coarse slag to the porphyrite. These little cavities, however, are usually filled up with mineral matter—such as calcspar, calcedony, jasper, quartz, &c. Sometimes, also, cracks, crannies, and crevices of some size have been sealed up with similar minerals. Now nearly all these appearances are specially characteristic of rocks which have at one time been in a state of igneous fusion; nor can there be any doubt that the Cheviot porphyrites are merely solidified lava-beds, which have been poured out from the bowels of the earth. In modern lavas we may notice not only a crystalline texture, but frequently also we observe numerous little cavities similar in shape and appearance to those in our porphyrites. Such cavities are due to the expansive force of the vapours imprisoned in the molten mass at the time of eruption. They form chiefly towards the upper surface of a lava stream, and are often drawn out or flattened in the direction in which the lava flows. Thus a stream of lava, as it creeps on its way, becomes slaggy and scoriaceous or cindery above and in front, and as the molten mass within continues to flow, the slags and cinders that cover its face tumble down before it, and form the pavement upon which the stream advances. In this way slags and cinders become incorporated with the bottom of the lava, and hence it is that so many igneous rocks are scoriaceous, as well below as above. The vapours which produce the cavities usually contain minerals in solution, and these, as the lava cools, are frequently deposited, partially filling up the vesicles, so as to form what are called geodes. But many of the cavities have been filled in another way—by the subsequent infiltration of water carrying mineral matter in solution. And since we know that all rocks are so permeated by water, it is clear that the cavities may have received their contents during many successive periods, after the solidification of the rock in which they occur. It is in this manner that the jaspers, calcedony, and beautiful agates of commerce have been formed. Rocks abundantly charged with cavities are said to be *vesicular*, and when the vesicles are filled with mineral matter, then the mass becomes, in geological language, *amygdaloidal*, from the almond-like shape assumed by the flattened vesicles.

Now all the appearances described above, and many others hardly less characteristic of true lavas, are to be met with amongst those porphyrites which, as I have said, form the major portion of the Cheviot Hills. From the valley of the Oxnam, east by Cessford, Morebattle, and Hoselaw, and south by Edgerston, Letham, Browndeanlaws, and Hindhope, the porphyrites extend over the whole area, sweeping north-east across the border on to the heights above the rivers Glen and Till. In the hills at Hindhope we notice a good display of the oldest beds of the series. At the base we find a very peculiar rock resting upon the Silurian, and thus forming the foundation of the poryhyrites. It varies in colour, being pink, grey, green, red, brown, or variously mottled. Sometimes it is fine-grained and gritty, like a soft, coarse-grained sandstone; at other times it is not unlike a granular porphyrite; but when most typically developed it consists of a kind of coarse angular gravel embedded in a gritty matrix. The stones sometimes show distinct traces of arrangement into layers; but they are often heaped rudely together with little or no stratification at all. They consist chiefly of fragments of porphyrites; but bits of Silurian rocks also occur amongst them. This peculiar deposit unquestionably answers to the heaps of dust, sand, stones, and bombs, which are shot out of modern volcanoes; it is a true ash—that is, a collection of loose volcanic ejectamenta.

Upon what kind of surface did it fall? Long before the eruptions began, the Silurian rocks had been sculptured into hills and valleys by the action chiefly of the sub-aërial forces, and it was upon these hills and in these valleys that the igneous materials accumulated. It is difficult to say, however, whether at this period the Cheviot district was above or under water. The traces of bedding in the ash would seem to indicate the assorting power of water; but the evidence is too slight to found upon, because we know that in modern eruptions loose ejectamenta frequently assume a kind of irregular bedded arrangement. For aught we can say to the contrary, therefore, dry land may have extended across what is now southern Scotland and northern England when the first rumblings of volcanic disturbance shook the Cheviot area. Be that as it may, we know that the volcanic outbursts began in those old times, as they almost invariably commence now, by a discharge of sand, small stones, and blocks of scoriæ. These, we may infer, covered a wide area round the centre of dispersion—the

chief focus of eruption being probably somewhere near the big Cheviot. The locality where the ash occurs is some nine miles or so distant from this point, and the intervening ground could hardly have escaped being more or less thickly sprinkled with the same materials. The whole of that intervening ground, however, now lies deeply buried under the massive streams of once-molten rock that followed in succession after the first dispersion of stones and débris. Although, as I have said, it may be doubted whether at the beginning of their activity the Cheviot volcanoes were subaqueous, yet there are not a few facts that lead to the inference that the eruption of the porphyrites took place for the most part, if not exclusively, under water. The beds are occasionally separated by layers of well-stratified sand and grit and stones; but such beds are rare, and true ashes are rarer still. If the outbursts had been sub-aërial, we ought surely to have met with these latter in greater abundance, while we should hardly have expected to find such evidently water-arranged strata as do occur here and there. The porphyrites themselves present certain appearances which lead to the same conclusion. Thus we may observe how the bottoms of the beds frequently contain baked or hardened sand and mud, showing that the molten rock had been poured out over some muddy or sandy bottom, and had caught up and enclosed the soft, sedimentary materials, which now bear all the marks of having been subjected to the action of intense heat. Sometimes, indeed, the old lava-streams seem to have licked up beds of unconsolidated gravel, the water-worn stones being now scattered through their under portions. As no fossils occur in any of the beds associated with the porphyrites, one cannot say whether the latter flowed into the sea or into great fresh-water lakes. Neither can we be certain that towards their close the eruptions were not sub-aërial. They may quite well have been so. The porphyrites attain a thickness of probably not less than fifteen hundred feet or two thousand feet, and the beds which we now see are only the basal, and therefore the older portions of the old volcanoes. The upper parts have long since disappeared, the waste of the igneous masses having been so great that only the very oldest portions now remain, and these, again, are hewn and carved into hill and valley. Any loose accumulation of stones and débris, therefore, which may have been thrown out in the later stages of the eruptions must long ere this have utterly disappeared. We can point to the beds which mark the beginning of volcanic activity in the Cheviots; we can prove that volcanoes continued in action there for long ages, great streams of lava being poured out—the eruptions of which were preceded and sometimes succeeded by showers of stones and débris; we can show, also, that periods of quiescence, more or less prolonged, occasionally intervened, at which times water assorted the sand and mud, and rounded the stones, spreading them out in layers. But whether this water action took place in the sea or in a lake we cannot tell. Indeed, for aught one can say, some of the masses of rounded stones I refer to may point to the action of mountain torrents, and thus be part evidence that the volcanoes were sub-aërial. If we are thus in doubt as to some of the physical conditions that obtained in the Cheviot district during the accumulation of the porphyrites and their associated beds, we are left entirely to conjecture when we seek to inquire into the conditions that prevailed towards the close of the volcanic period. For just as we have proof that before this period began the Silurian strata had been subjected to the most intense denudation—had, in short, been worn into hill and valley—so do we learn from abundant evidence that the rocks representing the old volcanoes of the Cheviots are merely the wrecks of once-extensive masses. Not only have the upper portions of these volcanoes been swept away, but their lower portions, likewise, have been deeply incised, and thousands of feet of solid rock have been carried off by the denuding forces. And by much the greater part of all this waste took place before the accumulation of those sandstones which now rest upon the worn outskirts of the old volcanic region, as I shall endeavour to show in another paper.

ST. MICHEL.

VII.

FROM what has been said, the reader will infer that the granite pile of civil, military, and ecclesiastical buildings which now meets the eye belongs to widely different ages. Portions of the immense crypt and the Norman church above it, on the site of St. Aubert's basilica, date back to 1023, when Duke Robert of Normandy, who came to the mount to be married to Judith, daughter of Geoffrey of Bretagne, assisted by Abbot Hildebert II., laid the plan of a vast Norman edifice which, under the Benedictines, received various additions, two western towers, by De Torigny, in the twelfth century, central tower and spire of same date, and at a later period a flamboyant Gothic chancel of the fifteenth century.

The ring of walls and fortifications, as we now see them restored in M. Corroyer's splendid drawings (engravings of which we give) but partially ruined in reality, are chiefly the work of the warrior abbot, Robert Jolivet, 1417, and the famous Captain (afterwards Cardinal) Estouteville, assisted by the monk Gonault, who was himself a great warrior abbot, and one of the chief builders of the Mount.

The monastery, which occupies a vast rectangular space, is flanked on the west by immense perpendicular walls, and bordered on the other side by huge ramparts and terraces admirably devised both for defence and attack. The whole mass of towers and halls, from the centre of which springs the basilica to a giddy height, though by different hands, still possess a singular unity. Those on the north side were built chiefly by Radulphe de Iles, 1212, and Raoul de Villedieu, 1236; they are commonly known as Les Merveilles, and indeed are miracles of construction. Robert de Torigny, 1154—86, and Pierre le Roy, 1386—1410, are amongst the greatest contributors to the monastic buildings, although almost everyone of the abbots left his mark, in addition or repair of some kind.

Eleven times has the Mount with its venerable buildings been visited by fire, sometimes by lightnings, sometimes by mischance, and sometimes by the hand of the enemy. Twice the central tower was smitten down, and the bells melted; and so shaken had a portion of the fabric become in the middle of last century, that a quarter of the Norman church, including De Torigny's grand towers and west portal had to be taken down to preserve the remainder.

VIII.

I shall not attempt to describe in detail the grand abbatial staircase that leads into the vestibule, and thence by a series of massive flights straight up to the Norman nave, or the noble hall of the knights, or the vast crypts that still contain thousands of human bones, and have been utilised at various times as prisons, wine-cellars, and even cisterns.

Volumes might be written upon the "Merveilles" and the various chapels under and above ground, describing them as they were, and as they are, alas, now; but before I turn to the darkest page in the history of St. Michel, I will ask the reader to join yonder band of joyous pilgrims who have been waiting so patiently at Ardevon and Moidrey for the tide to go out. It is true we must travel back at least as far as the beginning of the sixteenth century; but it is worth while, for across the sands the sweet bells invite the throng of pilgrims to the angelic shrine as the golden statue of St. Michael on the summit of the lofty spire turns and flashes in the morning sun.

Before the dismal wreck of 1793 let us take one more look at the mountain in its glory, and catch a flying glimpse of those priceless treasures so soon to be irrevocably scattered or destroyed.

IX.

The Christmas bells have rung in the last year of the troubled fifteenth century. The snow, which had fallen heavily in great flakes from tower and rampart, had floated away like miniature icebergs on the swift tides, and the wind that stirred in the budding orchards were soft and warm with the spring.

St. Michel's nine sweet bells sent forth their sound across the shining sands, and St. Michel's cannon pealed out with solemn joy to herald in the day of the Great Pilgrimage of 1499.

There is a stir in the little hostelries at the foot of the Mount. The pilgrims arrived over night are up at day dawn. Let us, too, ascend the ramparts. The sands are hard and dry, streams of people are coming towards the town. Their white and crimson or azure banners held aloft, mark

off the successive companies. Here come a troop of women, with bare feet, beating cymbals and little drums, and followed by their lords on horseback. Yonder are Bretons and Normans who, by a curious law, are not allowed to inherit until a visit to the great Mount has been made. Young couples on their wedding pilgrimage, a band of soldiers with glittering lances and pikes, an immense number of Germans—"De Almannis altis et bassis et de Brabantia tam magna copia ut vix per vias victualia invenire possent"—from Le Mans, Barenton, Avranches—Poitevins, Gascons, Spaniards, a never-ending troupe.

The sands become more crowded with pilgrims as the tide begins to turn. Some fall on their knees on seeing the distant sea—then, barefooted, they prepare to cross, and we catch, as they come, the deep male chorus, and the shrill, sweet voices of girls—

"Anges qui donnez les mains
Aux humains,
Aux cours de nos voyages,
Soyez toujours mon support
Jusqu'au port
De ce mien pèlerinage!"

Two rows of armed men in burnished coats-of-mail, with helmets and halberts, line the approach to the monastery. The doors are thrown open, disclosing the hall, and beyond the continuation of the grand abbatial staircase, and the motley and many-coloured throng of joyous pilgrims begins to move upwards. They reach the lofty platform of Beauregard—also lined with rows of flashing knights in coat-of-mail, and halberdiers—the north door stands wide open, and the strains of the processional hymn uprise as the brilliant company of priests and acolytes is seen advancing with the prelate, Jean de Lampe, in their midst. A solemn silence of hushed awe pervades the kneeling crowd as a priest advances at the head of the procession, lifting on high the great vermilion cross of Robert Jolivet, 1410. The silver censers belonging to the same great abbot are being swung aloft, exhaling white clouds of aromatic smoke; then follow boys in scarlet, with tall golden candlesticks, then a band of priests, with red velvet capes, interwoven with golden fruit and flowers, the elder ones follow with white damask capes, embroidered with coloured flowers and the arms of Abbot Guillaume de Lampe. Then comes the leader of the choir with a silver mace, the dean and sub-dean, in white satin and gold, and, lastly, the illustrious prelate Jean de Lampe, who blesses the kneeling multitude. De Torigny's own chasuble is on his back, his head is crowned with the richly-jewelled mitre of Richard Toustain, 1236, and he holds the pastoral staff of the Abbot Jolivet, 1400, who built the ramparts still standing. As he approaches the high altar, and turns his back upon the crowded nave, his eye lights upon the splendid missal of Pierre le Roy, 1386, and presently kneeling down, he raises above his head the golden chalice of the Abbot Suppon, 1033.

X.

The "Treasure," or collection of relics and sacred ornaments of St. Michel, was one of the most celebrated in the world, for emperors and kings for centuries vied with each other in enriching its altars, niches, and sepulchres. As the vast congregation pours out of the basilica, detachments are quickly organized by the brothers, to visit in succession the "reliquaries." Here lies the body of St. Aubert himself, 708, on a damask couch, beneath a silver vault—the bones are tied together with silver threads. Yonder, in a special casket of silver, is his skull, still bearing the mark of the angel's finger on the left side. Several bodies of other saints are shown—coals from the furnace of St. Lawrence, martyr; a solid golden statue of St. Michael, given in 1461 by Louis XI.; solid silver crosiers of the twelfth century, with solid golden statuettes wrought upon them; thirteenth-century mitres, rich with gems; pure golden chalices for sacramental wine, of the thirteenth century; and splendid shrines richly chased in gold and silver, ornamented with ivory, lapis, and porphyry, and disposed in the various chapels; but perhaps what most excites the veneration of our simple pilgrims is the famous black Virgin in the crypt, of unknown antiquity, but mentioned as early as the tenth century. The miracles wrought by her in the dim light of those profusely painted vaults, are duly recorded in the annals of the Mount, and even now it is impossible to enter that strange, bare, and despoiled underground sanctuary, with its thirteen low granite columns of immense thickness, standing all round and crowded close together, without a feeling of awe, and an impression that anything in the world might happen in such a weird place—*there*, on the very spot occupied by the ancient Christian church, which, again, was the site of the Roman fane, and, lastly, of the great Druid rocks, rolled down by a child through the help of the archangel himself!

Of the crowd of other vastly apocryphal relics, enclosed in splendid coffers or silver

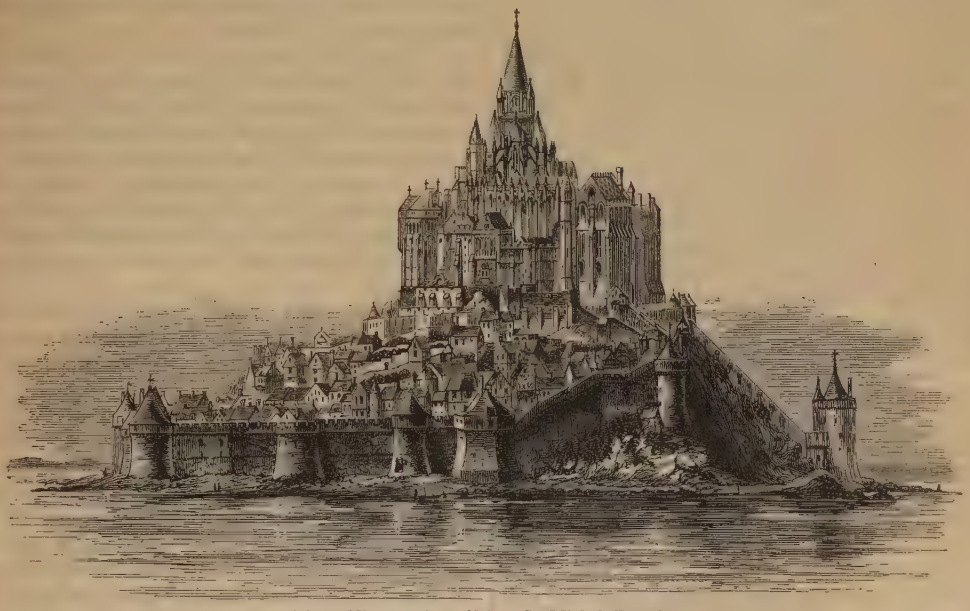
shrines, I need hardly speak, nor need we regret the disappearance, for the most part, of such impostures as the sacred thorns from the Saviour's crown, the Virgin Mary's hair, the teeth of St. Nicholas, or the bones of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego!

But the day draws to a close, the advancing tide warns the lingering pilgrims to hasten back, the setting sun bathes the wide sky with purple and orange splendour, and flashes like red gold upon the granite slopes of the embattled Mount. And now from the crowded sands come fainter and fainter the voices from below, as the shadows of the monastery deepen and lengthen upon "La Grève," and the tired monks lean from rampart and tower to listen to the pilgrim refrain:—

"Adieu donc Tombelaine
Et Saint Michel du mont
Adieu donc!" . . . .

XI.

Gladly would I hurry over the prodigious fall and ruin of St. Michel. Its day of terror came when France lay prostrate before that bloody Revolution which was hailed in so many quarters as the dawn of Reason's age and the great moral resurrection of the world! In 1789 the French National Assembly abolished all ancient privileges, confiscated all ecclesiastical property, and the next year suppressed the religious orders. Corrupt they undoubtedly were, though not so corrupt as they had been, and at St. Michel, at all events, there were still schools, teachers, learned writers, and brave men who shrank not from the crown of martyrdom. But the hour had struck. The monks were, with scarcely a warning, turned out of their ancient halls penniless. On that dark day they knelt once more and for the last time in their beloved and sumptuous basilica, already half despoiled, paced the halls of the Merveilles, descended the abbatial staircase, then out upon the sands robbed of everything they possessed, some with only a few books in a bag, others with merely the clothes upon their backs. They went forth scarcely knowing whither; they had no home, no friends, no country.



Plan of Restoration of Mont St. Michel, East face.

On the mainland persecution awaited them; few took the oaths of the new patriotism; few obeyed the order not to celebrate mass; they were thrown into noisome prisons to starve; they were hunted from hovel to hovel, and shot down in the streets.

But we must return for a moment to the devoted mountain, when the last priest had left the monastery, and the halls of the Merveilles stood open and empty. Then was seen a terrible sight. The demon of revolution was stirring in the little town itself; a mob climbed the rock, entered the deserted

halls; rifled the cupboards; laid sacrilegious hands on the silver and gold ornaments; overthrew the altars; broke the statues; burst open the sacred tombs, and scattered the bones of saints and martyrs on the pavement. Even the skull of St. Aubert was only saved later by one Doctor Cousin, who took it to his room to examine. The reckless rapine was only stopped by the arrival of Government troops; but the Government excesses were nearly as bad. The gold and silver was, indeed, secured, some of the MSS. were transferred to Avranches; but the magnificent stained glass of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, containing much of the pictorial history of the Mount in its great days, was deliberately smashed, none of it remaining. Wall decorations, carvings, and pictures shared the same fate, and later on all the splendid oak furniture and fittings, including the gorgeous choir stalls of Pierre le Roy, were sold to pay for the cost of turning the place into a prison. Into this prison many priests were thrown to die. But the prison itself was a wreck. Nothing was respected, not the black Virgin, nor the crypt, nor the ancient hall of the knights, nor the basilica. Stucco walls and ramshackle floors were run up dividing the dormitories, the knights' hall, and even the nave of the church into workshops for the prisoners, whom Napoleon I. thrust in there to linger and die upon what had once been proudly called the "Free Mount." Every year saw some new disfiguration. Torigny's noble towers and west front and a quarter of the Norman nave had to be taken down; the ancient dormitory or Salle Souvré, also disappeared; what remained was barbarously cut up into sections; frescoes and rich decorations were covered with whitewash, and the pictures sold.

Disaster at last reached a climax in the great fire which broke out in the basilica in 1834. The roof fell in; the whole church was injured; the splendid pulpit, full of antique carving, for which a fabulous price had been declined shortly before, was burned; it was almost the last great relic to go, and now as we walk in imagination amongst the calcined ruins of so much splendour, and look down upon the rock and the sands alone unchanged amidst the universal ruin—the lowest depth is at length reached, and sadly prophetic seems the pilgrim's song:—

"Adieu donc Tombelaine,
Et Saint Michel du mont,
Adieu donc!" . . .

XII.

But a change is at hand. The darkest hour before dawn is already past. Under Napoleon III. the Mount receives back her abbot and her monks, and the work of reconstruction begins. Once more the hostelries of the little town are crowded with visitors, and the sound of mallet and saw are heard upon the ramparts, as the new scaffolding rises against the jutting rock.

Marshal Macmahon has pushed on the work, and we are indebted to Mons. Corroyer, the Government architect, to whom has been entrusted the whole reconstruction of the place, for the splendid drawings (sketches of which we reproduce), and the special information which here follows.

In 1873, M. Corroyer's drawings received the gold medal at the Paris Salon. In the same year he was employed by the Commission of Historical Monuments in France, to design a scaffolding and superintend immediate repairs. No carts could carry the heavy beams to the rock over the yielding sands; the whole was thrown upon the tidal current and with great risk floated across to the Mount.

A glance at the drawings we present will tell better than pages of description, the boldness and importance of the projected restorations.

The underground crypts have to be strengthened, the fortifications and towers restored, and the Norman nave (including De Torigny's towers, north and south) and the lofty spire rebuilt; but the Government votes an annual supply, the enthusiasm of Normandy is fully aroused, hundreds of visitors throng the venerable pile every week, each paying a tribute of one franc, and the work goes on rapidly under the personal inspection of M. Corroyer and his able assistant, M. Morand.

XIII.

It was early in the month of September, 1875, that I found myself seated in the little inn of St. Michel, so charmingly presided over by a young married hostess, Madame Poulard, possessed of every feminine grace, through whose amiability I soon became acquainted with M. Morand, architect, who, in the absence of M. Corroyer, was superintending the works.

A few days previously it appears, whilst digging in the old platform at the west end of the Norman church, close to the place where one of De Torigny's towers had stood, they came upon the body of the abbot him-

self. No one was admitted to see his remains, which were at first in a perfect state of preservation, but on telegraphing to M. Corroyer, I obtained that permission, and wrote a detailed description of what I saw in the *Times* of September 17, 1875, and perhaps I may be pardoned if I briefly repeat here what was there told at considerable length.

Standing on the old platform of the west nave, and turning from the *débris* of the tower, I approached the grave, which was covered over with a rough sail-cloth. We lifted it; a stone coffin-lid split in half covered the niche. We lifted that, and the hot September sun smote in full upon all that was left of the great man before whom kings and turbulent knights once trembled.

When he was first uncovered, he lay complete, wrapped in one long simple robe of apparently fine linen, a silken wrapper of some kind being swathed round his body. He wore great leathern shoes, part of which remain. His skull, of vast dimensions, was broken in twain, but his lower jaw is complete, with all his teeth perfect save one. He was eighty years old. He measured five and a half feet. He wore no ring, but a leaden crosier with its wooden handle lay beside him; the wood went to pieces almost immediately.

The bones seemed to me much broken and oxidized. They say that he was embalmed, but of this I could find no trace. Several bands and ribands were quite recognisable, though rotten; but a large leaden medallion with the following inscription was well preserved:—"Hic . Requiescit . Robertus . De . Torigneio . Abbas . Hujus . Loci (a hand held up blessing) A . Ω (on the other side:) Qui. Prefuit. Huic. Monasterio. xxxii. Annis. Vixit. Vero. lxxx. Annis."

In a tomb by his side lies the body of his successor, Martin de Furmedeio. His bones are more complete, but not a particle of his vestments remains—only his crosier and medal. He was buried in a wood coffin; the great abbot lay simply in a granite niche.

I expressed a hope, in which I believe that Cardinal Manning has since joined, that de Torigny, or "Robert of the Mount," as he is usually called, might be permitted to rest where he has lain since the year 1186, as appears from the date on the round leaden medal found beside him, and engraved below. The good brothers of the monastery, especially the reverend Father Hamelin, warmly agreed with me that to remove the remains, as at first projected, to a new shrine, would be a fatal mistake, for there in their simple granite niche can they alone boast of authentic and perfect historical continuity.

* * * * *

The shell-gatherers had come in; the sound of the returning tide was borne upon the evening breeze as I drove out of the old gateway on to the dry sands, and dashed into the already swollen current of the thin stream that never dries between sea and sea.

The low sun sank; the white birds fled; the long blue shadows of the Mount crept over the sand, and the roar of the tide grew louder and louder as my driver urged forward our galloping steeds. I turned to take a last look at the shrine of the great archangel:—

"Adieu donc Tombelaine,
Et Saint Michel du mont,
Adieu donc!" . . .

H. R. HAWEIS.

Epitaph of Robert de Torigny.

CHANGING GUIDES.

ALONG the road the travellers go,
A motley cavalcade;
At midnight, 'midst fast falling snow,
The march awhile is stayed.

And great and small, and one and all,
Hot youth and lagging age,
They gather waiting round the stone
Which marks another stage.

The journey's done, the stage is run,
The Guide must say farewell.
(Hark! down the wind the travellers deem
They hear a passing-bell.)

A stage behind, when wailed the wind
Across a snowy wold,
They halted, and they halt this night,
Upon a midnight cold,

Till this same Guide, who stands beside
The stone, now midnight's near,
Came, muffled—none his face could see,
And none his voice could hear.

If he were glad, if he were sad,
Not one of them could know;
But ever as they went along
His veil he lifted slow.

If he were sad, if he were glad,
If he brought good or ill,
They did not know; but, day by day,
He told his tale; and still,

Some called it sad, some said 'twas glad—
So wondrous was the tale.
Each saw him as none other saw,
Who looked behind his veil.

The stage is run, the tale is done,
The Guide must say farewell—
And on the wind there comes the sound
As of a passing-bell.

Now he must go; the winds wail low
Across the snowy wold;
He takes each traveller by the hand—
His hand is very cold.

Of one and all, both great and small,
How loth soe'er they be,
Whatever's false of all they have,
He claims it for his fee.

They plead in vain, for, loth or fain,
They thus his fee must pay;
But nothing that was truly theirs
The guide can take away.

And when he goes none ever knows;
Their grasp is strong and warm—
They think they hold him still—but he
Is whirling down the storm.

Ere they can say, "Farewell for aye!"
Far down the storm he's gone.
The new Guide stands with muffled face
Beside the halting-stone.

At midnight thus the cavalcade
Is halted on the plain.
When midnight's past, to meet the morn
The march sets forth again.

MARY A. M. HOPPUS.

LITERATURE OF THE PEOPLE—PAST AND PRESENT.

THE question of how far within a given time, and upon a definite area, the literature of the common people has improved or deteriorated, is a question of very great interest and importance. For, just as those who form the mass of the community read, where they do read at all, mainly without system, to gratify natural taste, or an easy curiosity, and not in any measure to further some predetermined end which they have resolved to reach, by a certain sacrifice, if necessary, so will the literature in active use amongst them be, all the more certainly, a true and reliable index to both their moral and mental habits and condition. We do not in this paper propose to take up the subject of the literature of the people generally; neither shall we seek to press formal conclusions of a comprehensive character. With a view to illustrate the course of recent popular literature in one of its phases, we simply select for brief comment and review a field which has come pretty much under our own observation, confining what we have to say for most part within the period of which personal recollection enables us to speak. Generally our remarks will apply to the state of matters among the rural and working-class population of Scotland, and will traverse a period of a quarter of a century or thereby.

A retrospect of twenty-five years brings us to the time when the newspaper press of the country was trammelled with both the stamp duty on every sheet issued, and an eighteen-penny tax on each advertisement that sheet contained. It is not with the newspaper that we have to do primarily, however; though we shall have occasion to refer to it again. But, taking the date 1850, we ask the reader to project his thoughts backward over the comparatively short intervening space of time, and endeavour to call to mind how many of those serials of a high moral and religious character that are now scattered over the land by tens of thousands, weekly and monthly, had not then come into existence. The periodical in which this paper appears, with its twin magazine; four or five

admirable serials issued by the Religious Tract Society, and numbers more of similar character, with Spurgeon's Sermons so widely disseminated—these, forming almost a distinct popular literature in themselves, were unknown then, because they were not. And what occupied their place? We would be the last to depreciate or undervalue the labours of the pioneers of a healthy and instructive secular literature for the people; the Chamberses and Knights, who did excellent service a generation ago. Their efforts were worthy of all praise; but even at its highest, the literature they produced found its readers rather among the *élite* of the common people than among the mass. And up to and even a little after the date of which we have spoken, a literature of a very much lower character was not only greatly more pervasive among the mass of casual and incidental readers, but in too many cases formed the only literature they read with sufficient zest to make it influential in their habits of thought and life. The moral tone of that literature (such as it was) was too frequently questionable, or positively bad, and nothing had come directly to counteract it. We refer to the sort known as the penny chap-books and their congeners.

The chap-book could apparently claim direct descent from the Grub Street authorship of a century and a half earlier. In touching on "the stage itinerant," in the introduction to "A Tale of a Tub," Swift informs us that under it "are couched those productions designed for the pleasure and delight of mortal men, such as Sixpenny Worth of Wit, Westminster Drolleries, Delightful Tales, Complete Jesters, and the like, by which the writers of and for Grub Street have in these latter ages so nobly triumphed over Time, have clipped his wings, pared his nails, filed his teeth, turned back his hour-glass, blunted his scythe, and drawn the hob-nails out of his shoes." Among the other veritable productions of Grub Street named by the great satirist, whose object was to draw into uncomplimentary contrast certain of the works of authors of equal reputation with himself, are, "History of Reynard the Fox," "Tom Thumb," "Dr. Faustus," and "The Wise Men of Gotham." The greater part of the real Grub Street productions enumerated by Swift continued to be well known as chap-books throughout the first half of the present century. And they were largely supplemented by others of later date, regularly issued for many years from more than one press in Scotland.

The chap-books might be roughly divided into three classes. The first, and by much the smallest class, consisted of those which may be supposed to have had, more or less, a religious aim. The second class included historical or biographical sketches, and abridgments of classical tales and legends. The third class dealt with imaginary characters, or with real characters treated in an imaginative way, according to the taste and fancy of the original compiler; and their purpose generally was to excite mirth and wonder, or it might be emulation. Founding our criticism on a representative collection before us, the first objection that lies against the whole (by comparison) is their wretched style and appearance. The paper and typography are very inferior; and where illustrations are attempted, they are usually miserable specimens of art. A slight examination shows, moreover, that the same rude woodcut block had frequently to do double service in being used to illustrate totally diverse subjects. But, waiving all that, a more essential objection is found in the meagreness and frequent inaccuracy that characterize the contents. Occasionally, to meet a taste which has never ceased to be characteristic of Scotland, we find a famous sermon by some noted Evangelical divine, but evidently incomplete, and the abridgment done with little regard to consecutiveness in the thought or argument. And in a similar way one or two biographies of religious worthies of a former time exhibit so little of literary skill and care in the compilation, that the reader has no chance of forming a proper conception of the characters meant to be depicted. The same literary defects too often marked chap-books of the second class; the matter was meagre, and the proportion of parts bad. These were slight faults, however, compared to the more serious objection that lay against the third class of chap-books of absolute, and in many cases gross, coarseness. We name but one, and not the least famous, of this class—"The History of the Witty Exploits of Mr. George Buchanan." How the chap-book writer dealt with the facts of history, and of the great Scottish scholar's life, will be understood when we read in his introduction that Buchanan "was servant or teacher to King James VI., and one of his private counsellors; but publicly acted as his fool." A number of the "exploits" of Buchanan as king's fool were represented as having been performed in London after the king's residence had been removed thither: although, as authentic history tells us,

Buchanan was dead long before James ascended the throne of England. As a chap-book the exploits of George Buchanan was by no means the coarsest of its class; yet to the extent of one-third of its contents there is such an infusion of positive coarseness and indecency as to render it utterly unfit to be read, even on the supposition that the literary merits of the other parts presented an adequate reward; which is far from being the case. In others, with even less of literary merit, directly obscene allusions formed a marked feature. Yet these chap-books were issued without stint from respectable publishing houses in Glasgow and elsewhere, up to nearly the date already mentioned; and when we bear in mind that it was this very class of broadly-offensive productions that was at once the most characteristic and the most universally read, remembered, and quoted form of literature among a very large proportion of the Scottish lower classes, both rural and urban, thirty to forty years ago, we shall be able to form a juster conception of the popular literature of the time and its educative influence. While the inoffensive chap-books might be read and remembered in a general way, the filthy jokes and coarse narrations in George Buchanan, and others of its class, were intimately known, and repeated as household words.

"Printed for the booksellers" was the usual title-page inscription on the chap-books; and the numbers on some of them indicate the issue of very long series. As matter of fact, they were chiefly vended by small pedlars, or "flying stationers." In Scotland, the pedlar was a chapman, and hence the term "chap-book." Between the flying stationer and the wandering ballad-singer there was a close affinity, though the callings were not usually combined. Whether the latter was to be taken as the degenerate representative of the minstrel of earlier times may be left undetermined here; yet even in this connection, Fletcher of Saltoun's famous saying about "a very wise man" who believed that "if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation," had more of profound truth and force in it than may be generally believed. Some comparatively very illiterate and obscure ballad-singers and reciters wielded an influence which we should greatly underrate were we to estimate it inversely according to the literary demerits of their compositions. One, and perhaps the last of the class who have recited their own compositions, and who must be regarded as in the main a product of the time, and typical of prevailing tastes and feelings, filled a sufficiently distinctive position to warrant a few sentences of notice. John Milne had his home in Glenlivet, in the uplands of Banffshire, and died so recently as 1871. He had been bred a shoemaker, but about 1826 composed a rough rhyme, the theme of which was a tussle between his neighbours (Highland smugglers, with whom his sympathies lay) and the excise officers; and finding that his poetical gift had made him famous, he forsook the awl and lapstone, took to the occupation of ballad-maker, and for a period of over thirty years gained a livelihood and reared a pretty large family in decent comfort by singing or reciting and selling his own rhymes. Mounted on the trusty ass which for twenty years was the companion of his wanderings, he traversed the north and north-eastern counties of Scotland, sedulously attending fairs and markets with his wallet or bundle of "new songs and ballads," and readily commanding the ear and the coppers of the labouring population, whose cause he at all times professed to espouse. It is believed that the number of separate rhymes of his own composition (oft but ringing the changes on an old strain), printed and sold by this itinerant during his long career, amounted to nearly three hundred. Their themes were sometimes political; on rarer occasions religious topics were touched upon, not always reverently. The Scottish Disruption of 1843 was the theme of a derisive rhyme which he sung in the streets of Edinburgh and other Scotch towns, and Sir Robert Peel and corn-law repeal gave him a subject oftener than once; but his prevailing strain was that of exaltation of the rights of the agricultural labourers in the face of their employers, whose inborn spirit of tyranny was assumed, and their characters assailed, frequently with coarsely personal references and indelicate allusions. The circuit through which John Milne itinerated was a very wide one; wherever he went he commanded large audiences of untutored rustics, who hung upon his lips with delight; and as his songs and ballads continued to be bought and treasured by those who looked upon him as the champion of their rights, the influence exercised could not be otherwise than great. Few indeed, in the like humble station of life, have ever exercised an influence so considerable. That it was, to any appreciable extent, an influence for good may very well be doubted.

Of both the chap-book and the country ballad it is not too much to say generally, that while they did little to rebuke vice, and that little too often with a half-leering face, they did a very great deal to foster and perpetuate coarse and licentious habits among the masses—very much more, indeed, than will be believed by those who have not been at some pains to be informed on the subject. Their dominant note, and that which remained most potential in the ears of the people, spoke of ribaldry and gross buffoonery, and not of moral purity or harmless mirth.

Such in scope and character was popular literature, as formerly known to and influential amongst a numerous class. Of other books, that class knew too little to draw from them much of either mental stimulus or moral strengthening in their daily life; and even their scant knowledge of the current events which the newspapers record was got mainly at second hand—by hearsay, rather than from the printed page. Let us ask how far matters are changed for better or worse among the same class.

We shall speak first and briefly of the newspaper press. To a very large extent the provincial weekly press now seeks to adapt itself to the wants and tastes of the labouring population; as indeed it finds its chief circulation amongst them. Penny newspapers of this class, which were altogether unknown less than twenty-five years ago, are now circulated by hundreds of thousands weekly, and find their way regularly into the humblest of homes, as well as into the rough workmen's, and farm labourers' "bothy." It is to the credit of the newspaper press that the literature thus provided is perfectly free from anything like coarseness or indecency. The worst that can be charged against it in one phase is that in some cases journals of this class, in the part devoted to fiction, pander too much to the love of the sensational, and are thus led into presenting to the class that is least able to bear the unhealthy influence of totally false views of human life, and it may be of human duty; no slight evil assuredly, but one which we trust to see diminished by the substitution of what is more natural and wholesome. Fiction has not merely a legitimate place in literature; its function rightly exercised is a noble and elevating one; surely all the more reason therefore that it should not be used toward stimulating a craving after what the hard realities in the life of every man and woman contradict as false in fact and sentiment; or, worse still, in investing the immoral in principle with the aspect more or less of the heroic and noble.

We come next to serial literature of an essentially popular kind; such as from its cheapness in price may be expected to find its way to the masses of the population. No doubt the amount of popular literature of an objectionable sort that finds circulation is very considerable; though our information warrants the belief that it is not increasing, but generally decreasing, relatively, if not absolutely; and in some cases, in a very marked degree. And what have we to set against that on the other side? We have spoken of the chap-book seller and ballad-singer as purveyors of a people's literature of some potency. Both are now practically extinct, the former literally so; and in their room we have the colporteur with his pack of select books and periodicals, in the preparation of which the resources of proved literary and artistic skill have been called into use to commend religion and a pure morality to the masses, as well as to gratify the intellect and refine the taste. In 1855, the Religious Tract and Book Society of Scotland, which was founded in 1793, and in the magnitude of its general operations is exceeded only by such institutions as the Religious Tract Society, set on foot its system of colportage. It commenced with a staff of three colporteurs, which in a very few years was increased more than tenfold, and has since steadily grown in numbers. From the Report for 1874 we learn that the staff of colporteurs had increased to no fewer than two hundred and twenty-eight, of whom twenty-nine labour in parts of England, chiefly in the north, the others being scattered over the thirty-three Scottish counties. And in that year, in addition to 55,000 copies of Scriptures, and 120,000 copies of various works of a religious and morally-elevating character, those colporteurs had been the means of selling 840,000 periodicals for adults, and nearly 400,000 periodicals for the young, besides 300,000 cheap hymn-books. The total circulation of periodicals under the Society for the year named was about 150,000 a month, or 1,800,000 a year. Of the total circulation, periodicals at a penny or under amounted to 1,450,000; those at from three halfpence to five pence, numbered 140,000, and those at sixpence (none of higher price being, we believe, sold by the Society) 210,000. The principles of the Society are soundly evangelical; its practice in the selection of the literature to be circulated under its auspices seems to be catholic in the true

sense. Thus in its list of periodicals, supplied through the colporteurs, we find no fewer than thirty-five different periodicals for adults and seventeen for the young, ranging in price from a half-penny to sixpence a number.

In the figures given no account is taken of the religious tracts distributed gratuitously in large numbers by the colporteurs. It does not lie strictly in our way to speak of these, nor of the influence exercised directly by the men themselves as home-mission agents. Yet, in estimating the social and intellectual, as well as the moral and religious value of colportage work, we must needs keep this aspect of it in view. These two hundred and twenty-eight colporteurs who now occupy the place of an undefined number of the old chap-book vendors, and similar itinerants, are men chosen for their known moral and religious character not less than their general intelligence. With the living voice as well as through the printed sheet they act as humble but efficient evangelists. In many cases they are men not only of much earnestness, but also of singular shrewdness of character. And, being fully conversant with the life of those among whom their labours lie, they are able not only to give counsel generally to the erring and ignorant, and to express sympathy with the troubled; but, also, while ready to "render a reason" to those inclined to scoff and jeer, their knowledge of affairs puts them in a position to bring their lessons home with a practical force which the preacher of higher pretensions might often envy. We have found amongst these colporteurs men of various information, who, in addition to remarkable readiness in the use of apt scriptural texts, could appreciate, and in some instances freely quote many of the finest passages in our great English classics. As against the half vagabond "flying stationer" of thirty years ago, with his ragged coat and loose ill-regulated tongue, one can picture with satisfaction the sturdy colporteur going his monthly round; accosting the ploughman a-field, or the blacksmith at his forge, and received by both on the footing of equal companionship as he takes up some general topic of common interest, or prosecutes the business of his own mission; anon giving a Bible or other reading to a group of humble listeners gathered round him of an evening, or praying with the sick and infirm; and again joyously welcomed by the children of the hamlet who have been counting the days till his return that they may get their few carefully-hoarded halfpence expended on the much-prized illustrated magazine or little book. Such a man will sell on an average from five to six hundred cheap periodicals in a month, or six to seven thousand copies a year; realising, with the addition of sales of books, £80 to £90. The salaries of the colporteurs it may be observed are paid partly from profits on sales, and partly by grants from subscriptions made in each locality where they are at work.

The wholesome results to be anticipated from such an agency as that of the colporteurs constantly itinerating amongst the working population can hardly be over-estimated. Their work lies mainly among those who read little if they read at all, and consequently will interfere but little directly with the business of the regular bookseller. On the other hand, by supplanting literature that is frivolous, or positively pernicious, and fostering and even creating the taste for what is good and wholesome, the bookseller is certain ultimately to benefit through a more widely-diffused taste for reading. We do not need to dwell at length on the high character in both a literary and artistic point of view of the periodical literature supplied. While pure and elevating in tone, it is sufficiently attractive in style to carry its own recommendation with it. "Before it," to use the words of one engaged in the work, "the chap-books, country ballads, and other trash, formerly hawked about in such numbers, have so completely disappeared that a single copy is hardly to be picked up, even by the antiquarian book-collector." And, in their places, the same writer assures us, he finds ready sale (among servant girls quite as freely as among the males) for such periodicals as the *British Workman* and others of the same character. Such testimonies might be multiplied manifold, especially as regards the keen interest manifested by the young of both sexes in the visits of the colporteur, and their participation in the contents of his pack. The facts stated serve to show that, whatever drawbacks may still remain in the shape of frivolous or positively pernicious literature, the course of things in the field we have generally surveyed has distinctly been that of progress in a hopeful direction. In the form of weekly newspapers a secular literature that is at least pure in tone has grown immensely in bulk; and concurrently with that a popular serial literature of a soundly religious and morally-elevating character, sufficiently varied to meet the circumstances of different classes, has been brought into something like universal circulation, superseding and practically exterminating much that was frivolous and bad.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER.

UNDER THE APPLE-TREE.

A DOME of blossom rises overhead,
Piled like the snows upon some Alpine height,
And blushing with such tints of pink and red
As summer clouds may wear in vesper light.

Dew-spangled—pierced with sudden shafts of gold
That slide between the latticed boughs below;
A little world of bloom, that seems to fold
Birds, bees, and sunbeams in a tender glow.

Life is so sweet beneath this fairy bower
That the full heart must tremble in its bliss,
And fear lest wanton breeze or hasty shower
Should harm one petal by a careless kiss.

* * * * *

Under the apple-tree I stand alone,
In the strange stillness of an autumn day:
Where have the swallows and the brown bees flown?
What cruel hand hath snatched my blooms away?

The sullen, silver-rifted sky looks down
Between grey branches,—not a golden gleam
Falls on the scanty leaves, grown sere and brown;
And I am haunted by that flowery dream!

O foolish heart!—beside the mossy root
Lie the rich spoils that put thy grief to shame!
He takes the blossom, but He gives the fruit,
That men may magnify His worthy name.

He gives a treasure for a vanished toy,
Filling the soul before its void is known;
A solid blessing for a fragile joy
His hand bestows:—make thou His gifts thine own.

SARAH DOUDNEY.

SOUTH AFRICA.

By Major W. F. BUTLER, C.B.

II.

AN evil day was drawing nigh for British interests in South Africa. The Orange River Sovereignty was to be given up. British troops, flag, and government were to withdraw from it, and a boundary was to be set to a dominion, in whose possible future might even then have been read, in legible letters, a realisation of that old name given two hundred years before by the Portuguese discoverer, the "Good Hope" of a great empire set in the lonely ocean beneath the Southern Cross.

It is easy to be wise after the event, to say what should have been, to point where empire has been lost, and chance misused; but in this case of Orange Sovereignty abandonment, such wisdom could have been gathered then quite as easily as it can be gleaned now. Nay, even nature taught the lesson better then than she does to-day. At that time, far as the eye could reach, the vast plain of the Free State was a shifting scene of light-limbed antelopes, and millions of wild animals drew rich sustenance from that grass so green in summer, so brown and sere under the winter's sun.

"It is a desert," writes one English governor in 1852 or 1853. "It is richer than any part of Australia," writes another just four years later. Yes, it was a desert in the sense that man was a stranger there, that no fence crossed the land, no homestead was to be seen. It was a desert such as the rover poet Pringle loved to sing of as he wandered at will through its solitudes. Here is a picture of this desert as he painted it.

"Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent bush-boy alone by my side.
Away, away, from the dwellings of men,
By the wild deers' haunt, and the buffalos' glen;
By valleys remote, where the Oribi plays,
Where the gnoo, the gazelle, and the hartebeeste graze,
And the gemsbok and eland unheeded recline,
By the skirts of grey forest o'ergrown with wild vine,
And the elephant browses at peace in his wood,
And the river horse gambols unscared by the flood,
And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will
In the 'vley' where the wild ass is drinking his fill."

True, there was one real desert in it, a region where water was scarce and grass was scant, a spot looking over which the traveller might exclaim, "This is worthless." Yet, even there, in the centre of that waste of red, brick-dust plain, one day a herd-boy caught the gleam of a pebble that sparkled like a star, and to-day on that spot twelve thousand men are digging deep into the earth in the richest diamond mine the world has seen.

There is nothing worthless under the sun; if the wealth of nature lies not on the surface, it is only because she has hidden it in her bosom.

In 1854 the abandonment of the Orange River Sovereignty was consummated. The story of that abandonment, as it is told to-day in the Orange Free State, is pitiable enough. It is said that the majority of the inhabitants were hostile to the change. Many settlers had established themselves in

the territory, and British power had taken root. The more turbulent Boer had fled into wilds more remote. Settlements were springing up.

All at once the scene was changed. A commission arrived from England to surrender the Sovereignty to the Dutch. For a long time no one would accept the surrender. Meetings opposing it were held; resolutions were adopted, declaring the unalterable attachment of the inhabitants to the English flag; petitions were presented, but they all mattered little; the act had been already decided on, and it was to be done one way or another.

At last a party was got together willing to receive over the territory. They were obscure individuals; but on paper their names, when finally inscribed, looked formidable enough. It is widely asserted to-day in the Free State that this risky feat of penmanship was only achieved by the Boers after a liberal offer of English gold, "to defray the expenses of the transfer," had been made to them by the British authorities.

At length the deed was ratified. The birthright of Britain in this southern world was signed away, and a document was launched into life which, as time goes on, becomes more vividly injurious to English interests, and year by year grows into a more fatal instrument against British power in South Africa, following out but too truly the law which gives to political error no final resting-place. Let us run rapidly over the succeeding twenty years.

The Free State grew. Another large Republic arose still farther off to the north. Where the Free State ended at the south shore of the Vaal River, the Trans-vaal Dutch Republic began on the north shore, and ended no man could tell where. One ambitious President fixed the northern boundary at the Crocodile River, another said it must be at the Limpopo, another would claim the Zambesi, the tropic of Capricorn, or the Equator. If the natives objected, a "Commando" soon settled matters. A Commando was merely a new name for an old thing. It was war without any of the usages or restraints which civilisation has imposed on war. It meant night surprise, destruction of crops and cattle, no prisoners, cave-smoking, killing of women, &c.

Here is Lord Stanley's opinion of Commandoes:—"They are frequently undertaken," he writes, "as a means of gratifying the cupidity or vengeance of the Dutch or English farmers; and further, they are marked by the most atrocious disregard of human life."

But farther off, towards the remote north, they meant more than this. There was in the Trans-vaal an institution called "apprenticeship." Young negro children, without parents, could be apprenticed to farmers for a term of years. Orphans are not more numerous in the neighbourhood of the Limpopo than they are in other parts of the world; but when orphans are at a premium it becomes possible to improve upon nature, and to make them to order. It rests upon authority not to be disputed that women were butchered at their kraals in the north of the Trans-vaal Republic but a few years ago, for the sole purpose of enabling their murderers to carry away orphans to Prætoria, the capital of the republic.

All this is very horrible, and many men reading it in South Africa will perhaps exclaim against the writer for here placing it on record; but it is better that these dark things should be brought face to face with the light of day—better for us in England, as well as for our cousins in South Africa; for, strong as we imagine to be our sense of justice, of honour, or of courage, it is well for us to know that it all rests upon a frail foundation, and for those in savage lands to realise that, no matter how remote may be the region wherein these dark deeds are done, there will come a time when, even to the short-seeing eye of man, they will be laid bare.

But to return to the Orange Free State and our mountain Basutoland.

Some years after the withdrawal of British power from the north of the Orange River, war broke out between the Boers and the Basutos. The conflict ended favourably for the natives. The Dutch farmers could with difficulty be held together, as yet the infant republic lacked the spirit of nationality or of cohesion, and Moshesh proved fully a match for his white enemies.

Peace was made, leaving matters much as they had been before the struggle.

In 1866, war broke out afresh. A new President had assumed the direction of the Free State Government. He was a man trained under the influence of British institutions, although a thorough representative of Dutch traditions. His energy and determination soon made themselves apparent. The Basuto war was carried on with vigour.

Hitherto the table-topped fastnesses south of the Caledon had been deemed impregnable. In 1867, Makwai's mountain was attacked and taken, and soon after Tandtgiesberg was carried and the chief Pushili killed.

The following year saw the Boers in possession of Qumi, the mountain stronghold of Letsia, Moshesh's favourite son; and the same year beheld the celebrated Thaba Bossiou, Moshesh's mountain, invested by his enemy. The fight around this rugged hill was long and varied. Several times the Dutch attempted to storm the steep stronghold, and as often were they forced to relinquish the assault. Englishmen mustered strong in the Dutch army, and English breech-loading rifles, and Armstrong and Whitworth guns, were plentiful too.

The Free State complained bitterly that we aided the Basutos with arms, and ammunition, and sympathy; but every rifle fired at Thaba Bossiou, and every shell flung on the rocky ledge where old Moshesh battled bravely against his foes, came from an English arsenal or an English factory; and when, once, a Boer column did make a temporary landing on the scarped ledge by the summit of the beleaguered rock, it was an English officer who led them on, fighting for hours alone upon the ledge from which his followers had retreated. If our sympathy went with the Basutos, something more practical than sympathy was given to the Dutch.

Thaba Bossiou was never taken. Reduced to direst famine, shelled and shot at, the rocky ledge still held out; and before famine could complete its work, British intervention saved the mountain State; Basutoland was declared British territory, Moshesh was taken under the protection of the English flag, and the Free State was told to stay its hands. It was full time for our intervention. More than two thousand Basutos had fallen; all the cattle, horses, waggons, ploughs—even clothes belonging to the natives, had been destroyed; the kraals had been utterly demolished; the wretched women and children and old men had crowded into dark and loathsome caverns in the rocky hills, where, bereft of food and covering, they perished miserably from fever, cold, and famine.

Of course there were loud denunciations from the Dutch for this saving from utter annihilation of the remnant of their foes. They had already annexed the greater portion of the fertile valleys north of the Caledon; they hungered still for the rugged hills and steep glens which lay between the Caledon and the blue Maluti mountains; and to-day, through the Free State, one often hears, heading the catalogue of crimes recounted against England in South Africa, her merciful preservation of old Moshesh and his mountaineers from the rapacious destruction of the Dutch Boers.

In the foregoing pages we have sketched the history of this native mountain State, not because of any importance to-day attaching to its existence, or of any influence which it exercises upon the communities surrounding it, but because it is, geographically speaking, the keystone of the South African structure, the fountain-head of its water-system, the summit of its surface; and as from the Alps one looks down upon France, Italy, and Germany, and by a single turn of the head takes mental grasp of half Europe, so this rugged land of peaks has beneath and around it a sweep of horizon which embodies almost at a glance the entire topography of South Africa.

To catch from mere description the outline of a continent, to see mountains and rivers, plains and valleys, as they lie in the vast inanity of nature,—to behold that wonderful view over the outspread earth which the eagle sees when he is a speck in heaven, that "bird's eye view" which we so often speak of, but so seldom realise—this, perhaps, is the most difficult task the reader has to learn from the writer; for it is a lesson hard enough for the man who has himself looked upon the land which he would fain portray; and it is also a lesson without knowledge of which all other knowledge of the people or policy of distant lands is unfinished and incomplete.

In the preceding pages we have looked, as it were from a lofty height, upon that part of South Africa which contains to a greater extent than any other portion what may be called the future of the continent.

Coal, iron, gold, diamonds—these are great treasures; and these lie locked beneath the lands we have just surveyed, to an extent the knowledge of which is still in its crude commencement.

There is an angle of the meadow which we call Natal, where four States all meet together at one point. Through a vast rolling plain, many streams and rivers run eastward from the Drakensberg; a few ostriches still stretch their long necks above the hill horizon to watch the passing traveller on his way; the oribi bounds from the yellow grass before the horse's gallop; a herd of hartebeeste watch warily from afar at waggon or rider. The place is called the Newcastle Flat. It is

well named, for frequently one sees, when the yellow clay has been washed and cut into deep channels by summer floods, huge dark seams of rock-like coal thrust up between layers of trap and sandstone lying but a few feet from the surface. It is a curious sight. Here, unworked, unheeded, unborn, lies a mighty future; this is the great coal-bed of South Africa. As the rider now draws bridle by one of these breaks in the yellow clay, he sees only the great stretch of plain, the wild deer on the hill-top, the sun going down blood-red through the smoke of distant grass fires; he hears nothing but the rustle of wind through waving grass, and the drip of water down the sandstone channel; and, as he looks upon the quiet wilderness, there crosses his mind a vision of great factories; of tall chimneys, pouring forth dark streams of smoke, blurring the sunlight and blotting the sky; of men and women and children, from whose faces the light of heaven has also been blotted out and blurred; of the flare of gas on pallid cheek, and the roll of steam along iron road, when, in the fulness of time, this dark deep seam shall be followed into the bowels of the earth, and flung forth to feed the furnaces of the world's toil.

We have already spoken of the diamonds of the Vaal River. We will now endeavour to place before the reader an image of the gigantic pit in whose depths ten thousand men are delving deeper year by year.

We have said before that the Vaal and Orange Rivers, both springing from the range of the Drakensberg, approach each other some three hundred miles from their sources, and joining their waters in the midst of a vast plain of brick-coloured clay, on which the thorny mimosa grows, gnarled and stunted, in scattered clumps, pours westward a constantly-decreasing volume through the sands of Damara and the arid plains of the Kaliharri desert.

In the angle formed by the two rivers, at about eighty miles from their point of junction, a strange scene rises suddenly before the traveller's eye.

In the middle of a great plain—a plain so vast that its hills and undulations, its trap eruptions, "kopjes" and salt pans, are all merged by distance into a uniform sense of level—there is seen an immense assemblage of huts and houses, tents and flagstaffs. High above roof or flag-pole a huge, irregular mound of earth rises from the centre of this city on the plain, and as the traveller approaches the city he sees that it is built around the base of this great mound, which shelves down at that steep angle which is formed by the labour of the navvy-mound builder working from a higher level.

Without design or order, the huts and tents rise confusedly on every side; corrugated iron and canvas are the materials from which dwelling-house, church, drinking-saloon, store, and shed have been built. The city of Kimberly, or Colesberg, or New Rush, as it is variously named, is a city of tin and tent. But if the materials with which man has built this town in the desert be simple, the builder-man has been compound enough. Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Australasia have all sent their representatives to Kimberly. The African delves in the mine; the representatives from the rest of the world buy, sell, and drink in the town. When the water deepens in the great pit, the two first avocations are considerably curtailed, and in their places are substituted politics. Two great factions then appear in the city of diamonds; they are "loyal men" and "rebels."

On the latter side one finds the usual curious combination; there is the German malcontent, there is the English malcontent, there is the Irish malcontent, and, in addition to these units of European disaffection, there is also found here the malcontent of Natal.

First take the Teutonic upholder of liberty. He has two prefixes to his name—Captain and Von. It is needless to say that he possesses only that claim to either title that arises from almost unlimited capability of consuming beer and tobacco. He has a popular reputation, however, for having seen service, and there are certain hints thrown out by his immediate friends of his being closely connected with Von Moltke, whose portrait (taken from an illustrated paper) is hung conspicuously in his tin house.

Captain Von Drinckhishfils commands a following of about forty men; they are all Germans, and have, like their leader, acquired, rightly or wrongly, a reputation for arms; some are Bavarians, some are Saxons, some are pure Prussians; all are imbued with a high spirit of independence, discordant wind instruments, strong waters, and tobacco. They do not wash much, and whether in the mine or in the glass, hold water in low estimation.

Von Drinckhishfils and his company are reported to have shown considerable military knowledge at a recent rescue of a "rebel" storekeeper from the hands of four constables who were conveying him to jail; on which occasion they took up a strategic position

City of

an extinct diamond pit, a position which was as menacing to the four representatives of tyrannical oppression as it was secure from any stray bullet which might happen to be abroad.

The English malcontent is quite another kind of being; his antagonism to the government at the Fields is based chiefly on opposition to the principle of universal equality of black and white men. He is of that type peculiar to the middle and lower class Anglo-Saxon, whose ideas of universal equality have reference only to a set of beings *above* them in the social scale, and who would substitute repressive superiority whenever the sentiment affects a lower or a differently-coloured race of men.

He takes his stand, he will tell you, upon the inalienable right of every born Briton to make, frame, and adjust his own law, and as he individually has not made, framed or adjusted the law by which native Africans are graciously permitted to dig on African soil for African diamonds on their own account, he is determined to resist to the utmost such a manifest injustice.

But what are our Teuton or English malcontents compared to their Irish brother? Simply nothing. He has seen service; his career is deserving of notice. When the great State of New York resolved to die for the principle of American union, the subject of our memoir entered the American service. The great State of New York, and sundry other States of the Union, had found that dying for one's country, sacrificing life at the shrine of duty, &c., could be done on a principle quite different from old-world ideas —could be done, in fact, by contract.

If A wanted to die for his country, why not get B to take his place? The first principle of American liberty, in thought, word, and action, is, that one man is as good as another; therefore, if B is as good a man as A, it follows that A can pay B to perform the usual ceremonies of enlistment, attestation, drilling, &c., necessary in modern society, ere the time has come for the supreme act of devotion.

There is a curiously-shaped portion of Western Canada which projects into the great lake system of North America, almost touching the State of New York upon the east, and the State of Michigan on the west. Upon this projecting peninsula the subject of our memoir took up his temporary residence. One day he crossed the Niagara River to the [illegible] of Buffalo, in the State of New York. So [illegible]ny persons in that State had suddenly come to similar conclusions upon the question of dying for their country, that substitutes had reached a high figure; they were worth two thousand dollars each. The subject of our memoir was duly enlisted in the American service; but on the night following his enlistment he contrived to get away from his lodgement, and recrossed the river to Canada two thousand dollars richer than he went. A few hours' railway travel brought him to the other extremity of Canada, and he passed over to the State of Michigan. Substitutes were not quite in as much demand at Detroit in Michigan as they had been in New York; nevertheless, the subject of our memoir, being of large frame and manly form, was eagerly accepted at fifteen hundred dollars, and during the ensuing night he again safely regained his adopted country without let or hindrance.

He was now a well-to-do man; but, unfortunately, the longing for additional sacrifice of life in defence of the principle of union was too strong for prudence, and he again ventured to offer himself as a substitute at Buffalo. This time good care was taken that he should proceed towards the theatre of war, and accordingly we find him drawing near the army of the Potomac.

It was about the period when General Sherman had conceived the brilliant idea of moving his army of the Tennessee to Savannah. That move, for ever embalmed in history, is to-day told in song and story throughout the wide width of America, and above every other tale of the war of Secession, ranks that which tells of the events "when Sherman marched down to the sea."

Well, extremes meet. The subject of our memoir also performed a similar feat. Quitting the base of operations of the Army of the Potomac, and marching quickly "down to the sea," he took shipping for his native island, where, in due course of time, he arrived, having acquired by more or less questionable means the rank of self-made colonel, with some three thousand dollars in hard cash.

Everything is different in America from its counterpart in Europe. Even the "purchase system" in the army was conducted on other principles. Our Irish malcontent arrived in Ireland about the beginning of the Fenian agitation. He espoused the cause of the tenant farmer with the same eagerness he had already shown in supporting the claims of the North American Federalist; but Ireland was not a country as well calculated to display his peculiar talents to advantage, and

he was soon in the hands of the police. Of such fish the Government net was already full enough, and, after a few weeks' incarceration, he was liberated on condition of his seeking other lands. The diamond fields had begun to attract popular notice, and to South Africa our liberated Fenian shaped his course, to fill in time the vacant post of Irish malcontent in the city of New Bush.

At some length we have drawn the characters of these representatives of freedom in this free and easy community of Kimberly. The picture is not over-coloured, nor is the space which we have given to it too large for the canvas at our disposal.

It is not yet a year since a regiment of soldiers had to march fourteen hundred miles to quell an attempt made by half-a-dozen such men as we have just described, to overturn the constituted authority of Government at the fields; and those who are best acquainted with the individuals who represented advanced opinion on that occasion will not fail to recognise in the foregoing photographs correct likenesses of the heroes and leaders of a revolt which cost South Africa some £60,000.

And now, having glanced at some of the human dwellers at the base of the great mound of Colesberg, let us ascend the steep bank itself, and gaze at the curious scene which opens before us.

A big pit, at top twelve acres of superficial size, two hundred feet deep at its deepest, its floor cut into innumerable squares, its sides falling steep from a clear cut edge. Around that edge rise, tier over tier, three rows of wooden platforms, from which wheels and pulleys, and iron ropes run downwards into the yawning pit below. Thick as black men can swarm, on these wooden platforms stand nearly naked negroes, working wheel and pulley, bucket and rope. Looking down into the pit, one sees thousands of wire ropes crossing and recrossing each other, stretched "taut" from "the claim" beneath to the platform above. There are six hundred whole claims in this mighty pit; but claims have been split into halves, quarters, eighths, and even sixteenths.

Down below black figures, dwarfed by distance, are digging, picking, and filling into leather buckets a dark bluish clay, half stone, half marl; when the bucket fills, a signal to the men on the platform above is given from beneath, the wheels fly round, and along the wire rope runs the load of "diamondiferous" clay to the pit edge aloft.

Beyond all attempt at number are these ropes and lines of wire; buckets come and go along them with puzzling rapidity. A mighty whirr of wheels fills the immense arena; a vast human hum floats up from ten thousand throats. Such a sight must the great tower by the Babylonian stream have presented; but assuredly nowhere else could the eye have taken at a single glance such a vast accumulation of labour, all tending to one toil and one effort—the digging of a vast pit into the earth.

Let the man be who he may; let him have seen all the world holds that is worth seeing in the work of man, old or new; let him have grown tired of wonders by land and sea; still we will venture to assert that, as he climbs the side of this clay mound, and looks from the edge of the bordering rock into the Colesberg "Kopje," he will stand for a moment riveted to the spot, in the first impulse of a new astonishment.

But there are many questions which the reader will require answered, ere he can see even faintly the pit and its mode of work. How is the dividing line kept between claim and claim? Where is the clay put that is taken out of the pit? How are the diamonds extracted from the clay? Is the clay all of this bluish marl-like description? How are the sides of the pit kept from falling in? These, and many more questions, will arise to the reader's mind as he scans what we have written.

The pit sides are cut steeply down. Nature has faced them for the most part with a lining of rock. This lining, called "the reef," forms the boundary of the diamond mine: one foot outside that boundary reef there are no diamonds. At times the reef hangs dangerously over the pit, and then it has to be taken down, and the edge sloped off at a greater angle.

For a great depth, now, the work has been carried through nothing but this blue marl-like clay, but it was not always so. At first, the soil was a reddish gravel; it was rich in diamonds. All at once the red gravel gave place to yellow clay. Men said, "There will be no more precious stones, the red gravel is all gone;" but men, as they often are, were wrong, and the diamonds went on as before. At last the bluish soft rock was reached; again the wise people said, "Now there is an end to diamond digging." But diamond digging went on in the bluish marl rock, as it had gone on in the other clays and gravels.

When this clay, or rock, or gravel is brought to the surface, it can no longer be

piled, as of yore, around the edge of the great pit; there is no room now, and already the heap is high and vast enough. So hundreds of horses are employed in carting away the diamondiferous soil, and placing it in various parts of the great surrounding plain. Here the action of sun, and air, and cold night soon causes the half-solid mass to disintegrate, and then, when it has softened, begins the work of washing.

To pick out the precious stones was for years no easy matter; the apparatus was rude and incomplete, and many a valuable gem slipped through and was lost in the *débris* clay. Now all that is changed, a closer scrutiny is possible; and so perfect has become the means of sifting, that the old *débris* of former years is being worked over again, and many a rich gem taken from its vast accumulation.

People will naturally ask, "Must there not be great robberies practised in this immense pit?" The answer is, unquestionably, Yes; but let us not run away with the matter all at once. These frequent pilferings of stones are the chief causes of the white man's antipathy to his black labourer at the fields; but whenever we have heard the negro denounced for his diamond-stealing, it has always occurred to us to ask our righteous white friend, "How do you think you would fare if you employed twenty white men instead of these twenty Zulus or Bechuanas? Do you think the pilfering would cease? Not a bit of it; it would be ten times greater." We unhesitatingly state our opinion that if the present system of diamond-digging were attempted with the ordinary white labour of the world, be that labour British, German, or American, it would be simply impossible to continue it, so wholesale would be the stealing. It is only with the black man that there is left sufficient honesty to permit the continuance of profitable digging.

The term "digger," as it is frequently used at Kimberly, is a delusive one. In the papers, over the doors of shops, in political placards, one sees the "digger" prominently put forward. There are "digger associations," "digger saloons," "digger meetings," even "digger drinks," but the real digger is the negro. The proprietor of the claim is no more a digger, in the American or Australian sense of the term, than an English railroad contractor is a navvy.

Some years ago, when the diamond excitement was at its highest point, an English illustrated journal published a view of the fields. In the background of this picture many negroes were at work, picking and grubbing in the earth; in the foreground there stood the figure of a white man with an umbrella over his head; he was busily engaged in kicking a large negro; both parties seemed dissatisfied with the occupation. Matters have changed since then. The competition for negro work is now very great, and masters have to be more careful how they kick.

"Give a dog a bad name and hang him," says the proverb. Give a master a bad name, and his work hangs, is a patent truth in South Africa.

It is curious to note what a strange variety of opinions one hears throughout the country relative to black labour. "He [the negro] is the laziest brute on earth," one man will tell you. "I can get as much labour as I want," will confide to you the next comer.

To-day, in the Free State, it is almost impossible to obtain labour on a Dutch farm. Go a few miles off, to an English holding, and you will find labour sufficient and to spare.

We do not mean to assert that the negro works for the sake of work. Who does, the wide world over? But we do say that in Natal, in the Orange Free State, and at the Diamond Fields, labour can be obtained by those who go about it in the right spirit.

In South Africa, no white man works. There are white artisans and skilled workmen, it is true, but they are at enormous wage. They make more in a week than many London office men make in a month. At the Diamond Fields they obtain £2 per diem, and in Natal £1 or more; but the white labourer, pure and simple—the man with the shovel, the stone-breaker, Hodge in a smock and with a hedge-clipper—does not exist. There is no hiding the fact that labour is at a discount; some will tell you it is because of the climate, but in America we have seen white labour carried on unceasingly, under conditions of heat and exposure more trying than this of South Africa. The real cause is to be found in the fact that black labour is possible to obtain.

What the black man does in this matter, his white cousin must not do. "The nobility of labour" ceases to bear patent when the African has to be raised to the peerage through it, and the "long pedigree of toil" becomes considerably shortened when its tree has its root in the "midriff" of the negro.

"WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH."

Page 107.

WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH.

By the AUTHOR of "Lady Bell," Etc.

CHAPTER V.—"MADAM."

"HAVE you slept at all, Anne?" asked Pleasance with a remorseful consciousness of her own sound sleep, as she looked in the morning into Anne's white face, with the great purple circles beneath the heavy eyes.

"I daresay I have," answered Anne evasively; "one is so apt to think one has not closed an eye; but it does not signify, we have a great deal to do to-day."

All Anne's late passiveness was gone and was succeeded by a feverish energy, but she spoke in a hoarse voice, and coughed an oppressed cough at the end of the sentence.

Pleasance was only too thankful to have Anne in her natural place, taking the rule, and was more than willing to subside into her *rôle* of the thoughtless, irresponsible, yet not indocile junior. But she recognised with dismay the tokens of illness in Anne. Pleasance's perceptions being sharpened by the recent shock to her nerves, she recollected in time how severe and trying Anne's colds were wont to be, and exclaimed, "You have caught cold, Anne!" and urged the precaution of her sister's remaining in bed and suffering Pleasance and Mrs. Balls to nurse her.

Anne, however, scouted this idea, and even smiled languidly at the notion of Pleasance as a nurse, while she said Mrs. Balls would drench her with possets and hot drinks, as if she were a favourite cow; whereas she meant to get up and shake off the slight cold, and be very busy to boot.

"It will never do now for me to give way," said Anne with shining eyes, "in my position now, it would be inexcusable, and the back is made for the burden."

"Very well, Anne," said Pleasance, quite ready to be persuaded that no care or anxiety was necessary, and very eager to hear what Anne proposed to do, while they dressed themselves, Anne discharging her usual office of dressing Pleasance's unruly hair. Pleasance made up to herself for the penance which her hair-arranging had always been to her, by peeping over one of Mrs. Balls's half-blinds, and watching for the appearance of horse, or cow, or pig, or feathered fowl in the stack-yard.

"Pleasance," said Anne, in an altered voice, which betrayed intense emotion, "I am determined to write to that woman and renounce all connection with her."

Pleasance did not require to ask what woman Anne meant, but she was impressed by the concentrated bitterness with which her sister spoke. As for Pleasance, though her girlish instincts had also been outraged, in a sense, by Mrs. Wyndham, yet if she had been left to herself, she would have thought and spoken no more of the stranger aunt.

Notwithstanding, when the idea was suggested to Pleasance, she was perfectly prepared to follow Anne's guidance, and to defy her aunt in the most recklessly imprudent fashion.

"What shall you say, Anne?" asked Pleasance, entering into the spirit of the thing.

"I hope I shall not be unnecessarily disrespectful," said Anne, in a quivering voice, and shaking in every limb as she spoke, "since she is papa's sister; but I am sure that papa never meant that she should come and wantonly insult us—his very silence about us to her implied as much—I think I shall be only remembering what is due to him, and doing as he would have had me to do, by telling her that we do not wish her to trouble herself any farther about us, and that we refuse to let her dictate to us with regard to the future."

In spite of Anne's precocious womanly intensity of feeling, it was a new experience

to have her thus agitated and impetuous, while Pleasance stood by quiet and only moved in answer to Anne's emotion.

"Yes, of course, Anne, she knows nothing about us—she seemed to reckon us nuisances—she might propose to separate us next;" and under the force of that supposition Pleasance grew eager in her turn. "When will you write, Anne?"

"Immediately after breakfast, if Mrs. Balls has paper and pens and ink," returned Anne.

"And I can carry the letter to the village post-office, where Mrs. Balls sends her letters," said Pleasance.

"We must go to the village first," said Anne, sobering down and speaking almost solemnly; "we must ask Mrs. Balls to take us."

"Oh, but Anne, Mrs. Balls is always busy of a morning, even when she says the milk has not come on," exclaimed Pleasance puzzled at the necessity.

"Still, she will go when I ask her," said Anne in a convinced tone. "Haven't you thought that we must get things?" and Anne, with a little air of reproach, glanced down at her grey camlet gown. "I have half-a-sovereign and I think that you have half-a-crown still of our pocket money; and I have been counting that may buy two black calicot gowns and black ribands for our straw hats like—like those Elizabeth and Susan had at Miss Cayley's when her sister died."

"But Anne," confessed Pleasance with compunction, "you forget the card-board I bought the last time that we were at Heavitree, and Miss Eckhard took the rest of the half-crown to keep for fines, as she said I was sure to throw away my money, and have nothing to pay when I had one of my impositions; and if I escaped, then the money would be there for me the next time we went into Heavitree."

"It can't be helped now, we must make the half-sovereign do, as poor people manage, perhaps Mrs. Balls will tell us how; and we must contrive to make the gowns and trim the hats for ourselves; I think I could do that. I need not say anything about your being more careful in the future, poor child, because we have to see in the first place about your having something to be careful with—at least, there will be no more fines, Pleasance."

Strengthened by that small consolation, Pleasance accompanied her sister to the great Manor kitchen, which Mrs. Balls had been employed in "cleaning up" and setting in order hours before, working softly with a care of disturbing her poor young, gently-bred cousins, for whom she had not failed to air the best room. This was a small and stuffy wooden-paneled parlour, with faded woollen curtains and old tapestry-worked chairs, which had fallen down out of "gentlefolk's housen," that had been coeval with the better days of the Manor. Altogether it was much less pleasant, although it might be grander in Mrs. Balls's eyes than the kitchen. But she would not fail in any respect which she had ever paid to the "poor gals;" and she would let them have a room to retire to for their own chat, to be out of the way of her gossips, Mrs. Morse of the Brown Cow, and Mrs. Blennerhasset next door to it, even though Mrs. Balls had the sagacity to predict that the girls' stay would be longer than they anticipated; "but I ain't the wumman to turn the poor mawthers out, like them cowd-hearted gentry their father's kin. They 'a a sum of money to fall back on, and if they hadn't I 'ould work my fingers to the bone to give a help to my own cousin Pleasance Fowler's children; and neither was Pleasance come on such low people for all she married to. The Fowlers were respectable yeomen these hundred years gone, bettern trash on gentry."

When Mrs. Balls had tempted Anne and Pleasance, to the best of her power, to make a good breakfast from her new bread and home-made butter, cups of coffee and bowls of cream, with a souce cheese, sausage-rolls, and cold apple turnover as *pièces de resistance*, she heard, and quickly consented to their request that she should go with them on their errand to the village.

"They'll be mis'able if they don't get to buy murnins," she said to herself, as she put on her substantial shawl and bonnet, "though I dunno that they have so much to murn for except loss of hope, and that's often the wust loss on all sure-ly, for all that father of theirn a done for them, to go a-trapesing and a-guzzling in furrin parts a-spending on his last penno, when he might a been laying his shoulder to the wheel and working like a man for his gals. I'd offer to lend them a guinea, though I never saw its yeller face again. I can stand trate fudder than that; thank the Lor' I've not been head dairy-maid and housekeeper at the Manor for nineteen years come Whissunday for nor'n; but it would go hard with the elder gal, Miss Hatton, her that so favours poor Pleasance her mother, to take a penno of

mine, though her mother and me shared and shared alike, many's the day; and yet cousin Pleasance could not stomach a-forcing herself in among her husband's high relations. Wool, pride gets a fall, passon tells me, but pride d' differ, and I like my folk's pride, I do, root and branch."

Mrs. Balls, in her good-will, did not fail to remark that Anne had suffered from her journey of the day before, and made a suggestion that it might be the better for her to keep the house till she got her voice again, and was not croaking "like a frog at a rail." But when Anne assured her that there was very little the matter with her, and that she was quite fit to go to the village, Mrs. Balls did not take it upon her to contradict the young lady, and did not apprehend any risk from the excursion, seeing that all her experience was among brisk country girls who could not keep themselves up, and who took no harm from liberties used with the weather or their own constitutions.

The day was not a repetition of the last fine April day; it was one of those misty sunless days, when in a watery country like that in which the Manor was situated, all looks wan and sodden.

The road was far beyond the girls' thickest soled boots, and took Mrs. Balls herself in her stout laced boots, as she expressed it, "up t' fetlock."

The fields had a thin white shroud over their pasture and over the broad ditches which instead of hedges formed the boundaries. Out of the shroud, horses and cattle, already put out to graze, loomed in elephantine proportions, while the nearest windmill and brown barge which came sailing out of the mist along one of the invisible slow rivers, appeared still more gaunt and spectral.

It was a colourless, cheerless day, unnatural to weirdness. Mrs. Balls said, "It rizes my corruption, for nor'n is like itself, and I feel the damps going into my blood like the smut into the corn."

The village of Saxford stood at the top of a steep ascent, where there was so much level land, and showed from below like a miniature city set on a hill. Close at hand it was an irregular assemblage of houses, mostly whitewashed and thatch-roofed, some of them tumble-down with age, none of them of higher pretension than another, except the little church built of grey flints standing somewhat apart at the end of a broad walk between hedges, and the village inn, bearing the sign of the Brown Cow, but even the inn and the church had thatched roofs. There was a primitive rudeness about the whole place and its inhabitants, from the sharp turnings and narrow windings, the steep ruts and the pools of water of the single street, to the loud rough voices of the stolid and careless, well-nigh aggressive, people, mostly women. They stood about their doors, and did not refrain from jostling Mrs. Balls while they hailed her with "A fine day, Missus Balls, now how be you?" and jostled still worse, in order to look right into their faces, the two "main genteel gals," drawing nearer her for protection.

Mrs. Balls did not fail to afford it, and to speak her mind plainly. "I be rarely well, Sairey Larkins," she duly replied to one of the questions after her health. "But there be summat wrong with your manners. Don't you see I'm with your betters? You make room for them." Sairey, a slovenly-dressed, blowsy-looking young married woman, wearing an outrageous crinoline beneath her torn gown, and having her hair roughly dragged over a huge chignon, under a ragged greasy net, gaped and then laughed, not ill-naturedly, as at a good joke.

"Her mightn't a been so easy to deal with, had I not been here," muttered Mrs. Balls. "Them gals is hardest on gals of another feather, like fowls in the barn-yard when they fly at a speckled bird, and which we've Scripture for. My young ladies mus'n go to the village by themselves, not yet awhile; why even Miss Pleasance d' look like a hunted hare."

The shop to which Mrs. Balls took the girls was the only shop in the village, and was a general store. Coarse groceries mingled with earthenware at one side of the window, and coarser haberdashery at the other. Within, in the middle of confusion and sluttishness, the greatest ease, deliberation, and sociality prevailed, between the shopkeepers — two women — and the customers.

Mrs. Balls found it desirable to introduce her two companions to the owners of the shop.

"I 'a brought two young ladies; Miss Hattons, daughters of my cousin Pleasance, as made the great marriage, you remember, Missus Grayling? And this be Missus Grayling and her widder sister, Missus Bradbeer—. The young ladies 'a met with a loss, suddent; their father in furrin parts, and they want murnins, jest a put-by for the time they are here," Mrs. Balls added.

This was the compromise on which she

had settled in the walk, between the rank which she was insisting upon for her visitors, and what was a poor order even for the "willage." When agricultural wages were at their best (and that best was considerably heightened in this quarter, by the neighbourhood of the sea-port of Cheam, with its demand for able-bodied men to go out as seamen and fishermen, and women to act as lodging-house keepers, or shop-girls, or to take service), the natives were as unrestrained in their indulgence in gaudy, even expensive clothes, as they were given on the same occasion to gross abuse of food and drink.

"You be come for a change, I lay it," remarked Mrs. Grayling, a long, lanky, sallow woman, in a cotton velvet jacket, over her skirt, and a dishevelled bunch of flowers as the most prominent covering to her moulted head. "Now what be the complaint your father died on? for I hear say there be a power of complaints about."

"Suddent, didn't I say, Mrs. Grayling?" interposed Mrs. Balls, quickly and with emphasis, "and the young ladies on'y heard on't yesterday, and I dessay you've heard tell the feelings of gentlefolks ain't like ourn, they be kinder tender, and not fit to be trampled on."

"Whose a-trampling on feelings?" demanded Mrs. Grayling, with sharp protest; "and if gentlefolks, set en up! wunno speak o' their dead, the more shame to en, ses I, were they queens on their thrones."

"Wool you show Miss Hattons some on your clearest black calicots," said Mrs. Balls, taking no notice of the reflection, "as a go-by, and sin' the weather is setting up."

"Much the weather is setting up this mucky day," said Mrs. Grayling, contemptuously, "it's more like that the genteeler your frien's be the fewer pennos they 'a to spare, for I 'a noticed that pride and poverty do go together like mites and cheese, and since you and your frien's on'y come here for a go-by, Missus Balls, you may go by my shop altogether, and little loss." However, the perpetration of the small witticism relieved Mrs. Grayling's mind of the consequences of the provocation which it had received, raising her spirits and restoring her temper to its normal state of crusty solemn facetiousness. "As we 'ont be unneighbour like," she enjoined her sister, who was a humble fac-simile of herself, in a knitted jacket over her skirt, and some rusty black ribands in tokens of her widowhood, the salient point of her head-dress, "to bring out the black calicots, them with the little white spots like tears, or beads, or goodies, as you take them—it's like that the gentlefolks will prefer to think o' the goodies sin' they're so delicate they might be washed away with the mere mention on tears—and spread them out afore Missus Balls and her fine gals."

Anne and Pleasance were partly confounded and partly uncomprehending, and they continued so after the choice of the calicots, and ribands, and black-edged paper, for which Anne was as solicitous as for anything else, since she would not have felt it proper to write her projected letter on any other.

Mrs. Balls took it upon her to do the chaffering at the conclusion of the purchase, and she and the mistress of the shop gave and took in the most composed manner, as if it were a thing of course, and without any hostile intention on either side, the most unvarnished accusations of cozening statements with regard to the quality and quantity of the goods on the one hand, and of meanness and suspicion in questioning the account on the other. At last the bargain was ended, without a pitched battle, or enmity for life having been established between Mrs. Grayling and Mrs. Balls; on the contrary, with every evidence of the mutual respect and cordiality existing between the women, having been only confirmed by their encounter.

Mrs. Grayling would have "Missus Balls and the gals" keep out the cowd by taking a sup of cherry brandy or ginger cordial. She sent Mrs. Bradbeer in a perfectly obliging manner for the glass of water which Pleasance ventured to ask, and while she was drinking it, Mrs. Grayling regaled Mrs. Balls with the latest and choicest scandal of the village.

But when Mrs. Balls and the girls left the shop, they were beset by another annoyance. Loud titters and giggles came from the shock heads of several half-grown girls, which were first projected and then withdrawn from behind a blacksmith's shed next the Brown Cow.

"It's them young Blennerhassets," said Mrs. Balls. "I'd wallop them an I could get at them;" but she did not speak otherwise than serenely.

It was such a strange region to Anne that it combined with her other load to crush her from the first.

Arrived at the Manor, Mrs. Balls declared a little mournfully, though she did not intend a reproach, that she had lost a day, and pronounced herself more knocked

up by a walk before noon than if she had churned a "stun" of butter, or pressed the whey from the curd for half-a-dozen cheeses. As for the girls, they withdrew to the company, room to write their letter.

Though the letter was composed at Anne's instigation, and was to be in her handwriting, a copy was scribbled by Pleasance, not only because Anne's head ached, but because Pleasance was the inventive genius of the two sisters. Writing—in a queer, little, cramped, yet not illegible handwriting, as different as possible from Anne's carefully formed, symmetrical letters—came as naturally to Pleasance as water comes to a duck. It need hardly be said that composition, of which writing is an expression, was a native element.

But Pleasance paused on this occasion, and in place of scrambling over her ground with all her fancy prompted her, sat and looked gravely at the black edges of her paper and waited for instructions from Anne.

"Dear Aunt," she did write of herself, and read aloud.

"Not 'dear aunt,' Pleasance," forbade Anne in strong opposition. "How could you think of writing 'dear' to such a woman, who blamed papa, and told us she meant to have nothing to do with us, letting us see she was ashamed of us?"

"But 'Aunt' looks so odd," said Pleasance, with a constraining sense of literary propriety, as Anne was constrained by propriety in other quarters, "and I must have a beginning; I must begin, too, with a personal address."

"Write 'Madam.'"

"But that is formal and formidable." Pleasance was still doubtful of the term, though she wrote it at Anne's bidding.

"I mean to be formal and formidable," said Anne; "at least, I mean to show her that we shall keep at as great a distance from her as she chooses to keep from us, and that we shall not be ruled by her, the same as if she had natural feeling for us."

"Will this do, Anne?" said Pleasance, after writing a few lines, and then she read, "Madam, we are papa's daughters, and we should have done anything, as we ought, for papa; but as we have not known his relatives, and they do not mean to know us—even by name—more than they can help, and as papa left no message, either to us or to them, we beg to decline being further interfered with and disposed of only to satisfy their pride, and as we believe that we may be kept out of their way."

"Yes, yes, Pleasance!" responded Anne eagerly.

"It is too long a sentence, I am afraid," meditated Pleasance, holding her pen between her teeth, and considering her production with some pride.

"Oh, never mind the length of sentences," said Anne a little fretfully. "Who minds that, save governesses and masters?"

"But you used to mind governesses and masters so much," complained Pleasance wonderingly.

"What I used to do, and what I have to do now, are very different. Please, Pleasance, don't sit with that pen in your mouth," poor Anne wound up with flagrant inconsistency. "Oh, my dear, you must not get into bad, awkward habits, now that there is nobody to correct you."

"I have you, Anne," said Pleasance cheerfully. "I think I may just add this to the letter:—'We have each other, and we shall do our best, without seeking the aid of anybody. We remain your obedient servants.' That is the proper close of such letters, Anne, and we must both sign, 'Anne Hatton,' 'Pleasance Hatton.'"

So the letter, in its resentful imprudence and youthful heroism, was copied out in Anne's trim, clean handwriting, and signed by the girls.

Mrs. Balls knew nothing of its contents; it never entered the girls' heads to consult her. And if they had, the hot-headedness and rough recrimination which belonged to her want of education, would have over-weighed the superior worldly wisdom of her years, and prevented her from dissuading her charges from sending such a letter to their nearest and most powerful relation. Even as it was, Mrs. Balls did hope, when Pleasance asked her about getting the letter posted, without any word of its contents (since Anne did not wish these to be spoken of), that the "gals" had done what they could to send away "sombry—grand relations, or schoolmistress"—for Mrs. Balls blamed all with whom the Hattons had had to do unquestioningly and impartially, for the scurvy way in which they had been treated, "with a flea in *their* lugs, to see how *they* 'ould like it."

By return of post there came a letter from Mrs. Wyndham bearing her husband's coat-of-arms. It was written with violet ink, and retained a trace of the perfume of her writing-desk. She accepted the discharge which her late brother's daughters had thought fit to give her from all obligation to them. She washed

her hands of them after the ingratitude with which the trouble and annoyance to which she had exposed herself on their account had been received, and after the utterly unbecoming tone which the girls—no doubt instigated by their mother's relations—had adopted towards her. The few hundred pounds which her brother had left behind him, and to which his daughters might consider themselves entitled, had been placed in the funds, and might be had, when the girls came of age, or sooner, by applying and showing such cause as would satisfy Mr. Fairlie, Lincoln's Inn. She did not profess to know law, but she believed the arrangement would be found right. She wished the girls well, and bore them no malice, though she feared, from the specimen of their dispositions and intentions they had shown, that they were not likely to pursue a course which would lead them to respectability and prosperity in their station. But as they had desired, she had done with them, although she must remain their father's sister—

"ALATHEA WYNDHAM."

This letter filled the girls, especially Pleasance, with triumph rather than any other feeling. They had attained their end; they were no more to be domineered over and taunted in cold blood, even on paper, by Mrs. Wyndham. They were their own mistresses, and if they had not liberty, what other good could they claim in their forlorn situation?

CHAPTER VI.—ONE WAYFARER FAILS.

THOUGH Anne Hatton's first attention had been turned to the wiping out of the affront which she believed her father's sister had put upon her father and his daughters, by their repudiating the brief authority which Mrs. Wyndham had exercised over them, Anne had not been without the consideration of plans for herself and Pleasance; she had been full of them, working at them incessantly with a restless, excited brain.

Pleasance was cherishing a diversity of schemes, and fitful, airy projects. Now it was that Anne and she should manufacture an immense number of little pincushions, penwipers, &c. The girls at the Hayes had lightened their heavier labours by contriving and constructing such for birthday and Christmas presents and charity bazaars in which friends of some of the pupils were interested. They could be disposed of to a "repository," whatever that might be, or wherever it might be found, and live on the proceeds—as Pleasance had read of distressed ladies supporting themselves, in those good old-fashioned novels which Miss Cayley had not forbidden to her pupils.

Next, it was a new idea, culled from a modern American novel, that Anne and she should set up a little shop—only not in Saxford, where people stared and wrangled so, and girls were so saucy—and sell things, tea or worsted, or, better, books; or try to get a little farm, which Mrs. Balls would tell them how to take care of, and have horses and donkeys, and cows and hens, all of their own, and sell corn and hay, butter and milk, and eggs and cheese, like Mrs. Balls's master.

In these occupations Pleasance recognised a new life and many delights, with some cares, of course, but no degradation—how could there be? Anne and she would still be Anne and Pleasance, retaining all that was worth having of their individual selves, with their gifts or graces, and they would be doing what was honest and right under the circumstances. No more harm could come to them than came to Rosalind and Celia when they withdrew from the usurping Duke's court, and lived as shepherd and shepherdess in the Forest of Ardennes, or to Imogen, when she cooked roots for her unknown brothers in the cave of Belisarius. No doubt it would have been nicer to have been Rosalind and Celia or Imogen, but manners had changed, and people could not have everything they wished. She might well say that when poor papa had died away, all by himself, in the wilds of America.

Anne's great trust was in an application to Miss Cayley. She had not been so fond of Miss Cayley as Pleasance had been; still she had full faith in her old teacher's goodwill, and naturally retained an impression of her power and influence, much greater than the claims of even an old-established, respected schoolmistress could warrant.

Neither Anne nor Pleasance knew anything of a possible change in Miss Cayley's circumstances, as changes were not mooted in the school before they came to pass.

Anne was certain that Miss Cayley could do something for them if she would, and Anne was pretty sure that she would, though she could not be equally certain of what Miss Cayley might think of their letter to their aunt. But Miss Cayley, clever and good as she was, was not one of papa's daughters to judge how they had been hurt and humiliated, Anne reflected proudly.

If Miss Cayley could not take the two girls back into her own school as pupil-teachers, to be in a measure at the beck of

Anne's old school enemy, Maria Hollis—a galling transformation to Anne with all her sense—then Miss Cayley would get the girls placed together (Anne must be with Pleasance to look after her, what would become of Pleasance, in spite of her wonderful cleverness, if she were out of Anne's sight?) on a similar footing, in another school. In a few years the girls would have completed their education, and be fit to undertake a school of their own. The necessity of their being together, and the impossibility of Anne's letting Pleasance go anywhere by herself, precluded the notion of the sisters meeting fortune separately as governesses.

Anne's visions were only a little less impracticable than Pleasance's, but happily Anne did not know this, and was slightly comforted in her sorrow, pain, and misery, —for her present position involved these elements in the highest degree to the delicate, sensitive, womanly girl of fifteen—in contemplating the result of an application to Miss Cayley at a little distance.

There was no such pressing haste in writing to her as there had been in writing to Mrs. Wyndham. Anne's blood did not boil, and her fingers tremble to write the second letter, as blood and fingers had boiled and trembled to write the first. Mrs. Balls, their mother's cousin, was quite willing to have the girls for a longer or shorter time, and assured them that they did not put her about.

Anne could not deny to herself, and had difficulty in concealing from the others, that she was wretched at the Manor, where, indeed, the only previous visit which she had paid in very different circumstances had gone sorely against the grain with her. But she felt she would be wretched now anywhere, and the cold which she had caught, instead of decreasing, was gathering strength and preying upon her, inclining her to supineness. Not Anne's head alone, but her chest and side ached horribly at intervals. She could not sleep at nights for her cough; she could not eat, but turned loathingly from the homely luxuries which Mrs. Balls set before the sisters, with much unconventionality and unrestraint. When the first ceremoniousness of her cousin's children's presence wore off, Mrs. Balls fell back into her habit of eating when hungry, and drinking when thirsty off corners of uncovered tables, and in the midst of other and most incongruous occupations.

There was a certain charm to Pleasance in taking tea, standing, with her hat on. She did not mind that Mrs. Balls never turned down her cuffs for dinner, and would rise up in the middle of the meal to go as far as the outhouses to see for herself what the lowing of a cow meant, or to fetch in a turkey's egg which she had forgotten, and feared might prove irresistible to a farm servant of doubtful morality, or to an egg-loving terrier.

But Anne did mind, and experienced continual chagrin and disgust from such ways. She wondered dully that she cared when so much worse had come upon her; but she could not help caring, and her lethargy was every now and then goaded into a longing for instant action, by the vexation of perceiving how readily Pleasance accommodated herself to the changed surroundings, nay, how she enjoyed them. She would chatter by the hour to Mrs. Balls, made a whole circle of acquaintances in the animal world of the offices, and poultry yard, was deeply interested in the lambs and calves, and proud to be allowed to feed the latter, interested even in the pigs, and absorbed in the sitting of hens, and hatching of chickens.

Anne was constantly dreading that Pleasance would make friends with more than the animal world, would degenerate into joining in Mrs. Balls's gossip, with Mrs. Morse of the Brown Cow, or Mrs. Blennerhasset, the blacksmith's wife, who seemed to have so much more time than ladies such as Miss Cayley had. They would saunter from the village to the Manor, to inquire into the prospects of Mrs. Balls's harvest of milk and cheese for this season, to buy and carry home little jugs of cream for tea, a basketful of new-laid eggs, or a couple of young hens for some special family supper, and would sit and rest, and refresh themselves with Mrs. Balls's cider and beer, while in their strong eastern Doric they pulled to pieces all the congenial topics of the village.

But Anne was not able to go back to the Hayes, if Miss Cayley sent for the girls on hearing their plight, till her cold was better. In the mean time it was hardly worth while to unpack the school-books, and set down Pleasance to her tasks. Anne would have set her down, though Pleasance's cleverness had placed her in the same class with Anne, and above Anne in the class, still the elder sister had never lost the supremacy over the younger, and could have wielded it, if it had been worth while.

Pleasance could not have lived at this time, even a week, without a book of some kind in addition to the little pocket Bibles

and prayer-books out of which the sisters had been taught to read their daily lessons —lessons of another description than mere school lessons, and out of which Pleasance edified Mrs. Balls by reading to her on the rainy Sunday after the Hattons arrived, so that Mrs. Balls could pick up the clearly-read words "jest as 'twere parson saying 'em." Pleasance had taken out one of Sir Walter Scott's novels, which was amongst her stock, and with that in her hand, or underneath her arm, and all the farm animals to study, she felt herself fully armed for occupation and entertainment till Anne should be well again.

Anne could not know that Miss Cayley had already received that call which she had been anticipating, and had judged herself bound to sell the goodwill and the fixtures of the school at the Hayes to Miss Smith, who had saved money, and possessed relatives in affluent circumstances ready to assist her with a loan, in order that Miss Cayley might pay her share of debt to a creditor poorer than his debtor, while she must begin life anew in another quarter. The school, left behind in all the engrossing amazement and turmoil of a sudden change of government, had already put the figures of the Hattons, with the nine days' wonder of their abrupt departure, far into the background.

Though Anne was daily and surely growing very ill instead of well, Pleasance had been so long accustomed to her sister's being pulled down and having to struggle up again under colds, that, after a momentary trepidation on finding Anne ailing, she thought little more about the matter. Mrs. Balls took alarm at last.

"It ain't mere pining," she considered, "the gal looks wus'n her mother the last time cousin Pleasance turned aside and come and seed me arter some of their travels—for it is my mind her gen'leman of a husband dragged the breath out on her body with his going here and there—her here may take arter the mother in more'n looks. Miss Pleasance?"

Mrs. Balls appealed to Pleasance, sitting reading in the window, while Anne had consented to remain in bed, being in fact no longer able to come out of it and stand without sick giddiness, "Did you ever hear say your sister were like to go into a waste?"

"Never, Mrs. Balls," cried Pleasance, catching the words with her quick intelligence causing her to understand their meaning, so that she started up in dismay, flinging down her book, "how could you think of such a thing?" Pleasance said angrily, the suggestion was so barbarous if it were not so absurd. "Anne has often had cold and influenza before, she only needs a little rest and nursing."

"Sure-ly and softly, Miss Pleasance, I'm on'y a stoopid body that's kinder frightened," said Mrs. Balls cautiously.

"You may say so, Mrs. Balls," said Pleasance eagerly, "if you had seen the little Mitfords in measles, or the Bovilles in scarlatina, you might have been concerned, but to take alarm at a cold!" and Pleasance picked up her book and walked out of the room. She sang as she went to the sisters' bedroom and planted herself there, hanging about Anne, trying to get her to speak and smile, Pleasance's eyes dwelling wistfully on Anne. When Pleasance could do nothing else, she loaded Anne with clumsy, often troublesome attentions, never quitting the bed-side, save to take her food, which she did by mouthfuls—rooted from that moment to the spot where her treasure was, yet all the time declaring that her treasure was in no danger, there was very little the matter with Anne, and that she, Pleasance, had no doubt Anne would be nearly well the next day.

Anne was not so ill as not to mark the change and puzzle over it.

Within the next twelve hours, in the middle of the night, Anne, who had been tossing about, started up in bed.

"What is it, Anne? I am awake," said Pleasance in a troubled voice, and it was the first time that she had been found awake, save when she was the victim of tooth-ache, in the whole course of her life.

"It is the pain, Pleasance; it is back again, and so sharp in my side, it will not let me breathe."

Pleasance stumbled up, and roused Mrs. Balls, who while slow to detect the approach of illness in a girl like Anne Hatton, was much more available when the illness was there, and had assumed a marked character. The Saxford villagers, with Mrs. Balls in their neighbourhood, did not walk in and out of each other's houses, at all hours, and in all circumstances, and acquire no familiarity with violent sickness, or power of relieving it.

But Mrs. Balls's applications only partially relieved Anne, and in the morning, while taking care to speak re-assuringly to Pleasance, Mrs. Balls announced that she had sent for the parish doctor.

"And I'll send for passon, ere all be done, if I'm not far wrong," she added to herself very gravely when she had closed the door

on Pleasance. "Eh, what a peck o' troubles to come on me, and wus on them poor gals!"

The doctor was a hard-worked man, with little time or thought to spare for one patient over another, and thinking almost entirely, as was necessary, of physical needs; yet he received an impression from the discrepancies between his patient and her sister, and his worthy old acquaintance Mrs. Balls and her household. He stayed for a moment to listen to the mistress of the house's voluble explanation of the case, after he had told her that Miss Hatton's complaint was pleurisy more advanced than he liked to see, it must have been hanging about her ever since she had caught cold, she was certainly in a critical condition. He added, "You had better send for the young lady's aunt whom you speak of."

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"I couldn't, and I ouldn't," said Mrs. Balls doggedly, "Why t'ould kill she—an it ha'n't killed she already."

"Very well, you know best," said the doctor, looking at his watch. "But remember I have warned you what may be apprehended, and you must take the responsibility."

Mrs. Balls was not inclined to take the responsibility entirely. "I'm a welly good church 'oman," she said artfully to Pleasance, "and when so much as my finger aches I like to a' the benefit of passon's prayers. What do he be there for, an' it be not to preach and pray us well—soul and body?"

Miss Cayley had been a good church woman also, and the girls had been accustomed to see her clergyman, whose children were among their school companions, often

at the Hayes, preparing the confirmation class which was ready for him, every year. He had been a man fond of and familiar with the children—among whom his own were numbered—and willing to be of use to them, so that in their illnesses he had, when in the house, come up to their rooms, as much to speak a fatherly, cheering word of patience, as to read a short prayer to them.

Pleasance's short-sighted eyes, painfully open and strained already, only opened a little wider. It was not so much out of the ordinary course, that the clergyman, though a stranger in this instance, should come and see Anne, who had not been able to go to church. Pleasance thought what was true, that Anne would rather like it.

The clergyman of Saxford and the neighbourhood was nearly as hard worked as its doctor, and he was not so well able for his work. He was a good, but gentle, shy man, with little imagination; and though his conscientious labours had doubtless made their mark out of sight, in what was seen it did not seem that the vicar had coped effectually with the thick slough of agricultural ignorance, which had at Saxford an admixture of wild self-will, derived from the vicinity of the village to the sea-port of Cheam.

The vicar saw nearly as many sick-beds as the doctor, and had to do his work there much more in the dark, so far as his patients were concerned. Vicar and doctor, when they paid their hurried visits to the Manor, were following each other to the death-bed of the head of a family, a careless liver, like many in that parish, and who was leaving a large helpless family behind him.

Mrs. Balls poured into the ears of the cumbered vicar, as she had poured into the ears of the cumbered doctor, the tale of the Hattons' tribulations, and as in the former instance, the vicar, after seeing Anne, praying with her and exchanging a few words of not insincere but formal kindness with the girls, said to Mrs. Balls as she was showing him out, "You had better send for the poor young lady's aunt."

"Bor!" exclaimed Mrs. Balls, quite forgetting to whom she was speaking; "she mun be wuss, and past hope afore I do; and if I evened Miss Pleasance to that, she 'ould fly at me, poor mawther, like June a-guarding on her puppies. Both them gals hate the wumman as if she were pisen, they han't been able to take her name into their mouths, sin' the night on the day she druv them out of their school and they were forced to come here."

"I think you must exaggerate matters," said the vicar, mildly; "I cannot suppose that girls would be so vindictive, and in so undesirable a frame of mind. They appeared nice-looking, well-behaved girls when I was with them. I fear your patient is very ill; but I have not another moment to spare. Think over what I have said, Mrs. Balls."

"Dang it!" said Mrs. Balls to herself, looking after the vicar's retreating figure, still oblivious of her words and their relation, "it d' be little help men, even with the most know, give a poor wumman."

Mrs. Balls returned to Anne and Pleasance, and found the one too accustomed to illness, and too nearly sinking into sick stupefaction from the medicine which she had taken to allay fever, to be awake to a sense of danger, and to extraordinary measures in keeping with extraordinary circumstances. And Pleasance's set face of resolute incredulity, like a mask, was so strangely unlike her natural mobile face that it alone brought the water into Mrs. Balls's eyes. "Young though she be, she be bound to kick again the pricks, and we dunno want Scripter to tell us, that be main hard pricking."

The next day the doctor was so busy with a mother hanging between life and death, after the birth of the last of her seven young children—in addition to the father of that other helpless household, hovering on the brink of leaving it desolate—and with the two sufferers living three miles apart—that he could only look in for five minutes in his rounds, and when he saw his presence was to be of no avail at the Manor, deliver his weighty sentences to Mrs. Balls.

"No better; considerably worse; the disease running its course, with still less stamina to resist than to feed it; might take a sudden fatal turn any hour; the patient to be closely watched, whoever was sent for."

The vicar came and heard that Anne was asleep—a sleep heavy, yet restless, from which, with passionate yearning, Pleasance hoped everything, and built herself up in the hope, almost with childish exultation. But Anne awoke (oh, the woeful awakening to Pleasance!) manifestly more choking for breath, with a greater tendency to light-headedness than before. In the meantime the vicar had gone, leaving his compliments and inquiries.

Mrs. Balls had done everything that she could think of, except bring in some of her village cronies to exercise their skill and pronounce their opinions without reserve upon Anne. Pleasance opposed the idea,

when it was hinted to her, at once and so vigorously, as being totally uncongenial to Anne, that Mrs. Balls dropped it, without farther ado, contenting herself with long gossips in the kitchen and loud whisperings at the house door with friends dropping in, and with the more confidential of the farm servants.

That night Mrs. Balls made her preparations to sit up with Anne, and Pleasance did not dare to object, while she herself had to lie down in her usual place in order to content Anne, who through the gathering haze of sore illness and partial delirium, would still have refused to rest, if Pleasance had not been, as was wont, by her side.

Mrs. Balls, after her elaborate arrangements, soon fell fast asleep in the chair, a little back from the bed, in which she had stationed herself. Pleasance, who had not slept for two nights, save by the shortest snatches, and who felt as if, however stiff and aching her body might be, she should never sleep again, lay in forced stillness in the dim light of the unsnuffed candle, and held her breath as if she needed to hold it, to listen to Anne's laboured breathing, and to pray over and over again a piteous, desperate prayer to God to spare Anne to Pleasance.

In the middle of the night, about the same time that Anne had aroused Pleasance to Anne's access of illness, two nights before, she started up again, with the torpor in which she was lying as it were rent asunder, and nervous acuteness restored to the soul looking out of the gleaming eyes, set in the little face, chalky white where it was not burning red.

"Pleasance," said Anne, panting to find breath to speak, "I am very ill."

Something clutched like a vice hard and cold at Pleasance's young heart, but love gave her simple wisdom and strength to answer, "Yes, Anne, but we are doing all we can to help you, and oh, we hope you'll soon be better."

"I'll never be better," answered Anne, with the same startling, gasping energy, "and I brought it on myself, for I could not make up my mind to the change, I took it so to heart. Oh, I'm sorry now," she said, with the clear sight and the deep regret of the dying, "for we had so much left—each other, youth, health, breath"—Anne struggled to say the word, while her breast heaved for the thing which the word expressed—"the sun in the sky—we might have been happy yet."

"Please God, we'll be happy yet, Anne," implored Pleasance.

"Not here," said Anne. "Oh, Pleasance, I'm frightened."

The last alarms had seized on the timid creature, and a scared terror arose in her eyes, while the sweat drops gathered on her forehead.

"Anne, Anne, you were so good," said Pleasance, rising up on her knees in desperate appeal from Anne against herself, back again to Anne, and to another than Anne.

"No, no," Anne shrank still more at the assertion, "I was bad when I had the chance—I have been hating that woman, and despising Mrs. Balls who took us in, I have been angry with you—and even without all that, to go out alone into the darkness, with nothing beyond save the great white throne, Pleasance, Pleasance," Anne cried for help.

At that great and bitter cry what had remained of the childhood of Pleasance, with its lightness, thoughtlessness, and irresponsibility, died out as in a moment and for ever. She answered the cry; she must answer it. It seemed as if she had capacity enlarged and power given her—she knew not whence—to answer it. She half supported Anne, as Pleasance knelt in the bed, and held in hers the fluttering, chilling hands.

"Anne, I cannot go instead of you, I cannot go with you, but think of God in Christ, Anne," said Pleasance in a voice clear, well-nigh loud, which she could not have recognised as her own, which nobody could have recognised, "think of our Father in heaven to whom we have gone every day of our lives, and not only when we were confirmed and took our communion together last month—and we meant it, though we might be very silly and foolish. But Christ knows our weakness, and will not condemn us for being weak."

"Say it again, Pleasance, speak of Christ," said Anne.

And Pleasance spoke; she never knew what she said, but Anne, though her breath came after longer intervals and with huskier, more rattling impediment, became more composed. Or was it a film gathering before her eyes, a ringing in her ears, and a numbness stealing over her excited brain?

Once again she threw off the stupor and stretched out her arms while Pleasance held her hands, as if Anne did not feel Pleasance's touch, but was groping after it.

"Oh, what will you do, Pleasance? how can I leave you?" moaned Anne.

"Never mind me, dear," said Pleasance, with generosity's last best effort.

Mrs. Balls had her sleep—in which she had been dreaming of her cousin Pleasance, young and blooming—broken in upon by the noise. She started up and came towards the bed.

"Eh! my lass, what's this?" she cried, and then she did nothing; but stood while the ruddy streaks of colour in her complexion paled, and her lips fell apart. She was waiting humbly in the presence of a Sovereign before whose surpassing greatness the great and small of the earth quail alike. She did not even seek to remove Pleasance from the cramped, crouching position which she had assumed, that Anne might cling to her, partially raised on Pleasance's shoulder, till the only sound in the room had passed with a faint sob away, and there was silence which could be felt.

Then Mrs. Balls came forward and touched Pleasance, at the same time disengaging Anne's drooping figure from her sister's hold. "It d' be over, my dear; she's gone."

Mrs. Balls half expected Pleasance not to believe the intimation, or at least to resist the conviction and cling to the dead with frantic outcry; but the awe of the journey on which Anne had gone was on Pleasance. With the awe there was the anguish of a loneliness which pierced through the unreality and the exaltation of the last few moments, when Pleasance could not tell whether she herself had been in the body or out of the body, and smote Pleasance as with a sharp wound. Unless Christ in heaven, of whom she had spoken to Anne, and who might be so near and yet was so far, she had nobody now. Papa was gone; Anne gone. Pleasance clutched Mrs. Balls's gown and her head fell heavily on Mrs. Balls's breast. She suffered Mrs. Balls to lead her from the room. Pleasance knew, with a knowledge which thrilled through every nerve of her body and every perception of her soul, that Anne was there no longer to hear and to answer her.

CHAPTER VII.—AT THE BOTTOM ALONE.

PLEASANCE'S grief was a dumb grief. She was stricken in her turn still and motionless as Anne had been under a different shock. Mrs. Balls was appalled at the transformation of her former lively companion, and at the manifestation of a sorrow which was past her comprehension, being so unlike her own loud groans which brought quick relief and the free pourings forth of her troubles which lightened the burden.

"It mun be in their blood or breeding—so the poor quiet gal that's gone sat like a stock or stone for the few days she were here—till I lay the blood congealed at her heart and the mortal affront strook to it. What's the use on so much know, when it on'y makes men and wummen so thin-skinned in theys souls that they cannot stand a dunt, or cry out and 'a done with their murnin'. Frien's is all very well, but frien's must part, we all know that, and we ain't singular when it is our frien's as are took, so where's the good o' over much frettin'? Let the gals be fond on each other, poor mawthers, they had none else to be fond on—till they had got young men of their ownst, and then they might 'a got more sorrers—while they were here; it 'ould never have been me that 'ould said one word again it; but now that t' one is took, is t' other to quarrel with her wittles, and sit and petrify into a moniment for lack of her sister? I call that a fair flyin' in the face o' Providence."

But Mrs. Balls had not the heart to remonstrate roughly with Pleasance, in place of roughness she showed the girl all manner of homely tenderness, and she consulted both the doctor and the parson on her account, as she had consulted them on Anne's behalf, in vain.

The doctor, though far from an inhumane man, was provoked at being plagued with a trifle, when he had so many matters of life and death on his hands. "Tuts, tuts," he said, "grief does not kill—at least, not often, and this girl has not her sister's constitution, she is a well-grown, strong girl—let her alone, she'll come round; if she do not sleep of nights, she may have a drop of your hot cyder, or if her stomach is too dainty, a glass of sherry-negus, that's all she'll need."

The vicar talked and read and prayed with Pleasance, gently and earnestly, bade her be resigned, give her sister and trust herself to God, and what more could he have done?

Pleasance was sensible of his kindness, and even said a single word of thanks to him "prettily," to Mrs. Balls's satisfaction, though she was too miserable to respond to it in any other way. How could he, more than any other man, tell her where Anne was gone, or what was her present state? How could he fill the yawning chasm in Pleasance's heart and existence? It was easy and no doubt right for him to bid her be at peace, but how could she rest or look up with one-half of her gone?—for Anne was like part of her, and that part was torn

from her by a violent wrench and laid out of sight and sound in the cold grave.

It seemed more practical for the vicar to give his assistance to Mrs. Balls in announcing the death to the girl's relations, and arranging with them for the funeral.

But here the good man was again foiled. Mrs. Balls would not have the gentlefolks apprised. They had dealt with the girls, their own flesh and blood, not so far removed, as well as her flesh and blood, "wus'n dawgs"—clad the elder in her winding-sheet, and broken the younger's heart and spirit. It would be mockery to summon the cruel kindred to see and rejoice over their wicked work.

Mrs. Balls, independent in her views, as indeed were most of the natives of Saxford and Cheam, would not see things in a softened light, and preserved her wrath and disgust in spite of the vicar's puzzled protest.

No; she would not speak to Miss Pleasance, the poor child was not fit to hear such matters discussed, and was incapable of deciding one way or another, and Mrs. Balls would decide for her. Her cousin's child should not owe her burial to the grudging donation and reluctant attendance of the relations who had compassed her death. Why, the very dead would rise from her coffin to oppose such a misdeed.

Mrs. Balls had heard that the two girls would succeed to some money (she rated it in her own mind at perhaps twenty or thirty pounds), but neither would she take from it a sum wherewith to discharge the expenses of the last offices to Anne. Miss Pleasance would have enough need of the bit of money which had come all to her in God's Providence, and she was heartily welcome to have it untouched. Mrs. Balls would defray the cost of Anne's funeral, she could afford it; and it was all she could do for the girl, her cousin's daughter, who had come to her in her need, and whom she had kept for so short a time.

The Vicar, however he might differ from Mrs. Balls as to the judiciousness and propriety of the intention, had no power to prevent its being put into execution.

Pleasance took all that followed passively. She was, as Mrs. Balls said, quite too young to rouse herself to enter into such details. And young as she was, she was walking through the valley of death as it were on her own account, as well as on that of another.

For Anne was, indeed, part of Pleasance, the two sisters had grown together side by side. Pleasance never remembered a time when she was without Anne to look up to, and to refer to in her stage of seniority, and prematurely developed, old-fashioned precision and staidness, equal to all ordinary demands—back to the period when Pleasance could faintly recall her sick and sinking mother, and her absent-minded, harassed father, by both of whom she had been constantly turned over to Anne's safe keeping.

Anne had been mother and sister in one, watching and providing for Pleasance's well-being, even before the two little girls were committed, on their father's going abroad, to Miss Cayley; and though Pleasance had been afterwards in the charge of Miss Cayley and of sundry governesses, she had always been under Anne's protection and guidance in the first and nearest sense; and it had been with reference to Anne, more than to any other person, that Pleasance had never yet stood alone.

All through these years of childhood and growing girlhood the sisters had been thus united, ministering to and dependent the one on the other. Anne had not been utterly incapable of youthful giddiness and self-absorption; but she had never been seriously unfaithful to or forgetful of what, without direct words from her elders, had been her trust. Pleasance, with her far greater ability and wider sympathies and aspirations, had been saucy and cross at times, but she had never seriously questioned or rebelled against her sister's authority. She had stood above Anne in her classes, she had regularly coached Anne in their lessons; but out of the class and apart from the lessons, Pleasance had been a child to Anne, and had continued more of a child to the rest of the world, because of the existence of that primitive relation.

Until that miserable morning at the Hayes, which had brought to the Hattons the tidings of their father's death, and sent them out into the world, Pleasance had not once raised her voice and given an independent decision on their joint juvenile affairs.

Until that last night, when in its piteous, dreary watches Anne had cried in her extremity to Pleasance, and Pleasance had risen in her whole being to answer her, Pleasance had not consciously come to a single conclusion for herself, or taken practically upon herself to settle one of their difficulties.

Now she was a young girl maimed and shattered in spirit, as well as desolate. And as the poet holds that the frost of death may at one touch ripen the soul, so the frost of sorrow had, in these few days,

ripened wonderfully, and in the circumstances terribly, Pleasance's capacities for loving and suffering.

Not a month before, in their ordinary school life, Anne had been the more proudly devoted and attached sister of the two; but had Pleasance died then, Anne, in her loving lamentation, would have been more open to resignation and consolation than Pleasance was in these later days. Anne had been prostrated by the very strangeness of the overthrow and destruction of all her hopes for the present and the future; but if her father's death had come in the course of nature, and had not been followed by any humiliating disastrous revelation—if even Pleasance had died in the same course of nature—Anne had in her far more of the instincts of submission—religious and reasonable—to God and to the inevitable, than Pleasance possessed.

Pleasance, in whose heart there sprang forth at one stroke a flood-tide of love, which had lost its object and could find no outlet, and which in place of fertilising her nature, seemed only to have risen there too late to devastate it, had to contend with the strong young spirit which cannot surrender its treasure without a desperate fight—not the less keen and wild that it is altogether desperate from the beginning, which has to strive in the dimness and ghastliness of a very place of dragons, where reason is fettered, and faith is tottering, and love is bleeding at every pore, to answer questions which are unanswerable in this world.

In the farm-kitchen beside Mrs. Balls, who carefully tended Pleasance's body at this time, but was as incapable of so much as entering by the outer door into her spirit's tribulation, as all other men and women were incapable of passing into the inner sanctuary where the struggle was waged, Pleasance, a young girl of thirteen, had to maintain and survive the warfare. It is perfectly possible, though it cannot happen often, that such warfare may come to a girl of thirteen, as to a woman of thirty; and if the girl survive it, she far more than the woman will bear its traces to her dying day.

In order to survive it there must be—not as Pleasance was sometimes tempted to long for, in the heat of the conflict, sickness like Anne's, bodily disease of some kind, if not to cut her down also, to counter-balance and neutralise the anguish of the spirit—but the fresh vigorous constitution like Pleasance's, which in the middle of its distress retains the power of refreshing itself—though it be but to renew the encounter—by intervals of such utter weariness, as in a healthy body and spirit is followed by blessed oblivion and profound rest.

And there must be occasional Heaven-sent glimpses of far-away victory and restoration, re-union and complete explanation—surely divine as they are brief—bathing while they last the tempest-tossed soul in a very radiance of light and balm of peace.

There must be also occasional outbursts of more child-like and woman-like grief, to relax the strain and give temporary lightening to the overcharged heart. "God help our women," says a writer, "when they cannot weep," and God will help those women and children whose strait is beyond weeping, to weep at times, and lose themselves in a very rain of tears and storm of sobs, until their grief and its expression is for the moment spent together, else they would go mad or die.

So Pleasance lived through the dark days, not even perceptibly worn or haggard, she was so young, until the day of Anne's funeral. She was to walk at it along with Mrs. Balls, wearing one of the black calicot gowns which Anne had provided and partly made as their mourning for their father, and to which Mrs. Balls had added, without being able to draw a choice from Pleasance on what was to the elder woman an important subject, a black woollen cloak and hood, such as were commonly worn by women of different degrees, who acted as chief mourners at funerals in the neighbourhood of the Manor. Pleasance, to Mrs. Balls's surprise, was quite calm both in anticipation of and in realisation of the ceremony.

In fact it was a relief to Pleasance to be doing something—however dismally remote—for Anne, and undergoing a hard ordeal, as she knew Anne would have thought it, for her sake. It was one of the tortures of Pleasance's newly called forth streams of love to feel that they were wasted so far as Anne was concerned—to recall all that Anne had done for her, and know that never again in this world could she do anything for Anne, to show the depth of the gratitude which had so long lain dormant, and which had taken every benefit as a matter of course, or the fervour of the affection which had been wont to be shallow and careless, as if a day like this might not come when no service could be either rendered or received.

When the death-bell began to toll at the little church of Saxford, and to have its tolling carried on the wind so far as the

Manor, Pleasance started and shivered a little, but she recovered herself the next moment.

The funeral party consisted only of Mrs. Balls and Pleasance, with two of the undertaker's men, and four of the under servants on the Manor farm. The vicar was to meet them at the little church. The doctor had too much to do keeping the living out of the grave to think of following the dead to their long home.

When the coffin had been carried out by its bearers and they stood before the house where there were no hearse and no coach, as the distance was short to the country people, Mrs. Balls called Pleasance from the room where she had sat apart, put the girl's arm on hers to support her, and the procession started.

They followed the same road by which Anne and Pleasance had walked to the village with Mrs. Balls the day after their arrival; and the day, though much less dreary than the former, was still not altogether different. There was yet a spring haze on the meadows, such as often lingers in spring and autumn in these regions, but it was light and floating with the sun gilding it, and the pale blue beyond; so that the mist in place of hanging heavily over and obscuring the fields, the windmills, and the barges, seemed only to veil them with a slight indefinable grace, and to serve to bring out more vividly the green, and grey, and brown colours.

Pleasance was conscious of the kind of day, though she walked as in a dream; there even stirred within her in connection with the consciousness, a passing memory of the daffodils which she had been going to gather by the Covey woods the day Mrs. Wyndham came to the Hayes.

It was the same village, with the same people in clusters at their doors, staring still, but refraining from jostling Mrs. Balls and Pleasance as they passed by, on this occasion.

When the coffin was lowered into the grave, and the vicar strewed the earth upon it and said, "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," Pleasance started again and shivered, with a stronger shiver than at the first sound of the bell, but she did not cry beneath her hood, as Mrs. Balls was crying; and when the service was over, and Mrs. Balls said, "Come, my dear," Pleasance took one long look and turned, and went as she had gone from the room where Anne lay dead.

CHAPTER VIII.—A NEW LIFE.

Pleasance came out of that time as a half-drowned man is restored from death-in-life insensibility, or as a sick man leaves behind him the grisly phantoms of fever. She was but thirteen, and had a sound nature, and a good and honest heart in which God's grace was stirring.

Pleasance must return to life and do her part in it, she knew that, as well as that Anne was no longer there to do it with her. The remembrance of Anne was vivid, and not half effaced like those of her mother and father, and would be cherished by Pleasance and remain a powerful influence in her life; in that sense Anne was still there, and for anything that Pleasance knew, Anne's spirit, which had so craved to help her, might behold and care for her younger sister from the skies. Pleasance wished that with all her heart. But in no other sense was Anne there.

Pleasance had never been able to feel, when standing in Saxford churchyard, that it was Anne who was under the nameless mound, where the newly-cut turf had not had time to grow green. It did not signify that the mound remained before Pleasance's eyes for days and nights together, that she was sometimes drawn to it as by cords to try if the sight and touch of it would allay the ceaseless aching void in her heart and life, and that she had vexed and frightened Mrs. Balls several times by slipping out and going along the village road, and up to the church and churchyard, careless of any remark which she might provoke from the rude village girls who had annoyed her, on her first appearance in the village. After she had attained her object, "and gone to the grave and wept," or stood dry-eyed there, she could hardly even realise that it was Anne's grave. No, wherever, or in whatever spiritual state, Anne might be, this mound could be nothing save sacred earth and turf to Pleasance, and could have but a temporary association with Anne.

Therefore, though Pleasance, for the sake of the association, would have a reverent tenderness for the churchyard and the grave, whether she was near or far from them, and would go many a time to look on them, she soon ceased to seek Anne there.

Pleasance understood that she was alone in the world, and must take her course, irrespective of what had gone before, and, under Providence, she shaped it for herself.

April had given place to May, with blue iris and golden wallflower in the remnant of

what had been the old Manor garden behind the house, and soft tender green leaves on the late chestnuts and walnuts at the foot of the old garden.

The busy season, the crown of the year in Mrs. Balls's life, what gave her position and importance, was coming to her. The Manor, like other farms in a county where farms merged into downs, and into the flat sandy coast of the German Ocean, was partly a grazing, partly a dairy farm. In the first months of the year a herd of calves were reared on the farm to keep up the supply of oxen in the far-stretching meadows, but with early summer the calves were weaned, and the milk was turned into the composition of cheeses, for which the Manor had a local renown.

The cheeses were Mrs. Balls's department, she took an interest in the cows and their produce all the year round, but apart from the cheeses, the cows were deputed to other and to masculine care, in order that Mrs. Balls might concentrate her power on her own speciality.

Though the cheese season lasted only from May to September or October, the limitation was far from implying that Mrs. Balls's office was a sinecure. While the season lasted, she and her subordinates—young women who were hired for the time from the village of Saxford—worked almost as hard as reapers on a harvest field, or as the women who came from the far north to the sea-port of Cheam, when the herring shoals were off the sand-banks to assist in the unsavoury task of curing the herrings.

Neither was the labour lightened by scientific contrivance, as on some of the great cheese farms of England. Mrs. Balls's master, the old squire, had been averse to improvements, and his nephew and heir, Lawyer Lockwood, who retained his profession, and for the most part its title, in a quarter peculiarly given to bestow titles, threw his energy into whatever litigation he had on hand, and was content to keep his farm with its considerable profits as he had found it.

The tubs of milk stood as they had always done, in long rows in the out-houses, each woman still squeezed and ladled the green whey from the milk-white curd, and when it was firm enough to be put into a mould, carried it out to be pressed under one of the equally long rows of heavy moss-grown grey stones screwed into frames which were ranged, under a rude wooden shed, down one side of the old garden. The working of these frames, the putting in and taking out, reversing and paring into shape of the cheeses in the moulds, and the depositing them and turning them daily, till they dried on shelves fixed with due consideration of light and air in the empty rooms of the Manor, formed the laborious sequel to the first process.

The mere anticipation of all the bustle and trouble, and the anxiety lest her exertions and the good milk with them should be wasted, and Mrs. Balls's character be for ever sunk in the eyes of authority by a summer of spoiled cheeses, were now engrossing her mind, and slightly weighing upon her spirits, though she was naturally a lively active woman, who took kindly to hard work and honourable responsibility.

The melancholy episode of her grandly-married cousin's children, with their reverse of fortune, and Anne's death, of which Mrs. Balls, according to her philosophy, felt without any unkindness that she had already had enough, was driven a good deal out of her mind; she nearly forgot Pleasance creeping dejectedly about the Manor and its garden, and silently eating her meals. It was to a pre-occupied, engrossed woman, though only with the contemplation of the clean tubs, and ladles, and pitchers for the whey, standing ready for the fresh cheese-making, that Pleasance went up, as Mrs. Balls stood with her arms in her sides in one of the Manor out-houses, and said, "Mrs. Balls, I am going to ask you the greatest favour that you ever were asked in your life."

"And what be that, Miss Pleasance," asked Mrs. Balls, a little absently, though she was sufficiently impressed to turn round and look at the speaker.

Pleasance in her black dress had lost entirely the childish air which had lingered about her expressive face and well-grown girlish figure at the Hayes. Her very brown hair which used to have a juvenile unruliness that had cost Anne much concern, seemed to have laid aside its exuberance and irrepressibleness as it remained drawn tightly back, and plaited into a knot at the back of the head. Her black cotton dress hung in regular undisturbed folds, and the wide white apron—of which Mrs. Balls had counselled the adoption—added the last touch of care and thought to Pleasance's dress.

"Mrs. Balls," said Pleasance again with great seriousness, "will you give over calling me 'Miss Pleasance,' and let me be from

this time Pleasance, and like your own niece or child? Will you put me at one of those tubs with the other girls, and see if I can earn my living as they do; and if I can, will you let me stay on always amongst them and be one of them?"

"What 'a took the girl!" exclaimed Mrs. Balls, sitting down in her surprise on an empty tub stool, "you ain't fit, mor, for such work."

"Yes, indeed, Mrs. Balls," urged Pleasance, "I'm very strong, else, don't you see, I should have been ill before now?" she added with a little weary sigh. "I have always been a strong, hardened kind of girl, for I think hardy must mean hardened, after all, and you should see that I would not shirk work, or be nice and full of fancies. Of course, if you do not like it, it cannot be, but oh, if you would only let me try, for it is the only way I can think of to take to now."

"Miss Pleasance, my dear, you be right welcome to stop here and 'a the best I can give you, without soiling your fingers. You d' be my own cousin's child, and I 'a nobry in the world nearer to me, leastways in this part. I 'a never married, and I 'ad ne'er a sister, your mother were bessern a younger sister to me, when we were together. My brothers 'a done well for theyselves, without needing from me, about them founderies, Birmingham ways. I know this is a poor place for the likes on you, but if you care to bide on as you are——" Mrs. Balls spoke from the impulse of her warm heart, on the moment, making a proposition which her slower reason would not have ended in justifying; for that matter, it had already caused her disquiet that Miss Pleasance should be living on, moping and wasting the months in idleness with her, and she had planned consulting her parson and her squire, Lawyer Lockwood, on what could be thought of for Pleasance.

But Pleasance did not avail herself of the rash suggestion.

"Live on idle with you, Mrs. Balls, and you telling me that you will not know where to turn, but will fall asleep with sheer weariness on your very feet for the next four months, you could not suppose that I would do that," said Pleasance, in a hurt tone. "I am sure that would be a hundred times worse than anything else."

"You would be throwin' away of your fine edication," urged Mrs. Balls, to whom throwing away anything formed always one of the greatest scandals.

"Yes, my education is there," said Pleasance meditatively, "it is part of me now, and I cannot get rid of it. I cannot throw it away, as I might be tempted to do; but must it stand in my way? can it do me much harm?"

"It ain't harm, but good, it ought to do you," said Mrs. Balls; "why, if we looked about, and set friends to inquire, we might hear of some schulin that you might do."

"I don't think anybody would trust me to do it for a great while yet," said Pleasance. "The youngest governess at the Hayes was four or five years older than I am, and I should be losing some of the things that teachers must be able for in the meantime; and I don't wish it, Mrs. Balls; I don't wish to go among people who might turn and break my heart," ended Pleasance in a low tone of suppressed emotion, the determined suppression of which was noticeable in a girl of her years.

"I ain't again' you there," said Mrs. Balls emphatically; "them is happier in my mind that's below tants and gibes; and a footing that is atween servant and mistress, and neither one nor t'other, is the most ticklish footing on ail. If you could bring your mind to being like your mother was, afore she had the misfortune to meet your father, a hard-working, bloomin', happy village lass, though come of good yeomen people; but it can't be easy, though you may think it, arter you 'a been reared among gentle folks; as soon rear chicks at your kitchen fire on oven crumbs, and then send 'em to scrape for seeds in the mire of the yard."

"I told you I was hardy," said Pleasance, "and what others could do, I could bring myself to do; the roughest work is no disgrace; we were not taught that at Miss Cayley's. I know it would not be easy, but I don't want easy things now, even if I could get them. I want to work hard, not to be able to think and remember too much," said Pleasance with a quaver in her voice; "and to be very tired at nights, so as to go to sleep at once."

This was the first hint that she had given Mrs. Balls of the desolation which crushed the girl at night, when she went to the empty room and bed which Anne had always shared with her.

"My poor brave mawther!" said Mrs. Balls full of pity, "you don't know what you're saying; that's about it."

"I always thought that I should rather like to keep a shop, or have a farm," continued Pleasance hastily, shrinking from pity,

and trying to give a lighter turn to the conversation.

"Bless us! cheese-making ain't having a farm," said Mrs. Balls, shaking her head at the folly of the comparison. "Dunno you think"—she stopped and hesitated, for Mrs. Balls was one of those women who have a strong repugnance to mention the name of the dead on ordinary occasions, and who keep it for solemn seasons, much as religious books are kept for Sundays—"*she* ouldn't 'a borne your coming down to the ranks. She ouldn't 'a liked it."

"I have thought of that, night and day," said Pleasance eagerly; "but that was not what she said at the last. She was sorry we had minded so much what we had lost, and she must know still better now. Oh! Mrs. Balls, if Anne knows anything at all of what is passing here—where she is—she must know that I cannot go on without her, as I should have done if we had been still together. I should miss her every moment, I should fret my heart out, I could not do it."

"Softly, softly, Miss Pleasance," said Mrs. Balls, having an objection to Pleasance speaking of what the dead might know or might not know; "it were profane-like," meddling with what we had no business with, to her practical, yet compliant and complacent nature. "You ouldn't think though it goes again' my own stummach, just writing a word," said Mrs. Balls, with some thought of her own responsibility, "to the fine lady, your aunt."

"No, no!" cried Pleasance, flushing purple and then waxing as white as Anne in her coffin, and going on to speak with a vehemence that quivered through her whole body, and which caused Mrs. Balls to start to her feet and mutter to herself, "Laws! she ain't gone into a frenzy!"

"Don't speak of her, Mrs. Balls. I try to forgive, I pray to forgive her, as Anne must forgive her now; but she killed Anne, you know she killed Anne, as I think it would kill me to see her again, or to go among people like her, and have it all to bear over again."

"That you shan't," said Mrs. Balls decidedly. "I ain't the one as 'ould drive you to be put upon; and if you like to try your hand at dairy-work for a change, as good as a play for you, till you see if you like it, or could ever take to it serious, it may do you good, I see no objection, I says, as long as you are with me and can be spared."

"But you must not spare me, Mrs. Balls; I won't be spared," said Pleasance, speaking cheerfully in the manner that Mrs. Balls liked, to show her gratitude, while Pleasance was still shaking with her recent agitation.

So Pleasance—in her shabbiest old gown, with sleeves and skirts alike tucked up, and further protected by a still more extensive apron furnished with a bib—took her place in the row of tubs on the first day of the cheese-making, amidst stares and giggles and nudges to each other from the Saxford girls, but amidst no worse, because Mrs. Balls was mistress in her own dominion.

Pleasance felt no degradation, as she might have done, even in spite of the teaching—more generous than usual—of Miss Cayley's school, if she had been sent against her will to such a post.

And, however wearied, she did not give in or withdraw, but remained squeezing out and ladling the green whey from the fresh supplies of milk, along with the most tried and trained workers. When the girls saw that not only she did not shirk her task, and would not accept unnecessary assistance (which, dissembling their hostility in order to win favour with Mrs. Balls, the girls would have given her), but that she watched what the others did, and was emulous to do the same—to strain as much whey, to carry as heavy a burden of curd, to screw the cheese-press for herself at the risk of letting it down on her fingers or her toes, all the while steadily refusing such rest or refreshment as was not granted to the girls in general, but would have been allowed to her—a shade of wondering respect began to mingle with their contemptuous toleration.

Pleasance continued to work amongst the dairy-girls till they grew accustomed to her presence, and freely exchanged in her hearing the usual gossip with which they lightened their labour. She heard a good deal that was small and silly, as indeed she had heard as much at the Hayes, and a good deal more that was far coarser in tone than any previous conversation that had ever reached her ears; but she heard nothing that was positively bad, because there was not above one bad girl, at the most, among the rough Saxford girls gathered together at the Manor, and her badness was kept under by the preponderance of goodness, such as it was, and by the neighbourhood of Mrs. Balls.

Pleasance heard how Sally Larkins had appeared at church with a bran new shawl; and Kitty Blennerhasset had taken out a smelling-bottle as if she were sick, and caused everybody to laugh, and parson to look round; and 'Arry Owen had been and

had words with his master, because he had been as tight as tight could be when Car Reeves had sat hours with him in host Pearson's alehouse to try and get him out, last fair at Applethorpe; and Bill Nobs had smashed his wife in drink the night before last, and given her two black eyes, and butcher Smith had cut a paring off a beef steak for her to tie over them while she was in bed—serve her right, for she were always a worriting other people when she could not get at her man.

At another time, Pleasance, with the quick curiosity which belonged to her age and cleverness, would not only have listened and been interested, but would have asked pertinent questions, and possibly made comments on all which struck her as odd; but she was not merely languid from her recent great sorrow, and could only let pass—as if it were at a distance from and only within sound of her—the girls' idle chatter, but it seemed as if that sorrow had put a gulf between her and them which she would never be able to surmount.

On their side the girls were secretly styling Pleasance a proud, stuck-up thing, and saying if they had her away from old Moll Balls, they would give her a bit of their minds, and let her see what they thought of her coming in among them, and taking up a place at a tub.

As it was, protected by Mrs. Balls, and kept up by her own resolution, Pleasance's attempt at dairy work proved a success. In a few weeks she grew as expert as any of the younger workers—nay, as the spirit in her would not be beaten or outstripped, she would achieve quite exceptional feats, for her age and strength, in the number of cheeses which she put through her hands in a given time, together with their creditable quality. Mrs. Balls became quite proud of her cousin's proficiency, and insisted on seeing her paid with the usual wages, which, however, Pleasance was equally firm in transferring to her hostess as a small payment for her board.

Long before the end of the cheese season Mrs. Balls had learnt to say "Pleasance" without any ceremonious prefix, to feel what a nice thing it would be for her, Mrs. Balls, now that she was getting up in years, to have such a girl with her as a permanent young companion and friend. After the cheese-making there remained the housekeeping, which Pleasance could share, and of which she was as ignorant as she had been of the secrets of the dairy, and Mrs. Balls recalled to mind an ancient course of dressmaking which she herself had gone through in her youth, and which she proposed imparting to Pleasance, that she might be more thoroughly furnished in the character of country woman that her mother had filled. In the meantime Pleasance's little bit of money might lie like a nest-egg, and gather for her.

Pleasance was willing to learn anything and everything. She had wonderfully few qualms, and those she succeeded in swallowing silently in her steadfastness and craving after reality and thoroughness; she even desired something that Mrs. Balls opposed for a long time after she had given in to everything else, that she, Pleasance, should go out in the spring with the village girls, who, besides being dairy-women, were field-workers among the turnip, bean, hay, and occasional wheat fields of the farm.

Pleasance had made her choice, and she meant to abide by it, not looking back and not being weak enough to accept a compromise. No doubt she was helped in the persistence, singular in so young a girl, with which she held to her purpose, by the sense of the catastrophe in which her former life had ended. The tragedy of Anne's death turned her with something of an ineffable shock, from all her earlier experience with the regrets it involved, and set her face like iron against it.

There were only one or two instances in which Pleasance broke down in her resolve, and departed from the line which she had drawn for herself.

So long as the extreme bustle and fatigue of the cheese-making lasted, she had been able to live without recurring to her old beloved comrades of books, which, with the exception of Anne's Bible and Prayer-Book that Pleasance had taken for her own, she had put away. "A working girl has nothing to do with other books," Pleasance had said to herself with an austere narrowness which she would have condemned in another.

But when the pressure of the summer's work was over, and Pleasance, though she still had work that she set herself to fulfil, had also half hours and whole hours of leisure, and this at the time when her mind began to regain its elasticity and recover its interests, the craving for the old indulgence, the natural resource of every sympathetic and imaginative intellect, which has received any cultivation, grew to be so painful and irresistible with Pleasance, reduced as she was to the sole companionship of Mrs. Balls,

that the girl yielded on this point. She could not continue to keep herself from books, or debar herself from ever looking into them, even though she was not without a conviction that by doing so she was widening still further the breach which she was aware existed between herself and the village girls, and even between herself and her kinswoman, Mrs. Balls.

Pleasance's books consisted chiefly of a school Shakespeare, people's volumes of Sir Walter Scott, the earlier poems of Tennyson, with those school courses of literature which contain a little of everything, both in poetry and prose, from Chaucer and Bacon to Hood and Dickens.

Pleasance had gone a little way in French, Italian, and German during her school-days, and had a Racine, a Tasso, and a Schiller, with the dictionaries of their respective languages; but she was not so intellectually besotted as to think of having recourse to them in her low estate.

When she read in those later times she confined herself to English, and that reading was not all loss, when she was taught by Shakespeare, in many an illustration of his own words, that "sweet are the uses of adversity," and when she found under Sir Walter Scott's pen numberless pictures of the worth and charm of human life, in all circumstances and under every sky.

Pleasance, labouring under an obligation of social politeness, would offer to read aloud her dozen or score of pages to Mrs. Balls, and Mrs. Balls was pleased because it "pleased the gal;" but there the profit ended, for, except in listening to those words in the Bible and Prayer-Book with which she was familiar, Mrs. Balls could not follow reading aloud, and in her private mind held it to be a luxury fit only for gentlefolks.

If Pleasance read, she never wrote, for she had nobody to write to. She had a notion that it would no longer be suitable for her to maintain a connection, even if she had possessed time and inclination, with her former teachers and schoolfellows.

But with the loss of Pleasance's unconscious source of self-expression and imitative creation, she fell back curiously on another capability of which she had formerly made but little.

Pleasance had been learning to draw, but had been regarded as making very little of the art, and had never been able to compass such neat, clean copies of her governess' drawings as Anne had accumulated.

But now with the stump of a drawing-pencil, replaced when it was exhausted by a penny pencil from Mrs. Grayling's store, Pleasance fell, at odd moments, into outlining the windmills, the barges, the Spanish chestnuts and walnut-trees at the foot of the garden, the old-fashioned flowers, and, above all, the denizens of the farmyard, all that, in other days, she would have copied in descriptive sketches in pen and ink, in letters for her father or to girls at home, during the holidays.

Very rough and barbarously primitive were these drawings, yet they were unmistakably life-studies with life in them, which Mrs. Balls could appreciate better than the life in printed pages.

"Why, Pleasance, I'm stammed, you 'a took Jenny and the new cow and the turkey cock on them torn mossels of paper as there be no mistakin' on them, as the photographer from Cheam couldn't 'a done it better. Couldn't you take me now?"

Pleasance tried, but Mrs. Balls's likeness was a great failure, and she was so much mortified at the way in which her Sunday bonnet, which she had put on for the purpose of the sitting, came out in Pleasance's strokes that she never requested the artist to renew the attempt. She left Pleasance to her reproduction of windmills and barges, beasts and birds.

With the beasts and birds, indeed, Pleasance had that peculiar acquaintance and friendship which is said to be the portion of all great animal-painters. Pleasance would never be a painter of any kind, but by dint of love and something of the artist in her she was able to supply the distinguishing attributes of the animals that were the great consolation and among the chief companions of her life.

Pleasance had come to know and to be on more or less affectionate terms with every horse and cow, every cock and hen, in the pastures and about the farm-doors, even as she had been intimate with the house-dog and caged birds at the Hayes. She had just such an outlying acquaintance with the haunts and habits of the plovers and snipes which belonged to the nearest broods as she had yearned to acquire with the squirrels and the hedgehogs in the Covey woods. This gain was something to Pleasance; it would have gone some way to reconcile her to a life among wild Indians or Esquimaux, if she could have extended her visiting list to monkeys and moose-deer, even to jackals and bears.

Mrs. Balls fixed some of Pleasance's little drawings with pins—from which they were

always dropping—among the herbs above the kitchen chimney-piece, and showed them off to Mrs. Morse or Mrs. Blennerhasset, who sniffed at them, and told each other Mrs. Balls was a fool about that "gal."

Notwithstanding Mrs. Balls showed the drawings also to her parson and her landlord.

The vicar put on his spectacles to look at them. "Very pretty," he said, which was exactly what the wild drawings were not; "but don't you think, Mrs. Balls, drawing is an inconsistent employment for your young niece—hem—cousin, who has made up her mind to stay with you? If she had consented to come up to the vicarage to see Mrs. Fennel, or even to go into my wife's class in the Sunday-school—Mrs. Fennel has bigger girls—we might have found out any talents and little accomplishments she had, and seen if anything could have been made of them; but as it is, don't you think she can't afford such a pursuit?"

The vicar had felt slightly aggrieved by Pleasance's absolutely declining to establish any connection with the vicarage, or any house of the same rank in the parish. He suspected, not being an imaginative man, that the girl had inherited low tastes from her mother. He thought it would be better in the end to let her fall back without opposition into the station from which her mother had been taken. At the same time he feared naturally that which Pleasance was shunning for herself—the admixture of habits and views, the halting between two lives as between two opinions, which would certainly prove ruinous to the girl.

Lawyer Lockwood did not even put on his spectacles. He thrust his hands in his pockets and said, "I am glad you have got a companion, dame, but I think it is a pity for both of you that she is a bit genteel and school-girlish. You are a sensible woman, and if you really mind her good you will keep her at the cheese-making, or at least at shirt-making, and not encourage her to scratch with a pencil in a way that any boy at a charity-school could far outdo."

"She hev a little bit of money of her own," said Mrs. Balls, with some spirit, for Pleasance.

"How does that come?" asked the inquisitive lawyer.

"Oh, it were her father's, and is in the hands of his people."

"Then I guess she won't come into it till she be of age, which is a good bit ahead yet; and in the meantime I would not bring her up to be a fool, if I were you, Mrs. Balls."

"The gentlemen are quite right, Mrs. Balls," said Pleasance, with a mixture of pride and vexation, when she heard the report. "Please don't show anybody any more of these wretched scratches. I wish I could keep from doing them, but I shall burn them after this."

"That you shan't," said Mrs. Balls, "I d' believe it is en-vy, and nought elsen, in passon and Lawyer Lockwood, because their own wife and daughters can't do the like."

"Nonsense, Mrs. Balls. I dare say Mrs. Fennel and the Miss Lockwoods can paint in water-colours and in sepia, as Miss Eckhard could paint at Miss Cayley's."

"I 'a a right to my fancy as well as any passon or Lawyer Lockwood on them, and my fancy is bits of pictures of the beasteses, and I shall 'a them stuck all over the walls, and not above the chimley-piece alone, if I like."

"Then they will be falling down and catching fire, and getting the house burned," said Pleasance. "You don't want to have a kitchen like the Vicar of Wakefield's?"

"Who be the Wicar of Wakefield? He don't take arter our wicar, that's plain."

WALKING TOGETHER.

BY THE LATE BISHOP THIRLWALL, D.D.

"Can two walk together, except they be agreed."—AMOS iii. 3.

THIS is one of a series of examples, in the form of questions, all designed to illustrate the same fundamental truth, and to press it on the attention of a thoughtless people, who, lapt in ease and sinful pleasure, disregarded the warnings of the prophet, and the signs of the times, and would see no meaning in passing events which they would allow for a moment to rouse them from their sensual dream of false security. That fundamental truth, which they overlooked and virtually denied, was no other than the subjection of the world to the providential rule of a Moral Governor: the truth that nothing happens in the world without a cause, which has its ultimate origin in the divine will:

that, consequently, every event, however seemingly trifling, has its significance, though one which may not be in all cases discernible to the eye of man. "Is it for nothing," argues the prophet, "that the roar of the lion is heard in the forest?" Is there no cause of alarm when the trumpet is blown in the city? Are not these commonly reckoned sure signs of the presence of a real danger? And when God's judgments are abroad in the world, and are expounded by his servants the prophets, according to his Holy Word, shall that warning be treated as an empty sound? 'Shall there be evil in a city, and the Lord hath not done it?' Ought it not, therefore, to lead all who do not deny the Divine sovereignty to consider their ways, and see whether, according to the eternal order of the Divine counsels, that which they are following is one which tends to good or to evil? If those careless ones who were at ease in Sion, and believed themselves secure in the mountain of Samaria, had been awakened by the blast which the prophets sounded in their ears, to a right sense of the character of their dealings, they would have been in no doubt as to the nature of the inevitable issue.

In the verse immediately before our text, Amos assigns a special and a very impressive reason which should have convinced them that they could not, without mad presumption, look forward to the continuance of that prosperity which they were so grossly abusing. "You only," he says in the name of the Lord to the children of Israel—"you only have I known of all the families of the earth; therefore I will punish you for all your iniquities." That is as much as to say, 'You did I single out from among all nations as the special objects of my fatherly tenderness: in your behalf I displayed the most signal proofs of my power: on you I bestowed the choicest gifts of my love: with you I entered into relations of such peculiar intimacy, that all the other children of men became comparatively strangers to me.' "You only have I known of all the families of the earth." But can you suppose that such privileges involve no corresponding obligations? Can you expect that you, who have met such undeserved blessings with such base ingratitude, shall be exempt from calamities which have befallen others, who, having been less highly favoured, could not sin so grievously? Have you not rather reason to be sure that, whoever else may be spared, your iniquities at least shall not pass unpunished? and that the very love of a Holy Father will move Him to visit your offences according to the measure of your guilt?

The words of our text are in themselves so general that they might very well stand alone as a proverbial truth, capable of a vast variety of applications. They would furnish an ample theme for many important lessons of practical prudence. It must be understood that the "walking together" signifies co-operation, a *working* together for some common end. And then we see at once how impossible this is, without some previous agreement. To take the instance which the words most readily suggest, how could two travel together to any useful purpose without some mutual understanding as to the direction and object of the journey? And even this we know is often found insufficient, unless there be also such a harmony of character and disposition between them as will enable them to take pleasure in one another's society, and prevent them from "falling out by the way." And how unspeakably important is the application of the same truth to those who are about to enter on a companionship for the journey of life! What kind of a walking together would it be with them except they be agreed? Unless there be such accordance and sympathy, not only in superficial tastes and habits, but in heart and mind, in principles and convictions, what prospect can they have before them but one of growing estrangement and constant unhappiness? And there is another possible case which is indeed of not very unfrequent occurrence. The companions who set out in a spirit of hearty fellowship may, one or both, in the course of the journey, undergo a change which creates a separation between them; and then the alienation may be the deeper, and its effects the more disastrous, on account of the temporary union. Love may be not only quenched, but succeeded by hatred, warm friendship by bitter enmity.

It is recorded of Enoch and of Noah that each of them walked *with* God. With regard to other holy men, it is said of some, that they walked "*before* God"—as Abraham was charged to do by the Lord himself: "Walk before me, and be thou perfect"—of others, that they "walked *after* God." These various forms of expression may be considered as amounting to nearly the same thing, as denoting an extraordinary degree of piety and holiness in the persons so described. But still we may observe a distinction which it is important to note, in

the ideas suggested by the different expressions which so nearly coincide in their general significance. To "walk *before* God," according to the natural sense of the terms, would imply a living under an abiding consciousness of the Divine presence, as the governing motive of action. On the other hand, to walk *after* God, seems to signify nothing more than the simple acting of obedience to God's will, without reference to any motive, whether of fear or of love. But far more than this is indicated by the expression, "walking *with* God." It suggests a position of nearer access, in which the two are side by side: the privilege of a constant, free, familiar intercourse: a relation, not of fear or constraint, but of love and confidence; such as that of the child to the father, when it grasps his hand, rests upon his guidance, feels itself secure in his guardianship, and from time to time looks up into his face, to be cheered by the tenderness of his smile.

Here we may repeat the prophet's question, and in a case certainly not foreign to that which he had in his mind when he asked it: "Can two walk together except they be agreed?" He had been dwelling on the history of Israel's perverse ingratitude and abuse of the divine goodness. But there had been a time when, though apparently for a very brief period, it might be said that Israel had walked with God as "a dear son, a pleasant child;" when the people answered together, and said, "All that the Lord hath spoken we will do." But these good resolutions speedily vanished, under the heat of temptation, as the morning cloud and the early dew. And though the original relation between the Lord and his people, so far as it had its ground in the divine nature, remained unchanged, the conduct of the people had deprived them of the benefits which should have flowed from that relation, and converted it into a source of bitterness. The agreement between the two parties had ceased: how could they any longer walk together? Filial love had been quenched: filial obedience succeeded by the casting off of all respect to parental authority. How was it possible that fatherly love should continue to manifest itself in the same way as before, by the outpouring of benefits, and not rather by the sharpness of deserved and necessary chastisement!

It may, however, seem as if the question in our text, applied to the case we have been now speaking of, would become nugatory or unmeaning, because such a walking together is itself a spiritual act, not so much the result of a previous agreement as the very agreement itself. But still it may not be the less important to keep in mind the distinction between an inward union of heart and will and the outward signs by which the union may be shown forth, because it is possible that the signs may continue after that which they signify has ceased to exist. Israel was distinguished and separated from the surrounding nations chiefly by the visible forms of worship. Its worship differed from that of the heathen in two respects, in its object and in its rites. While the worshippers of Baal, Moloch, and Ashtaroth bowed down to images which represented no worthier object of adoration than the senseless powers of nature, Israel's worship was paid to the Creator of heaven and earth. While the heathen idolatry was an occasion for the wildest excesses of lust and cruelty, and the groves and high places were schools of licentiousness and depravity, the Holy One of Israel was adored on Mount Zion, with a ceremonial splendid indeed and majestic, but grave and austere; tending in all its observances to keep alive the consciousness and the dread of sin, and so, even when silent, to inculcate the law of righteousness. And thus the Israelite who forsook the ordinances of the Lord's house for the orgies of the heathen, not only withheld from God the honour due unto his name, but declared his purpose of plunging into the lowest depths of sin and wickedness. It was therefore unavoidable that attendance on the services of the sanctuary should be commonly regarded as the chief test of faithfulness to God, and that a right worship should be identified with a true obedience. And so long as Israel was considered as one body, the church of the Living God, such language might be used without danger of any mischievous confusion. The promise, "I will walk among you, and will be your God, and ye shall be my people"—this promise might be fulfilled as to the whole, though it did not take effect in every part.

As to individual members of the Church, the case was far otherwise. Their walking with God in the ordinances of his house could be no proof of their *agreement* with Him. The difference between the form and the substance, and the utter worthlessness, the worse than worthlessness, of the form when separated from the substance, was never overlooked, and it was one of the themes on which the prophets dwelt most

frequently in strains of the most solemn warning. And we see that if the agreement did not previously exist, the most exact observance of the legal ceremonies, not only was quite powerless to produce it, but had the effect of widening the breach. When the Lord, by the word of Isaiah, remonstrates with his rebellious people, it is not because they had come short of that which they owed to him in the multitude of their sacrifices and oblations, or that they had neglected the keeping of the new moons and Sabbaths, the calling of assemblies or the solemn meeting. It would rather appear that never at any former period had all such duties been more scrupulously performed. But they were so far from conciliating His favour, that they were themselves an abomination unto Him, things which His soul hated; not of course on their own account, for they were things which He had himself appointed, but as viewed with respect to the persons of the worshippers. Then how stands the case with regard to our Christian worship? In the first place, it is clear that we have ample warrant for claiming, on behalf of the Church of Christ, all the promises which were made to Israel of old with regard to the Lord's walking among them or with them, more especially in their worshipping assemblies. The Church has a special and sure pledge of the Divine presence, wherever two or three are gathered together in the name of Christ. And it is secured to her, not merely by the letter of her Lord's declaration, but by the nature of things. In one of our Collects we say, "Almighty and most merciful God, of whose only gift it cometh that thy faithful people do unto thee true and laudable service." What gift is this? Speaking generally, and summing up the whole in one word, we must say that it is the gift of Jesus Christ, from or through whom all other gifts flow to us. But if we enter into the particulars of the service which God's faithful people—that is, the Church of Christ—are enabled to do unto Him, we find that the gift consists of two distinct parts. There is first of all the capacity of doing any true and laudable, that is, acceptable, service to God. Such capacity the Church owes entirely to the mediation of Christ, through whom alone we have access unto the Father. It is as the body of Him in whom the Father is well pleased, and in whom "it pleased the Father that all fulness should dwell," that the Church herself becomes the object of God's fatherly complacency. That which He sees in her is the image of the Son of His love, and the work of the Spirit of His grace. And this is an object on which His eye must rest with tenderness and delight.

And it is not in this respect only that the Church may say, "All things come of thee, and of thine own have we given thee." It is not only of God's gift that we are able or warranted to do unto Him any service which He can accept, but the service itself, in all its most essential features and in its main parts, is His appointment. And it is distinguished from that of the old dispensation as a purely spiritual service; not standing in carnal ordinances, and therefore more agreeable to the nature of Him who seeks to be worshipt in spirit and in truth. So in both respects, in the greater boldness of access, and in the fuller assurance of an acceptable service, the Church of Christ can appropriate to herself, in a higher sense and with a firmer confidence, all the privileges of the ancient sanctuary. Hers is "the true tabernacle which the Lord pitched, and not man," and in it she celebrates a right and holy worship, not of man's device, but of God's providing. Here is the closest walking together, and it is the result of a perfect mutual agreement between the parties. But true as this is of the Church viewed in the light of the divine institution, it may be very far from the truth with regard to individual Christians, and all the farther in proportion to the superiority of the Christian over the Jewish worship. Even in this the question was asked, "Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place?" And it was felt that clean hands and a pure heart were necessary conditions of a lawful approach and a rightful standing. Without these the sanctity of the service was not a sufficient plea for any Israelite to take part in it, but, on the contrary, aggravated the offence of his intrusion, and exposed him to the rebuke, "When ye come to appear before me, who hath required this at your hand, to tread my courts?"

But, my brethren, can it be that a less earnest and searching self-examination, or a less careful preparation of hands and heart is requisite to entitle any one to a share in the privileges of the Christian sanctuary? Must not the case be just the reverse? And if there is any contradiction or incongruity between the nature of the worship and the character of the worshipper, must not the contrast be the more glaring and offensive in proportion to the greater purity and spirituality of the Christian worship? And yet

how little do Christian minds appear to be occupied with the question, "Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord, or who shall stand in his holy place?" in its application to the Church of Christ! In the early times this was the great practical question, in which all members of the Church felt the deepest interest. The approach to her public assemblies was guarded with the strictest caution. Entrance was permitted only after a severe probation, and those who were admitted had different places assigned to them according to the various measures of their capacity to partake of the sacred mysteries. This austere discipline has long passed away, leaving hardly a trace behind. There never, indeed, was a time when the order and ceremonial of public worship engaged a larger share of attention, or agitated the Church with more violent controversies. What is to be done in the holy place? what forms are to be observed by those who come together there? is treated as the question of supreme importance, on which the benefit of their coming mainly depends. It is forgotten that there is a previous question, which far more nearly concerns every one present; and that is, what right he has to be there? what is his standing-place in the sight of God? whether this walking together with God in the ordinances of his house is the effect of a real agreement of mind and will? whether he is indeed one of those who come together in the name of Christ as a bond of real unity, or he can use it only as a phrase to round his prayers?

The idea of true worship will be realised only in a higher sphere, where spirit blends with spirit, heart beats in unison with heart, all in perfect harmony with the pulsations of Divine Love. In that worship there is no performance of a task, no teaching of a lesson, no prayer, except as the natural confession of creaturely and childlike dependence. It goes up as the incense, which, when kindled, cannot but rise heavenward. In the worship of the Church below there is, and always must be, an admixture of elements foreign to its real nature, but needed for the supply of our temporary wants. Still this worship may and should be, whatever it may be beside, the highest expression, the culmination and efflorescence of the Christian life. If the flower, which witensses to the healthy life and growth of the plant, is severed from its stalk, it soon fades and withers, loses its colours and its fragrance, and is only fit to be swept away as worthless refuse. So it is with our worship; though its words should be suited to the lips of seraphs, and its forms worthy of the courts of heaven, if it is to us a mere outward thing, having no root or ground in our inner life. As long as this is the case, however in itself it may breathe the purest spirit of the gospel, it will be to us no more than a legal, carnal ordinance, a burden which we support under a sense of duty, and because to cast it off would seem to be a renouncing of our allegiance to God, but which yields us little either of joy or profit. That sense of duty is, indeed, a very precious thing, and it will not be in vain that we submit to its guidance. But as long as this is the highest motive that leads us to the house of God, whatever may be our outward position in it, our spiritual standing place will be in the lowest room, at the threshold, and scarcely within the porch of the sanctuary. And this attitude of our souls in the places and seasons at which God vouchsafes his special presence is not merely a symptom of something very much amiss in the habitual condition of our lives, but must be continually aggravating the evil of that condition. It not only indicates the distance which separates us from the Father of our spirits, but must be ever widening that distance. We have to ask ourselves not only, "Can two walk together, except they be agreed?" but also, "Can two be agreed, except they walk together?" Can our hearts be right with God if it makes no response, or only that of a reluctant, servile obedience to the call, "Seek ye my face?" "Seek ye my face." But when, and where? At all times and at all places. But above all where you may gaze upon it, though it be for a short interval, in perfect peace, while the din and turmoil of the world has been hushed to rest; where there is nothing to distract your thoughts from the contemplation of that Fatherly love which, having provided the means of access with boldness, even into the holiest through Christ, is ever inviting us to draw near in full assurance of faith, that we may taste the sweetness of a true fellowship with the Father and the Son, and to every fresh call may answer more and more gladly, "Thy face, Lord, will we seek."

A LAYMAN'S PLEA FOR MISSIONS.

Being an Address delivered in St. Mary's Church, St. Andrews, on the 30th November, the day of Intercession for Missions.

I HAVE been asked by those who have a right to do so, to speak to you to-day of the object for which we are met; and though naturally shrinking from it, I felt that I ought not to refuse.

Most persons here may be aware that for several years past a day for united special prayer for missions has been observed in England, and throughout the colonies of the British empire, at this season of the year. And both in England, and wherever the English language is spoken, the observance is more and more taking root, and felt to be a reality. Gradually the attraction is spreading to Scotland, and this year I am glad to think that in Edinburgh at least, the several Presbyterian Churches, which so seldom unite for any purpose, are to-day meeting for united prayer that the kingdom of God may be deepened and extended throughout the world.

In this small nook or creek it is all too easy for us to live on, quite unconscious of whither the great currents are setting in the world's wide ocean. This may happen to us in things secular, it may also in things religious. Therefore it is a thing to be glad for that by our meeting here to-day we are called aside for one hour, not only from our local interests and common routines, but also from the narrowing divisions of our particular Churches, to realise for once our common fellowship with all Christendom—that is, with the whole company of faithful people throughout the earth—that we have the opportunity of uniting in spirit with them to give our interest, our sympathy, and our prayers to that one object for which alone all Churches exist—the extension of Christ's kingdom throughout the world.

It may almost be said that it is only within the present century that the Churches have, for the first time since the Reformation, woke up to the obligation which is laid on them to fulfil their Lord's command, 'Go ye and make disciples of all nations.' But if the sense of this obligation awoke at the beginning of this century, the last thirty years have wonderfully quickened and enlarged it.

To this many causes have conspired. One of the most obvious is the sudden and unparalleled increase in rapidity of communication which this generation has seen. Distance has all but disappeared. The ends of the earth are brought close together, and the thoughts that stir one nation soon become the property of all.

Something like this facility of intercourse, though on a smaller scale, was the prelude and preparation for the first spread of Christianity. Just before our Lord was born, the fleets of the Romans had cleared the seas of pirates, and made the Mediterranean the highway of the nations, and 'their stern legionaries, the massive iron hammers of the whole earth,' had beat down all natural barriers, and paved their long unfaltering roads to the limits of the then known world.

This was part of that fulness of time for which the coming of the Messiah waited. Without such a physical preparation could St. Paul ever have passed from nation to nation with that fiery speed? Can we conceive the tidings of Christ's Gospel having spread round all the shores of the Mediterranean as they did?

The levelling of physical barriers has generally been the precursor of great moral and spiritual changes. And therefore those who take a serious view of matters, and believe that God has some great purpose for the world, which is worthy of Himself, cannot but look with earnest longing toward the spiritual issues which they believe the great material changes of this day are preparing.

When they ask what that purpose may be, they cannot believe that it is merely to produce a cheap cosmopolitanism, which, under all its polished surface, often hides less moral worth than the stiffest nationalism.

Neither can they see that purpose in the mere increase of trade. Increase of trade is good in its way, and no doubt is part of God's providence; but it is as a means that it is good, not as an end—a means to something beyond, and higher than, itself.

Neither can they see this purpose satisfied in the spread of that vague thing called civilisation. For civilisation at its best effects 'no deep and essential change in the heart of man.' As Vinet said, 'It encloses the passions of the heart in a net, it does not kill them. It covers the savage, it does not do away with him.' After civilisation has done its utmost, the savage or the natural man is still there, ready to break out whenever the occasion offers. Those who know and feel that there is in individual man and

in society a deep taint ineradicable by any mere human effort, by any disposition of material things, look for the fundamental remedy, not to increased trade, nor to cosmopolitan manners, nor to civilisation, not to intellectual enlightenment, nor to so-called education. They believe that one thing only has 'the gift of staunching and healing the deep wound of human nature,' and to it they look as the supreme purpose of God, as the hope of the world.

Do we doubt whether the realisation of Christ's kingdom on earth can really be the ultimate purpose of God, because the progress of it is so slow; because, after eighteen centuries of Christianity, more than half the human race are still without its pale? Or is our zeal damped by what we think the scanty and uncertain fruits that have been gathered by the labours of the most earnest missionaries of our own time? Of actual results I shall have a word to say presently. But first consider this.

If there is any one truth which modern science and history combine to teach, it is this—How slowly and deliberately the eternal purposes are evolved in time. Shall a million of years be allowed to the deposition of a layer of old red sandstone? And shall a few thousand years seem too long for the kingdom of Christ to take ere it leaven the world?

Or, again, to turn to the most certain facts of Sacred History. When that word came to the first Father of the Church, 'In thee shall all families of the earth be blessed,' or when at a later day Isaiah proclaimed to Judah, broken and defeated, 'Israel shall blossom and bud, and shall fill the face of the earth with fruit,' could anything in the world have appeared more improbable at that time than that these prophecies should ever be fulfilled? And yet does not history bear witness to their fulfilment? Do we not see their fulfilment realised before our eyes? Even if the world were to end to-night, would it not be true that Israel *has* blossomed and filled the face of the earth with fruit? Could it not be truly said that in Abraham—that is, in one sprung from him—all nations of the earth have been blessed, in a way, and to an extent, in which they have not been blessed by any mere man, or by all other human agencies combined?

And when He in whom these prophecies centred had come and uttered that word, 'Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom,' could anything at the time have appeared more humanly hopeless than that this prophecy should ever be realised? A thoughtful writer of our time has lately said, 'I never hear without the thrill of a new surprise that calm, strange, unique prophecy, addressed at the very outset of His short career to a dozen peasants.' Who ever before, or since, has heard of one essaying 'with so slender an outfit so vast an enterprise?' A few Galilean peasants, poor, simple, ignorant—these were the instruments He chose to overcome the prejudice of the Jews, the wisdom of Greece, the imperial power of Rome. With calm assured presage He looked forward with those foolish things of the world to confound the wise, with those weak things of the world to bring to nought things that were.

And He has done it, He has subdued the foremost and most highly civilised nations of the earth; has won to Himself, not their outward life merely, but the inner citadel of their hearts. As has been said, 'He selected, with divine confidence of purpose, the least promising of all materials for the most majestic and enduring of all works, and He has proved their fitness by the history of the ages.' He who could promise with so assured conviction that which contradicted all human experience, must not the grounds of his knowledge have been rooted in the eternal foundations of things?

He who with means seemingly so inadequate and unpromising calmly began to found a kingdom which was to embrace the whole earth, and outlast the world, must not he have been conscious that He possessed within Himself the power which could supplement the frail materials from behind, and fit them to effect His purpose? 'The materials of the building are not only intrinsically frail, but it is the Builder Himself who selects them because they are so, and because He knows that He can give them strength from that hidden life in God which He led before He came here, while He was here, and after He was seen here no more.'

In what has just been said, I have condensed, as nearly as possible in his own words, a line of thought which Mr. R. H. Hutton, in a very thoughtful paper, brought before the late Church Congress, and which I trust I may be allowed to bring before you now. It seemed to me at once so true and forcible, and also so appropriate to be a basis for our thoughts this afternoon, that I have ventured to make this use of it. He goes on to suppose that some of those worldly-wise men who in our own day are so clever at explaining away the divine facts of Christianity, had

been present in Judæa eighteen hundred years ago, and heard our Lord make those promises to His little band of followers. Cannot we easily imagine the incredulity and scorn with which they would have heard His words? Would they not, on their principles—the very principles of, as they seemed, common sense and sound criticism—which they apply now, have rejected our Lord's prophecies as not worthy of serious refutation? And yet the history of Christianity has so far fulfilled Christ's prediction, that we see the knowing critics would have been wrong in their contemptuous rejection of them. According to their principles, it would have been folly to expect what has actually happened. Are we, then, to trust the same principles when they are employed to discredit the present condition and the future hopes of Christianity? Rather, I think, there are good grounds for the belief that Christ's gospel has not yet done either *intensively* or *extensively* half the work which it is yet destined to do on the earth.

The words of Vinet are true, when he says, 'Christianity even at this day, which seems to us so advanced a one, is very probably far from having produced all its effects in the conscience and life of humanity—from having expressed its whole thought, and uttered its last word. In one sense it said its whole say at once; in another, it has still much to say, and the world will only end when Christianity shall have said all.'

There is not one of the principles of Christianity which has unfolded all that is in it; not one of the moral germs that it has sown in the world which has borne all its fruits. How many centuries had Christianity been in the world before it uprooted slavery; how many before it put an end to religious persecution, if it has yet put an end to it? In countries where Christianity has long been professed, how much remains to be done, before it shall have really leavened all even Christian societies—how many practical errors may Christians still be tolerating, to which Christ's gospel has yet to open their eyes? Just as individual Christians often feel that they are so far from what they *ought* to be, that they almost doubt if they are real Christians at all, so, as to the most Christian communities, it must be owned that the leaven has but half pervaded them, if it has so much as half.

These thoughts, drawn from history and experience, ought, I think, to encourage us if we are at any time inclined to despair of Christian missions. Is there anything half so incredible in the expectation that the more than half the human family which is now heathen should one day receive Christ's gospel, as there was in the hope entertained by St. Paul, eighteen hundred years ago, that the nations of Europe would, before a thousand years were past, acknowledge Christ? I do not now speak of the mere extension of the ecclesiastical network over all Europe. To some this may appear but a questionable benefit. But I speak of the intrinsic essential leavening which we know it has effected throughout Europe—to the innumerable souls which it has penetrated to the core—the untold hearts it has purified and consoled, the many lives it has beautified and sanctified—lives which nothing else could have penetrated. If so much has been effected within the last eighteen centuries, what, with the rapid intercourse of our time, may not take place in the next few hundred years?

Now, as to the actual results of missions at the present day.

You will meet many persons who have been to India, and will tell you that 'missions are a failure, that the converts too often exist only in the imagination of the missionary, and that when they do exist, their conversion is but nominal.' That is the kind of talk one has often enough heard from knowing men of the world.

But then I have generally found that the persons who so speak had never really interested themselves in missions while they were in India, had taken no trouble to know the truth about them, but were content with a mere surface impression. Indeed they are generally persons not likely to take trouble about any object that implies putting themselves out of their own way for any unselfish object.

We see but as we feel. Such men feel little, and therefore see little, as regards missions. Therefore I do not put any store by what they say. On the other hand, it may be said that missionaries are interested witnesses, and that, without saying their reports are false, it is difficult to know how to estimate them. I therefore turn to a Blue-book presented to Parliament by the Duke of Argyll when Secretary of State for India, and ordered by the House of Commons to be printed. Here at least we shall find impartial evidence, and this is the testimony given to the steady growth of missionary work within the last twenty-five years:—

'In 1852, there were 459 missionaries in India, at 320 stations.

'In 1872 the number of missionaries were increased to 606, at 522 stations.'

Then, as to the number of actual converts, the same official document states—'Statistical returns show that a great increase has taken place in the number of converts during the last twenty years.

'In 1850 the entire number of Protestant native converts in India, Burmah, and Ceylon amounted to 128,000 native Christians of all ages. Of these, 22,400 were communicants.

'In 1872 the converts, old and young, numbered 318,363. The communicants were 78,494.

'Taking them together, the rural and aboriginal populations of India now contain among them a quarter of a million native Christian converts.'

We say, perhaps, what are a quarter of a million to the hundred and sixty millions who make up the population of India? If this thought is discouraging, let us think what were the hundred and twenty disciples who met in the upper room after our Lord's ascension, to the Christendom which now fills the world? As to the intrinsically moral and spiritual worth of this missionary work, the same official document thus gives the impression of the missionaries themselves :—

'The missionaries in India hold the opinion that the winning of these converts is but a small portion of the beneficial results which have sprung from their labours. No statistics can give a fair view of all that they have done. They consider that their distinctive teaching, now applied to the country for many years, has powerfully affected the entire population. The moral tone of their teaching has affected multitudes who do not follow them as converts. It has given to the people at large new ideas, not only on purely religious questions, but on the nature of evil, the obligations of law, the motives by which human conduct should be regulated. Insensibly, a higher standard of moral conduct is becoming familiar to the people, especially to the young, which has been set before them not merely by public teaching, but by millions of printed books and tracts scattered widely throughout the country.

'They consider that the influence of their religious teaching is assisted and increased by the example of the better portions of the English community, by the spread of English literature and education, and by the high standard, tone, and purpose of Indian legislation; and by the spirit of freedom, benevolence, and justice which pervades the English rule. And they augur well of the future moral progress of the native population of India, from these signs of solid advance already exhibited on every hand, and gained within the brief period of two generations.

'This view is not taken by missionaries alone. It has been accepted by many distinguished residents in India and experienced officers of the Government.'

After thus giving the view taken by those favourable to missions, the Blue-book appends to it this cautious, yet decided official verdict :—

'Without pronouncing an opinion upon the matter, the Government of India cannot but acknowledge the great obligation under which it is laid by the benevolent exertions made by those six hundred missionaries whose blameless example and self-denying labours are infusing new vigour into the stereotyped life of the great populations placed under English rule, and are preparing them to be in every way better men and better citizens of the great empire in which they dwell.'

After such a testimony, coming from such a quarter, even the most cautious persons, those most afraid of being carried away by enthusiasm, may be in some measure reassured. They are warranted to feel that they may with safety commit themselves to this much, that in taking interest in the progress of Christian missions in India, they are not throwing away their sympathies, but lending them to a useful and good cause.

To answer further the oft-put question, 'Are missionaries to the heathen doing any real good?' I wish I had time to quote at length the witness borne by three men of the highest position and character in India. One sentence only from each must suffice.

Lord Lawrence, late Governor-General of India, in a letter to the *Times* in 1873, said,—

'Apart from the higher interests of religion, it is most important, in the interests of the empire, that there should be a special class of men of holy lives and disinterested labours, living among the people, and seeking at all times their best good. To increase this class, and also to add to the number of qualified teachers (taken from) among the natives themselves, is the object of the Day of Special Prayer, and in this object I heartily sympathize.'

Lord Napier and Ettrick (our own countryman), late Governor of Madras, said,—

'The progress of Christianity is slow, but it is undeniable. Every year sees the area and the number slightly increase. The

gospel is brought more and more to the doors of the poorest and most ignorant outcast people.'

Lastly, Sir Bartle Frere, late Governor of Bombay, says,—

'I speak simply as to matters of experience and observation, and not of opinion, just as a Roman prefect might have reported to Trajan or the Antonines; and I assure you that, whatever may be told you to the contrary, the teaching of Christianity among 160,000,000 of civilised, industrious Hindus and Mohammedans in India, is effecting changes, moral, social, and political, which for extent and rapidity of effect, are far more extraordinary than anything that you or your fathers have witnessed in modern Europe.'

These good moral results are the fruits of distinctively religious teaching and example.

Do any believe that the same results could be produced by the spread of English education and literature apart from Christianity? It has not been mere literature and intellectual culture that have produced the like results among ourselves. What reason is there then to expect that they will do so among the Hindus, who are naturally as religious-minded a race as we are? Nor does the experiment, as far as it has gone, warrant any such expectations. There are now considerable numbers of young Bengal who, having been educated in Government colleges, have cast off the native religion, and not received the Christian. And the picture drawn of such Bengalee young gentlemen by those who know them is by no means edifying. No doubt that is but a transition stage. But it is our duty to try that the transition stage of mere negation should be as brief as possible. For, by the very nature of man, science and literature, to be healthy, must repose on a basis of faith; or remain hopeless and heartless, if left without one.

While in the Indian Peninsula missionaries are confronted by a civilisation older than our own, and a philosophy almost too subtle for the European mind to grasp, in other regions they have to face the hardships, often the horrors of savage life.

To Africa the thoughts of all Englishmen have of late been especially turned by the publication of the last journeys of Livingstone, and by the labours of Moffat, his father-in-law, two worthy Scots. In the heart of Africa, which Livingstone's journeys have opened up, there are powerful counter-agencies at work—the slave-stealing trade, and the Mohammedan proselytizing sword. And unless Christian enterprise speedily presses upon the footsteps of Livingstone, these adverse forces may soon have obliterated the effect of his life and his death for the ends of civilisation and Christianity.

The numberless island groups which stud the Pacific have long been as interesting to the friends of missions as they are attractive to the lover of adventure or to the naturalist.

In 1839, the interest of Europe was roused to these islands by the tidings of the death of the good missionary, John Williams, murdered amidst his self-devoted labours by the cannibals of the island of Erromanga, one of the New Hebrides. European curiosity, startled for a little, soon fell asleep. But the unwearied missionaries of six or seven different Churches still pressed on in different parts of the vast Polynesia. And within twenty years after the death of Williams, on the very island where he fell, the gospel was welcomed with gladness by the people who murdered him.

Once more: in September, 1871, the world, which had thought so little in the interval about the South Sea Islands, was again startled by the news of the death of Bishop Patteson, murdered by the savages of Nukapu, one of the Santa Cruz group. Many here have no doubt since read of that self-devoted life and death. They will remember the strange, mysterious beauty of that scene when the boat was pushed off from the coral reef with his dead body in it, rolled in a native mat, with a palm-leaf fastened over the breast.

To those who have not read that life, especially to the young, I would say, read it.

They will there see the faithful picture of one in whom were united the highest cultivation and refinement of modern manhood with the simplicity, the self-devotion, the holiness of the first ages of the Christian Church.

As one well entitled to speak has well said—

'In him were singularly combined the spirit of chivalry—the glorious ornament of a bygone time—the spirit of charity, rare in every age, and the spirit of reverence, which the favourite children of this generation appear to have combined to ban. The three highest titles that can be given to man are those of martyr, hero, saint. Which of the three is there that in substance might not be attached to the name of John Coleridge Patteson?'

But we must beware lest we 'let our words

and thoughts outrun our hearts.' One almost feels, in speaking of such men, who and what are we that we should take upon us even to praise them? Is there not presumption, almost unreality, in common men doing so? For probably many persons of mature years here will feel that, though they have always in a general way approved of Christian missions, and given to them the yearly conventional dole, they have never really taken interest in them, or helped them by active sympathy. For myself I must confess that in time past I have given time and thought to many objects far less worthy. Perhaps one might never have been awakened from this lukewarmness, had it not been my lot to have known at college, both in Scotland and in England, some men who have since become eminent missionaries. As young men these were among the purest, the noblest, the most unselfish spirits I have ever met.' They gave up, for the advancement of Christ's kingdom, home, high prospects, all that the world most values, and went forth to lead a life of privation and to find an early grave.

A few such we may have known, but doubtless there are many more like them now in the mission field whose names we have never heard. Can we think of such men without some burning of heart, some sense of the contrast between their self-devotion, and our easy self-indulgent ways? If we can do nothing else, we may cheer them by our sympathy, we may help them by prayer, we may at least say to them,—

'Press on—and we who may not share
The toil and glory of the fight
At least will ask, in earnest prayer,
God's blessing on the right.'

In this place, where so large a part of the population are young persons, many of whom will soon be scattered to the ends of the earth, would it not be well that their hearts should be early prepared, when they leave home, to take interest in the Christian work that is being done in the lands to which they may go, and to sympathize with the good men who are doing it? For this is quite certain, that, go where they will, they will not find anything else more worthy of their sympathy.

If it should be that none here may themselves become missionaries, yet it is well that they should know that in foreign lands they, by their lives, must either help or hinder the cause of Christianity. The late Bishop Cotton used to say that one of the greatest hindrances to the progress of the gospel in India was the unchristian lives of many so-called Christians there. The natives naturally turn away with aversion from a religion which they see belied by the lives of many who profess it.

Any here whose lives may hereafter be spent in India, or other foreign lands, either in trade, or in the civil service, or as colonists, should know that the tone of their lives, whether they will it or no, must either help forward or retard the kingdom of God in the land where they dwell. By their whole dealings and bearing toward the natives they must either be witnesses to them for Christ or against Him.

He who has any Christianity in his heart at all will be conscientious how he treats these natives. The more careful, the more degraded they may be.

'For whoso loves the Lord aright,
No soul of man can worthless find,
All will be precious in his sight
Since Christ on all hath shined.'

Now, as to urging young men and others to give themselves to mission work, I have always felt that there was something strange in persons exhorting others to undertake hardships and dangers for the sake of the gospel, which they had not themselves undergone. At least I for one cannot do it. He only seems entitled to press others to engage in battle, who can say, 'Follow me.' But this one *may* say, That if any young man should feel his heart moved to go forth as a missionary, he would choose a course for which this world, indeed, has no rewards, except the honour and the sympathy of the best men.

But if he is a true missionary, he will find another reward—the sense that he is helping forward the true hope of the world in the directest way—the consciousness that he is permitted to be a fellow-worker with the Highest in advancing upon earth His eternal kingdom. And we, whose lot is now fixed at home, will follow such men with our sympathies and our prayers, and will feel that, if our lives and work here have any worth, it is only as they tend, either directly or indirectly, to set forward that same kingdom of God.

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LITTLE MARY CRADOCK.

By LADY VERNEY.

I SAT waiting for a busy man, and as the old horse moved slowly backwards and forward for the benefit of his health in the north-east wind, sharp, though it pretended to be May, we came opposite a cheap draper's at the corner of a poor street. The windows were full of earnest adjurations to "purchase this splendid article, the only thing worn, price fivepence three farthings;" or "this entirely new and fashionable design in mantles, just out, at less than cost price." I wanted a ball of string, and utilised my enforced leisure by going in to get it. It is a tedious business to buy even a ball of string at a cheap draper's, and I had long to wait. Presently the shop door opened and two little children came in hand-in-hand; their brown frocks were of the simplest possible stuff, but there was quite a poetry of neatness in the exquisite nicety of their dress, the little lines of white frill round their throats and sleeves, the string of coral round their necks. They had nothing on their heads, but their beautifully plaited hair hung down their backs. There was almost a foreign air about them, but their accent was purely English. Altogether they had a refined, cared-for look, contrasting with their premature shifting for themselves, which was very touching.

They were both very pretty children, with small regular features, but the anxious consi-

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dering expression in the dark pale face of the eldest was much too old for her years. Her long eyelashes almost rested on her cheeks, and when she raised them, the large liquid brown eyes had a whole world of thought and feeling in them. She began in a low, gentle, shy voice, to set forth a long list of infinitesimal wants to the shopman. "Three small hooks and eyes, half-a-dozen pearl shirt-buttons, two large horn ones, a reel of black thread, a skein of worsted," and so on. She was very clear and precise in her enumeration, and evidently scrupulously exact, and while the shopman was very patiently looking out her requirements, she ranged three pennies and a halfpenny kept tight and hot in her little hand on the edge of the counter to pay for her large order. I spoke to her, and asked if they lived near. "Not far," she said in a reserved tone. How old were they? "Annette is six, I am eight," she answered, but in the same cold, self-contained manner. They had evidently been told not to gossip with strangers.

"What little things to send on errands!" I said to the shopman.

"They do their work much better than the big ones," he replied. "We'd ten times rather have such than their mothers. They loiter and talk and look at a dozen things without buying; these do their business, and have done with it."

I had at last received my string, I could not infringe further on the quiet little dignity of my companions, and went away.

Not many days after I was waiting again in the same neighbourhood, but this time in one of the busiest of the busy London thoroughfares. It was in the height of the fearful rush of the season, and I sat watch-

ing the heavy omnibuses crowded with masses of human beings which came bearing down upon us. Great waggons crushed heavily on; dashing Hansom cabs swung recklessly past—cutting in—swinging—turning—crossing; horses were prancing and plunging; it was a network of legs and wheels; a perfect Babel of noise and bustle. As I looked on I noticed two little girls with a small boy about two years old between them, hurrying along the pavement. The nurses held tightly on to the child's hands, and his black beads of eyes peered out of his shelter with the wide-awake sharp expression of a London baby. Suddenly, to my distress, the convoy began to attempt to cross the street in the face of the hubbub, and I recognised the long tails (though the heads were now covered with hats) and the brown frocks of my small acquaintances of the week before. It was a raw, gusty, disagreeable day, the water-carts and the east wind were fighting against each other, and water and dust had been churned into a sort of greasy mud. The horses had a very infirm footing on the slippery steep incline of the wide street; there was no regular crossing, but the children were following the lead of some older adventurous passengers. I watched the perilous passage anxiously, too far off to be of any help; all seemed at first to go on well; even that incarnation of the London savage, a butcher's boy, had turned aside for them in his reckless course. They were so small and innocent-looking that the omnibuses swerved an inch or two in their favour, and the prancing horses in a barouche drew up a hair's breadth to let them pass. I began to breathe, they were already half way across in safety, when the little group was cut off from the rest of the company, and stopped in the very middle of road by an enormous dray with four horses, which was taking its slow length along. They stood beside it as behind a rampart of defence as long as its course lasted, but it had stopped the way for a whole entanglement of impatient cabs and carriages, and as the last heavy wheel rolled stolidly on, two violently driven Hansoms cut across each other, both trying to be first in the narrow free way which now opened for them. There was just time for the children to get past the rival horses' heads—not the twentieth of a second to spare, when to my horror I saw the little nurse child slip on the greasy pavement, there was a tumbling heap of little petticoats for a moment, and a frightful confusion of hoofs and wheels and children's limbs. The horses had, almost miraculously as it seemed, avoided trampling on them, but the wheels had been less merciful, and by the time I reached the spot, the bystanders were raising a fainting child from the ground, with a poor little crushed bleeding foot and ankle which I could hardly bear to look at. Everybody was very helpful, some water was brought from a shop, smelling salts came out of somebody's pocket, sal volatile from the chemist's below; but there was nothing really to be done but to take her to the nearest hospital. A policeman came forward and took hold of the hands of the two younger children. "Where do you live?" he said in a very fatherly tone. "Mamy knows—we haven't been there long," replied little Annette, pointing to her sister and sobbing. "But at least you can show me the way to it," inquired the man kindly. She nodded and pointed down the street. "Robby and me can find it," she said, and they trotted off trustfully, one on each side their guardian, as we drove away.

"Where's Robby, he's not hurt, I hope?" asked the poor child, waking up from her swoon. "I *did* try to push him out of the way of the wheels, and Annette too. You'll tell mother," and she relapsed into a half conscious state.

It was not very far to the hospital, but it seemed hours before she could be delivered over to the shrewd, quick-looking surgeon, and the pleasant-faced nurse. He shook his head.

"It's a case of amputation—chloroform: she won't feel it," pronounced he gravely and decidedly, and the poor little prostrate form was hurried off, the large eyes looking round with a puzzled, half-scared expression, which was infinitely pathetic, at my face, as the only one she had ever seen before.

"She'd better be kept as quiet as can be," said the nurse kindly, when I asked how soon her friends might see the little girl. "They'll do no good, and only worry her by crying, most likely."

I had no means of communicating with the child's home. She herself could not be troubled about it, and the policeman must be trusted to give the direction of the hospital, to which he knew she had been carried. "You'll get the address for me as soon as you can," I said, as I went away. It was now nearly dark.

The next morning when I went to inquire for Mary, "She's asleep," said the nurse, "she's going on all right, but it's a nervous little one, and best kept quiet. Chloroform's

all very well, but it's the healing, which must be gone through all the same, and the being sick after it's over, and the first dressing and all that is so trying, as we nurses know, none so well. You'd best not see her yet. Her father came late last night, and here's the address where they live, which he gave me—Jem Cradock's the name."

I went in search of the place. At the end of a quiet *cul-de-sac*, opening out of the great thoroughfare, were a pair of lofty iron gates belonging to the departed greatness of some old-fashioned "mansion"—*entre cour et jardin*. I passed in—a wild tangle of lilacs and pink May in full flower, great bunches of white elder, and broad-leaved sumach, with tall elms over-arching the whole, were growing about deep hollows, where the bricks had been dug out of the foundations of the deceased great house, and upon the desolate heaps of refuse overgrown with long grass. Only the gloomy backs of a few almost windowless houses looked into the space, which was very large, and everything was so still that the birds were singing as in a country lane; yet on all sides the roar of the great city seemed to hem it in, and was heard rising and falling occasionally, but with the continuous undertone of the sea—the silence seemed like a presence, by force of contrast. The garden had once run down to the edge of the river, but the new enclosed foreshore had isolated it from the world beyond, with a broad strip of frowsy, untidy, unoccupied land shut in by a high fence. Amongst the grass, surrounded by the flowering shrubs, overshadowed by the tall trees, was a large old boat, evidently dragged up and forgotten when the river wall had been first made, and now left stranded, far from the only element where it could be of "any use or significance" whatever—left behind in the race—empty, useless, "remote, unfriendly, melancholy, slow." It was very strongly built, and there was a good deal of work left in it, if it could have been in its right place, but now it lay blistered by the sun, its planks gradually rotting away—mouldering piecemeal, in unlovely decay. *King Theodore* was painted in rude red letters on the bows. Poor *King Theodore!* I felt quite sorry for him—one out of sorts with fortune, like his namesake,—"out of gear" in the world.

I made my way to the door of some old stables which had belonged to the ex-great house, and had not been pulled down. I was met by a groom coming from his horses.

"Jem Cradock—yes, that's me. You're come to see my missis?" said he. "It's a poor place, will you walk up-stairs. She've just a-been brought to bed of her fourth, yesterday, and she've a-been rarely put about with all this, so to speak. She took on greatly about Mamy. I'd a hard matter for to pacify her last night, when I come home."

Then, as we went up the steep rickety staircase, he went on—

"I were out a'most all yesterday, and the nurse she just sent the children off to be out of the way for the day to their aunt's—that's my sister—and there wasn't anybody to see to them there, I take it—she's so busy, is my sister—and so they gets into trouble trying to come home, I suppose. Mamy's such a one to be with her mother."

It was a little dark room, looking out, not on the garden, but on a narrow yard beyond, which was very close even on this breezy day. The poor woman's pale face was so painfully eager and nervous, as made one's heart ache to see, at the time when she most required rest of mind and body, while a wailing baby lay on the bed beside her.

"Had I seen her child? was she in great pain? what did she say? She was a great help to her mother, was Mamy! Where's Mamy?" she sobbed pitifully. "Oh, Jem, why weren't you there, not to let her be sent off like that out of the house when I couldn't see to it!" and the big tears rolled down her white cheeks.

I saw where Mamy's large eyes and long lashes, and clear brunette complexion came from. She was from Jersey herself, she told me.

The two other children were playing in the room. "She couldn't bear them now out of her sight," said the loud-voiced drabby nurse, when I proposed to take them away for a time.

"You'll have her in a fever if you don't keep her quieter than this," I said to the husband, as I came away to get some more and better help.

Jem began explaining rather confusedly about his being away till so late the day before, his broad, good-natured, weak, handsome face, had a sort of blush up to his red ears. I am afraid it had been enjoying itself at the public house, instead of helping in the trouble at home. To conceal his shamefaced look he stooped down and took up a child on each strong arm, and little Robby crowed with delight, and patted daddy's face as he went along. He was evidently fond of his children, and kind to them after his fashion, and when he remembered it. He now carried them both out, and put them

into the old boat, the sides of which were too high for them to crawl out unassisted.

"There!" said he, with great satisfaction at his own invention, "they'll be safe here, anyhow for a while, out of harm's way, and I shan't be far off with the horses. Mother was Jersey born, and knowed as much about a boat when I married her as I does of a horse, so I think she'll be pleased like."

The two small young faces peered curiously and rather anxiously over the weather-beaten timbers as I handed up all the things to play with that we could lay hands on. I looked back as I left the place. The weather had recovered its temper. The shadows of the trees flickered over them, the soft May wind blew the petals of the laburnum in their faces. Robby had hooked himself on by his arms over the edge of the boat; Annette was resting her round cheek on her hand: they looked like the cherubs at the bottom of the San Sisto Raphael, without any inconvenient little stomachs to be filled, or active little limbs to be clothed, while the bright eyes watched me intently as I walked away, promising to return.

The poor woman's recovery was very slow. I thought she looked more white and more nervous than ever when next I brought her news of Mamy.

"She was such a one to help at home; she'd more thought in her little finger nor yonder woman in her big body," said she irritably, as the heavy-handed, heavy-footed char-woman clattered among the crockery, and disturbed the equilibrium of everything which could be shaken or overset. Poor Annette's fastidious neatness was cruelly insulted by the din and disorder of her drabby nurse, but this was to be remedied to-day, and more efficient help coming.

"And Jem says she's lost her foot;" she went on, "it's bad enough for a man, but for a little girl, and such a pretty one, and so light to go," she sobbed, "folk mayn't like to marry her with but one poor little foot, perhaps; and how's she to get her living with crutches like that? My little Mamy, ma petite, my darling, my pretty one!"

"She'll get about wonderfully, they say, with an artificial foot. You'll hardly see it, and she's so young she'll learn to manage it like a real one; and she's doing very nicely at the hospital, and they're all so fond of her in the ward, and petting and spoiling her to your heart's content. I wish you could see her; she looked quite happy to-day, and a little colour in her cheeks."

But Annette the elder refused to be comforted; she pined to get to see her child, or that she should come to her, and neither the one nor the other was possible.

Although the shock had been great to the nervous child, she was up and about before her mother. It was the first day that the poor woman had come down-stairs, and she insisted on sitting under the trees, with an empty chair beside her, watching anxiously for the sound of the wheels which were to bring her Mary home. Presently the great iron gates creaked majestically, and poor Mamy on her crutches came slowly in. Annette held out her arms: she was white even to her lips, and looked as if she were going to faint; but she recovered herself, and sat stroking her child's face, and crooning inarticulate welcomes, with a shower of pet names in her long-unused Jersey patois, which seemed to come more naturally to her in moments of emotion. "Mon chou! mon ange! mon petit cœur! my precious!" And then the two sat side by side in silence, holding each other by the hand.

"Was it very bad, Mamy?" said her mother at last. "And your poor foot gone and all!" And her tears began to flow.

"They were all so kind," answered the little girl cheerfully, "and nurse had a canary sung so nice; and Mrs. Jones gave me, oh! such a pretty picture-book (it's in my box), and a doll with real petticoats to take off. They were all quite sorry when I came away."

"And you can't get about without your crutches," sighed her mother, not listening to the list of delights, and even, I thought, a little jealous of the new friends whom her child had made and she knew nothing of.

"I'm to be measured for my foot in next week," answered Mamy proudly; "and I shall walk now soon so nice with the crutches. There was a little boy, younger nor me, used to hop about so funny with them. He'd get across the ward so as they could hardly catch him; and I can do a great deal too: only see!"

And she began to show off her proficiency, her mother uttering a faint cry at the sight, doleful enough, of the efforts to make the best of the great loss. The wind had been tempered to the shorn lamb, but the poor mother's tears were hardly to be wondered at.

I thought I detected a strong effort in the child to bring forward all the cheerful side of the story, almost unconsciously springing out of her old life of ardent devotion to her mother; but the struggle was growing almost

too much for her, as I saw in her little quivering lips and drooping head.

"Here's some bread and butter, and tea and cake—we're making a feast for Mamy's coming home so well," made a wholesome diversion.

"And you haven't seen the baby," said the new nurse, judiciously bringing forward the very ugly little red bundle which few but mothers can admire.

And presently, to his little daughter's joy, Jem rode in at the gates, on one horse and leading another, with a grin and a smile of welcome, and, coming out from the stables, seized hold of the younger children, who had been kept till now in the background, and hoisted them both into the old boat, where they sat looking down on us as out of a big cradle, munching cake and drinking mugs of tea, in a serious, earnest state of mind, as if they were performing a grave and solemn duty to themselves and the public.

Even poor *King Theodore* had found a certain use by waiting patiently for his time.

The cloud had lifted from poor Annette Cradock's face, as Mamy crept very close to her in the little low arm-chair, her small arms and soft cheek resting on her mother's hands and lap, with a sort of protecting comfort and care in them, which was inexpressibly touching from the child to the parent. The sun shone, both morally and materially, on the little group, for that evening at least, and I came away.

BEFORE THE FIGHT.

"WHO is there, Fritz, to pray for you?"
I said, as we were lying
On the bare ground beneath the firs,
Through which the wind went sighing.

The leaguered city lay below,
Our men lay round about us;
And I had thought of home, and how
The evenings passed without us.

Fritz rose and leaned against a tree,
And on the mist stood gazing—
"There's nobody to pray for me,
For all my folk are praising.

"Or as yours pray for you at home,
In heaven mine may be praying.
'Lord, do not let him longer roam,
Love sickens with delaying.'

"Prayers change, you see," and Fritz smiled sweet
Out in the pale moon's shiver,
"Yet in God's heart the prayers all meet,
And melt in his love's river."

Next eve the sun went angry down,
Next night was dark and chill,
And I lay in the conquered town,
But Fritz slept on the hill.

ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

HOMES OF THE LONDON POOR.

CHARLES KINGSLEY, in one of his most touching essays, mourns over the malign influence exerted on the decent and industrious poor by their enforced proximity to the idle and degraded. "Let us no longer stand by," he urges, "and see moral purity, in street after street, pent in the same noisome den with moral corruption, to be involved in one common doom, as the Latin tyrant of old used to bind together the dead corpse and the living victim. But let the man who would deserve well of his city, well of his country, set his heart and brain to the great purpose of giving the workman a dwelling fit for a virtuous and a civilised being, and like the priest of old stand between the living and the dead, that the plague may be stayed." If it had been Charles Kingsley's good fortune to have accompanied us in some of our recent visitations, he would probably have penned without delay a proof of the vast influence for good that may be exerted by the respectable and industrious poor on those around them and below them in the social scale, when once you have practically considered their case, and made it possible for them to live quiet and cleanly lives.

By appointment on a recent morning, we met a lady who had agreed to show us the mode in which she carried on an important department of the work, to which she has for years devoted all her time and energies. We passed through a fine, fashionable street, then through a square, crossed over a main street, and turned down an alley, at once to perceive that we were on the margin of a

crowded district. This alley burrowed along through rows of damp, dilapidated houses, with that peculiar close odour one never misses in such places, and at last we found ourselves in the centre of a court, which at first look struck us with a joyous sense of contrast. The space between the rows (for it is a thoroughfare) was comparatively clean, in spite of the numerous articles set out at the dingy shop-doors; and, looking through into the back yards, for most part miserably small, one was pleased to find them clear and very clean. Only in one case did we see some boxes set up against the wall; and for this, as our guide explained to us, a special license had been given, as the employment of the man to whom they belonged could not be carried on without his occasionally having them there for a little space. "We have to exercise a firm control in all these matters," said she, "for if you give an inch, an ell would soon be taken." We pass in, and go on from one room to another, admiring the whiteness of the common stairs, and the excellent condition of the houses. Here is a family of little ones left in charge of a father, convalescent, while the mother is out at work. A word of kindly encouragement is said, and a fresh engagement for next day is made for the wife. In another room two young girls are busy at the sewing-machine, the one teaching the other, while the mother is out; some cheerful words of counsel are given, and a magazine left in place of one sent back. In a room above, a man and his wife are enthusiastic over their singing-birds, and a few minutes is passed in listening to his account of his favourites. Next door a complaint is tendered about a neighbour who has been disagreeable, and a bit of skilful mediation has to be done between this tenant and the tenant of the room above: there a grate is out of gear; and here again a chimney-pot has been broken, with a smoky room for one result. These have to be arranged for, and a note is accordingly taken. In another house, we find in one room a cobbler working away industriously, and cheerful in spite of dull trade; and in the next room to him a mother is anxious to know about a place which is in view for her eldest girl. Some of the tenants are out, many of them being costermongers, who need assistance from their wives in their callings; but in most cases either the rent or a message has been left with a neighbour. So we go on, seeing in an hour or so some thirty tenants. The rent is taken in most cases, or a day is fixed for its payment (for this is a collector's visit), but in each case such kindly inquiries are made, little familiar details are communicated, and the thoroughly confidential and friendly footing on which landlady and tenants stand is clearly apparent in the various remarks and requests of the latter. They know and, to a great extent, trust each other,—that is clear. The lady who has accompanied us has the charge of no fewer than fifteen such blocks as that we now stand in, and has altogether under her a population of 3,000. Of course, she began in a small way, and has added to her charge gradually; but in all of them she has managed to gain the goodwill and confidence of the people, and also to do a great deal towards solving one of the most pressing problems of the day in reference to the life of the poor in our great cities.

Any one who wishes to see in detail how she has been led on step by step in this great work, should consult her own simple but eloquent account of it.* We can hope to give but a bald exposition in the small space at our disposal.

Miss Hill had seen so much of the tyranny exercised over the poor by a low class of landlords—those tenants who paid rent suffering for those who did not pay, in the form of accumulated dirt, and buildings wholly out of repair—that she resolved to make an experiment, and see whether a better type of landlord could not gradually make better tenants. On hearing her scheme Mr. Ruskin advanced a certain sum of money for the purchase of suitable buildings. Three houses not far from her own home were bought—very dirty and dilapidated. They were put into thorough repair, and let to such tenants as offered, under a distinct understanding as to the rules to be observed. These were that the rent be regularly paid—a point which has been most stringently enforced—and that the place be kept in every respect clean and neat. From the first Miss Hill took care to keep up a strict personal supervision—she had her regular times of calling on the tenants, when she would point out anything amiss, or drop an encouraging word when the room was clean and tidy, and she would appear unexpectedly in order to see that the standard of cleanliness was kept up. Gradually, as the plan, in spite of difficulties, was found to have good results, other friends, besides Mr. Ruskin, came to her aid, and other

* "Homes of the London Poor." By Octavia Hill. Macmillan & Co.

houses, some in even lower quarters than the first lot, were bought, repaired, or rebuilt, and put under her rule, till now she has a staff of volunteer assistants who aid her in collecting and supervising her enlarging properties.

In the cases of the more extensive courts, the condition of affairs was truly pitiable prior to her management. Families lived in low dark cellars; there was no attention paid to drainage or to water supply, and, as may be imagined, the morals of the people were correspondent. Yet there were bright exceptions; and these formed the one hopeful element to begin with. In all cases where the freehold could be bought, or where the conditions of the lease would allow it, old structures, especially those built over what had originally been back yards, were removed to let in light and air; and it would hardly be believed that in some instances these back courts had been built in on till they did not extend to more than five feet either way; no provision otherwise being made for dust-bin, water, &c., and in some instances the accumulations of years had been gathered here, while poor creatures tenanted the cellars close to it. The blocks of new houses which have been built are admirably planned, and all has been done that could well be done, to secure free space behind. As for the old houses, the best is made of them that can be made, and Miss Hill consoles herself, in her own cheery practical way that, since they can't be got rid of, they are good schools for training the people for something better. And in this, from what we saw, she is clearly right. The irregular habits of the class are hard to eradicate—even systematic locking of the street-doors so as to save the passages from risk of destruction from intruders, is found to be difficult of attainment.

In the matter of moral influence, equal practical wisdom and care appear. It was a particular pleasure to us to see the large airy rooms devoted to men's club and reading room, and the meeting room for women and girls; and from what we saw we can believe that the Saturday evenings Saving's Collection is a sight to be remembered if once seen. All this, of course, could not have been began, not to speak of being carried on successfully as it has been, had not the firmness, so far as the business element is concerned, been combined with genuine consideration for all; and this, no doubt, it is chiefly which has enabled Miss Hill to do what she has done. It is the personal influence which she has made to inform all that gives the real clue to her success.

"My people," she says, "are all numbered; not merely counted, but known, man, woman, and child. I have seen their self-denying efforts to pay rent in time of trouble, or their reckless extravagance in seasons of abundance; their patient labour, or their failure to use the self-control necessary to the performance of the more remunerative kinds of work; their efforts to keep their children at school, or their selfish, lazy way of living on their children's earnings. . . . If positive gifts must be resorted to, who could give them with so little pain to the proud spirit, so little risk of undermining the feeble one, as the friend of old standing? — the friend, moreover, who has rigorously exacted the fulfilment of their duty in punctual payment of rent; towards whom, therefore, they might feel they had done what they could while strength lasted, and need not surely be ashamed to receive a little bread in time of want?"

It is worth noticing that a certain class of the repairs are reserved as a means of affording work to the tenants in slack times, and that the stairs and passages are scrubbed twice a week by the elder girls, who can not only in this way earn sixpence, but gain a facility and liking for work of the kind; and we are told that a healthy spirit of emulation has in many cases been excited by this arrangement. Looking at the wisdom and tact shown in the administration—the mingled firmness and kindliness which characterizes the whole method, we are not surprised to find that the people have learned to trust Miss Hill thoroughly, and are keen to co-operate in many ways for their own further improvement. Yet it is surely very remarkable to find that, though she has in some instances failed to carry her tenants with her in her desire to elevate them, she is able to say, "In no single case have I met with suspicion or with anything but entire confidence." For this object much pains is taken to arrange so as to make them unconsciously co-operate in mutual improvement. "Our success depends," says Miss Hill, "on duly arranging the inmates: not too many children in any one house, so as to overcrowd it; not too few, so as to overcrowd another; not two bad people side by side, or they drink together; not a terribly bad person beside a very respectable one."

It has been one great aim of Miss Hill thus to develop in her people a sense of self-respect, especially in the matters of space and fit conveniencies. Wherever a family can be induced to have two rooms instead of one, or wherever a solitary dweller could be urged to give up a poor room for a better one, she has been ready to aid and encourage; and very touching are some of her stories which illustrate her efforts in this way. She writes in one place:—

"Our plan of removing the inhabitants of the

miserable underground kitchens to rooms in the upper parts of the houses did not, strange as it may seem, meet with any approbation at first. They had been so long in the semi-darkness that they felt it an effort to move; one woman in particular, I remember, pleaded hard with me, to let her stop, saying, 'My bits of things won't look anything if you bring them to the light.' By degrees, however, we effected the change."

These underground kitchens are now either disused or devoted to holding the stocks of the inmates—an important matter,—for one of the great evils of courts inhabited by costermongers is their inveterate habit of having their stocks in their rooms.

Managed as Miss Hill manages her houses, the property becomes a medium for restoring and elevating to their former position those who by misfortune may have lapsed. Thus she tells of one case:—

"One great advantage arising from the management of the houses is, that they form a test place, in which people may prove themselves worthy of higher situations. Not a few of the tenants have been persons who have sank beneath the stratum where once they were known, and some of these, simply by proving their character, have been able to regain their former situations. One man, twenty years ago, had been a gentleman's servant, had saved money, gone into business, married, failed, and then found himself out of the groove of work. When I made his acquaintance, he was earning a miserable pittance for his wife and seven unhealthy children, and all the nine souls were suffering and sinking unknown. After watching and proving him for three years, I was able to recommend him to a gentleman in the country, where now the whole family are profiting by having six rooms instead of one, fresh air, and regular wages."

Of course, all this is accomplished as a merely secondary result, and it has been done without detriment to the commercial aspect of the experiment. Most readers will be glad to know that in this regard also, the thing has proved a decided success.

"The pecuniary result has been very satisfactory. Five per cent. interest has been paid on all the capital invested. A fund for the repayment of capital is accumulating. A liberal allowance has been made for repairs; and here I may speak of the means adopted for making the tenants careful about breakage and waste. The sum allowed yearly for repairs is fixed for each house, and if it has not all been spent on restoring and replacing, the surplus is used for providing such additional appliances as the tenants themselves desire. It is therefore to their interest to keep the expenditure for repairs as low as possible; and instead of committing the wanton damage common among tenants of their class, they are careful to avoid injury, and very helpful in finding economical methods of restoring what is broken or worn out, often doing little repairs of their own accord. From the proceeds of the rent, also, interest has been paid on the capital spent in building a large room where the tenants can assemble. Classes are held there—for boys, twice weekly; for girls, once: a singing class has just been established. A large work class for married women and elder girls meets once a week. A glad sight it is—the large room filled with the eager, merry faces of the girls, from which those of the older, careworn women catch a reflected light. It is a good time for quiet talk with them as we work, and many a neighbourly feeling is called out among them as we sit together on the same bench, lend one another cotton or needles, are served by the same hand, and look to the same person for direction. The babies are a great bond of union. I have known the very women who not long before had been literally fighting, sit at the work class busily and earnestly comparing notes of their babies' respective history. That a consciousness of corporate life is developed in them is shown by the not infrequent use of the expression, 'One of us.'"

To demonstrate how such properties may be made to yield a fair return, as Miss Octavia Hill has indubitably done, is a matter of vast moment—it is indeed like the opening-up of a new world of hope and promise to those who have social improvement and amelioration at heart; for it is now a recognised axiom that you can only help the poor by teaching them that self-respect which leads to effective self-help. But there is a series of less apparent influences set in operation by this plan, which should not be lost sight of. Each of these courts is a centre of softening and civilising influences. The dwellers near by daily see what may be gained by conformity to rule, by unity, by temperance, by cleanliness. The self-interest rather than the self-denial of all these classes is what must be first appealed to with any hope of success; and very effectually must it be appealed to by the constant presence of a community of their own class, who have already lifted themselves a degree higher in the social scale, by the simple process of obtaining a better house at the same or even at less rent than they had paid before. Improvement in dress and general appearance, the healthier and cleaner looks of the children as they go regularly to and from school, are things not likely to pass unnoticed, nor will they fail to stir that healthy emulation which is one of the strongest forces in working people when once fairly aroused. Miss Octavia Hill's plan has thus one advantage over the excellent and praiseworthy schemes of the Peabody Trustees, and the Industrial Dwellings Company, which aim either at drawing the better class from amid the lower to a better locality, or at dealing in fact with a superior class altogether. By choosing a court, and doing all that can be done to make it clean and comfortable, a practical testimony of the most effective kind is raised up exactly where it is most wanted; and the more respectable labourer, while he is relieved from those

evils of close association with the vicious, over which Canon Kingsley so deeply mourned, is yet not so far removed from his old whereabouts as to fail unconsciously to influence his old neighbours, in as far, at all events, as his daily appearance gives evidence of his improved circumstances. Miss Hill has well written, with that keen perception of real possibility which comes from thorough experience, "The people's homes are bad, partly because they are badly built and arranged; they are tenfold worse because their habits and lives are what they are. Transplant them to-morrow to healthy and commodious houses, and they would pollute and destroy them. There needs, and will need for some time, a reformatory work which will demand that loving zeal for individuals which cannot be had for money, and cannot be legislated for by Parliament." And it is not too much to say that she has, in our idea, inaugurated and proved to be practical and remunerative, one of the best machineries of reform we have yet witnessed. But in it the element of personal interest and care is most essential—a point, too, which should not be for a moment lost sight of when this work is compared with that of the Peabody trustees or other societies or companies. A great deal more might well be said on these points. We must hurry on to take note of another experiment.

No deep but there is a lower deep. We cannot presume that our readers are intimately acquainted with the Mint in Southwark. It is not a region likely to attract those whose business does not lead them that way. What the Seven Dials is to Bloomsbury, what the Rookery is to Westminster, what the New Cut is to Lambeth, what Drury Lane is to the Strand, what Whitechapel is to East London, that the Mint is to Southwark. Mr. Timbs describes it as a nest of "debtors, coiners, fugitives, outlaws, and the like." There is, of course, a sprinkling of honest poor, but they find it hard to withstand the influences that are predominant. Drinking prevails, and public-houses flourish; street fights are to be seen any evening; and in the crowded three-penny lodging-houses are to be found many who dare not show themselves openly to the police. A few of the members of Surrey Chapel, several years ago, moved by the lack of spiritual ministration there, formed themselves into a Christian Instruction Society for the purpose of visiting the lodging-houses in the district. A goodly number of the landlords agreed to give them access, and at first they spoke to the inmates as they sat in the dull, dingy kitchens, engaged in drinking, cooking, or sometimes quarrelling, as we ourselves have seen them. In some of the kitchens as many as eighty men were frequently addressed on a Sunday evening. By-and-by a cellar was rented for the meetings, and afterwards a school-room was taken; and at length out of this work grew two institutions, separate yet connected—the Farm House Temperance Mission and the Farm House Lodging-House. Mr. Thorneloe, one of the leaders of the movement, had discovered by means of the confidence with which he had come to be favoured, that many of the men in these lodging-houses had left their wives, drink in the bulk of cases being the cause. The thought struck him, after having been compelled to declare for temperance, that if a superior class of lodging-house were opened, something might be done towards bringing these separated couples together again; at all events those who were inclined to reform would thus be removed, if they chose, from the midst of the temptations that beset them in the ordinary lodging-house kitchen. Seeing that these lodging-houses are the homes of a large class, this he felt might be the beginning of something. Accordingly he made known his plan to some friends; money sufficient to buy the lease of two houses was procured. They were in a frightful condition; but they were thoroughly repaired. They have now eighty beds, which are always occupied; more than half of the lodgers being regular tenants. There is no condition that the lodgers be total abstainers; but no spirits must be drunk on the premises. Good order is easily kept, and the place is wholly self-supporting, though only *2s.* a week is charged. In numbers of cases, wives and husbands, who had been long apart, have been brought together again, and by means of this house as a "stepping-stone," have found a way to homes of their own, and not a few of them have now been for years members of Christian Churches.

These cases abundantly suffice to prove that where the personal element is brought into play, and where prudence and firmness are united with Christian concern for the elevation of the lower classes, a rich harvest of reward may be reaped; and if those who have money to dispense would but put it into the hands of such wise and practical workers, a reform would soon be effected such as must tend at once to lessen our taxes and also our national shame.

H. A. PAGE.

"THE STORM OF LIFE."

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THE STORM OF LIFE.

By HESBA STRETTON, Author of "Jessica's First Prayer," etc.

CHAPTER IX.—AT ANCHOR.

FROM a dreamless sleep Rachel was roused, early in the morning before day-break, by some person stirring about in the rooms below. She groped her way quietly down-stairs, and found the old man kindling a fire, and getting ready his breakfast, before starting out into the dark and foggy streets.

"Up betimes, Rachel!" he said cheerily, "up with the lark, ay! and before the lark in the winter. I've lost my head-man that did the very early jobs for me, or I only wait myself on the nobility and the gentry commonly. But St. Gregory's flues want cleaning, and I must see to 'em myself, for it's a particular job. I was coming from there last night when I fell in with you. Eh! but you're a handy lass, my girl! I like to see a body as can move about brisk and sharp."

"I've been servant in two or three good places," she answered, "and I'm handy at any housework. I can wash, and iron, and bake, and clean with anybody; only I've no character. If you and her could trust me."

A sudden hope had broken upon her that these kind folks, who had been so good to her and Rosy, might perhaps let her stay with them, at least for a time, as they were plainly in want of some one to do their housework, and mind the poor woman up-stairs.

"Trust you," repeated Sylvanus; "ay! ay! my girl, I'll trust you. Only you keep in your mind as God sees you—ay, and loves you always, though He mayn't be always showing it plain—and there'll be no fear of you going wrong. He isn't always nursing us, so to say, and kissing us, and making much of us, as you do with your little maid; and you'll have to leave that off soon, if she's to grow up a good serviceable woman. He sets us hard things to do—ay, and hard things to bear, till we're ready to cry out that He's a hard master; but all through it He's looking at us, and if you and me could only see His face, there'd be such a smile upon it when we were doing right, and such trouble if we were going wrong, that we couldn't go wrong anyhow. Didn't He give up his dear Son to come and tell us all about himself? That was love. Ay! God is love."

"I never thought much of Him loving me," said Rachel softly.

"Well, well!" he answered, "that's how we ought to think of Him."

He was silent after that, being busy with his breakfast. It was ready in a few minutes, and he bade Rachel sit down with him at the little round table on which it was laid.

"My girl," he said, just before finishing, "maybe you might like to stay with us a bit. Well, do. It isn't a superior place, such as you're used to; but when you've earned a character, so to say, I might speak for you at some of the grand houses I go to. Bless you! there's scores of the gentry know me, Sylvanus Croft; thousands and thousands of chimneys I've climbed in London, in old times, and seen the tops of 'em in all sorts of weather. There's no climbing boys about here now, thank God; though they tell me there are down in Liverpool, and in country places. Eh! God sees some sad sights! But you think about it, my girl. Mother forgets how old Sylvie 'ud be, if she was alive now, but she'd be about your age, I guess, and a great comfort to me."

"I don't want to think," cried Rachel earnestly, "I'd serve you and her on my hands and knees, if you'd only let me stay, and keep Rosy instead of wages. It shouldn't cost you much, I'd save so. And, oh! you'd teach us both to be good."

"Please God!" said the old man, nodding; "talk it over with mother, while I'm away. I'm agreeable—more than agreeable. The little lass 'ud be like a playfellow for me, and I'm beginning to be fond of play again, like a child, only I've had no playfellows.

Well, I must be off now, or St. Gregory 'ill think I'm never coming to his flues."

Rachel could hardly believe that it was true, as she stole softly up-stairs again to the attic, to see if Rosy was asleep. The little room seemed already to belong to her, to be her own home. The view from the window was charming to her, though it looked out only upon roofs and chimneys, and up to the open sky overhead. There was a small glass hanging against the wall, reflecting her wistful face, and rough, uncombed hair; but that should soon be smoothed again, she thought. Everything delighted her, and Rosy's face upon the pillow wore a look of peace and comfort, such as she had not seen upon it yet. Oh! if Rosy could only be safely sheltered and cared for! If they might but stay here with these good people, there would be days of play and gladness for her little child, even if she herself were bowed down and saddened by the memory of her sins.

To dress Rosy, even in her ragged clothing, and to take her down to the quiet and warm little kitchen, where breakfast was ready for her, was such a joy as Rachel had never felt before, and hardly dared to think of now, lest it should prove but a mocking dream. To see the child's gladness, as she warmed her little feet before the fire, was a delight. The cold and hunger they suffered only yesterday seemed already a long time since. There was only their torn and soiled clothing to remind them of it, and Rosy, like a child, had no thought about that. She laughed aloud once or twice, and Rachel stood and listened with a sob. Could it be indeed that her merry little darling was coming back to her?

As the morning light strengthened she set ready a breakfast-tray for the sick woman up-stairs, as daintily and nicely as if it had been for Mrs. Curtis of the Hall. She earnestly desired to gain Mrs. Croft's favour. When she found that she was awake, she set the white, pleasant room in order, and waited upon her quietly and deftly, in a fashion that the paralytic woman had never seen before.

"You're a handy lass," she said, as Rachel was about to carry away the breakfast-tray, somewhat downcast at Mrs. Croft's silence.

"Yes," she answered eagerly; "and, oh! if you would try me, and trust me, I'd serve you on my hands and knees. Only let me stay! You know the worst of me; I haven't kept back a thing; and you didn't turn me out of doors last night. It 'ud be almost like being in heaven for a night, and then turned out again! I'd do better for you than any other maid could do."

She stood beside the bed, trembling with anxiety, her eyes fastened upon the pale, worn face, and grey hair, and sunken eyes upon the pillow.

"Ay, stay," said Mrs. Croft, "my old man is always fretting about me when he's away, and he's taken a fancy to you and your little girl. Stay, till we see how things go on. I'm very lonesome here at times, only for the thought of our dear Lord. He never leaves me, only I forget He's here, and fancy I'm alone, till it's as if He laid his hand upon me, and there comes a whisper in my heart that He hasn't gone away. Stop a minute, and I'll tell you how long I've been in this room."

She shut her eyes, as if to recal the long years, and count them as they went by, while Rachel stood looking down upon her, with tears standing in her eyes—tears that were more of gladness than sorrow.

"It's going on for eighteen years," she said. "Sylvie was a little bigger than your child, and I was proud of her, more than I can say; and I couldn't bear to think her father was a chimney-sweep. I'd come of better folks, and I'd been laundry-maid in great houses; and how I came to wed with a sweep I could hardly tell. But I would never let Sylvie go out with her father; no, nor never went out with him myself, for very shame of his trade. And nobody would believe Sylvie was a common child. It was a sore trouble to him, my pride and shame was, and I let him have no pleasure in Sylvie. Then she died quite sudden. I suppose I'd something like a stroke, but I was never right again; and he was so good to me, so good! He never said a word to blame me, though he were almost broken-hearted. Ever since then I've been lying here, till this place has come to be like the place where Jacob slept, and saw a ladder set up on the earth, reaching up to heaven, and angels ascending and descending upon it. I wake up sometimes, in the dead of the night, and say to myself, 'Surely the Lord is in this place.'"

"Are you scared?" asked Rachel. "Doesn't it make you afeard?"

"At first, at first," she answered, "but not now. If I could get the feeling that God was gone away, that would scare me. Oh! it would be dreadful to be in this place without God! It's all my comfort and gladness. Sometimes I say to myself, 'I am poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh upon me;' and I feel in my very heart He is really thinking of me and my wants."

"If He would but think of me and Rosy!" sobbed Rachel.

"Eh, lass! but isn't He thinking?" cried Mrs. Croft. "Who sent Sylvanus in your way last night, when you were at the worst pinch of all? And who put it into our hearts to keep you, instead of letting you go again into the streets, and you'd have been thankful only to be let go? By-and-by you'll be glad to feel as if God was with you all the day long."

"Oh! if He would only forgive me and make me good!" sobbed Rachel again.

"He does forgive you, and me," she went on. "There was that poor woman, who was a sinner, and washed the feet of Jesus. The good folks wondered at Him for letting her touch his feet, she was so wicked. But He let her wash them; ah! and kiss them over and over again, and anoint them with her precious ointment. And then He said to her, 'Thy sins are forgiven.' Why shouldn't He forgive you? He came for the very purpose. Could He do more than He has done for us? There's a verse of a hymn Sylvie learnt once, I'll say it to you:—

"'What could your Redeemer do,
More than He hath done for you?
To procure your peace with God,
Could He more than shed his blood?
After all his waste of love,
All his drawings from above,
Why will you your Lord deny?
Why will you resolve to die?'"

The solemn words fell slowly on Rachel's ear. She could not understand them altogether; but the words that smote her heart most keenly were, "After all his waste of love." Oh! if He had thrown away his love upon her all these years, whilst she had been sinning against Him, what a wretch she was! She would love Him back again with all her heart.

"I can't ever wash his feet, like that poor woman," she said softly, "and I can't ever take Rosy to Him like those other women did their children, but maybe He'll let me show my love some other way."

CHAPTER X.—ROCKS AHEAD.

NEXT day Rachel was going about the house in an old print gown of many colours which had been lying by since Mrs. Croft had been paralyzed, and Rosy was dressed in some of Sylvie's clothes. Sylvanus was full of joy; he felt no suspicion of Rachel, and no dread of her turning out badly on his hands. Nothing was locked up in the house, and she had free access to every room. The place of a trusted and familiar friend was given to her at once, or rather that of a grown-up daughter. The second evening she was in the house she found the old man sitting by the kitchen fire with Rosy on his knee and her head resting peacefully on his shoulder.

"I'm learning her to call me grandad," he said, with a short, happy laugh, "grandad! Why, it might be Sylvie, grown up, and married below her, like mother, and come home again with her little girl! We've been talking about our poor eyes, and what's to be done, and how we'll go to a famous doctor I know quite well, a very clever doctor, and see what he can do for us. Rosy and grandad will go to-morrow."

There was nothing serious the matter with Rosy's sight. Now that she had good food and well-shod feet and warm clothing, they were quickly well again, and Rachel could see once more the pretty blue eyes of the baby she had lost when her sin committed her to a jail. More than ever Rachel's life was bound up in her little girl. Week after week, month after month, glided by, almost unmarked, whilst she, and Sylvanus, and Mrs. Croft watched the growth of the child. It was a very quiet home, but it was like a Paradise to her; for no one fretted her, no one remembered her past life. Or if either the old man or his wife remembered it, neither of them spoke of it. When she herself looked back on the past as sometimes a suddenly awakened memory compelled her to do, she felt as if she were dwelling in quite another world. All was so tranquil and so simple about her; the daily work sufficient to occupy without oppressing her; the evening rest in the snow-white chamber where Sylvanus read aloud, or made her read to the listening mother in bed; the untroubled nights, with Rosy slumbering beside her; the unbroken but cheerful sameness, after the wild sin and sorrow of her former days; all made it to her like another world.

Mrs. Croft had not expected Rachel to settle down so quickly and so easily into this new life. She had looked to see her pine after the freedom and excitement she had once had, and she had dreaded lest she should some day break out of bounds and give way to old temptations, to her own grief and that of her husband. But Rachel had taken simply a simple belief. She believed, now she could trust in God's love, that He was at all times present with her and tenderly watching over her conduct. She no longer doubted this, or was afraid of that loving presence, and the desire for the old sinful pleasures, so grievous to Him and so dangerous to herself,

had passed away for ever. The thought of her old ignorance and guilt made her shudder as if she were looking back down some fathomless gulf, from which a Father's hand had saved her. Rosy must never fall into that gulf, as she had fallen!

"Mother," said Rosy, one Sunday evening after she had said all her hymns to Sylvanus, who held her tenderly on his knee, "Mother, is father dead?"

Rachel started, and dropped the tray, which she was reaching down for tea. The colour fled from her face, and her lips quivered. What could have put such a question into Rosy's head?

"They asked me at Sunday-school," went on Rosy, "all that had got kind, good fathers were to stand up, and I didn't know what to do. When I said I didn't know, they laughed out at me; but I told them you'd know, and I'd ask before I came again. Is he dead, mother?"

It was as if the child had been stabbing to her heart. Every word wounded her. So many months had passed by now since Sylvanus found them both in the street, that she had ceased to think anything of her husband. At first there had been a lurking fear of him disturbing her tranquillity; and now Rosy's question stirred up the old dread and anxiety. What could she say to the child? Had Rosy then forgotten that her father was a convict like herself?

"Is he dead, mother?" persisted Rosy.

"No," muttered Rachel.

"Why! I thought he must be dead," Rosy went on, "why haven't I ever seen him, grandad? Where is he gone to? Didn't he love you, mother?"

"Oh! hush, hush, Rosy," she cried, in quick, sorrowful tones, "be quiet now. I'll tell you all about him when you're a big girl, perhaps. You're too little yet."

"But what must I say at school?" she asked. "I thought I hadn't got any father, and I don't know where he is. I want to see him. Would he love me, mother?"

For a minute or two Rachel stood quite silent, thinking of her husband. How plainly she could see him in her mind, when he first made love to her! and when he took her home on their wedding-day, and laughed at her surprise at all the things he had bought for her! Had he really loved her then? She could remember how it was when the first freshness of their early married life was over; how cruel, and selfish, and ill-tempered he had shown himself, and how lazy, except when there was some wickedness afoot. He had cursed the birth of their little girl; and she could not recall one pleasant word or smile given to the baby, who crowed and laughed in his face. He had been jealous of her, and enraged by his wife's passionate love for the helpless little creature, who was seldom out of her arms.

"No, he never loved you, my darling," she answered.

"My little lass," said Sylvanus, putting her off his knee, "run up to mother, and say your pretty hymns to her, till tea's ready. She loves to hear 'em; and then you sing till we can hear you down here; there's a little woman."

They listened in silence to the child's pattering feet climbing up the staircase. Rachel did not dare to meet the old man's eye. He had never uttered her husband's name to her, or referred to him in any way. Sylvanus knew nothing about him, except what she had said the night he had taken her into his home.

"Sylvie," said the old man, in a tremulous voice, "come here."

He had called her by his daughter's name once or twice before, and now the sound of it made her lift up her eyes to him. He was holding out his arms to her, and she threw herself down on the floor beside him, and hid her face upon his knee.

"My poor daughter!" he said, "my poor Sylvie! tell me about him. The Lord cares for him, too, ay! and He's ready to receive him back any day. The Lord laid down His life for him. Tell me all about him, Rachel."

"Oh! he is so wicked," she sobbed, "so bad! I should never have been a thief but for him. He 'ticed me, and drove me, and worried me, till I was almost as bad as him. I dreamed once as he'd come back, and made Rosy a thief! I couldn't be a good woman if he found me."

"Where is he?" asked Sylvanus.

"He was sent to Gibraltar," she answered. "He wrote once to me in Thornbury jail, but I never wrote back. He can't come back for two years longer, but every day makes the time shorter, and I feel scared lest he should find out Rosy and me. If it were only me, I'd shake it off, and try not to mind; but there's my Rosy, and just old enough to learn all sorts of badness.

"But, maybe," said the old man, "he's learned about the Lord, and his love, in prison, as you did, Rachel. The Lord knows all about him, as well as you and me. S'pose he comes home, set free from all his

sins, and ready to serve the Lord with you?"

"I never thought of that," cried Rachel, looking up with a tear-stained face, "yes, God sees him as well as me, and loves him too. If he'd only come home a good man!"

"Or, may be, you'd win him to be a good man," said Sylvanus, "why! if he were as bad as bad can be, and you were forced to live with him, and see it, it 'ud be only like the Lord dwelling amongst us sinners, and being grieved day by day, with our sins. But He's doing it to win us back to Him. Why! He might leave us alone, and live up in His glory in heaven, with the angels and archangels singing His praises, only He can't be content to leave us in our sin and misery. He'll be satisfied some day, the Lord will, and you'd be satisfied, Rachel, if you won your husband to be good, ay! though you had to go down into the pit for him."

"Ay, I should," she said, with a deep sigh, "only for Rosy."

"Well, well!" answered the old man, stroking her head softly, "the Lord will take care of His little lamb. Ay! and we'll take care of her too. You must run with this trouble to Him. Why! He isn't in some grand place a long way off, like the best rooms in a great house, far away from the nursery, so as the children's noise can't be heard. The Lord's in the nursery, and if any trouble scares you, you can run and hide yourself in His arms. He's ready to take up the very least care of ours, like you'd stoop to take a pin out of Rosa's pinafore, if it was going to prick her. You take this trouble to Him, my lass, and don't bring it away with you again."

From that time the only fear that had haunted Rachel gradually died away. Nothing hindered her now from a simple striving to be good. Her past sins had been forgiven, and her future life lay before her, untroubled by any doubt of God's love for her. True, she could not altogether forget the years that she had spent in a prison cell, and often the remembrance that Rosy inherited a sullied and sad name from her came, like a cloud, across her calm tranquillity. The past could not be blotted out, no tears could wipe away the stain of it: even God's forgiveness could not efface it. She had been a thief; no power in earth or heaven could alter that. She could never be one of those happy women who had resisted evil, and not fallen into sins like hers. But Rosy might be, nay, must be, among that glad and good company, knowing God, and loving Him, from her very childhood. And for herself, she trusted that some day or other she might hear Christ saying, "Her sins, which are many, are all forgiven, for she loved much."

CHAPTER XI.—STRANDED.

PERHAPS, of all the members of that little household, Sylvanus was the happiest. He had suffered much, while his little Sylvia was living, from his wife's false pride, which had deprived him of the joy and pleasure he might have had in his child. After her death, he had sorrowed for her silently, never letting his grief betray itself before his poor, paralytic wife; and as the years had gone by, he had kept count of them, picturing to himself his little girl growing up into a woman, his grown-up daughter. When Rachel and Rosy came, he seemed to have restored to him, not only his grown-up daughter, but his little, prattling, playful Sylvie, who was allowed to watch for him at the door, and run down the street to meet him, even when he was coming home, soiled and begrimed with his work.

He was not now a struggling man, doubtful whether he could make both ends meet. He had his regular employers, and plenty of work for himself and the two or three men who helped him in his trade. Rosy's maintenance was no burden to him, and he used to say triumphantly that Rachel was worth her weight in gold. Never had the house been so clean, or his wife's room so spotlessly white. Never had there been so little money needed for housekeeping. Rachel baked and cooked, and washed and mended, as if the house were her own. It was her home. There was no mention made of her seeking a better place, or going into service in some grand house. Sylvanus pressed money upon her in payment, which she refused to have; and then it became an occupation and a delight to the old man to look into the shop windows, and buy the dresses he liked most for both her and Rosy. He had never tasted that pleasure before.

Now and then in the early summer time, when business was slack with him, Sylvanus would take both of them out into the country for a day in his little trap, which was specially cleaned up for the purpose. No words can tell Rachel's quiet gladness, on those sunny days, to feel her feet treading once more among the tufts of grass, and to see the cows feeding in the meadows, as in the old times when she was a girl, and was sent

morning and evening to fetch the cattle home, through fields scattered over with buttercups and daisies, and under hedgerows, where the hawthorns showered down their snowy blossoms upon her. Sometimes they passed by a farmstead, and she could hardly keep herself from cluck-clucking to the busy brown hens and little downy chickens, as if she had a lapful of corn to toss among them. And in the hay-fields, oh how they brought her merry childhood back to her, when she had helped to rake up the sweet-scented swathes of hay into cocks, standing all in lines like so many rows of thatched cottages, with a village street between them! Rosy did not gather the opening flowers more eagerly than she did, though Rosy's laughter rang through the quiet lanes, while Rachel smiled but sadly, when she did smile. The great storm of life that had burst over her so fiercely had swept away laughter and loud merriment from her.

Many and many a time had Sylvanus talked of going down to the sea-coast for a day, by one of the cheap trains. He had never seen the sea, nor had Rachel and Rosy, who came from an inland county. They had spoken about it on winter nights by the fireside, and on Sunday evenings after Rosy had said her hymns, speaking of it as some great and almost solemn holiday. But summer after summer had gone by without bringing the exact day when the pleasure could be taken without drawback, until it had become almost like a dream to them all.

At last the dream was to come true. A splendid Whit-week was gladdening all the people, and holiday trains were running every day to Brighton at low fares, and starting so early in the morning that they would be some hours on the coast. Rosy was nearly ten years old now, a pretty, bright-eyed girl, well made and healthy, the very life of the house. Sylvanus believed that no such child had ever lived before.

"Rachel," he said on Whit-Monday, "the time's come at last. To-morrow we'll be off to the sea. You go and buy something nice for us to eat, such as the little lass 'll like best, while I seek somebody to stay with poor mother all day. Poor mother! if she could only come with us, I'd be the happiest man in London, whoever the next one might be."

"Let me go with you, mother," cried Rosy eagerly, "and I'll carry your basket for you."

"No, no," answered Rachel, "you stay at home, like a good girl, and read something pretty to Mrs. Croft. She'll be by herself all day to-morrow, while we're enjoying ourselves, you know."

"I'll stay if you'll give me twenty kisses," said Rosy, clinging to her and hindering her from setting off. Rachel kissed her fondly, and looked back as she passed over the door-sill, to see her standing at the foot of the staircase, nodding and smiling gaily. It was a lovely day, and Rachel herself felt more light-hearted than usual. The month of May was drawing to a close, and the sun had been shining in a cloudless sky since its rising, yet there had been no sultry heat, even in the streets of London. A cool freshness was in the air as soon as the sun sank down in the west, foretelling heavy dews out in the country, and overhead light filmy threads of silver mist floated slowly across the blue, taking tints of rose and gold as they caught the rays of the setting sun. There was no fear of the weather to-morrow, for the sky was deepening into red. "Red in the morning is the shepherd's warning, red at night is the shepherd's delight," said Rachel to herself as she passed busily through the streets on her errands, and thought of Rosy's joy. She wondered what the great unknown sea would be like. She had seen many pictures of storms at sea, when wild waves tossed the ships about like cockle-shells, but she could hardly believe it would look like that under a calm summer sky, with only breeze enough to fan her cheek softly. Well, to-morrow she would know.

The station from which they would have to start was less than a mile from their house, and she was so near to it when she made her last purchase that she thought she had better go on and inquire particularly the exact minute early in the morning when the train would set off. The streets were all in a stir about the station. Rachel made her way along, down the covered approach to the entrance of the ticket-office, smiling as she thought how Rosy's feet would dance along the pavement at her side, how Rosy's tongue would chatter when they were fairly off on their day's pleasure, and how Sylvanus would pace on, with his grey head tossed back a little, and with a beaming look spreading over his furrowed face. What a happy day it was going to be to-morrow!

All at once there flashed across her mind the memory of the summer day when she had stood at the bar before the judge, and the sun had shone in upon her through

some uncurtained window till she could not lift up her eyes to see his face. Why did she think of it now, when the thought of it had slept so many months? She tried to shake it off. No one could suspect her of ever having been a jail-bird. Her face had lost its old gloom and sullenness; she was neatly dressed, and her manner was soft and quiet. Even if she went back to her native place, no one could know her for the wild, giddy, unprincipled girl who had so swiftly brought shame and sorrow on herself. The porter to whom she spoke answered her pleasantly and civilly, not at all as if he could guess what she had once been.

"At five o'clock precise, the train starts," he said; "and if you'll take my advice, you'll be here at 4.30 to secure good places."

"Oh! we'll come in good time," she answered; "my little girl 'll never sleep a wink all night."

There was a group of idlers loafing outside the door of the ticket-office, but Rachel had not glanced at them. Her clear voice had spoken so distinctly as to cause her words to be heard above the clamour of other speakers. One of the men, who was lounging against a pillar, started up at the sound.

"Why, Rachel, my girl!" he cried with an oath. "Rachel!" and he laid his hand upon her, "don't you know me again, my lass?"

Know him! As his voice fell upon her ear, all the sunny light and the merry sounds about her grew dim and confused. Her heart was ceasing to beat, and all her strength was passing away from her; but she did not fall, for the man who had spoken to her caught her in his arms, and at the feeling that his arms were about her, a pang of terror brought her back fully to her senses, and to the reality of the great misery that lay before her.

"Rachel," he said again, "cheer up, my girl. Why, you're prettier than ever! She's my wife, lads, that I've been hunting for up and down the country, and all about London here. It was misfortune parted us, no fault of hers or mine. But I'm her husband, and she's my wife, till death us do part, the parson said. I'll not let thee out of my sight again. Come, give me a kiss at meeting, Rachel."

But she had wrenched herself out of his grasp, and stood leaning against the wall for support. She felt scarcely strong enough to keep from falling to the ground. A crowd was quickly gathering about him and her, watching and listening with a sort of pleasure in her misery, but not one face was distinct to her, except his, her husband's. He did not put his hand on her again, but he stood close beside her. There was no chance of escape from him.

"I've been down in the country seeking you," he said, in a loud voice, so as to be heard by the policeman, who was forcing his way through the crowd towards them. "Mrs. Curtis said you'd come to London, but she knew nothing more about you, and you'd never wrote again to her. Old Curtis is dead. Where are you and Rosy living here?"

"Oh!" she cried, in a voice that was lamentable to hear, "I'll never let you know where my Rosy is! Will anybody tell me if I'm bound to go with this man? He's my husband, but he's been away from me more than eight years, and I don't know whether he's any right to claim me now."

There was something so mournful about Rachel's voice and manner, and the man who claimed her was so disreputable and worthless a scoundrel, with such a hang-dog look about him, that the feeling of the greater number of the lookers-on was enlisted on her side. But by this time the policeman had pushed his way through the crowd, and stood looking calmly on, ready to settle any question in dispute. Trevor whispered a few words in his ear, and he turned to Rachel, speaking authoritatively, yet almost pitifully to her.

"You'll have to go back to him," he said; "it isn't as if he'd kept away from you of his own free will. If you're married to him, you're his wife, and the law says he's a right to claim you. I can't say anything contrary to law, and that's the law."

"I don't want to force her away all at once," said Trevor, but it's only fair I should know where she's living, and where our little girl's living. I've a right to my own little girl, I reckon. I'm able, and ready, and willing to make a home for both of 'em; and I'll be as good as a man can be to 'em both. I can't say fairer than that, can I? Only let her show me where she's living, and I'll leave her alone for a day or two till she's pacified and content."

While he was speaking a great struggle was going on in Rachel's heart. She must never, never let her husband know where Rosy lived. Rosy, her pretty, bonny girl, just old enough to need more care and watchfulness than ever, how could she let

her be dragged down into the shameful depths into which her father would plunge her? Yet to save her she must make a living, an entire sacrifice of herself. She must consent to forego everything that was precious and good to her; even the small easement of her own hard lot which Sylvanus and Mrs. Croft could give. She must herself shut the door upon all hope, and peace, and comfort; from all chance of help to live a Christian life; and she must go down, step by step, into the great gulf where no light could reach her. "God help me!" she murmured, "God help me!" But her soul was too troubled for her to feel how near He was to her just then.

"I'll go with him," she said, looking despairingly into the policeman's face, "if I must go; but I'll never let him know where my little Rosy lives."

"You hear her," said the policeman in a sharp stern tone, "she says she'll go with you. Now, take her off, out of here; and mind how you behave to her, my fine fellow, or a magistrate 'll give her a divorce from you. If I could have my way she should go scot free now."

Trevor was too cowed to answer, though he drew Rachel's hand through his arm, and marched off blusteringly. A few persons followed him and his unhappy wife for a little way along the streets, and he outstared them in an insolent manner. Rachel walked beside him in dumb despair. At last one by one their escort fell away; and they were left alone, mingling unnoticed with the stream of passers by, not one of whom could guess the wretchedness that was breaking Rachel's heart.

CHAPTER XII.—WAVE UPON WAVE.

Trevor hardly knew what to do now he had discovered his wife. He had no place to take her to, not even a lodging; for since he had been in London he had turned into any low den, in the worst streets, for a shelter at night. His time was not yet served out; and though he had destroyed his ticket-of-leave, he was too much afraid of being known as a felon, to be willing to bring himself under the notice of the police. He determined to speak softly to his wife. In old times she had had a will of her own, and he knew he could do little with her by sheer tyranny.

They were not far from Hyde Park, and Trevor turned his steps towards it, for there they might find a place quiet enough to talk in. The sun had set by the time they reached it, but the birds were singing merrily in the topmost branches, where the light still lingered. A star or two was shining faintly in the sky, and the creeping twilight was softening everything about them. Rachel knew that they would begin to wonder at home what could keep her out so long. Rosy was watching for her to come up the street, and fancying she saw her in the dusk. She sank down on one of the park seats, and covering her face with her hands, burst into a passion of tears. She had not uttered a word since she had heard her sentence pronounced by the policeman; but at the remembrance of her peaceful, lost home, she cried aloud, "O God, help me! O God, save me!"

"I don't mean to be hard on you," muttered Trevor, "only you're my wife, you know, and Rosy's my child. Why! I mean to be good to you both. You just show me where you two are living, and I'll not come near you again for a week. Come! that's fair, and you can go your pleasuring to-morrow all right. I don't want to spoil sport. Rosy 'ill be a big girl by now, I reckon; and if she takes after you, she's a pretty one, I'll wager."

"Trevor," she said, with difficulty mastering her tears, and speaking as clearly as she could, "if you'd tell me where you live, and let me go home this once, without following me, I'd promise you faithful to come anywhere you tell me; to-morrow, or any day you fix. I would for certain. Only I want them at home to know what's happened, and how it is I must leave them all."

"You aren't married again?" he interrupted, sharply.

"No, oh no!" she cried, "I'm in service. Don't look like that at me. They are good folks I'm living with, and they've taught me to be good."

"Good!" he repeated, "you used to be a good one, as good as any girl in England. You were fond of me once, Rachel; what's come over you to turn so rough on me? Scores, ay, hundreds o' times I've thought of you, out yonder, you and Rosy; and I've said to myself, 'Lad, there's one that's true to you as 'ill welcome you kindly when you get back again.' Why, when Mrs. Curtis told me nobody knew what had become of you, you might have knocked me down with a straw. I'd counted on you watching out and waiting for me. Times and times again I'd have given all I had in the world for a kiss from you and Rosy."

Rachel's heart was stirred again to hope, as she listened to her husband's kind and

gentle words, spoken in the same low tone he used to talk to her in the days long ago, when she had often stolen away from the Hall kitchen to meet him in the rickyard, amid the ricks of scented hay. She could hear again the rustling of wings and the chirping of the crowds of little birds under the thatch of the corn-stack, and the lowing of the oxen in the farm-yard close by, and the swinging-to of the gate on its creaking hinges, which gave them warning that somebody was nigh at hand, and made them run, half-laughing and half-frightened, to hide themselves in the deepest shadows of the brown ricks. She had loved him then in her way. It was quite true, and her heart beat with a feeling of the old tenderness coming into life again. In the growing dusk of the evening she drew closer to him, and kissed him as she had often done in the Hall stack-yard.

"Oh! if you were only a good man!" she sobbed, "we might all be so happy again, you and Rosy and me. Wasn't there any good chaplain out yonder to teach you about our Saviour and God, that sees us always,

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ay! all we've ever done that's wicked, and spite of all loves us yet? The chaplain at Thornbury taught me first, and the folks I live with now taught me more; till I can never be the same again."

"It's nothing save an old woman's tale," said Trevor, with a sneer, "or it's only what rich folks 'ud have us poor folks believe, to keep us down. They don't believe God sees 'em, idling away their days, and making ducks and drakes of their money, whilst folks are clemming to death close by, and have nought save the bare floor to die on. No, no, Rachel. They don't believe that, and they've got all the learning; only it's safe for them to teach us so. I thought you'd been sharper than to swallow that."

"I couldn't give up believing that," she said softly. "I love to think of it."

They sat silent for a little while; Rachel pondering in her mind what she ought to do. There seemed no choice offered to her; no way of escape was open, though she seized eagerly upon every thought that crossed her bewildered brain. Trevor's face told too plainly its story of a drunken and vicious

life, for her to hope that there was any change in him, even if he had made any profession of being reformed. He looked harder and more cruel than when he was a young man. Yet there came a great flood of pity and sorrow for him across her heart. His state was so miserable, so helpless; as wretched as her own had once been, before Sylvanus Croft had rescued her. He seemed so neglected and so desolate, as though neither man nor woman cared for him. The very rents and tatters in his clothing appealed to her. She was his wife; no one stood so near to him as she did, and she had chosen to take her place beside him, when she married him! If only he was not Rosy's father.

There was the rub! But for Rosy she was ready, almost willing, to leave her tranquil, comfortable home, and share his lot with him. It would be wretchedness to her to be forced into companionship with evil; but she was a grown woman, with some strength to defend herself, and with God's help she could overcome temptation, and live a good life, if an unhappy one, with her husband. It would be her duty to do so. She might even win him back at last; and have the joy the angels in heaven have over one sinner that repenteth. But Rosy could not live in the midst of sin. No; she must die rather than let him know where her darling was.

"Come, Rachel," he said pleasantly, "a penny for your thoughts!"

"I'll go with you," she answered, in a mournful tone, "wherever you choose to take me, and I'll be as good a wife to you as I can. Only I can't give up believing in God, and trying to be good; no, not if you killed me for it; and you won't like that. I don't know what rich folks and scholars believe, but ever since I've felt sure that God sees us, and loves us, bad as we are, and low as we are; why! I've been a better woman and a happier woman than ever I thought to be when I was in Thornbury jail."

Trevor whistled the air of an old song, which Rachel remembered well, but before he came to the end of it he stopped suddenly.

"Well," he said, "are you going to stop here all night?"

"I'll go where you go," she answered. "I haven't got any home but yours now."

"Aren't you going to show me where you live then?" he asked.

"No, never!" said Rachel. "I'll never tell you where my Rosy is, though it'll break my heart to keep away from her. But she's safe, and happy, and good where she is; and, please God, she'll never be like me."

"But I'll find her out!" said Trevor, with an oath. "She'd be worth any money to me. You'll never keep away from her, and you'll never keep up your religion where we shall have to live, my fine lady. Why! do you think God sees the places folks like us live in? He'd burn up London with fire and brimstone if He did. No; the rich folks think we poor folks are born to be trodden on, like their slaves; and we poor folks don't see any harm in robbing 'em if we can get the chance. It's all fair play; only there's no religion with them or us, Rachel."

But he tried again and again to turn her from her purpose, and consent to show him where she had been living. It was all in vain; she stood firm, though her heart was wrung by the thought of Rosy. The night had closed in before Trevor gave up his effort; and the sky, clear and cloudless, was studded with glittering stars.

At length, in angry and sullen silence, he took his wife by the arm, and threaded his way through many dark and narrow streets, to the low lodging-house where he was most sure of meeting with some of his boon companions. It was a low and filthy cellar, crowded with vicious occupants. Though Rachel had stayed in many a comfortless place while she was wandering, a beggar, in the streets, she had never set her foot into a den like this. She found the darkest corner for herself, and crouching down as much as possible out of sight, strove to be blind and deaf to all that was going on about her. Trevor left her alone. He might have been tempted to vent his ill-humour and disappointment upon her, but he had not forgotten the policeman's hint. He would take care to keep clear of any personal cruelty which might end in giving freedom to his unhappy wife.

THE USE OF WASTE SUBSTANCES.

NO. I.

"WASTE not, want not," is a maxim instilled into us from our earliest childhood. It is very good as far as our knowledge goes, but that is a very little way indeed. What the most learned of us know with respect to waste, is infinitesimal compared with our good mother Nature; she, indeed, has no such word in her universal dictionary, and this mankind is slowly finding out as knowledge progresses. We find that in the universal alembic of nature, not only is nothing lost, but that the most offensive refuse contains within itself the essence of things which astound our senses with their beauty. The coarse efforts of man in analyzing his so-called waste, are not to be mentioned in the same breath with the perpetual but silent operations of our great mother, but it is interesting to observe, as the pressure of the population increases, the efforts he is making to utilise every particle of refuse which arises in large communities. Speaking broadly, for instance, it would be said that the dustbin was one of the best examples of waste and refuse that could be mentioned, and in the aggregate it is discovered that the yearly value of London dust collected from its 600,000 houses, amounts to many hundred thousands of pounds.

Why it has so long been allowed to flow into the exchequer of the private dustman, instead of that of the parish, where it is required for the reduction of the rates, has long been a puzzle to those who have given the matter a thought. Let us for a moment investigate the process of analysis that goes on day by day in the vast dust-heaps that we see rising over the yards of the dust-contractors. Here, by a mechanical process, we may see the mass divided into its constituent parts in a much clumsier fashion than it is effected by the chemist in his laboratory. The hill-women, as they are termed, may be called the agents and the reagents by means of which the refuse we are so glad to eject from our dust-bins become converted into valuable material, useful in the arts, manufactures, and agriculture; and, strange to say, the new uses to which they are converted are often of a higher nature than that which they originally subserved. Many of us who feel the pressure of the coal-bill during the winter season, have shrewdly suspected that there must be a great leakage of fuel through the carelessness of servants, and that it finds its way through the dust-bin. This suspicion is more than realised by the fact that the chief value of the dust is to be found in the lumps of coal rescued by the hill-women. These poor creatures—it is a shame women should be so employed—sieve in hand, eliminate the coal lumps, whilst the cinders and half-burnt fuel are thrown aside for another purpose—no less than that of rebuilding London. The dust-contractors may be considered to perform a double duty to the commonwealth; not only through their agency is the offensive matter of our households withdrawn, but the houses themselves are both built as well as preserved. Independently of their duty as dust-contractors, they are also brick-makers, and they utilise the half-burnt ashes and cinders in baking these bricks. As we go by rail along the suburbs, we see vast stacks of bricks slowly cooking in a smouldering smoke. The bricks are, in fact, loosely built upon this "breeze," as it is called, and by means of a judicious draft, caused by the careful disposal of weather-boards, the "breeze" is fired and kept smouldering with a dead heat, which speedily bakes the bricks. The coal itself is sold to the poor. Indeed poverty, with her meagre rags, warms herself on the refuse that falls from the fire of the rich men. It is quite a sight to see the scramble there is at the dust-yards among these poor creatures for the chance of getting their morning's supply. The hill-women are allowed to take away with them all the old laths and pieces of wood in the dust.

The value of the coal refuse in the metropolis is the dust-contractor's chief profit, but there are a score of other matters which his diligent agents collect. The hill-women, with amazing rapidity, collect these around them in different heaps—rags, old paper, bones, crockery, glass, old iron, and other metal, &c. The money they find they are allowed to keep themselves. The rags, of course, go to make paper, so do the clean pieces of paper; but our supply of this material is wholly insufficient to meet even the demand of the newspapers for their broad-sheets. Year by year the requirements for the current publications has become more exacting, and other materials are come, not only to eke out the rags, but actually to supersede them. For years esparto, a grass from Spain, has been the main source of supply for the

Times. Those who travel by the South Western rail must notice the huge piles of this material, which are daily unloaded from the barges at Wandsworth. These huge piles, as big as four or five cottages, disappear in the course of two or three days, to supply the paper-mill, and are as rapidly replenished. Straw is also very largely used in the manufacture of paper; and in France the grass known as *Stipa tenacissima* is very largely used. Of this material vast quantities grow on both sides of the Mediterranean, for about five degrees of longitude.

Even the old printed newspapers are utilised, as they go to make *papier-mâché* ornaments. Bones re-enter society under a score of different addresses. Those which come from cooked meat go immediately to the boiling-houses, where any residual fat and gelatine they can yield is extracted. The fat, of course, goes to make soap, and the gelatine, for making the transparent packets used for various chemical preparations, and for cosmetics. The bone itself subserves a hundred useful purposes. The turners mainly employ it, when in sufficiently large pieces; the smaller make the fine animal charcoal, and, lastly, it is ground down, and, by the agency of sulphuric acid, it is transposed into superphosphate manure. Once having touched the earth, like Antæus, it rebounds with fresh vigour, and bears with it all the fruits of a replenished soil.

Glass is carefully preserved for remelting. If, however, La Bastie's patent turns out to be workable, there will be but little of this in future dust-heaps. It is asserted that by tempering articles manufactured of this substance in oil, it becomes unbreakable, and we have ourselves thrown tumblers and other glasses on to the stone floor without in the slightest degree damaging them. Even fine watch-glasses bear an iron-heeled boot to be turned round on them, placed upon a stone floor, without fracturing them. Like the Prince Rupert drop, however, when once broken they fall into a fine dust. We hear that the weak part in glass so made, is at the place of fusion. For instance, a wine-glass is made up of three pieces—the cup, the stem, and the foot; at the place where these joins take place, it is said that they are still liable to fracture.

Old medicine bottles are transferred to the dust-bin with great thankfulness; we get rid of them, we fancy, for ever, but it is as likely as not that we get them again with the next illness. Certain it is that they only visit the dust-bin for change of air, the sick-room and the chemist's shop occupying the rest of their time.

Metals of all sorts are valuable "finds," especially brass and copper, broken portions of ornaments, the remnants of children's toys, &c. But especially iron in its various forms of broken manufactured articles, as they contain much solder, which is far more valuable than the iron. Horses' shoes and nails are especially valuable, as they furnish a peculiarly tough iron, used for making the famous stub-twist barrels of guns.

Old woollen rags are very valuable, as they go to make the famous shoddy, of which we have heard so much. All the old clothes of Europe, when past reviving, greasy to saturation, and in tatters in fact, and past all decent wearing, come ultimately to Batley in Yorkshire, where in the shoddy factories, by means of huge cylinders studded with teeth, they are reduced to their original fibre, and re-enter life in combination with newly-woven wool. These old rags are equal to a contribution of twenty-five thousand tons of this material. By means of this introduction of the old to the new stuff, a score of fabrics have been introduced which clothe the poor and the lower middle class. If it were not for this re-introduction of a once perfectly waste material, woollen clothing would be so costly as to exceed the means of the working population. It has been the custom of late to mix woollen with cotton in the production of what is termed union goods. This mixture for a time puzzled the manufacturers, as the combined material could not be usefully treated. The plan lately adopted is to put such fabrics into a closed receiver, and to heat them with steam at a high temperature. By this means the cotton is preserved in a clean condition for paper-making, and the wool is reduced to that great fertiliser, the ulmate of ammonia.

All greasy rags, such as dishclouts, those employed by engineers in the cleansing of machinery, minister to a curious purpose. They are past even shoddy-making, but by a curious turn of fortune advance at once in the scale of noble uses by being transferred to the hop-grounds of Kent. Beer from dishclouts! a noble ascent doubtless, in the working man's opinion. Old boots and shoes, of course, go to the cobblers. In their hands they are transferred into apparently new ones. New soles are added in the form of old pieces of leather pressed by steam into solid pieces; whilst uppers, when injured, are cut down into smaller uppers for children's boots and shoes.

Small fractures are hidden by what in the trade is called "a smother," or application of heel-ball; and really worn-out boots and shoes, in a few hours after being turned out from the dust-heap, are made to look quite respectable.

Old clothes may be termed the most noble form of refuse that we throw aside. When a pair of pantaloons has been shrunken, or the fashion of a frock or dress coat has changed, the bachelor throws them aside, or his housekeeper transmutes them into geraniums or fuchsias the first time the costermonger comes round with his barrow, or Ikey calls "Old clo'," and offers some cheap jewellery in exchange. The family man is not so imposed upon. When clothes are too bad for paterfamilias, they are made to descend to the younger scions of the house, through the instrumentality of the woman tailor. The old-clothes men, however, manage to intercept the main stream of old clothes which is for ever flowing towards Seven Dials and the Old Clothes Exchange in Houndsditch.

It is a curious if not an odorous exchange. Both women and men are to be seen eagerly inspecting the various lots put up for sale, scanning most carefully the skirts of coats and dresses, the uniforms, the ladies' finer apparel, before the auction comes on, glancing at their possibilities. Old clothes, if possible, are made to re-appear in their original shape, but so improved by pressing, so brightened up by "reviving" with some appropriate dye, that they look as good as new. Old swallow-tailed coats all go to Ireland; that is the reason why Paddy is always to be seen in the long-tails of the dandies of a past generation. Old uniforms are very valuable. When in pretty good condition they are sold for masquerades, fancy dress balls, &c.; when worn out, what does our reader think becomes of them? They are sold to the Dutchmen, who have a fancy to have under-waistcoats made of them. The red colour, as they rightly believe, retains the heat of the body better than any other—a very important matter in the cold, damp climate of Holland. But what becomes of the liveries of lord mayors' footmen, of beadles, of court flunkies? They are indeed prizes over which the Israelitish eye gloats. The gold in them is considerable, but they are too valuable even for this disintegration. They find their way to the courts of African potentates, where they flash forth in a meridian sun, making their bearers rival the brightness of Oriental fireflies. Ladies' dresses, of course, are taken stock of by the women, who revive them and remake them. Black velvet and black silk are, of course, the most sought after. Where dresses, male and female, are not good enough to restore as they were, in consequence of being too much worn, they are cut up and remade into smaller suits, or into waistcoats. Where, indeed, there is insufficient tolerably good cloth for this purpose, they are converted into caps; even when too small for this, they will do to make pen-wipers. When it has passed this second stage of its existence, it finally becomes, as we have before shown, converted into shoddy, and awaits a third existence; and ultimately, in the shape of ulmate of ammonia, passes to the final destination of all things, the earth, as manure.

As we have seen our clothing to earth, from which it sprung, and noted that shoddy, after the bad name given to it, has risen in the scale of value, having been transferred from the back of the beggar to that of the gentleman, let us turn to what may be termed the shoddy of our food. We shall refer by-and-by to the astounding amount of waste that is going on in the vast plains of South America, Australia, and New Zealand; but the mention of shoddy is too enticing to permit us to avoid here referring to it, as it affords a direct parallel to an article that now enters our food, and without which the poor man could no more indulge in his pat of fresh butter than he could in a new great-coat. The editor of the trade journal, the *Grocer*, with a grim smile which must have convulsed the compositor who set up his copy, slyly asked in his pages the other day, what becomes of the tallow? . . . "The beauty, cheapness, and brilliancy of the paraffine wax and the mineral lamp-oils have brought them into use everywhere among all classes, and in all countries and situations. The tallow-candle seems going the way of the old tinder-box; and tallow is only used as an exceptionally high-priced and luxurious lubricant. Thus it appears that the demand for tallow is wonderfully diminished, while the Australian supplies are increasing. How is it, then, that the price of tallow keeps up? What answer can be given to the question? What does become of the tallow? It is well known that vast quantities of kitchen-stuff and Australian fat, which formerly were consumed by the tallow-chandlers and soapmakers, have lately found their way into the empty Dutch and other butter tubs, which are now bought up more

freely than of old; that much of this purified fat has been shipped into Holland and other butter ports for the purpose of admixture; and although the monstrous newspaper nonsense about making butter from Thames mud is utterly baseless, the River Thames has borne upon its bosom many and many tons of white fried fat that has been prepared within a moderate distance of its banks. . . . At the present moment fresh butter is offered for sale in some parts of London at 1*s.* per pound retail, while the farmers are selling their produce wholesale at 1*s.* 4*d.* to 1*s.* 8*d.*" It is pretty clear that clarified fat is the shoddy of our butter, such as the working-class get under the name of butterine! Now the *Grocer* very justly adds that so long as this mixture is admitted, it is a vast addition to one of our most important food sources. A sop-in-the-pan and dripping-toast were considered a treat in the writer's young days, and we see nothing in the slightest deleterious to health in clarified fat. Indeed, it is quite as nourishing as cream-made butter. But then it sounds so horrid! that such a Cinderella of the kitchen should dare to make any comparison with the Dolly of the milkpail! It is the old tale of the iniquity of mixing shoddy with wool; but as long as the pure article is, as at present, beyond the means of the working man, the admixture will continue to the benefit of all parties.

The subject of butter naturally leads us to bread. Whilst we are not prepared to say that we may economise our flour by substituting for it bread made out of sawdust, which has been boldly asserted we might do, we wish to draw attention to the cleverness of a Parisian, "an old soldier," by the way, who in the course of his occupation of a *ravageur*, finding that the *chiffonniers* picked up a vast quantity of pieces of stale bread, which they could not sell, determined to turn the fact to account, and commenced business as a manufacturer of bread-crumbs. He speedily found that the supply from the *chiffonniers* was not to be depended upon. He consequently made an arrangement with the cooks and scullions of the schools and colleges, and set up as a manufacturer of bread-crumbs. When last we were in Paris, this old soldier had established a fine business, and employed a vast number of persons in pounding and baking and grating bread for his celebrated commodity. Finding that he could not repay himself for the expense of sorting the good and the bad bread, he invented a new industry—*croûtes au pot*. It is only at the first-rate hotels that you can depend upon getting soup *au pain au croûton*. In the cheaper hotels *croûtes au pot* are not obtained from such cleanly sources as from Le Père Chapellier's bakery, who, we are told, no longer depends upon the stale bread, but bakes it fresh at his own manufactory at the Barrière St. Jacques.

The use of waste has met with no instance which comes home to us with more telling effect than with regard to the supply of flesh-food to this country. Whilst beef and mutton are selling for a shilling a pound, millions of oxen and sheep are roaming upon the vast prairies of the New World, if not mere refuse, at least worthless to us as surplus stores of food. If we could transport these countless herds by water, they would at once subserve their highest purpose—the nourishment of man; but that being found impossible, they descend at once in the scale of value, and are sacrificed for the mere worth of those portions of them which in this country are of the meanest value. It seems the coarsest form of retrogression to know that countless flocks and herds are moving in one ceaseless procession towards the steam-boiling vats across the great ocean, where they are boiled for the mere purpose of extracting their fat, bones, and hides. In the great cities of Australia, however, civilisation has advanced beyond this mere disintegrating process, and has employed machinery to preserve the flesh as well as the details we have referred to. Mr. Simmonds, in his interesting volume on "Waste Products and Undeveloped Substances," gives the following interesting account of the method of slaughtering and turning the carcases of bullocks to account in New South Wales. Machinery is employed in nearly every department:—

"The beast, instead of being driven into a comparatively wide space, and exposed to the cruel and protracted method of killing usually resorted to, is brought into a place so narrow that he is incapable of movement or resistance, and dispatched by the butcher at once, with the greatest ease. He is then lifted for skinning by machinery, and as soon as the hide, head, horns, &c., are removed, the carcase is let down on a chopping-block running on a tramway; it is then cut into convenient-sized pieces, without the necessity of the men handling or lifting the meat, and the trolly chopping-blocks run on the rails to the other end of the building, where the boilers are. The meat is then lifted from the chopping-block into the boilers by means of endless chains, with hooks attached, passing over sheaves, and driven by steam. The

boilers are large, steam-tight double cylinders, and capable of holding upwards of fifty bullocks at a time. When filled with meat, the orifice at the top of the boiler is closed, and the steam is let in at a pressure of fifteen pounds to the inch. In about seven hours the whole mass of meat and bone is reduced to a pulp. The steam is then condensed, and the tallow flows upon the surface. On a tap being turned, it flows into the refining-pans; and when the refining is completed, by turning another tap it flows into large, shallow coolers . . . and is thence conveyed to Sydney. The mass of pulp by which both bone and flesh has by the steaming process been reduced, is then removed from the boilers by means of an opening near the bottom, fitted with a steam-tight door. It falls into a powerful press, also running on a tramway, and the strong pressure being applied, a large quantity of highly-concentrated soup is extracted. The flesh and bone having by the pressure been made into enormous solid cakes, the trolly-press is run into the piggery, and the greaves given to the pigs. The concentrated gravy or soup is then placed in a peculiarly-constructed boiler, and reduced by evaporation to such a consistency that when cold it becomes solid, previously to which, however, it is run into bladders."

When we are told that an average bullock makes twenty pounds' weight of this portable soup, we see at once the Homeric nature of the style of cookery worthy to provide concentrated soup for the gods. It is at least gratifying to know all the good beef is not so disposed of. Some of the best bullocks have the bones extracted from their prime portions, which are then salted, and cut into strips, and constitute what is known as "charqui," the South-American name for "jerked beef." The supply of this article, we are told, is unlimited. Why has none of it found its way over to this country? We are told it goes mainly to feed the slaves in South America and the freedmen in the Southern States of North America. Surely salt beef would be a welcome addition to the meat-supply of our own working classes whilst meat is at its present prices; but we are told that the British workman will not touch it. He goes in for his beefsteak at 1*s.* 2*d.* a pound! Nevertheless, there are many respectable people of the lower middle classes who are not so fastidious, or rather they cannot afford to be so luxurious, who would be glad of this despised jerked beef.

But we trust that Mr. Appert's plan of preserving meat *in vacuo*, which, indeed, was discovered as long back as the year 1811, will force its way into public use as a triumphant success; in that case we can leave the jerked beef to the slaves in South America. In 1839 Appert's preserved meat in tins was adopted by the navy, under the name of Goldner's canisters. It will be remembered that the agent who supplied the navy board obtained these meats from Moldavia, and not having been particular enough in sealing them, a few cases arrived in a putrid condition. Henceforth Goldner's canisters were associated with everything that was disgusting—it became a byword in fact; but now that we are forced to find some addition to home-grown meat for the million, it is seen that it was absurd to forego the vast excess of food in Australia, in consequence of the negligence of the agent in sealing the tins. But let us inform our readers of the method of preserving the meat quite fresh. The round tin in which the meat (previously deprived of bone) is rolled and placed, is covered with a top and hermetically sealed, with the exception of a pinhole through which the steam is allowed to escape. The tin is then placed, together with others, in a bath of chloride of calcium, a dark-looking mixture which does not boil under a temperature of 320 degrees. When the meat is sufficiently done, a drop of water is allowed to fall in the pinhole, the steam is condensed, and at the same moment a plug of solder is dropped into the pinhole, when the tin is hermetically sealed. The canisters are allowed to remain a few days in store, when its perfect soundness is tested by the outside air forcing the can to assume a concave form; as long as this concavity exists it may be relied upon that the meat is perfectly fresh. It must be remembered that much of the objection to this tinned meat arises from a cause which the cook using it is answerable for: the meat is already cooked, and it only requires warming to be eaten, whereas cooks will recook it, and spoil it. We are glad to see that the prejudice against the meat (mainly formed by our cooks, who don't like provisions in tins, as it interferes with their perquisites and percentages from the butcher) is fast fading away, the good words the late Canon Kingsley afforded them no doubt influencing the middle classes. This fact may be estimated by the fact that the importations from Australia, which were in 1866 valued at only £321, are now nearly a million. If, however, we must eat foreign meat, let us have it in the form we are accustomed to see it in on our tables. There can be no diffi-

culty in sending a leg of mutton in a tin; let us have it in a tin then. If we see the anatomy of the joint, it will dispel all fear that we are eating offal under another name. Why do we mistrust sausages? Because anything can be stuffed into a sausage case.

Appert's process is applicable to the preservation of any surplus food, to be found either at home or in foreign parts. Why should we not have some of the turtles tinned and brought over here? They are said to swarm so in the bays of the Bonin Islands, that they quite hide the colour of the shore, and many of them are from three to four hundredweight each. Turtles' fins, kangaroos' tails, we can get in these tins at the grocers'. It is even proposed to preserve the carcases of oxen and sheep in ice, and send them over.

Underground vermin may not promise to afford adequate material for profit, but when we come to consider the enormous number of rats to be found in our sewers and great warehouses where sugar and articles of food are stored, a different aspect is put upon the matter. In the metropolis they swarm by myriads; it is the same in all our great seaport towns. In Paris they have long since utilised these destructive creatures. We are told that there is a common pound in that city, and in this enclosure, which is surrounded with a wall, the carcases of dead horses are placed. These are used as baits for the rats, which in the course of a single night eat them to the bones, so that nothing is left but a polished skeleton in the morning; but, as may be supposed, the rats, when there is such a plentiful supply of food, increase enormously, and the colony, every three months, has to be partially destroyed. When the battue is made, the ground is prepared in the following manner:—horizontal and cylindrical holes are bored all around, in and at the foot of the enclosing walls, the length and thickness of the rat's body. On the occasion of the battue a vast noise is made, and the rats in great fear rush into the holes; those which rush in the wall holes, which are deep enough only to hide their bodies, but letting their tails hang out, are immediately seized by those appendages, and lifted into the collecting bag of the operator; hundreds of thousands are captured on these occasions. The chief value of the rat consists in its skin and fur. Strange as it may seem, the skin of the rat is found to be vastly more delicate than that of the kid; hence it is largely used for the manufacture of so-called kid gloves. The lady, as she pulls on her Parisian glove, admiring the excellence of its fit, is little aware that she is encasing her delicate extremities with the skin of vermin, and the dandy who lifts his hat to her, little suspects that his "beaver" is made of the skin of the same nimble rodent. We use them in this country, but it is principally to give so-called sport to dogs; abroad, however, especially in the east, they are eaten by the natives. To European ideas such flesh may seem repulsive, but when we come to consider it, we have no occasion to be so nice. A corn-fed rat is really very wholesome food. In China they are considered a great delicacy, especially rat soup, which is considered equal to ox-tail soup. The negroes, again, in the West Indies, are very fond of rats. Here they get very fat on the sugar, and are considered most delicate eating.

The value of dead horses, from the fact of their being given to the rats for the sake of clearing their bones, would seem to imply that those placed in the Paris pound are worn out or diseased. They are, of course, skinned before being handed over to their living tomb. The value of a decent horse that has died from an accident is, however, a well-understood sum. In the first place, in many countries, especially in France and Germany and Denmark, the flesh is used as food for human beings. As it is strictly herbivorous, we don't see why human beings should refuse it as an article of food.

In all sieges of large cities the horses, as a matter of course, are eaten to the last horse, and the food once tasted, we are told that the people get accustomed to it. At the siege of Paris from fifty to sixty thousand horses were consumed, and the consequence was that many persons became confirmed hippophagists; M. Decroix, in his enthusiasm on the subject, asserting that he ate the flesh of horses that had died of farcy and glanders without any ill effects, and that the taste of the meat when diseased was preferred by some people to that which was healthy! Be that as it may, however, there is no portion of a horse, diseased or not, which is incapable of being turned to account. The flesh, if not used for human food, is appreciated by cats and dogs, and when unfit for these animals it makes very valuable manure. The hide, the hair, the tendons, the blood, the intestines, the grease, the bones, the hoofs, and the old shoes are sold, the average value of a horse being 35*s.*—a ten-thousand-guinea racer not fetching so much as a scavenger's cart-horse which has been engaged all his life in conveying slush.

ANDREW WYNTER.

EARLY LOVE.

OUR early love was only dream !
Still a dream too fair for earth,
Hallowed in a faint far gleam,
Where the fairest flowers have birth,
Let it rest ! no stain e'er trouble
Magic murmur, limpid bubble !

There two spirits in the calm
Of moonlight memory may go,
Finding pure refreshing balm,
When life traileth wounded, slow
Along dim ways of common dust,
As dull lives of mortals must.

Early love, fair fount of waters,
Ever by enchantment flowing,
Where two snakes, her innocent daughters,
Were wont to swim among the blowing,
Wilding flowers thou knowest well,
In the wood of our sweet spell !

Never Fear found out the place,
Never eyes nor feet profane !
Of our innocent youth and grace
Love was born ; if born to wane,
We will keep remembrance holy
From the soil of care and folly.

No weariness of life made wise,
No canker in a youngling bud,
No lustre failing from our eyes,
Nor ardour paling in the blood !
Neither ever seemed less fair
To the other playing there.

Still asleep, we drift asunder,
Who met and loved but in a dream ;
Nor kissing closely, woke to wonder
Why we are not what we seem !
Fairy bloom dies when we press
Wings young Zephyr may caress.

Fare you well ! more might have been !
Nay, we know more might not be !
A moment only I may lean
On your bosom, ere you flee,
Ere the weary sultry day
Hide my morning and my May !

Yet a fairy fountain glistens
Under soft moon-lighted leaves,
And my wistful spirit listens
For a voice that glows and grieves,
Breathing, when my heart would fail,
Youth from yonder fairy vale,
Where sings a nightingale.

RODEN NOEL.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF ATHEISM.

II.

INGENIOUS novelties of the kind we referred to at the close of last article, whether propounded by the logician, or naturalist, by positive philosophers like Plato, or negative philosophers like David Hume, may make men stare for a day, and talk for a century, but they will never stand against Nature. "*Opinionum commenta delet dies, Naturæ judicia confirmat*," said the great master of old Roman eloquence, and the eloquent expounder of old Roman sense. Build up your Babels of transcendental or paradoxical speculation as high as you please, if they have no root in the fundamental facts of Nature, they are only so much paper; card castles which will fall to the ground easily enough, when the wind changes and the whiff comes. And of these Babels which the perverse ingenuity of men has piled up, there is none against which the verdict of the majority and the loud protest of Nature will more certainly prevail than atheism. Theologians, no doubt sometimes with a shallow impertinence, and a presumptuous dogmatism, may have propounded many things about the character, attributes, and administrative procedure of the Supreme Reason, in protesting against which atheists may justly put in a claim for modesty and wisdom; but when they go beyond this, and instead of the arbitrary dogmas of certain ecclesiastical councils, go to war with the deep-rooted instincts of humanity, they can no more hope to maintain their ground than a little smoke and mist in some muddled locality can obscure permanently over the world the glorious sun in the firmament. For that feeling of reverential dependence of the finite derived reason on the infinite underived reason (the Λόγος of John i. 1) is so rooted in all sound reasonable existence that it requires rather a perverse ingenuity to give the opposite thesis—that is all sorts of atheism—the semblance of truth than any peculiar perspicacity to perceive that it is false. If the majority, as Aristotle argues—though there are many fools amongst them, and though they do not a few foolish and mad things occasionally—are nevertheless upon the whole entitled to have a voice in the difficult conduct of public affairs, much more are they entitled, by the primary postulates of all reasonable nature, to protest against such a hollow absurdity as atheism. For the maintenance of the atheistic theory necessarily implies one of three things: either that effects can be produced without a cause; or that a system of reasonable effects can be produced without a reasonable cause; or that the system of effects which we call the world is essentially unreasonable, and therefore does not proceed from a reasonable source. Now of these three atheistic propositions, the negative of the first is of the nature of a postulate to all sane minds; and the wretched cavil about invariable sequence which David Hume introduced, and John Stuart Mill made fashionable for a day, will no more do away with the idea of causality in the great mass of normally constituted minds, than the assertion that the regular going up and down of a piston in a cylinder renders the supposition of a constructive reason in the person of a James Watt superfluous in order to explain the existence of a steam engine. If physical science can put its finger on nothing but a series of sequences, it merely proves that science is not philosophy, and is altogether a subordinate affair; but when philosophers, with their most acute spectacles, can see nothing in the world but an infinite series of invariable sequences, the sooner they give up their profession of wisdom the better; for it is just the invariability of the sequences which causes the reasonable mind of man to assert that there is a cause within them, or behind them, which makes the invariability possible. As to the second proposition, that a series of reasonable effects can be produced without a reasonable cause, any sane man—and the more ignorant the better for our present argument—will answer without hesitation, as Cicero did, that when a box of letters, such as are used to teach children the alphabet, shall have tumbled themselves into a well-reasoned treatise, he will believe such proposition, not sooner. The third proposition, the real stronghold of all practical atheism, though at bottom equally untenable, admits of being dressed out in some sentences of plausible pleading, and therefore must be more seriously looked at. The pious theist founds his faith on the wonderful order and beauty, and the exceeding cunning displayed in the architecture of the universe. The most obvious and ready way for the atheist to contravene this argument is to bring into the foreground the contrary of this; and to assert roundly that there is really as much disorder as order in the universe. Of course, for this form of

argumentation there are materials at hand of a very formidable look not far to fetch: Neapolitan and Icelandic volcanoes; Lisbon earthquakes; inundations of the Garonne at Toulouse, or of the Dee at Aberdeen; storms, squalls, shipwrecks, conflagrations, conspiracies, murders, massacres, madness, and all sorts of evil things which make a prominent figure in the newspapers. But, before we talk on these subjects in a perplexed or, what is more, in an inculpatory humour, let us consider calmly what our position in this vast universe really is. It is pretty much like the position of a single ant-hill in a vast forest. If you happen to be walking through some pine forest, as at Aviemore or Braemar, with your head very high, and full of fine fancies, let us imagine, you may come roughly, with your heel, booted and spurred perhaps, plump into the middle of that metropolis of straws; then what happens? the architecture of laborious weeks is destroyed in a moment, and some scores of those active little intelligences called ants squelched out of existence at a stroke. Now, suppose one of the ants who had not been squelched, with a particularly sensitive brain, and a great amount of self-importance, being able to make theories like human philosophers, should excogitate a treatise or a tissue of imaginations that might make a treatise, to the effect—My beautiful architecture has been destroyed: therefore, either there is no God, or a God who delights in mischief. What think you of this logic? If it is just, then let us all become atheists to-morrow; if it is ridiculous, let us hear nothing more of such nonsense. The real fact is, that in a vast and varied world heaving and swelling, and ramping everywhere, so to speak, with the most eager vitality, collisions and confusions of vital forces will constantly be occurring, which may produce a certain amount of discomfort to individual existences, or even blow them out altogether, but which prove no more the disorder of the universe, than a skit of a boy's squirt can put out the sun. In some parts of the west of Scotland, from the peculiar configuration of the richly varied coast-line, two opposite tides come in, and when they meet make a jabble which disturbs the serenity sometimes of nervous ladies in pleasure boats. Is there therefore no certain and regular flow in the tides, but only a universal jabble? The whole system of the world from the whirling planets in the sky to the little brown ant-hill, or the grey crusted lichen on the crag, exists in, by, and through a reasoned order only: the disorder belongs not to the existence of any one thing, but to points of occasional disturbance arising naturally out of the co-existence of many things. Who can look nakedly on such logic as this, without smiling—"*I have the toothache; therefore there is no God.*" This is the way a clever French writer puts the absurdity of this sort of atheism. It is the product of narrowness of view, and selfishness of feeling. Let Dr. Paley's answer suffice for all such vain talkers:—"The teeth do ache sometimes, but they were manifestly not made for aching."

On the subject of Evil generally, a great deal of impertinent stuff has been talked—not seldom by very pious people, who forget, in the first place, to tell us what Good is; and, in the second place, fail to show us how much of what is good and best in the world could possibly have been produced without the existence of many forms of what is commonly called Evil. Sir William Hamilton, in one of his chapters, defines pleasure unhindered energy. Very well; this is a sort of pleasure which may suit some persons, or many persons. But there are others—not a few—who will say that they prefer the pleasure which arises, not from the absence, but from the presence, of hindrances. Their notion of happiness is to struggle with difficulties, not to evade them. What, it may well be asked, is the use of energy, if not to struggle with difficulty? But difficulty is only another name for what lazy people call evil; as when virtue is described as an uphill work, and vice as a prone descent. If virtue were as easy as vice, virtue would cease to be virtue; in other words, in a world where there was no evil there could be no good—at least, no good of the highest kind. If there were no ignorance, how could there be the greedy delight of opening up from ignorance into knowledge? If all men instinctively knew everything, where were the pleasant relation of teacher and taught? If there were no poverty, where were charity? If every person were equally independent and self-reliant, where would be the gracious pleasure on both sides, which arises from the support given by the strong to the weak? Where, again, would be the topping virtue of moral courage, unless the majority, at some particular critical moment, were cowards? Where would be the skill of the pilot, unless there were squalls and unexpected blasts, by which people might possibly be drowned? Where the science of a surgeon, if legs were made of stuff that could not possibly break? And if the garden, left to itself, grew not nettles and thistles and

hawkweed and dock, but only roses and potatoes and peas, where were the work of the gardener? In fact, always and everywhere the development of energy implies the existence of that which energy must subdue, namely, evil in some shape or other. Therefore the existence of evil is not a proof that there is no God; but it is by the overcoming of evil constantly that God proves Himself to be God, and man proves himself to be God-like, when, in his subordinate sphere, he does the same. The only real evil in the world is the negative, carping spirit, the Mephistopheles of Goethe's "Faust," which, for lack of will to use the given materials in the given way, gratifies an unreasoning restlessness in blaming everything and doing nothing.

These are only a few of the considerations which might be adduced to show how unmeaning are the objections which the atheist brings against the grand and beautiful order of breathing things which we call the world. From our position the laws of order are not always equally comprehensible; but Disorder is nowhere. If it were to exist at all, the world would very soon cease to be a world; consecutive reason would dissolve into a general babblement of Bedlam; and nothing would remain but a blind weaving and unweaving of a tissue of unintelligent and unintelligible forces. So far is this, however, from being the actual state of things, that the more we penetrate into the hidden workings of Nature, the more we discover that the superficial multiplicity of outward movements is governed by a higher Unity, which pervades and controls all; and this principle is simply God, in whom, as St. Paul says, you and I and all things live and move and have their being. As in a mighty host of hundreds and thousands of men encamped on a battle-field of many miles in extent, movements are constantly taking place which are unintelligible to the private soldier in the position which he occupies, but which all shoot out from the directing mind of the great Napoleon or Moltke of the struggle as clearly and as efficiently as the divergent radiation of the sun; so, most certainly, all the multiplicity of apparently tangled movements in the living marshalling of the world, is the manifestation of that self-existent, self-energizing, all-present, all-controlling, all-moulding, reasonable Unity, whom we justly call God. Any other theory of the world is either nonenity or nonsense.

Having thus stated, in a few broad lines, the general facts of the theistic creed, and the main foundations on which the reasonable doctrine of theism rests, I shall now attempt to lay bare the pathology of that most strange disease of the speculative faculty which we call Atheism. The history of error is the necessary and most instructive complement of the theory of truth.

And in endeavouring to set forth the causes of this monstrous disease of the reasoning faculty, we shall commence with the simplest conceivable, viz., such absolute feebleness or babyhood of intellect as has not yet reached to the conception of a cause at all. Travellers and anthropological writers tell us of savage tribes whose faculty of discriminating multitude has not reached beyond the number five. Some men, even of well-cultivated minds, but unused to figures, can scarcely perform a single arithmetical operation without confounding addition and subtraction; and if so, there may, of course, be creatures so imperfectly emerged from the original monkey-germ of humanity (to speak for a moment with Darwin), and so totally engrossed with putting into some sort of order the multitude of sensuous impressions now being raised into ideas, that the notion of cause has never arisen in their minds. Each individual amongst us remembers a period when curious observation and recognition of individual sensuous impressions formed the sole occupation of budding intellect; and we have only to imagine the growth of the reasoning faculties suddenly stopped in incipient boyhood, in order to realise the notion of a human being incapable of the idea of God. Stunted individuals of all kinds, and stunted races may exist just as trees trying to grow in the Western Hebrides are blasted down to the stature of gooseberry bushes. Atheists, therefore, wherever they may be the natural product of stunted and half-developed intellect, we shall set down in the lowest stage, and call them Atheists of imbecility. But, as we do not go out of our way to see oak trees not bigger than gooseberry bushes, so we need not detain ourselves with this type of intellectual incapables. It is not Atheists of this class that we are likely to meet with in the present age; and if we did meet with them, we should be much more likely to remit them summarily to some hospital of incurables, than to a thinking school where they might be gradually trained up to a comprehension of Leibnitz, and Butler, and Dr. Paley. It is not defect of intellect in ages of civilisation, but perversity, that is the main cause of Atheism.

The next type of the atheistic disease which demands notice has its origin not so much in an intellectual feebleness, as in a moral disorder of the reasonable creature. We may have met sometimes in life, or at all events in the columns of newspapers, with persons of a certain irregular, disorderly, distempered habit of mind with a life and character correspondent. The career of these people is like a piece of music made up of a constant succession of jars which shakes the strings so much by unkindly vibrations, that the instrument, from the force of an unnatural strain, cracks itself into silence prematurely. Now unharmonized characters of this description are naturally indisposed, and practically incapacitated, from recognising order, design, and system in the constitution of the universe; and of course cannot see God. We find, indeed, always in the world only what we bring with us, a capacity of finding. An ass that delights in its own braying, as it is to be presumed all asses do, cannot be expected to find delight in the symphonies of Beethoven; a gambler who has been long accustomed to feed his emotional nature on the emotional stimulus afforded by the blind throw of the dice, loses the capacity of extracting pleasure from the normal exercise of reason; and a drunkard who has destroyed the tone of his stomach by the constant irritation of strong liquors, will turn away from the simplicity of Nature's most healthy beverage as from a poison. It could serve no good purpose to parade in these pages flaming examples of the terrible pranks played by disorderly characters in high places, who showed by their whole conduct that they regarded neither God nor man, but delighted in the production of sheer chaos for the triumph of a grossly selfish energy. The biography of Jack Sheppard may be a very profitable study for young thieves, but honest men will furnish the picture galleries of their brain not with such portraits. Nevertheless, it occurs to me to set down here the features of one of the most notable of those disorderly characters who lived in ancient Rome at that same epoch when the hollow Atheism of Epicurus was dressed up for a day in the garb of poetical beauty by a poet of no mean genius called Lucretius. The man I mean is Catiline. Hear how Sallust in a well-known passage describes him: "Lucius Catiline, born of a noble family, a man of great strength, both of mind and body, but of a wicked and perverse disposition. To this man, from his youth upwards, intestine broils, slaughters, rapines, and civil war were a delight; and in these he put forth all the energy of his youth. He could boast a bodily frame capable of enduring heat and cold, hunger and watching, beyond all belief; he had a spirit daring, cunning, and full of shifts, ready alike to simulate what he was not, and to dissimulate what he was, as occasion might call. Greedy of others' property, he was lavish of his own; in passion fiery; in words copious; in wisdom scant. His unchastened ambition was constantly desiring things immoderate, incredible, and beyond human reach." This is exactly the sort of character, to whose completeness, if anything like a philosophy is to be attributed, Atheism will be that thing. For how can the man who delights in turning the social order into chaos cherish the belief that the world is a physical system, moulded and maintained by a spirit of which the essential function is to create order out of confusion, not the contrary? The man, whoever he be, that sets Rome or Paris on fire, is an Atheist, and one of the worst type; he not only denies in a speculative way the fair order of the universe, but he actually employs himself systematically in creating disorder. And what does the Roman historian say about the character of the age which produced this sort of monster? Was it remarkable for religion, for piety? Not at all. Hear the words: "When the Romans, who had grown great by labour and righteousness, at length saw all nations subdued, and the world, both sea and land, at their feet, then Fortune began to rage and to confound all things. That very people, who had found it an easy thing to endure any sort of difficulty and danger, found ease and wealth, a blessing to the wise, the source of misery and ruin. First, greed of money, and then lust of power, grew rampant: here was the fuel which fed the flame of all evils. For the greed of money and the haste to be rich, sapped the foundations of all faith, probity, and good morals: instead of the old virtues, the desire of wealth taught men insolence, harshness, the neglect of the gods, and general venality; while the love of power forced many men to be false, having one thing in their breast, and another thing on their tongue: friendships were cultivated, not from genuine love, but from some consideration of external advantage; and men were more anxious to show a fair face than to keep a clean breast."

In this striking passage the writer shows, as by a terrible example from real life, how true the doctrine of St. Paul is, which, in that awful narration of heathen vice, in the

first chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, identifies Atheism and immorality as growing out of one common root; not, of course, meaning that all Atheists are immoral (for this, as we shall see, is contrary to the fact), but that certain epochs of gross social disorder and contempt of all moral restrictions are in their nature always atheistic. "And as they did not like to retain God in their knowledge, God gave them up to a reprobate mind, to do things which are not seemly, being filled with all unrighteousness, wickedness, avariciousness, full of envy, murder, strife, guile, evil habitude, being whisperers, slanderers, haters of God, haughty, insolent, boasters, inventors of evil things, disobedient to parents, senseless, faithless, without natural affection, merciless." For, in fact, the moment the binding power of the great cause of cosmic unity, which we justly call God, is lost sight of, the multitudinous units of human society can no more hold themselves together than the stones of an arch when the keystone is removed. Without this controlling unity to create an organic subordination of part to part, a congregation of human beings naturally resolves into a series of explosions of fitful individualism, which ends in Chaos. That which saves the cosmos at any assignable moment from reeling back into chaos is simply the unity of the self-existent divine reason, controlling the physical world in the first place by what we call laws of nature, and the moral world by what we call the principles of right conduct. Fundamentally both are one; deny the radical unity of laws of nature in the divine Λόγος, and you can have no reason to admit a controlling unity of reasonable plan in a well-ordered life, or a well-governed state.

So much for the outstanding extreme types of godless humanity—the atheistic incapable and the atheistic monster. Let us now descend a little into the arena of common modern life, and see what symptoms of the morbid atheistic pathology we may discover there. Now as nettles are seen growing abundantly always where human habitations have been, and every weed has its favourite soil, out of which it seems to spring spontaneously, so all the varieties of speculative and practical Atheism which we meet with in common life are weeds sprung from the rank soil of irreverence. As a man cannot eat without an appetite, though all the fruitage of Paradise be spread before him, or as a man with no love in his constitution will see a whole army of Aphrodites marched out before him without emotion, so neither can gods expect acknowledgment from the sort of creature in whom all reverence for superior excellence is non-existent. Reverence implies a certain inferiority, and certain organs by which the inferior lays hold of the superior, and thereby achieves the pleasant feeling of elevation. But how shall a climbing plant attach itself to the lofty wall if you cut off its tendrils? So there are human souls that seem to have no tendrils, or whose tendrils have been frosted or nipped off, and thus they remain without any bond of attachment to their natural support. These are the men whom St. Paul, who knew the heathen world well, designates as ἄθεοι, or without God in the world (Eph. ii. 12). They drift about in a whirl of unconsecrated passion, or get trampled in the mire, or, what is even more sad, prop themselves up in various absurd ways, boasting that they can do without tendrils, and that only a weakling will cling by the old wall. This want of reverence, which is the natural soil of Atheism, may, in some cases, be congenital, like a lack of taste for music, or an incapacity of understanding a mathematical proposition. Some human beings seem shut up in a certain narrow self-sustainment; to such the recognition of anything beyond their own shell is impossible; for no person expects a lobster to come crawling up to you, and look in your face with the affectionate worship of a dog. Man is, however, naturally not only a weak creature, but a creature who, on only too many occasions, is made sharply to feel his weakness; in his normal state, therefore, he will naturally put forth feelers towards that which is above and beyond him, and that which he seeks to lay hold of for his sustainment, even in the most blind and groping way, he will justly call God. This lowest and simplest form of religion, the mere feeling of dependence on a superior Being, however inadequate, and however far from the sublime of intelligent piety, is, nevertheless, quite natural; whereas Atheism, in a mere piece of ephemeral dependency, such as the strongest man is, must always remain an absurdity and a monstrosity. We shall say, therefore, that man, being naturally a religious animal, Atheism can then only spring up when, in the individual or in society any influence arises, which nips the natural bud of reverence in the soul, and perhaps not only deprives this emotion of its healthy nourishment, but furnishes a plenteous supply of fuel to a feeling of isolated self-sustainment. Under this category falls naturally every exercise of strength, power, or

force, which may inspire the agent with a strong feeling of independence, and incline him, in the pride of the moment, stoutly to disown his dependence on any superior power. Of course in such a creature as man this sort of feeling is mere madness; for the point of a bare bodkin may give a quietus to the earth-shaking bulk of a mammoth as readily as to the minute machinery of a wren. Nevertheless, experience shows amply that this feeling of self-sufficiency, partly natural and partly formed by favourable circumstance, may grow up to extraordinary dimensions, and teach the petty personality, so intoxicated with his own imagined self-importance, to play a farce of fantastic tricks before high Heaven, which makes men laugh and angels weep. Ancient story, both sacred and profane, is full of instances of this kind; indeed, the wise Greeks, no less than the religious Hebrews, seem to have been possessed with nothing so much as with a sacred fear of the consequences that follow to poor humanity when a just self-esteem grows up into a false self-importance, and a false self-importance is exaggerated into a monstrous self-worship. Hence the frequent repetition of the wise warnings to persons in lofty positions to remember that they are mortal; and the popular image brought before the imperial absoluteness of the Eastern monarch in Herodotus,* or by Horace, in one of his familiar odes, that the lightnings of Jove love to strike the topmost towers. A man is never in greater danger than when, from whatever cause, his spirit, to use the Scripture language, is "lifted up," and in the full-blown sense of prosperous power, he forgets how he is girt round with mortal weaknesses, and conceits himself that he can even cope with the gods. "Is not this great Babylon that I have built for the honour of the kingdom, by the might of my power, and for the honour of my majesty?" says the Chaldean monarch in the Book of Daniel; and we know what happened. A man is never nearer being a beast than when he imagines himself a god. The sentiment which lies at the bottom of all such self-magnification is radically atheistic, essentially monstrous, an inversion of the order of nature—as great as if a man should say that 3 — 2 was equal to 3 + 2.

"Demens qui nimbos et non imitabile fulmen,
Aere et cornipedum pulsu simularat equorum."†

"Fool, who Jove's thunder and immortal bolt
Would ape with brass and tramp of hoofèd steeds."

Now of this rebellious strength and insolent usurpation of the throne of the superior by the inferior, the lowest form, of course, is when mere animal strength, planting itself above the intellectual and moral, assumes the reins of government, either in the celestial world or the terrestrial. Of this type of Atheism the Giants and others in Greek mythology are a prominent example; the signification of which the reflective Roman lyrist saw clearly. "We know," he says in one of the most beautiful of those wise and weighty odes which commence the third book—"we know how the impious Titans, the monstrous troop, were hurled into Tartarus by the swooping bolt of Him who alone controls with righteous sway the sluggish land, the windy sea, and the dusky realms of the dead beneath the earth;" for how can it be otherwise, since everywhere in heaven and on earth—

"Vis consili expers mole ruit suâ
Vim temperatam Di quoque provehunt
In majus: idem odere vires
Omne nefas animo moventes."

'Strength without counsel falls by its own weight,
But tempered force grows strong and stronger still,
By grace of gods who wisely do abate
The insolent thought and the rebellious will.'

And in the same way Homer always characterizes his Cyclops, Laestrygons, and other savage and cannibal tribes from whom the ill-starred fellow-sailors of Ulysses find cruel fate as not only inhuman and lawless, but utterly destitute of any notion of religion (οὐδὲ θεουδής, Od. ix.). But it is the intoxication of absolute power in the government of men, more than mere brute strength, that chiefly inclines a mortal man to forget his human limitations and imagine that he can defy the gods, or, what is the same thing, set at nought the eternal constitution of things, by bowing to no superior. "I will take the city, whether Jove wills or wills not!" cried Capaneus in the pride of assault against the seven-gated Thebes; and the intoxication of self-will, and the madness of self-worship which inspired this famous old sentence, stirs even now the breast of a great Napoleon, dreaming of absorbing vast Europe, or a little Napoleon, scheming in the way of his smaller ambition, for a Rhine boundary. There is an unmistakeable germ of Atheism at the root of all pride.

J. S. BLACKIE.

* History, vii. 10.
† Virgil, Æneid, vi. 590.

SOUTH AFRICA.

III.

TO revert to the question of diamond-stealing at the fields.

Let us think for a moment how facile is the theft. Peter, good Christian Kaffir, Nehemiah, excellent Basuto, Manyougoo-toosoo, pure original Kaffir, or Whatdoo-yoocoolum, admirable Corrana, are at work, individually and collectively, in claim No. 555, belonging to the firm of White, Mann, & Co. All at once a small bright stone sparkles in the clay, close to the great out-spread foot of Whatdooyoocoolum or Nehemiah. The respected members of the firm of White, Mann, & Co. are absent. White is lunching at the Craven Club, Mann has gone to look for Namaqua partridges towards the Vaal River, the Co. is at his usual post in black letters in the mining register. Well, then, what happens? Only this. Whatdooyoocoolum places for a moment his great toe upon the little gem, and a moment later quietly transfers the brilliant pebble into his mouth, or under his wool, where it rests safe and sound until the even-

Cattle Treking along a Mountain Road, Cape.

ing has come, and up from the vast pit stream countless negroes to scatter for the night over the dusky plain.

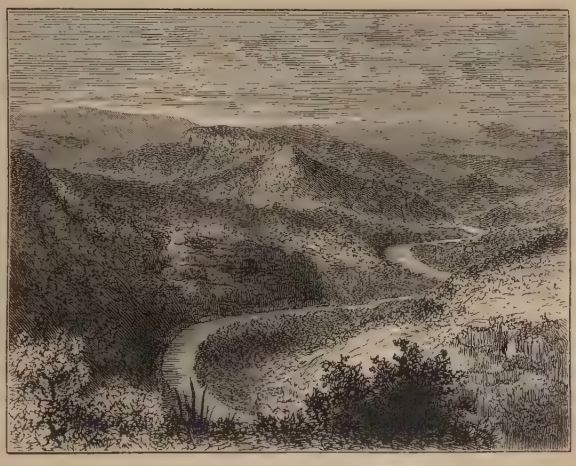
And now for the market where this stolen diamond finds sale—that is white. The black man does the stealing, but it is the white man who generally gets the stolen gem. Sometimes the stolen stones are not disposed of at the fields, but are taken back into the interior by the returning negro. The chief Logubula dwells far away by the water of the Limpopo. When he gave permission to fifty of his young men to visit the diamond fields as labourers, he stipulated that, in addition to every man bringing back a rifle and twelve pounds of ammunition, they were also to give him one diamond each man.

Six or eight months later, forty-eight men trudge homeward along the weary road which leads to the Limpopo; a bucket falling from the reef edge of the pit, settled for this world the account of No. 49; 50 had his thick head split in a row with the Amakosae Kaffirs, so forty-eight go back to their northern kraals, carrying forty-eight muskets, a goodly store of ammunition, some red rugs, and forty-eight bright little stones carefully hidden away.

When they arrive at their destination they hand over the forty-eight diamonds to the chief Logubula, who drops them into a little earthen vessel in which many others already lie snugly; and every now and again he takes the earthen cup between his hands,

and shakes it until the stones rattle and glisten, and then he says, "See! this is easy to carry. In a day I can walk a long way with this. Not so with lands or rivers, I cannot carry them away, and when the white man comes to take my land, as come he will, he will get my land; but then I take up this little earthen bowl, which will by that time be full of shining stones, and I will walk away with more in my hands than land, or river, or cattle." And the chief grins as he thus developes his little programme, and rattles his treasure-bowl again and again. All this showing clearly enough that Logubula is wise in his generation with the wisdom of the white man.

Diamond-stealing is on the increase. The negroes are yearly becoming more dishonest. It is a sad fact, but a true one. What produces this result? Unquestionably it is contact with civilisation. It is one thing to tell this black man that it is wrong to steal; it is another thing to let him see, day after day, white men buying stolen stones; Jews and Christians, and men who are neither Jews nor Christians, prowling round the pit, offering money at random for the morning's find. But the negro learns other secrets than diamond-stealing at the great pit of Colesberg. Kaffir from the Kei, Amaponda from the St. John's, Zulu from the Umfolosi, Swasi from the Maputa, Matabilli from the Limpopo, Basuto, Bechuana, Corrana, or Bushman, all learn here the great fact that they are brothers in labour, confederates in servitude; the old jealousies of race begin to disappear before this bond of a common sympathy, and at last before the black races of South Africa stands out the patent truth that they are opposite in interest, object, desire, in every line of life and thought to the white man who has come among them, and that the old dream of a time drawing near, in which the black and white races would share together their rival inheritances of possession and knowledge, is only destined to develop a reality in which knowledge and possession rest with one race.



View of River in Mountain District, Cape.

And in this we touch the real obstacle to what is called the civilisation of wild or savage races. We often marvel why the conversion of the heathen becomes more difficult as time goes on, and yet a moment's reflection will suffice to show us that the reason of the thing is patent enough.

When the wild man or the negro gives up his Great Spirit, his fetish, or his idol, and adopts the teaching of Christianity, he also adopts the social customs and the social standards of what we call civilisation. Where does he find himself in that new scale? At the very lowest point, somewhere between the beggar and the pauper.

In nine cases out of ten we have taken, or bought, or tricked his land from him; we have killed or chased away the wild animals that roamed over it; we have shouldered him out into the remote mountains, or regions unfitted for our present wants. He learns our knowledge after a time; but that is only as a light held out to show him how miserable is the position he has accepted — the position of a Christian pariah.

He has been told, a hundred times, that this new religion meant brotherly love; that before God colour vanished, and race was not known; and if he has believed the teaching, how bitter must be the sense of disappointment with which he learns the real nature of the *rôle* he has accepted in the new creed and social state; how startling the discovery that this beautiful theory of the white man's love and brotherhood and charity to all men, means in the hard logic of fact the refusal of a night's shelter under the same roof to him; means the actual existence of a barrier between him and the white race, more fatally opposed to fusion, more hostile to reciprocity of thought, mutual friendship, or commonest tie of fellowship, than that which lies between civilised man and the dumb dog that follows him.

Long years ago the red man of North America realised this fact that civilisation meant to him servitude or death. He chose the latter. America, said to contain at the period of its discovery fourteen million Indians, to-day does not hold four hundred thousand.

But with the African it is different; he does not die out before us. Nay, if we give him the common condition of room, he multiplies amazingly; he multiplies, but he does not come to the surface. He is always beneath, deeper, thicker, denser, it may be, but always below. It is a curious problem, this of the African, and the more we study it the more difficult it grows. He will not die, he will not disappear. We will not have him as an equal; we cannot have him as a slave. What then is to be the outcome? Time will answer, as he always answers; and, meanwhile, this big pit at Kimberly promises to hasten the answer.

We said before that the black toilers in the pit carried away with them when they returned to their homes arms and ammunition, in addition to a certain amount of dangerous knowledge. We will now give a significant fact. More than 300,000 stand of arms, chiefly rifles, have passed from the hands of white traders at the diamond fields, into possession of South African negroes, during the last seven years. "A man has worked for me," a trader has said to us, "until he has had money enough to get a rifle, and the regulated amount of ammunition, six pounds or thereabouts; he has then gone away to take home his rifle and powder, and after a lapse of a couple of months he has come back again to work for more ammunition." It is not too much to suppose that more than 300,000 natives have been armed and equipped for war at the diamond fields.

What is it all for? Ah! that is the question. Some will tell you that it is for the chase; others for war between tribe and tribe; others, again, see in what it is, in all human probability, a preparation for war against the common enemy, the white man. The struggle will be as hopeless as it ever has been. Snider and Martini-Henry and Whitworth have quadrupled the weight with which the white man "crushes" these efforts of the savage to keep him out; but all the same there will be much bloodshed and misery yet experienced ere the white line of conquest is pushed home to the Limpopo.

Now let us say one word about the diamond itself ere we quit the "field" on which it is found. We cannot believe for a moment that this pit at Kimberly, or the two or three other spots at Du Toit's Pan and De Beers, are the only diamond mines in this great plateau of South Africa; many others must exist.

Nothing marked these rich places of the earth; the mimosas grew their thorny stems there as elsewhere; sheep grazed on the stunted "karoo" bush; springbok filed in long peaceful lines across the plain. All at once the glistening stones are found, and in seven years ten millions' worth of diamonds are unearthed.

It is not yet ten years since the first diamonds were found on the banks of the Vaal River. They were water-washed stones of a lustre far surpassing those now discovered in the big pits at Kimberly; but they were few and far between, and the river banks where they were found were soon worked out. It was evident that they had been washed in bygone times from some spot higher up the river, and deposited on the outer slopes of gravel banks formed by eddies in some vast volume of running water. This brings us naturally to the question of what was originally the aspect of this plateau. It was without doubt a mighty lake. At some age in the earth's history all this red plain, this grass-covered rolling table-land, now so dry, and at times so arid, lay deep beneath an inland sea.

If a traveller lands on any portion of the coast of South Africa, from the tropic to the Cape of Good Hope, and journeys inland from the sea, he soon comes to a range of mountains. These mountains run nearly parallel to the coast, and are at varying distances from it; sometimes thirty, sometimes one hundred and thirty miles from it.

Ascending this mountain range, and gaining the top, one stands on the rim of the extinct lake; the ground falls again, but only falls to a third of the original extent. This inner plateau is in fact the lake-bed of South Africa. What has become of the enormous volume of water that must once have filled this vast basin? The lower lands, between the rim and the sea, tell that plainly enough; the dry bed of the lake tells it too. The waters rolled away in mighty floods. The lake bottom was raised from beneath, or the rim was worn down; but at any rate the great flood poured forth and swept before it, not the mere rock and *débris* of earth, but the surface of the earth itself—the hills and plains that lay before it.

South Africa is a land of table-topped hills. These curious flat wall-like mountains with hard sandstone sides are the wrecks

left by this mighty flood, they are the island fortresses that resisted the rush of water; around them the softer rock, and looser earth was carried away; their iron sides stood the fierce rush of the waves, and at last, when the era of erosion had passed, they remained to still carry on their smooth summits, sometimes set three thousand feet above what is to-day the surface of the country, the level of the land in bygone ages. But, before the waters were pushed over the rim of the vast lake mighty changes had taken place beneath its waves. The fires of the earth had broken forth, and through the soft silts of cycles, and through the layers of sand and mud and sub-marine vegetation, the molten trap had forced its way in many fiery fissures.

In all human probability it was during these struggles between water above and fire beneath that the diamonds were formed in the funnel-shaped bed, where they are found to-day at Kimberly. That they came floating from beneath is evident enough. Here and there, scattered through the pit, are found detached masses of rock, these boulders are called in the language of the mine "floating reefs;" on the tops of such rocks diamonds are scarcely ever found; at the sides, sometimes; beneath, they often lie. As bubbles seek the surface, so in bygone ages might these carbonic bubbles have floated from the furnace, raging beneath through the funnel opening under the lake, where, kept down by the weight above, they crystallized under conditions we cannot define.

This explanation of that curious question, "How are diamonds formed?" was first put forth by one who has long watched with observant eye in South Africa the story told by the rocks to man.*

That these three or four earth-openings, under the bed of the extinct lake, were not the only ones, is evident enough, and it is impossible to believe that there are not many other such mines scattered over the plateau, which, as time goes on, will be found as rich, perhaps richer in these bright carbon crystals than even the big pit of New Rush. Karoo and mimosa cover them to-day.

A word now as to the quality of stones found in South Africa.

The diamonds first found along the Vaal river were of exceeding brilliancy, fully equal in lustre to the finest stones of Golconda, or Brazil; but in the pits of Kimberly, De Beers, and Du Toit's Pan they are nearly all "off-coloured," or yellow. In the one case they have been washed by the river, and exposed to the action of air at some period of the world. In the other, they lie deep in the bowels of the earth, and first see light when the digger's pick disturbs their rest. Many of them crack and flaw when the light first comes to them.

And now as to the value of the diamond, and its probable future.

It is scarcely possible that the gem can retain the place which it has so long held, if these South African diggings are to continue. Large brilliants must become common. Fifty, eighty, one hundred, even two and three hundred, carat stones have been unearthed in these dry diggings. We have already stated our opinion that many other pits will be found in the vast dry bed of this extinct lake; and then fashion, easily frightened at profusion, will take alarm, and the emerald of Central Asia, or the ruby of upper Burmah, will perhaps supplant the long-throned supremacy of the easier found diamond.

Turning from the Diamond Field itself to the effects of such discoveries upon the social and political aspect of South Africa, we find much food for reflection.

Every branch of trade, commerce, and agriculture has derived fresh life and new impulse from these fields. The land, deemed a desert twenty years ago, has become of great value. A farm in the Orange Free State means a great tract of land of not less than six thousand acres in extent. It is not too much to say that land in this Dutch Republic is worth to-day as many pounds per acre as it was worth pence five-and-twenty years ago. Six thousand acres form a single farm; but some men are in possession of five and six such farms in the state, and once it was our lot to ride over a Free State farm of two hundred and sixty thousand acres. What a possession! It lies on the top of the lower range of the Drakensberg, over the plains of Newcastle, some six or seven thousand feet above the sea level.

Grand beyond description is such a possession. Hill, vale, plain, and river, all lie within its limits; and from the rising of the sun to his setting the traveller canters his tireless Cape horse between the beacons of this single ownership.

If we in England would wish to realise the effect of this increase in the value of estate in the Orange Free State, let us suppose a country as large as England changing in the actual value of its soil from one penny per acre to ten shillings in the short space of twenty years; and yet the value of the land gives

* The Secretary for Native Affairs in Natal, the Hon. T. Shepstone, C.M.G.

but a faint idea of the value of its products. These are, in many instances, at famine prices; all vegetables, dairy produce, etc., are worth three and four times what they cost in London. It is a subject of jest to-day in South Africa, because the historian of the Tudors drew a moral in Bloemfontein—the Orange Free State Capital—from the price of cauliflowers sold in the markets; yet that one straw was a better index of the difference between demand and supply in South Africa than ten thousand theories.

It is only a little while since that we witnessed the sale of a large waggon-load of cauliflowers in the Kimberly market at *2s. 6d.* each vegetable. The load contained about two thousand cauliflowers.

There is no fitter soil or finer climate in the world for the production of these things than that of this Free State and Griqualand. Give it water, and it will grow anything, and the water is there in abundance if man will only "turn it on." Before the discovery of diamonds and gold, all these things were drugs in the markets; suddenly a vast demand arose for them; Europe sent its steamships to supply what it could, tinned things of all sorts, but the Africanders did little, the more adventurous ones flocked to the Fields, the lazy ones sat idle at home.

Diamonds were to be gathered in garden or dairy far away from those wonderful Fields, where men so often lost their little all; but few thought of so gathering them; people said the demand had suddenly come for all these things, and would as suddenly die out, and meantime they did nothing, and famine prices became the rule in a land ever ready to yield to man "the full fruits of his labour."

It has been said of South Africa that it is a land of samples, and of nothing more; that its cotton, coffee, sugar, and wheat, everything save its wool, is excellent, but limited; that it can produce the first specimens for an exhibition, but the last for a continuous export trade. All this is true; but all this only proves what we said before, that the people will not work.

If the land produced from itself wheat or sugar as the sheep produce wool, wheat and sugar would find their way to Europe; but at present wheat is brought from Australia, potatoes, butter, and vegetables are carried from England.

Take the bill of lading of any steamer sailing away from South Africa. The cargo consists of wool, a few bales of antelope and ox hides, a few packages of ostrich feathers and parcels of diamonds and gold. It is scarcely too much to say that with the exception of wine, the manufactures of South Africa are confined to two articles—Cape carts and Cape waggons, both excellent in their way, but not enough to make even the semblance of an industry.

We do not mean to assert that idleness is universal in South Africa. All professional and commercial life goes on there as elsewhere; but, out in the country people do not till the land as they till it in America or in Australia, and it is but too evident that the occupations of husbandry are not congenial to the habits of the Dutch farmer in any shape or form.

Hitherto, in these sketches of South Africa, we have said but little upon a subject usually associated in men's minds with the upper plateaux of which we have been treating—the wild animals which have become so familiar to us in past descriptions of hunters and travellers. Well, the last few years have made sad havoc in these once-crowded ranks. The larger game has "treked" into the remote north. The lion, the eland, the koodoo, the rhinoceros, the quagga, and the buffalo, are all gone from the Orange Free State; the more remote Transvaal holds them still. In the dry wastes of the Kaliharri Desert, in the feverish swamps of Zululand, and the valleys of the Limbombo Mountains, these grand specimens of wild nature roam and range. The elephant is further off still—all save one great herd preserved in the dense forests of George, nigh the southern extreme of the continent. Natal, once the favourite home of every animal, from the lordliest lion to the tiniest antelope, is to-day nearly denuded of game.

But if the larger animals have retreated into the wilds, the antelopes are numerous enough still in the Free State and in the more settled portions of the Transvaal. In the great grassy plains of the middle "Veldt" hundreds of blessbok and springebok gallop and gambol under the bright sun of winter, but they too are fast disappearing. Six years ago they existed in numbers impossible to reckon; they devoured such quantities of grass that the Boers killed them as people kill vermin.

It is said that a few years since a member of the "Volksraad" wished to preserve the game from the ruthless destruction of the farmers in the north and east of the State; but he was told that if he did carry a measure to that effect, another law would be proposed by the eastern farmers to pro-

tect the locusts of the west from destruction. Myriads of quaggas were ruthlessly hunted down; springebok and blessbok, and wildebeestes, were shot and stabbed and galloped over precipices, where they lay smashed and heaped over one another, until at length the land was cleared of them.

A few wild ostriches are still to be found in Natal and in the Free State. As usual, the law has stepped in to save when there is hardly anything left for saving; but the domestic ostrich has now become a regular institution in South Africa, and thousands of pounds have been invested in "ostrich farming." It is probable that there are far more ostriches in sight of Cape Town today than when the Dutch first raised, on the shores of Table Bay, the old castle, and the lions roared so loudly round it at night that the quaint chronicler of the time tells us, "We thought that they [the lions] would have taken the post by storm last night."

It may appear strange how it came to pass that this great quantity of wild animals should have been able to exist upon the plateau of South Africa, in the midst of the natives who dwelt there fifty years ago; but the answer is easily given. Around each native tribe there lay a wide cordon of uninhabited country. To pass from the country of the Matabili to the country of the Zulus or the Bushmen, one had to traverse vast unoccupied tracts, where game multiplied with incredible rapidity.

The conditions of savage life are the same all the world over, and have been in all times and in all places. We read that in ancient Gaul the septs or tribes dwelt far apart from each other. Contact meant war, and it was only by putting space between them, that the periods of peace, necessary for the rude work of agriculture, which they carried on, could be maintained.

Thus, too, has it been with the numerous warring races of North America, and we find that in the far west and north-west of that great continent, as well as upon the vast plains and plateaux of South Africa, these neutral grounds became the homes of countless wild animals, which roamed the wastes in a glorious freedom from the common enemy, nowhere else found on earth.

W. F. BUTLER.

THOUGHTS ON NURSING AS A PROFESSION FOR GENTLEWOMEN.

OF all the employments open to gentlewomen there is none more suitable to them than nursing, and although many people have grave objections to women entering the medical profession, who would object to women making *nursing* a profession? It is closely allied with the medical profession, equally honourable, useful, and, if properly taken up, scientific.

In some forms of disease, the requisite minuteness and completeness of observation can only be attained by a more or less constant presence in the sick chamber. Is it not evident, then, that Nature has assigned to woman this share in the task, and that, in performing it, her place can be in no way inferior to that of those to whom the other portion of the work is given?

Miss Nightingale says, "Sickness is everywhere. Death is everywhere. But hardly anywhere is the training necessary to teach women to relieve sickness, to delay death. We consider a long education and discipline necessary to train our medical man; we consider hardly any training at all necessary for our nurse, although, how often does our medical man himself tell us, 'I can do nothing for you unless your nurse will carry out what I say!' Of how many a rich patient I have said, 'Would that I could send him (or her) into hospital.' Few know, except medical men in the largest practice, how many rich lives, as well as poor ones, are lost for want of nursing, even among those who can command every want under the sun that money can purchase."

The generality of people think that any woman can nurse, and trust for help, when their need comes, to the untaught, love-prompted care of wife, sister, or daughter. How many lives are yearly lost by that trust it would be cruel to compute; and for each life lost we may count another almost equally sacrificed; broken down by the combination of severe labour and trying emotions—labour of course threefold harder to the untrained labourer, emotion from which the professional nurse would be almost as free as the physician, a freedom which will improve, not impair, the goodness of the nursing.

What you want in the sick-room, to quote a well-known medical authority, "is a calm, steady discipline, existing but unfelt; the patient, cool control which a stranger is far

more likely to exercise than a relation; and the experience of illness to note changes, and call for aid at needed times, as well as to recognise symptoms and correctly report them." The latter capacity it is simply impossible that any but a trained nurse should possess in any high degree.

The patient whose wife, sisters, or daughters, unwearied by the fatigue of nursing, bring with them into the sick room fresh minds, a fresh moral atmosphere, and that cheerfulness which is impossible when spirit and body alike are over-taxed, really gets the best that it is their power to give.

Over and over again have I heard from wives and mothers, the terrible confession, "If I had known all that I do now, my dear ones would not have died." That is, they died of untrained nursing, and the untrained nurse, their wife or mother, knows it!

Sometimes the jealous affection of those who fancy that nursing is one of the natural instincts of womanhood, and that ignorance of nursing is a reproach, has had disastrous consequences.

I will give an instance of this, which was told me by the medical man in charge of the case.

A little girl, the only child of a lady, became very ill. The doctor called in to attend her said that "she must have an experienced nurse from London at once," and telegraphed to an institution with which he was acquainted to send them one. The nurse arrived, was put in charge of the patient, and day by day a marked improvement was perceptible, until one evening the doctor cheerfully announced, "he could now say there were fair grounds for hoping the child might recover."

Before leaving, he ordered leeches to be applied, directing the nurse how much blood was to be taken from the patient, and the great care required that at a certain stage the bleeding should be stopped.

The nurse promised to obey his directions, applied the leeches, and on their removal the warm linseed poultice ordered. This done, the mother—who had never left the room—insisted that the nurse should leave her patient and go to bed. The nurse refused to do so until the poultice was removed and the bleeding stopped. Upon which the mother indignantly asked "whether she supposed that *she* wasn't capable of doing such a thing as that for her child?" adding, that she "insisted upon the nurse's leaving the room," which accordingly the nurse did.

Early on the following morning the doctor entered the child's room, expecting to find a marked improvement towards recovery.

He found the child dying!

The nurse was not in the room, and when he asked for her, the mother replied, "Nurse can't tell you anything about the child, for I sent her to bed, and have nursed Elsie myself." Upon hearing this, the doctor turned down the bed-clothes, and finding everything saturated with blood, exclaimed, "Didn't you know then how to remove a poultice, and stop leech bites from bleeding?"

"Of course I did," she replied, but the child fell into such a sweet sleep after nurse left the room that I was afraid to disturb her —for you know, Dr. ——, how much you have wished she should have a good night's rest."

The doctor couldn't tell her she had killed her child. He sent for the nurse and gave her a severe reprimand for neglect of duty, adding, "that her work there and the life of her patient were alike at an end."

If this nurse had fully understood the responsibility of her position, she would not have deserted her post at the bidding of any one but the medical man under whose orders she was to act. Had she received a professional training—so high that none but a thoroughly well-educated woman could have passed through it—then I think there is little doubt that no one would have dreamt of interfering with her duties, any more than they would interfere with the prescription of the medical man in attendance.

Training, then—an education in the duties of her profession as complete in regard to those duties as the training of men in their vocations—is the only thing that can qualify a woman to take charge of the lives of the sick; can make her truly and honestly a professional nurse.

The idea that "any woman can nurse" is as silly as that other, by which most families employing a governess have suffered at one time or another, that all women who have "had an education" can teach.

It is not so long ago, as already to be forgotten, the anxiety felt by the whole nation for the health and recovery of the Prince of Wales, but did any of the thousands realise, who watched for the daily bulletins of his health, that, humanly speaking, he must have died, had it not been for the unwearied and devoted attention of skilled medical attendants? Ever at the bedside to watch and note the slightest change in the disease, and prompt in administering the right remedies at the very instant they were required,

the disease was fought and conquered. But what private person, however rich, can hope that any one would watch by his bedside with the skill of the physician and nurse combined?

The poor in one respect are better off than the rich, for their worst cases are sent to the hospitals, where, in addition to thoroughly trained hospital nurses, they have the advantage of medically trained "dressers" always at hand to note all the various forms that disease presents.

Few have yet realised that, in addition to the technical and moral training and discipline which must be acquired in a well-organized hospital, a greater amount of theoretical knowledge is absolutely indispensable for a nurse who goes out to "private cases," and that, for this vocation, a higher education and a higher grade of women are required. In addition to the ordinary hospital training—even though that be the best of its kind—it is essential that the private nurse should have received almost a medical education, if she is to act in any sense as *aide* to the medical man, whose patient she has been put in charge of. For she is in a very different position from the hospital sister or nurse. The latter has a staff of medical men to appeal to, at a moment's notice. Her patients are visited by the house-surgeon or physician at least three times in every twenty-four hours, in addition to the morning visit of the medical *chef* or "professor" of her ward. In private nursing, the nurse is *alone*, and has to act more or less on her own responsibility, rarely seeing the doctor above once in the twenty-four hours. Who, that has ever watched the progress of disease (more particularly in a certain class of fevers) does not know the many changes that may occur in even twelve hours? With a well-trained and skilful nurse at hand, no change could ever pass unnoticed, and her professional knowledge would enable her to know the right remedy to apply at the right moment, and in all probability life would be saved, which otherwise would have been lost. Nor is it possible to over-estimate the use of such a trained body of women, in time of war.

In my fever-lazareth before Metz,* the medical *chef* had not time to visit carefully all the men, but twice in the day he would come, and each time ask me to point out the cases that seemed to need particular care and attention. On leaving, he would say, "Remember, Sister, that the lives of these men depend more upon your nursing and care than upon anything I can do for them. If you observe—such and such symptoms, you must change the medicine immediately. If you find any man's pulse going down rapidly, you may give . . . . at your own discretion. *You* will see changes in the disease, which no one who is not watching by the bedside ever could see." Any difficulty I could always mention to him at his visit, and however hurried he might be, he would always explain and instruct me what to do, so far as time allowed. I often wondered whether such hurried instructions would have been of the slightest use, had I not been "trained" more than any of the Sisters in our station. And yet I daily felt how much more useful I could have been had I known more, and how great my ignorance really was. I learnt *then* how much a nurse requires to know when she must act on her own responsibility in every emergency that may arise.

If nurses could be as carefully and scientifically trained for their future work as medical men are for their vocation, it would be impossible to over-estimate the advantages to the world at large of such a body of women among us.

To quote one of the medical authorities of the day, "With a class of trained women, ever at the bedside, skilled in observing with the utmost accuracy, and without disturbance to the patient, all those delicate variations which disease presents, medical knowledge itself might be expected to enter upon a new development—new subjects and methods of observation could hardly fail to develop themselves."

How is it, then, that among the thousands of well educated and intelligent English gentlewomen, so few can be found to offer themselves for this work? Every one knows, however, how few employments there are open to gentlewomen. An officer or clergyman can bring his sons up to earn their own living in the world, with the hope of their leading useful lives to the community at large, perhaps of rising to honour and renown. But what provision can he make for his daughters? As children, they have probably received a far less thorough and expensive education than the sons, on the assumption that it will be of no use to them when they are grown up. The father dies, and with him probably all the little means the family possessed. Untrained and half-educated, his daughters must go out into the

* In this hospital the loss was only three per cent., while in others the mortality was enormous. One cause that contributed to this was that the *chef* was the only medical man who followed the so-called English method of unlimited fresh air and feeding.

world to earn their own living as they best can. And the only way open to them is to become companions or governesses.

This is neither the time nor place to speak of the heart-breaking disappointments that fall to the lot of most who are looking out for a situation. We are all acquainted with the long columns in the papers, filled with advertisements of "Governesses," and we all know how few of those who advertise their ability to teach others have ever been properly taught themselves, or have ever been taught how to teach, and the dignity of such a profession for those properly qualified.

To make nursing equal, as a profession, to the medical, a more comprehensive education and training is necessary than is required for a hospital nurse or sister; and such an education and training would be necessary as would secure to its members the social position and material rewards that belong and are generally given to those who combine a scientific education with a useful calling. The professor of the theory and practice of medicine at Montreal (Dr. Howard) says, "Such an art would imply, in my view, a liberal preliminary education at least equal to that now required of the medical student, assigning, however, a first place to natural science, and a lower one to the classics. And second, a professional education extending over three full years, and embracing the following scheme of subjects:—Anatomy, physiology, chemistry, materia medica, pharmacy, dietetics, hygiene, and clinical instruction in nursing the sick and wounded, in dressing wounds and applying splints, &c.; such nurses to receive a diploma upon examination, entitling them to practise the art of nursing. Such a body of trained nurses would supply the greatest want we have as physicians, and would open up a career of usefulness and honourable employment to our sisters, who would then be not only the helpmates, but the *complementa* of the medical profession."

Other members of the medical profession have said the same, although few, perhaps, have written as fully on the subject as the author of "Thoughts on Health." He confidently anticipates the time when every gentleman of limited income, who is seeking to provide a profession for his sons, will strive quite as earnestly "to establish" his daughters, not in the ordinary sense of the word — by marriage — but by providing them with such an education and training, that they may look forward with quiet confidence "to having a home of their own." When these women married, they would marry simply because they felt that love and esteem which all wives should feel for their husbands, and not because they were alone in the world, and wanted a home, dreading sickness or age coming upon them unprepared.

In the last place, the interests of charity would be promoted; for no restraint would be placed on the benevolent efforts of those ladies or sisters of religious communities who prefer to act as nurses without being paid, and to spend their lives, so far as they can, in doing good. For why should their number or zeal be diminished?

But every one must acknowledge that those things which rest for their doing on charity alone are seldom thoroughly well done. To how large an extent medical men give their labour gratuitously to the poor, long after their doing so has ceased to be of any possible advantage to themselves, is partly known to all. Must not the sick poor be benefited in like way by the presence among them of a large number of kind-hearted ladies, filled with a professional zeal for good nursing for its own sake, and as being that whereon their own renown and prosperity depend? Would they be more apt to turn a deaf ear to the call of suffering than their male *confrères* have proved themselves to be? Their position would give them an influence with the sick poor, that the half-educated nurse or midwife who now tends them cannot hope to acquire; nor do I think it would be possible to overrate the services of such an educated body of nurses among us, in the *prevention* of disease alone.

Are there none among those who may have read these "Thoughts on Nursing," able and willing to train themselves for this profession? The demand for even the most ordinary of half-trained, half-educated women, is far greater than the supply.

We hear of ladies undertaking work that could be better done by others. Why will they not give themselves to this work, and give the time, money, and brains necessary to prepare themselves fitly for the most honourable of all careers open to women?

If the judgment, tact, discretion, and good breeding supposed to characterize a gentlewoman were supplemented by the thoroughness and endurance born of routine, and the mechanical habits of study which it is proposed they should adopt, *then* we should have a class of nurses, second to none in the world; and "nursing" will indeed have become a "profession," in the highest sense of the word.

FLORENCE S. LEES.

"WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH."

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WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH.

By the AUTHOR of "Lady Bell," etc.

CHAPTER IX.—PLEASANCE HATTON AND THE BLENNERHASSETS, LIZZIE AND CLEM, NEXT THE BROWN COW.

ULLY six years afterwards Pleasance Hatton was walking in a June evening up to the village—set on a height—of Saxford. It had been a grand sunset, leaving a golden glow behind, while picked out against, and irradiated by the glow, stood the old irregular line of humbly substantial yet tumble-down white houses, with blossoms of red and white roses, orange tiger lilies, and marine-blue larkspur in the gardens, and with honeysuckle in flower over the stone porch of the little thatch-roofed, flint-built church, in whose graveyard lay the dust of Anne Hatton.

Saxford was at its best, both as to season and hour. The great, far-stretching meadows bore a wealth of waving grass starred with field-flowers; the very borders of the ditches were blooming with brook-lime, irises, queen of the meadow, and marsh-mallows. The rich religious light was so much in itself that it prevented the bareness of the landscape from being conspicuous; the light seemed not out of keeping with the wide flat as it flooded it, and descended low over it, without being broken save by the arms of the windmills and the masts of the barges, and lent a sober grandeur to the space and freedom of the place.

Everything was still save the revolving arms of the late windmill taking advantage of the evening breeze, and the slow gliding sails of a barge, and both white and brown sails blushed ruddy under the sunset. The cattle and horses, which were in droves and herds, lay or stood in living patches in the pastures. Hardly a bird broke the silence, save when darting sand-martins uttered shrill screeches, or a flock of curlews from the direction of Cheam gave forth their mournful cries. In the morning the air resounded with the carols of larks, but save for larks this was not a region of singing-birds, and it seemed as if the rich, mellow notes of thrush and blackbird, belonging by right to woodland-coverts and tree-set hedgerows, would not have suited the scene which Pleasance had grown to love. She took in every one of its features—from its wistful blue distances to its airs from every wind of heaven, and its homely charms of grass and field-flowers, which were trampled under the feet of cattle—and laid them up in her heart.

As to Pleasance herself, she was now a young woman in the full promise of her womanhood, if she had not yet attained its fulfilment. She was dressed not like the women of Saxford, who were still showing their ignorance and their ambition by outrageous imitations in the tawdriest and coarsest materials of such prevailing fashions of crinolines and chignons as had descended from imperial courts and noble drawing-rooms, through city parlours and town factories, even to peasants' cottages and country-fields. But Pleasance knew better. Besides having renounced for herself, if not the vanities of the world, certainly the vanities of station, she was aware that if such senseless and ungraceful encumbrances could ever be redeemed by fine setting, and have a place of their own, they were simply irredeemable where they had no outward advantages to mask their uncouthness. Instead of aping those whom she had chosen should become her social superiors, she was earnest and deliberate in marking her difference from them, except in those essentials of a lady which are open to all, and in which, by burning her books, she would have sinned against her womanhood.

Not a lady in the land could be more delicately clean and neat than Pleasance, for since her altered circumstances a pathetic recollection of Anne's example and precepts

clung to her, and influenced her much more than they had done when Anne had lived, and lived together with Pleasance; and now that her standard was simplified for her, and that she had grown up to it, though she soiled her hands with labour, she could remove the soil a world more easily than some of her sisters could remove the soil of self-indulgence and dissipation.

Pleasance wore such a calicot gown as Anne had bought for their mourning, but it was of a peach-lilac colour—like the blossom of the lilac-bush—a fast colour, which stood frequent washing. The gown was made as Mrs. Balls had taught Pleasance to make her gowns, but not according to Mrs. Balls hankering after the fashion. It had a plain, rather tight skirt, short enough to leave Pleasance's feet—quite shapely feet, though encased in thick-soled leather boots, such as boys wear—room to walk with perfect freedom.

She wore a white apron, but as it was evening, and Pleasance had a morning (albeit a working) gown, and an afternoon or evening wear, as duly assumed as any duchess changes her cachmere for her crêpe-de-chine. Pleasance being no anchorite, and having no austere desire to disfigure herself, but on the contrary, a perfectly natural, and, in her case, artistic longing to make herself look as well as possible, had substituted for her heavy shrouding-linen apron, with its bib, a little round white apron of soft muslin.

Her gown was finished by a collar and cuffs of the same muslin, but she wore no brooch, mock or real. Her collar as well as cuffs was fastened by white buttons.

Her hair — a deep black brown — was still drawn back from the forehead, against which it formed a wavy, dusky line, the duskiness softened here and there only, where the soft young hair showed upon the skin, with a hazel-nut tint, and was plaited into close coils behind. Partly covering the coils, and coming down in a little peak in front, was a little veritable muslin-cap, with a narrow-frilled, lace-edged border, which did not outline the face, but after approaching the forehead ran back in two full flowing white lines above the ears. The cap had no strings and no ribands, and was fastened on the head by no gilded or silvered skewers, but by invisible pins. The cap itself, which, if Pleasance wore it as a badge of inferior station, she somehow felt was also a badge of womanhood, was all but invisible on the present occasion, for it was under a sun-bonnet big enough to shade the face without impeding the view.

Pleasance's hands were bare and brown, but they were neither large nor rough, as she held in one of them a tuft of the ox-eyed daisy which she had pulled in her walk. In this dress, in which an ordinary woman would have been insignificant, Pleasance was a tall, handsome young woman, with an unconscious stateliness in her simplicity.

The life not only in the country, but engaged in manual labour, always wholesome, and sometimes in open air, never too much for her strength so as to crush or to brutalise her, had done something for both mind and body, something which no other life would have been likely to effect.

Had she continued at school, and with free command of books, shut out from all save school life, she would have almost certainly become studious and bookish, with rounding shoulders and hollowing chest, and the tendency to sallowness in her complexion fully developed.

As it was, she had grown up in comparative abstinence so far as books were concerned; in solitude, yet in close contact with life in its most practical aspects; original and independent without being eccentric in mind; straight and firm in body, while losing her angularity, with freely-expanded chest and well-rounded limbs. Her muddy complexion had cleared into a pale brown, which, when the red blood tinged it, kindled into soft, yet pure and noble warmth, like that of the sunset, and before which all pink and white hues paled and grew sickly.

Her mouth had lost its wavering, undecided lines, and grown steady in its serenity. The contour of her face was still a fine oval, with the curve of the chin perfect. But her hazel-grey eyes—and here was the defect of her face—had not in their depth and clearness escaped from the shortsightedness which had threatened them when she was a girl of thirteen.

Pleasance had grown up unquestionably short-sighted, and that she might not go through the world at a great disadvantage, had, on one of her occasional visits to Cheam with Mrs. Balls, bought a pair of spectacles, put them on with great satisfaction, and frequently wore them. Thus Pleasance's eyes were often to be seen looking out of windows.

Strange to say, though the act of putting on spectacles would seem to be a simple act, arguing even an absence of personal vanity

in the doer, it was viewed by Pleasance's village companions with greater disfavour than any act of hers from the time of her coming to Saxford. It was regarded as very conceited, and a decided attempt, while pretending fellowship, to establish a difference between herself and the other girls.

Who ever saw a girl at a cheese-tub, or cooking a dinner, or hoeing in the fields, with spectacles? An old needle-woman, whose sight was failing, and who had to earn her daily bread by fine stitching, or a grandfather who was sufficiently well off to have leisure in his age, and was scholarly enough to read a chapter in his Bible, might wear spectacles, but that was quite a different thing.

"But you might have them if you wanted them?" represented Pleasance. "Spectacles are not expensive, and I am sure they are not ornamental, only useful."

The notion that there was assumption in wearing spectacles remained as rooted as ever, in spite of all that Pleasance could say to the contrary, and she had to sustain many a jeer from the plain-spoken natives of Saxford, and to make up her mind to bear the nickname of "Madam," in a place given to nicknames. She had to pay the penalty of having specially offended against public opinion, as well as to take her share of the conversational buffets which were always freely bestowed in Saxford.

But Pleasance had so far ceased to be an outsider that she could not only go and come unmolested, but was treated to a measure of cordiality as one of the villagers themselves. She was no longer stared at and jostled. She was hailed freely, and asked—if she happened to wear a new gown or hat, or had worn one on the last Sunday at church—where she had bought it and what it had cost. In addition, she was applied to with some confidence to recommend this or that younger girl to a place among Mrs. Balls's workers, or to get Mrs. Balls to contribute her aid to this or that case of sickness and consequent poverty, among the improvident inhabitants. Pleasance was bound, on this occasion, to pay a visit to a girl who was regarded, according to the loose criterion of the villagers, as her great friend, and who was indeed Pleasance's nearest approach to a friend, during those six past years, after she had been robbed of her second self in her sister Anne.

This friend was one of the Blennerhassets—the smith's family—in their own way personages in the village. But Lizzie and her brother Clem formed exceptions to the other Blennerhassets, and instead of being looked up to and envied, had been marked out for pity, which passed easily into contempt and ridicule.

The friendship between Pleasance and Lizzie Blennerhasset owed its commencement largely to Lizzie's cousin Long Dick, who worked at the Manor, and who gave it as his opinion that Pleasance Hatton was "a rare good and clever mawther." The words sunk into the heart of Lizzie, who had worshipped her cousin Dick ever since he had saved her life, at the time her lameness was incurred, when he, a mere "wambling" boy of sixteen, at the risk of his own life, carried her, a child, down the ladder, which gave way under his tread, and out of the old smithy, after it had caught fire and was burning down to the bare walls.

Lizzie had watched and followed Pleasance. Lizzie had even tried to soften her own uncouth manners, and to acquire something of the other girl's gentle bearing, in order to suit the alliance.

Pleasance was touched and flattered, by having inadvertently won an adherent, to whom she was an object of desire, and set herself to be good to Lizzie Blennerhasset, and to return her homage by acts of kindness.

As the intercourse extended over years, during which Lizzie was induced to cultivate Pleasance's acquaintance more and more sedulously, a share of Pleasance's refinement extended insensibly to Lizzie, cut off as she was from many occupations and amusements of the other girls, who undervalued her for her infirmity; and while this reflected refinement tended in turn to disqualify Lizzie from mixing on such an equality as she could command with her sisters and immediate neighbours, it necessarily drew her more closely to Pleasance.

Pleasance was tolerably certain of finding Lizzie alone, or at most with her brother Clem for her companion in the smithy house at this hour, since Long Dick, Lizzie's cousin and idol, was too shy as yet, too conscious of his own deficiencies and her advantages not to hold himself aloof from such encounters with Pleasance as were not provoked by a fellowship in labour at the Manor, where Dick was at last engaged as principal man.

Indeed, if one wanted to seek the inhabitants of Saxford after working hours, the place *not* to find them was in their own houses, for never was there such sociality or such absence of privacy as existed in the village.

All day long, and particularly towards evening, everybody about the place entered into his or her neighbour's doorway—the door always standing conveniently wide open, or on the latch—and penetrating into the centre of the household gods, took up a post there, to recount his or her day's adventures, or to hear the neighbour's without a thought of intrusion. In addition great unpremeditated gatherings were constantly occurring at different houses

No amount of wrangling which was prevalent, nothing save the most deadly feuds, interfered with this monadic, yet gregarious custom. The natives spent their time like the Athenians of old—if not in hearing some new thing, in discussing with unwearied relish what was already familiar to them. The utter absence of any other mental aliment than gossip supplied, was, doubtless, at the bottom of the gregariousness.

One result of this easy, promiscuous, and never-ending system of visiting, in the women's case, was complete idleness unless from compulsory work, and from play of the tongue, which produced an amount of slatternliness that attempts at Sunday finery served to intermit, not to repair.

The Blennerhassets were particularly well situated for that chief business of Saxford, to retail and animadvert on the events of the day. The smithy, which was in itself a village centre, stood next the village inn and alehouse, the Brown Cow, another centre. Perhaps affected by situation, smith Blennerhasset and his wife formed respective heads in the male and female lines of gadding and gossip, who were never to be seen at the forge or the fireside, unless urgent necessity or the presence of neighbours called for their attendance. They did not need to stray very far, as in the bar of the Brown Cow they generally met with all which husband and wife required. This did not imply that either gave himself or herself up to the liquors to be found there. Smith Blennerhasset could take his glass like a man, or a smith, and for the good of the house was wont to have ale or gin and water before him—drinks which did not act powerfully on his squat, stalwart frame. But Mrs. Blennerhasset really lived and throve on gossip and bad tea alone. She was as sober a woman in other respects as her friend Mrs. Morse, who was not the typical, hearty hostess, fit pendant to host Morse, a rattling, rollicking giant of a man, but a little quiet, sly woman, with an insatiable maw for the gossip she imbibed, but never seemed to disgorge, and who took pride in her innocence and ignorance of any riot which occurred under her very nose at the bar of the Brown Cow.

Kitty and Nancy Blennerhasset, with Lizzie, all the daughters of the house who remained unmarried, and who worked—now at the Manor in the milk season—now on the fields in the spring and early summer—and now assisted Mrs. Morse in the depth of the winter, had their own circle of visiting, beginning and ending, like their father's and mother's, in the stir and agreeable variety of the Brown Cow.

Pleasance entered by an open door into the front kitchen of the smithy, with its evidences of sluttish plenty. She found, as usual, the substantial remnants of the two last meals, with the dust-heaped hearth, and the littered chairs, left to the guardianship of the purring cat, that rose and rubbed itself against Pleasance with a friendly greeting. She knew where to seek Lizzie in a garret room, which served at once as her bed-chamber and work-room. Lizzie, who had grown up in a state of idleness, bemoaning her misfortune in being lame and sickly, and wagging her tongue with the strongest, had in the end, after qualifying herself by three months' apprenticeship at Cheam, taken to dress-making, fortified in the application which the effort required by the greater independence secured to her from her earnings, and above all by the approbation of her cousin, Long Dick, and her friend Pleasance.

Lizzie, sitting on the single chair at the little table, laden with her very ordinary materials and patterns, and with the flood of mellow light from the skylight above her, pouring down upon her and her surroundings, was still as pale, freckled, and lame as when Pleasance first made her acquaintance; but she was no longer either in dirt or disorder, or flaunting in cheap finery like her sisters.

Her calicot gown was almost as neat as Pleasance's, while it was gayer, and a great deal smarter in flounces and frills, which served as the young dressmaker's sign and certificate to her public of the village.

Lizzie was wanting entirely in the blowzy comeliness of her sisters, and was the poor little creature they thought her, yet she was not without some womanly charm. She had blue eyes like her cousin Dick's, while her hair was several shades fairer than his, and was carefully dressed over rolls—a less objectionable fashion for women of

every degree, than the deforming chignon—to display its soft luxuriance. Her smile was the only other attraction which she possessed, but it took one by surprise, and it was for Lizzie's special friends so beseechingly sweet, that its sweetness seemed to enter into the very soul, and take it captive in a kind of lowly triumph.

"I'm main glad to see you, Pleasance," said Lizzie, rising to give her friend her chair.

"Keep your seat, Lizzie," said Pleasance.

But no, Lizzie said she was tired and stiff with sitting in that chair, and if Pleasance would take it, she would hoist herself on the table, and find a rest in a change of position.

"Come out for a stroll, Lizzie, after I have told you what Mrs. Balls says," said Pleasance, alluding to a piece of patronage which Mrs. Balls was bestowing upon the dressmaker, "the air and the sky are so fine to-night."

"Thankee, Pleasance, I can't, I 'a to finish this gown for our Kitty, as she would be in a fine way if it were not done by Saturday night, since she pays me honest out of her wages; not but I might lay it aside, for an hour, but I 'a promised Clem to be ready to give him his supper, he's been all the road to Cheam since father left the smithy early, for strings to serve to scrape upon, and I 'amost think Dick may come here afore he looks in at the beanfeast. Hindshaw's, the Cheam brewer's, men are holding a beanfeast next door, and the rest, and all the village are helping at it."

Pleasance had heard the sounds of more than ordinary joviality, which, even as Lizzie spoke, were borne in at the windows in snatches of song, stamps of feet, and bursts of cheering.

"Mrs. Morse axed me to step in when my work was done," said Lizzie; "but I should be of no use and get knocked about in a throng, and I had promised Clem. I 'amost thought, too, Dick might be here—not to say you, Pleasance, for I judged Mrs. Balls had given me all the directions when I were up. Has she altered her mind about the riband bindin', or what?"

Pleasance delivered her errand, and sat and chatted with Lizzie hoisted on the table, pushing her idle needle through her yellow hair as if to sharpen it.

Pleasance told Lizzie how many cheeses had been made that day, and during the previous week; how one cow had suddenly ceased to give milk, with Mrs. Balls's concern for the disaster and the efforts to remedy it; and how Pleasance's earliest brood of chickens were fit for the poulterer's cart from Cheam—to her sorrow, while her last had come out to an egg, and she had recovered one little weak bird which she had found all but dead after yesterday's rain. Lizzie told Pleasance of this beanfeast, which threatened to be riotous; of little Luke Simms who had been lost, and all the village turned up by his distracted mother, when the boy had only crept on board a barge, up near the Broad, and taken a trip in it as far as Applethorpe and back again; and about Mrs. Grayling's pig which had been killed that morning, and was fatter than the Blennerhassets', though Lizzie could hardly believe it.

Pleasance was interested in it, pig and all. Humanity accommodates itself to its surroundings. In other circumstances she might have been engrossed with an Eton boy's voyage in his water lily of a punt, or the worthy death of a gallant racer; and so she was not inconsistently taken up with little Luke Simms's trip, and Mrs. Grayling's pig displaying after death its honourable layers of fat. There are some, and these not the worst specimens of humanity, whose sympathies are wide and unfailing for all in which humanity is concerned.

"I'm afeard Dick ain't comin,' after all," remarked Lizzie, innocently and rather disconsolately, after a pause. "I hope he ain't taken with any of them Cheam women that comes to the feast—a bold, low set, wuss'n our village gals. I could not abide that, Pleasance, I could bear to give him up to the likes of you, but not to they."

Pleasance laughed without either emotion or offence. "Dick will please himself, and I would leave him to do it, if I were you, Lizzie. But here comes Clem."

A heavy foot sounded below, and a call of "Liz, I be comed home," summoned the girls down-stairs.

Clem Blennerhasset, three years Lizzie's junior, was a thick-set lad of seventeen, and had a round, red face marked with smallpox.

It was not for any physical flaw that Clem, like Lizzie, was disparaged and set aside by his family and their associates, to the degree that he had voluntarily absented himself from the beanfeast. It was for what they regarded as a mental infirmity.

Clem worked with his father in the smithy, and did a good day's work, appearing at the end of it with his face, bare neck, and arms grimy as those of a young cyclops. But he

had cleaned himself this afternoon for his long walk to and from Cheam, and showed himself a heavy, good-humoured-looking lad in fresh moleskins.

"Have you got what you wanted, Clem?" inquired Pleasance, "will you be able for practice now?"

"Wool, I hope so," answered the lad, drawing a long breath, "I was kinder cleaned-out, and left like the 'talian chap, to go at it on one string."

"Go at your wittles just now, Clem," his sister recommended him, as she cleared a place for him, placed a huge lump of Suffolk dumpling before him, and flanked it with a mug of ale, "for I must get back to my seam, and not lose what light's left."

Clem went at his victuals with the heartiness of a hungry country lad, who holds his knife and fork close to the haft, and plunges them horizontally into his food, while he does not trouble himself with the ceremony of wiping off the froth which a deep draught of the ale leaves on his thirsty lips.

But when the lad had finished his meal, in place of stretching his tired limbs and falling fast asleep, or winding up with the consolation of a pipe, like his elders, he stamped up stairs after the girls and retired to a den of his own in the other end of the loft, whence sundry squeakings and squealings issued for the next ten minutes.

At the end of the time, Clem marched into Lizzie's room with a battered fiddle beneath his chin, a bow in his right hand, a roll of yellow music in his left. His whole physiognomy was now transmogrified and illuminated, so that whereas he had been before but a country bumpkin, he was now a born artist, with the fire of art flushing his chubby cheeks, and glimmering in his small eyes, and the nobility of art dignifying his boyish, rustic person.

Clem Blennerhasset had first given indication of a soul for music by whistling in emulation of the larks and of his cousin Dick, as soon as Clem could speak. Very little notice was taken of these indications till Mr. Fennel, the vicar, whose wife was musical, substituted boys for young women in the choir of the little church, and caught Clem as a great prize.

The next stage in the development of Clem's gift was his having spent some years of his boyhood with a grandfather in Cheam, where there were such things and persons as fiddles and fiddlers. These the boy ran after day and night, not caring that the irresistible inclination took him into strange company, and exposed him to frequent punishment for his vagabond tastes. He was so full of one object, that he did not incur worse punishment by contamination from the associations into which he was thrown.

At last some poorest prodigal of a musician who had drifted to Cheam, and who had yet something of the true musician and old maestro in him, recognised and welcomed the fellow-feeling in the boy, and gave him some lessons, which Clem never forgot after he was recalled to Saxford and put to blow smith's instead of organ bellows, and to grow up to his father's craft.

The Cheam musician had ended his first course of lessons by generously presenting Clem with his worst violin, which the boy had borne home with him as a priceless treasure.

Every moment of spare time Clement devoted to this violin, and every penny he could call his own he hoarded for strings, or to enable him when he was older to start for Cheam on his holidays and half-holidays, to get fresh instructions from his master, who died at last, to Clem's great if not disinterested regret, which was much softened by the widow's giving her late husband's pupil a pile of old copied music which she did not know how to dispose of elsewhere.

After the violin, this music was Clem's wealth. He could read it, though he could barely read a printed book, and it opened to him a wide range of knowledge and delight since the dead musician's repertoire included scraps, not only of Balfe's, Bishop's, and Arne's, but of great foreign musicians of every shade and school, from Spohr to Rossini, and from Haydn to the old murdered Italian Stradella.

In the glorious world which the crooked scores of the faded and torn manuscript was opening up to Clem Blennerhasset, he was a new creature, eager, enthusiastic, inspired; while in the old world of the smith's shop, and the village life of Saxford, he was but a lout of a boy, so much the duller, even, than other scarcely educated country boys, in that he was subject to absent-mindedness.

In this pursuit of music Clem had been largely, and since the death of his musical patron, nearly altogether, without sympathy. His own people and his fellow-villagers regarded his musical propensities as a craze for which his father, the smith, who was somewhat of a bully, would have unquestionably tried "a hiding" as an effectual remedy, had the lad ever provoked him by neglecting his proper business in the smithy. But young Clem was a docile, though not a bright, ap-

prentice, and promised with his hereditary strength to prove a fair workman, so that his father submitted to swallow the mortification of having his only son cat-witted.

Even Lizzie, who had no musical ear, though she could listen complacently to her cousin Dick's singing at the pitch of his manly voice, "My young man the waggoner," and "Nancy is a-comin'," had no more sympathy with Clem than the common cause which the two made together as stay-at-homes and aliens in the family.

Pleasance Hatton had more knowledge and still more love for music. She had helped Clem when he had only borrowed sheets to play from, by copying the score for him, she counted it a treat to hear him play the airs, some of which brought back to her echoes from the pianos in Miss Cayley's school, and Miss Smith's appreciation of Clementi. Still her spark of genius was not kindled at the flame of music.

These were purely accidental and arbitrary circumstances which made a trio of Clem and Lizzie Blennerhasset and Pleasance Hatton; notwithstanding, the union existed, and was doing its work in moulding the lad and the girls, and their respective lives.

Clem did not despise Pleasance and Lizzie as an audience. He played with a will, not only his "Last Rose of Summer," and "Robin Adair," but more ambitious violin parts in symphonies and concertos, the combined and perfect whole of which the lad had never heard, and was not likely ever to hear.

"If you would play tunes as a body could dance to, Clem," said Lizzie, "you might carry in your fiddle to the Cow, and have the whole feast waiting on your bow."

"Not as I knows on," answered Clem. "Didn't I go for to play at one of their harvest homes, and ouldn't the tramp of their hoofs 'a drowned a big drum? wernt my fiddle all but broke to splinters in a row atween Bill Morse and Neddy Nobs?"

"Play to us, Clem," said Pleasance, "play your favourites, I know they match with the midsummer's night that poets and musicians have been so fond of; if we can only enter into the music ignorantly, at least we'll not stamp the sound out of hearing, or risk its source either in your brains or your fiddle."

Clem's airs, though she had no name for them, lingered in Pleasance's ears and blended with the evening breeze as she walked home safely, before the beanfeast was over, when the rose of the sky had died out from faint salmon colour and buff to pale amber, and when its blue was deepening into purple.

CHAPTER X.—LONG DICK AND HIS SUIT.

Long Dick—a giant, as his name implied—was an orphan nephew of the Blennerhassets who had been reared in the smith's house, where, however, he had never held the orphan child's conventionally cuffed and forlorn position. This fact did not proceed so much from exceptional virtue on the part of the smith and his wife, as from the circumstance that Dick's physical strength, always highly prized by a handicraftsman, and his independence of character had been early developed. He had never been a burden in his kinsman's house; he had soon asserted his right to a mind of his own, and without having inherited his uncle's bullying propensities, he had not been slow to indicate that he did not understand being bullied, and would not only take his own way if it were proved a right way, but would help other people to get theirs, and prevent the world in general from being put upon.

Dick had not stuck to his uncle's elbow, or evinced any inclination to succeed him in the smithy, which should be little Clem's place; and the lad's sturdy self-reliance and indifference to his friends' patronage had no doubt impressed them and contributed to their respect for him.

Dick had gone about to shape "a way of doing," the poor man's expression for a career, to suit himself, and if he had been a little erratic in the shaping, and had tried more than one way, it was not from fickleness and failure, but from a love of mastering all.

Dick had worked with his uncle in the smithy, he had been a waggoner, he had even taken a trip in one of the Cheam ships to Gothenburg; but his love of the country, in the land and its products, had finally caused him to aim at being an under-bailiff, and he had so far succeeded in his aim, that he was in his twenty-seventh year head man under Squire Lockwood's bailiff at the Manor.

Dick was six feet high, and broad in proportion, with hair verging on tawniness, blue eyes, massive features, including a massive jaw, and an arm and hand that would go as far towards felling an ox as any mere man's arm and hand would go, to accomplishing that often-quoted feat.

The one dream of Dick Blennerhasset's life, since he had worked at the Manor, was Pleasance Hatton. He might have had his fancy tickled previously by "Mrs. Balls's gal," who had been partly born and reared among gentlefolks, though she had descended to his rank, and who was like, and yet so unlike,

the other girls; but the close contact occasioned by his work on the Manor, where, although he did not take his meals in Mrs. Balls's kitchen, he was constantly seeing Pleasance in the court and garden and yard, or having her under his charge when she took a turn with the other young women at the spring and early-summer work in the fields, did his business thoroughly.

It was not that Dick thought himself a match for Pleasance; she might descend as she chose, and work under him every day of her life; love sharpened his eyes, and lent him imagination to see that there were invisible barriers between him and Pleasance, which, for all her simple pleasantness and apparent unconsciousness of these barriers, he would never probably be able to surmount.

Long Dick's love for Pleasance was a half-despairing love, very nearly as desperate as his cousin Lizzie's love for him, and in its despair it did not always have a beneficial effect on his character.

For the most part it did him good. It supplied him in his somewhat stolid materialism with an ideal which he could at least dimly see, and crave after. It taught him the grand lesson of humility, as he approached Pleasance with reverence in his devotion. It forced on him, though it might be to his chagrin and disgust, a sense of his own defects. It induced him to labour painfully at self-improvement, whether it were in what went sorely against the grain, by his becoming a "scholard" at the vicar's night-school; or whether the self-improvement took a form far less antipathetic to Long Dick—namely, the employing of his powers in the best market, and the husbanding the disposal of his wages, so that he might become early a man of substance in his rank.

But these efforts required some amount of hope to stimulate and brace the combatant; and sometimes Dick lost hope altogether. Then, as by a reaction, he would plunge into the excesses of his kind, and be far more left to himself and wilder than he would have been had he never known Pleasance Hatton.

But these ugly episodes in Dick's history were never regarded by himself and his class as instances of grave moral declension, or as permanent stains on his character. It was only Long Dick "gone on the spree," like most of his neighbours, and it is to be feared the large proportion of them liked him the better for the fellow-weakness implied in the delinquency.

The whole of Saxford and the Manor were perfectly aware of Long Dick's being "uncommon sweet on Pleasance Hatton up at the Manor." For that matter few deeds were done, or feelings that could be comprehended were entertained, in Saxford, which remained hidden and secret. Saxford knew more than the bare existence of Long Dick's passion; it was tolerably acquainted with every phase of it, and strongly inclined to jeer at the bashfulness which came over Dick, and at the faint heart with which he approached his fair lady.

Pleasance Hatton might be very well, but the Saxford folk took her at her word when they reckoned her as one of themselves, and why should not she be made up to by a proper young man, the best workman at more than one craft? Long Dick was as good a wielder of the hammer as smith Blennerhasset. He was equally good as a waggoner, as a drawer of a furrow, as a builder of a stack, and judge and keeper of cattle. He was one who could walk, or run, or whistle, or box for his own hand or for a wager with any man in the parish. Long Dick was a man who was the pride and the credit of the place, and had nothing against him except that my lady's self, "madam," no less, had it in her power to cause him to forget himself, and send him on the rove for a day or a couple of days at a time. If that were not a feather in her cap, it was no beam in his eye.

What was known to all, was, without fail, known to Pleasance, and, however she might take it, she agreed so far with her neighbours that there was no degradation in Long Dick's suit.

Becoming one of the people had been no make-believe or play on Pleasance's part. She had adopted Long Dick's grade with such a will that she did not desire to remember any other. In weighing the virtues and vices of that class with those of other classes, she could not, after the blow and the recoil that had parted her from her own old antecedents, think that the working class stood lowest in the list that was to be judged. At least it was her class now; other classes in rejecting her and Anne by Mrs. Wyndham, and in condemning Anne to die, had cast her out for ever. They were not for her. She would work with working people. She would share their homely lives, and be one in their ranks—which after a little trouble to prove to the members that one was no interloper or spy, were open to all, gentle or rude, saint or sinner—till death should prepare for her new conditions of being.

It has been shown more than once in this and in other generations, that one effect of high civilisation, with its confining network of conflicting obligations, and its artificial atmosphere, has been the passionate rebound by which, here and there, one man among thousands of men has, without any morbid taste for vice, torn the bonds, cast behind him the forms, and gone back to cleave as for dear life to society in its primitive elements—involving the necessity of labour and hardship, and the strange, simple company which poverty implies.

Women who have never been disturbed in their cradles of luxury have felt this longing also, else the story of the young Princess of Saxony, who pined for the vagrancy of treading on foot the bridge in her father's

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capital along with burgher and peasant, lies.

To an innocent woman who had suffered keenly from the effects of a wrong inflicted by worldly hands, humble, unsophisticated life in its breadth and its strong issues could offer a powerful attraction.

The plain simple bonds which attached Pleasance to her chosen fellows, the sense that she was not only one of them, but was of use to her brothers and sisters, were dear to her. She shrank with an unconquerable repugnance from a more complicated and artificial life. She would now have difficulty in complying with laws she might condemn and scorn. She could not any longer be at home, and could conceive benefit in a state of society with regard to which she

would feel herself a burden, and from which there might be such another violent disruption as had broken Anne's heart and cost her life.

"Those who are down need fear no fall," and chiming in with the wise humility of the song, was Pleasance's proud calculation of the worth of humanity itself, in which the humanity was the question, and all adjuncts of rank and position were but accidents of circumstance.

With these views, any notion that she was not really one with her neighbours, that—after all the persistent determination with which she had sought to grow up or down to, and accommodate herself to them, in every right essential—she still remained isolated from them, was a distress to Pleasance. She would strive against the conviction—from which, however, she could not always and altogether escape, so that a sense of loneliness in the present, and a fear of greater loneliness in the future, occasionally weighed upon her in midst of her contentment, and haunted her with dread.

But Pleasance was no mock working woman to be aggrieved and affronted by Long Dick's wooing. It did not take her by storm; it did not carry her away. Still it would be altogether untrue to say that it did not touch her, while she regarded it and her suitor half with a thrill of maidenly agitation, half with the intent sympathetic interest which belonged to her character.

Pleasance had been slenderly endowed with worldliness to begin with. She had been shaken free from her old world, and the studies, which were all that she retained of it, save what was part of herself, were in those regions of higher wisdom and romance in which worldliness has little place. There is the highest sense, but there is very little worldliness in the writings of Shakespeare and Sir Walter Scott, while it sounds like profanation to say that there is no worldliness in the Bible.

These were what were left of Pleasance's teachers, and one of the effects which they had upon her was to make her incapable of contracting the least soil of the vulgar and sordid worldliness of such people as the Blennerhassets and Morses, or even Mrs. Balls.

Pleasance was as entirely separated from her early associations as was the knight, Sir Hildebrand, shut up by the machinations of Kühleborn on the island, with the fisherman and his wife and the changeling Undine. She was keenly susceptible to many of Lonquency's gifts and good qualities. Like most clever women, in whose cleverness imagination preponderates, she had even an exaggerated admiration of physical strength and beauty. She valued Dick Blennerhasset for his fine person with its native power, the nobility of which no clumsiness or absence of drawing-room or dancing-school graces could deprive him; and she never valued Dick's handsome athletic figure more than when he was hard at work, tossing hay, or breaking horses, or washing sheep. She did miss something, while she was angry with herself for missing it, when Dick was in his Sunday clothes, with a straw in his mouth, or twirling a flower in his fingers, but when hard at work he was a model of a fine-looking strong man. She liked what she knew of the independence of Dick's career, she liked his industry and honesty.

There was common ground between them in their love of country things, and, above all, of animals; perhaps there was still more that was common than what was foreign between them. Pleasance liked the good feeling, and even the delicacy, of Dick's bearing to Lizzie Blennerhasset; nay, she liked Dick's bearing towards herself. She was affected by the respectful distance at which he stood from her, by the lowliness of his offerings of young birds, and of flower seeds for her garden brought from Cheam, of nuts of his own gathering, and trout of his own catching. She could value his struggles and sacrifices on her account, his forsaking the bar of the Brown Cow for the vicar's schoolroom, his sitting on a bench in a half-lit room among lads most of them half-a-dozen years younger than himself, striving, till the sweat-drops stood on his forehead, to make a "scholard" of himself for her sake. This was something like love, even more like it than the free-handed fellow's pinching and saving in order to make a purse which should enable him to offer her a better house-place and a greater assurance of comfort than was the portion of most village girls when they wedded.

As for the sorry falls, which were the great inconsistencies of Dick, with which the heavy doubt of his ever winning Pleasance had a good deal to do, she not only looked on them piteously, they cut her to the heart. It was not that she agreed with the villagers in regarding "going on the spree" as a necessity, or at most as a slight offence, in an unmarried man of Dick's years. Pleasance was too godly, too innately and ineradicably refined for that, though she

might inadvertently have stooped a little to the village standard of virtue; but she could not be the person to condemn Dick for sins into which she herself, however unwittingly, led him. She did not believe that these sins were a part of Dick—big, handsome, kindly Dick—who had been on the whole so gentle with Lizzie Blennerhasset. These were spots on the sun, flaws in the jewel, but they were no integral part of Dick.

Once, when Pleasance was in the village, she saw Dick stagger out of the Brown Cow. His gait, the firmness of which she had compared to that of a rock, was wavering and awry. His healthy face had an unhealthy flush, his observant eyes were clouded, a straw hat with a green riband which he was accustomed to wear, poised lightly, and which became him well, was falling back from his head. His speech was loud and bragging, like his uncle's, but it also had a thick stutter, which the smith rarely acquired, except on specially convivial occasions.

The time was afternoon, and some of the village boys appearing miraculously from their herding or their apprentice trades the moment a diversion called them, were gathering round Dick, without any sense of the shame of the deed, to make sport, of the man who was on ordinary occasions their hero. Women were peeping, or coming openly to their doors to look at and to loudly discuss him, men were wagging their heads, some of them thrusting their tongues into their cheeks at a sight which made Pleasance, as she thought of Samson a sport for the Philistines, rush into the first house and hide herself, careless of what people might think or say of her flight.

But Pleasance did not thus escape from the sight of Long Dick in his helplessness and humiliation. Returning sadly to the Manor, she encountered him again on the road, this time stretched on the bank perilously near a ditch, sleeping heavily, with Lizzie Blennerhasset, who had limped out after him, sitting crying beside him.

Pleasance sat down and cried to bear her friend company. Her heart was smitten rather with a passion of compassion than with righteous anger. She helped Lizzie to raise his head from the damp grass, she wiped with softness the earth-stains from his hair. She waited till he was fit to be roused, and then she accompanied Lizzie, who was giving him a poor little arm, to support him, that he might walk with sheepish unsteadiness back to the village, and only left them within sight of the first house.

While Pleasance accompanied the two, a dim recollection returned to her of a fragment of gossip which she had heard during the first day's cheese-making, when the girls of Saxford had spoken of one of their number, Car Reeves, spending the hours of her fair day in a neighbouring village, sitting in an alehouse by Harry Owen, trying to get him out; and a pathetic sense of the girl's dog-like fidelity came over her.

Pleasance had been seen lending help, along with Lizzie Blennerhasset, to get Long Dick to a place of shelter, where he might recover from his enslavement, but no one took any notice of her at the moment or pursued her with ridicule then. Something of the sacred privilege which attended bringing home a man on his shield, in the days of old world warfare, was accorded by the rude villagers of Saxford to the young woman who cared for Long Dick, in the weakness of his error.

Only afterwards, there were sundry sly and sardonic comments, and even open advices to Long Dick, to pluck up a spirit boldly, and go in for his prize, since there was no doubt in which direction the wind blew.

But Long Dick did not need sorrow and shame for his outbreak and exposure, to convince him that he knew better. "It weren't as if she liked me in that way," he said, "then you might be kinder right. Women, the best on them have big enough hearts to take the chaps that please their fancy, if they are on the square at all, faults and all, and make the best or the wust on en. I a'most think that the women d' be the fonder the more they 'a to pity and forget, since they forget theirselves fust. But, bless you, she don't like me as that comes to. I'm none so up in luck, even if I deserved it, she's only full of pity as she's full of friendliness to all the world, because she cannot hinder it. I'm her frien' surely, and she could not see me in the muck without being heart sorry for my plight, and seeking to give me a haul up. There's no laughter of devils or scorn of Pharisees in the likes of her. But that d' be all."

Mrs. Balls was on Long Dick's side. The last six or seven years, which had changed Pleasance from girl to woman, had begun to tell severely on her elderly kinswoman. Mrs. Balls felt her activity leaving her, and age, with its heaviness and incapacity, advancing on her with rapid strides.

The good woman was concerned for Pleasance's welfare, after she herself was past work. Lawyer Lockword might pension her

for old service's sake, but she could not expect that he would keep her on at the Manor, when she had ceased to be of use. With her place filled by another, and she and Pleasance removed to some cottage, with its cabbage garden, in the village, Pleasance's position would be very different, though she could not be brought to see it and take it to heart, and though she would have all Mrs. Balls's savings in addition to her own little bit of money, which Mrs. Balls's squire, Lawyer Lockwood, had said would come due when Pleasance was of age.

On the other hand, if Pleasance gave Long Dick the encouragement, which was all he required, and the two become lovers, and then man and wife, Pleasance, and Mrs. Balls with her, would have a strong arm to work for them and protect them in the first place; and who knew but that Long Dick, who was head man already, might rise to be whole bailiff, and then Mrs. Dick might take Mrs. Balls's place, and the old home and the old pleasant sense of rule and patronage still be Mrs. Balls's.

Mrs. Balls was conscious, though she could not have expressed her consciousness, that the conclusion would be consistent with poetical justice, that it would be a return such as she was entitled to expect from her young cousin, Pleasance Hatton.

At the same time, Mrs. Balls had no idea of forcing Pleasance's inclinations; for that matter here was no call to force inclinations. Long Dick was the finest young fellow, far or near, and if he forgot himself now and then and got tight, or even had a fight with his drunken companions, why, he was only neighbour-like, and no worse than his betters —than Squire Lockwood's son, for instance, who came over with his cricketing club, and got roaring drunk at the Brown Cow.

And did not everybody, Mrs. Blennerhasset and Mrs. Morse, say "Long Dick were main soft, and a clean fool about Pleasance?" It was because he was so foolish that he had not always the heart to keep himself straight, because he had got it into his head that his girl would not look at him in the light that he wished.

But if Pleasance would only draw him on, and let him see that she cared for him, and had a mind to be his wife, why then she could twist him round her finger, and make twice a man of him, who was a man already; and she would live to buy all Saxford at one end and to sell it at the other; and Mrs. Balls would go bail that he would not take a glass too much above once a year at the Applethorpe fair, or at the Cheam races, or when there was some extraordinary celebration of events—family or otherwise—at the Brown Cow, during the entire course of his married life.

"It would be so com'fable, Pleasance," urged Mrs. Balls, "if we was all together here, though I ain't favourable to marriage allers. I 'a shown that when I 'a refused offers a-many on them in my days, so you need not look sarcy, now that you 'a one of your own to pick or let fall. Still a man about a house as belongs to it, is cheery."

"And what would Lizzie Blennerhasset say?" said Pleasance.

"What 'ould Lizzie Blennerhasset say?" repeated Mrs. Balls indignantly, "let her say. What right 'a she to say? a silly of a gal as well as a poor little crooked stick, ever to cast eyes on her cousin, and think that because he pulled her out ou the fire, he had not done enough for her, but mun stoop to look at she for his wife—set her up! It is imperence, as well as March madness, in Lizzie Blennerhasset, of which her wely own mother is ashamed. Long Dick will never have nowt to say to Lizzie Blennerhasset, though she wait till she d' be ninety-nine, and you give him the go-by to-morrow. You need not make that your excuse, Pleasance. You had better think on it, afore it be too late."

"Does a girl want to think before she will let a man keep company with her?" said Pleasance, using the current phrase of the place.

"Why 'ouldn't she?" inquired Mrs. Balls, a little fretfully, "better think soon nor late."

"Ay, better, Mrs. Balls, but better is not always what happens according to nature, and so there must be something to be said on the other side too."

"Now, you're high flyin', Pleasance, and where be the wings to the fore for folk to foller? That comes on them books. You've been a good gal as has set your back to the wall, and made the best on your hups and downs; but if yer 'ould 'a given up them books with the rest, it 'ould 'a been a sight better for you, and all as has to do with you."

Pleasance wondered if it would have been better, could she have been always and altogether like the others. And sometimes, when the sense and the fear of her loneliness crept closest to her, and chilled and vexed her most, she would wish to be able to think of Long Dick in the way that he and Mrs. Balls coveted that she should think of him,

and to believe that she might be happy with him, although there could never be full sympathy between them.

Pleasance was aware that Lizzie Blennerhasset's claim on Long Dick was no claim at all, that Lizzie herself owned freely that it was so, and would never have proposed to urge it against another, yet it counted something with Pleasance both for and against Dick's suit.

This claim of Lizzie's offered a puzzle and a fascination to Pleasance. In all the experience which she had drawn from books more than from life, an unrequited attachment was a thing to be concealed, so that one should die rather than confess it—to be left to "prey like a worm in the bud" unseen, and unsuspected till the worm had done its worst.

All maidenly dignity and pride demanded that it should be so. True, some of Shakespeare's heroines in the grievous plight, in spite of Shakespeare's words, not only owned the soft impeachment to themselves, but also stooped so far as to allow themselves what comfort could be had, in the circumstances, in the shape of confidants.

However, Pleasance accounted for this by remembering that the world was younger, and might very well be franker and plainer spoken in Shakespeare's day, and by granting something to the exigencies of plays.

Against this experience Lizzie Blennerhasset, whom Pleasance knew, as she knew herself, to be a modest girl—was it because of her class, or still more because of her misfortune?—made not the slightest attempt to deny her hopeless love for and devotion to Long Dick. That Lizzie Blennerhasset would lay her hair in the dust before Long Dick's feet, was so perfectly well known, as well as so unmistakably fruitless, as to have almost passed beyond discussion in Saxford, which made a favourite hero of Dick and an object of pity of Lizzie.

It was an acknowledged fact to all the Blennerhassets, from father and mother down to Clem, the least gossiping of the family, to be referred to angrily, scornfully, or tolerantly, as the speaker felt inclined, but no more to be ignored than it was doubted.

Of course Long Dick was perfectly aware of Lizzie's love, though certainly in words she never expressed it to him, and was accustomed to have it coolly referred to, and coarsely jested upon by all his friends, save by Pleasance Hatton, who could not help practising the reticence for her friend which Lizzie did not think of practising in any respect save in speech—for herself.

Lizzie could see no shame in her love for her cousin Dick, in her untiring recurrence to the old story of her deliverance when a child from the burning smithy-house by Dick, telling it over and over again to whoever had the patience to listen to her. That deliverance was the central point, the great romance in Lizzie's young life, so that it bulked largely in it, dominated over all the rest, and bound her as Dick's servant and slave for ever.

Lizzie dreamt of Dick by day and night, ministered to him in every way that she could contrive, sewed for him and sedulously attended to his wardrobe in the middle of her dressmaking, schemed to bring him pleasure, as a mother will seek to please her child at the expense of her own ease and comfort, screened him when he was in trouble, and never concealed all the time, either from herself or practically from him or from others, that it was with her very heart's blood that she was thus serving him.

Lizzie had naturally been the very first to see Dick's worship of Pleasance Hatton, but if it gave her a pang, she was so inured to pangs, or rather she was in such an exalted, ecstatic state, like that of a willing martyr with regard to Dick, that she was hardly aware of the pain. She sought to promote Dick's cause with Pleasance; and at the same time it was to Pleasance that Lizzie, unasked, but without a thought of deceit and self-seeking, expatiated fervently, yet with a kind of passionless despair, on her love for Dick.

"Lookee, Pleasance, I know when he is in the room without I 'a seed him; I feel when he is a-comin' afore he is in sight. I could kiss the wely ground he steps on; there is none as is like he, such a strapping lad, yet so good to a poor sickly cripple gal as is only his cousin and will never be no more, little bettern a plague with her fondness for he. Do 'ee think, Pleasance, if I had not got that fall as did for my hip joint, and if I had grown up straight and strong, and run about like the others, that Long Dick would ever 'a looked at me? Laws! sometimes I please myself with thinking on it," said Lizzie, with an inexpressibly wistful look in her blue eyes, "and how he would never 'a needed to beg and pray to me, for I 'ould never 'a said Dick nay, and how mortal happy I 'ould 'a been in making him happy. But there, it's no use thinking on it, it is none for me, it is for you, and you'll do it some day, Pleasance, though you dunno care half enough, now, for your blessed power, no more nor for your fair face and body, and your know, and your

a-coming on gentlefolk as helps to make you as is a true woman, gentle."

Pleasance was struck and touched by this phemonenon of utterly lowly, utterly generous love that made no demand for return, that had not even a thought of demeaning itself by its own lavish, lightly-held expenditure. Pleasance not only felt that anything which she could ever be to Dick Blennerhasset would be small and poor, but it seemed to her that she could never love—it was not in her to love—any man, though he were the very prince, the king's son of old romance, come to woo and win her gallantly, with such a love as poor Lizzie Blennerhasset spent without stint on her calmly kind, sometimes unheeding, sometimes half-affronted, half-impatient cousin Dick.

But though Pleasance contemplated the association between Long Dick and his cousin Lizzie with a girl's interest and with a marvel of her own, she had sense and justice to prevent her looking on the association as a barrier to Dick's suit to herself. Lizzie herself deprecated the idea. Thus, while Pleasance would no more have been guilty of stealing a friend's lover, and pluming herself on the theft, than she would have stolen the gown or shawl from some friend's back and boasted of the deed, she admitted the perfect right of the man whom Lizzie Blennerhasset loved, but who was only her cousin and friend, to approach her, Pleasance, with his love.

Therefore, Long Dick ought never to have had brief moments of frenzy against Lizzie, in which he blamed her and would have visited on her the distance which he could not for the life of him lessen, at which he stood from Pleasance Hatton. Happily, they were only moments, not long enough to inflict on Lizzie more than momentary anguish, or to turn Pleasance against him as with horror at his brutality and cruelty.

Long Dick conducted himself generally to Lizzie like a true man who has capacities for tenderness in his truth, and is well-conditioned at the core. He did not trade upon her regard; he did not accept it with a coxcomb's heartlessness as a tribute to his captivations, far less make a mock of it as a man who would seethe a kid in its mother's milk. Like Lizzie, he could never forget that he had saved her life, and had, with a feeling, even as a boy, of that mysterious bond between them, taken a keener interest after the first days of absolute danger to her life, than any of her family had taken in Lizzie's recovery and well-being. So long as she had been a child, he had carried and wheeled and helped her about in her infirmity, and he had never forgotten her, but had come and sat with her, and brought her little gifts to lighten her weary days. He could not help it, and he supposed that she could not help it, that the girl had got fond of him, he was not to alter his treatment of her—or for that matter his real regard for her on that account.

Pleasance saw and appreciated Long Dick's forbearance with Lizzie.

Thus it was not Lizzie Blennerhasset altogether, or even in a great degree, who stood between Long Dick and Pleasance. And Pleasance certainly did not disdain, though she did no more as yet than suffer his suit. She took it as an honour. She had sometimes a lighter, half coquettish pleasure in it, for she was a young woman with a woman's desire to be loved. But for the most part she was rather disposed to regard it as a difficult problem, which was set her to solve.

CHAPTER XI.—THE INHERITANCE.

"HERE, Pleasance, I 'a brought a letter for you," said Mrs. Balls, coming into the Manor kitchen on her return from an afternoon errand to and gossip in Saxford, during the slack season of the fall, a month or two after midsummer. She was so impressed with the importance of what she carried, that though she was short-winded in walking, she made her voice be heard in a panting cry outside the door, and entered holding out the letter, well covered by her ample fingers clad in silk gloves, in a nice distinction between the kid of a lady and the cotton of a working woman, neither of which was quite suitable to Mrs. Balls, who was a housekeeper in a respectable situation under Lawyer Lockwood.

"A letter for me!" said Pleasance, pausing as she took the offered letter, and staring at it as if she had been a South Sea islander, who, having never learnt to write, and having never had any communication made to her by such signs, looks upon their embodiment in a bit of soiled paper with suspicion and uneasiness.

"It be," answered Mrs. Balls succinctly. "I 'a got it from the post-office. Postmaster calls me in as I was a passin', and says he, 'There is a big un for your Miss Hatton,' he says, and I says, 'Be there no mistake, Mister Case? for Pleasance do not be in the way of gettin' letters, havin no kith or kin she owns saving myself?' and he answers, 'There be no mistake; do you think I can-

not read write, missus? It would be as much as my place were worth an I couldn't, and how do you know who Miss Hatton may or may not correspond with?" he says, with a kinder wink as a joke atween he and me. But I up and tells him I were sure to know as you were a born lady, and had no mean shufflin', deceivin' ways. I showed the letter to Missus Graylin' next, and she at me in the same line. 'It will be sweethearting she'll be arter,' she says, 'and you had better be arter her,' says she, 'for them half-breeds are the wust to deal with;' and I says to that, 'Missus Graylin', I know Pleasance Hatton, child and gal, bessn I know you, and her is not half-breed. She d' be a lady by birth, to be sure, but she is bessn than that, an honest young 'oman as is proud to work for her bread honest like, and 'ould scorn a dirty trick to cheat her cousin and frien'—'"

Mrs. Balls took breath, and resumed the thread of her discourse.

"'More than that, Long Dick is lookin' arter her,' I says, 'and none other, and he do not be so great a hand with his pen as to take to it, rather than speak to the gal in the porch, or by the haystack, or when the hosses and the cattle are a-watering at the troughs, as he may do any day in his life. Long Dick is not such a book-learned fool as to try a dead goose's quill or a bit on sharpened steel when he can speak with the livin' lip, to the livin' ear.'"

Pleasance had heard very little of the great sensation and discussion which her letter had provoked. She was absorbed in the effect which it produced on herself.

Strangely enough, it was the first letter which she had received since she came to the Manor. It was like a waif and stray from the past, and she sat with it in her hand, thinking how she used to feel when her father's American letters came, or when some school-girl home for the holidays had a thought of her absent companion, who was so much less happy than she, inasmuch as she had no home holidays, and so spared a moment to write a little letter, half prattling, half slap-dash, in which there were a great many errors, seeing that there was no Miss Smith or Miss Eckhard at hand to correct them, but which was to cheer Pleasance in her perpetual exile. If it had struck Pleasance that her present letter was not so much a relic as an effort at the renewal of the past, she would have shrunk from it. When at last she opened it, and glanced over it, she put it hastily down, with a strong revulsion.

"It is not intended for me," she said to Mrs. Balls, who was waiting in her bonnet and shawl, without the smallest pretence of going out of the way, or of not caring to hear, or indeed of expecting anything else than that the letter should be immediately read out, slowly and distinctly, that she might catch every word.

"It has been intended for Anne," said Pleasance, with something of the jarred-on, shocked feeling with which, as occasionally happens, we find the dead addressed as the living, in communications which can no more reach or concern them.

"You dunno say it, Pleasance," exclaimed Mrs. Balls, scandalized, "and who do the writer be, or what can he 'a to say to your sister, as were little bessn a child when she were took, poor gal?"

"It is something about the money that papa left," said Pleasance simply, taking up the letter, and proceeding to study its contents. "It is from the lawyer who has had charge of it, I suppose. He writes:—

'TO MISS ANNE HATTON, THE MANOR FARM, SAXFORD.

'MADAM,—Our firm was instructed on the 27th of April, 1855, by our client, Lionel Wyndham, Esquire, of Sufton Hall, Northamptonshire, to assume the management of a sum of money for the benefit of you and your sister, being the children of the late Frederick Hatton, Esquire. The sum in question was £430 (four hundred and thirty pounds), being what remained to the account of your late father at his banker's, Drummond & Co. The money was under the control of the said Lionel Wyndham, as the husband of the late Mr. Hatton's sole surviving sister, and your lawful guardian, but was transferred to our care to save our client the necessity of active steps, which under the circumstances he did not desire to take in the matter. According to his directions, the money was to remain in the bank until application was made for the whole or part of the fund, on your account or on that of your sister, by such of your relations on the mother's side as had constituted themselves your guardians, and as we, acting for your lawful guardian, should consider eligible to be your representatives. We find that no such claim has been made, and that the money has been left, doubtless pending you and your sister's coming of age and taking possession of your shares. As by comparing dates, and the certificates with which

we were furnished, on the transfer of Mr. Wyndham's power to us, that time is close at hand, we await your orders as to the disposal of the money, which, allowing for interest, and deducting the usual expenses, now amounts to the sum of four hundred and sixty-seven pounds, eighteen shillings, and threepence, of which your share is two hundred and thirty-three pounds, nineteen shillings, and one penny halfpenny.

'I remain your obedient servant,

'JOHN HARDWICKE, for FAIRLIE & Co.'"

Mrs. Balls, after listening with open ears, had been thunderstruck by the contents of the letter. The first symptoms which she gave of recovery was to throw up her silk-gloved hands in the air, dropping from the left hand an alpaca umbrella, which fell with a crash on the floor, and made the cat on the hearth start up and fly for its life, and Pleasance's canary bird stop in pecking its seed, and, with its head on one side, inquire with its beads of black eyes what could be the matter?

"Lor' a' mussy, Pleasance, you 'a come into a forten. I knew allers summat 'ould be yourn when you were one-and-twenty, for Lawyer Lockwood—he said as much, when you comed fust. But did I ever think it were hunders and hunders on pounds? You are a heiress, my gal, as need never soil your fingers more, 'cept for choice, not so long as you live. As for Long Dick, poor chap, I doubt he's a long way behind you now, unless you think differently. It is liker it were Squire Lockwood's son, as is a scapegrace, the more's the pity, unless he be to pick up. You and me will live together, Pleasance, and have a likely gal to wait on us, and flummery as well as turnovers to eat every day. We can go where you like, to Cheam or to Lunnon, though I never were town-bred, and I doubt I 'ould miss the beasteses, as I have been used to all my life, and what will become of Lawyer Lockwood's cheeses, yet a while, afore he a' got a proper pesson into my shoes, I cannot tell. But it is for you to name the place and seek your pleasure, Pleasance, since you 'a come into your fortune."

"But I have not come into it yet, Mrs. Balls," said Pleasance, shaking her head. "This letter was for Anne, and she was two years older than I."

Mrs. Balls could not bear to think of any delay in the golden shower which had so suddenly fallen on Pleasance, and through Pleasance on herself. "But, mor, if you write and tell en, they'll never be so hard as to keep you any longer out of your forten," pled Mrs. Balls, quite piteously, on the back of her exultation. "Why, Pleasance, though I should not say it to hurt a gal as is hale and hearty, thank God, still life is but grass and worms, as passon says, and at this rate you might not live to get your forten, or any pleasure out on it. See how your poor sister, as was a deal younger than you are now, was took at a stroke."

"And is not Anne infinitely better off than I am now?" said Pleasance softly and steadfastly; "we are Christians, and believe that."

"Oh, yes, we are Chrissens," said Mrs. Balls, still chafing, "and make the best on our losses; but I do not see, for my part, what being Chrissens 'a to do in forbidding us from entering on our fortens. I think it do be kinder thankless and grudging to speak so, Pleasance."

"And though we had this poor little remnant of my father's portion in our hands, at this moment, we could not, even if we wished it, live like idle ladies upon it. I know so much as that, from the spending of my earnings, and from what I have heard Long Dick calculate about his savings, and what I have read; it would not serve us over three or four years. I remember Mrs. Wyndham took care to point that out to our inexperience—to Anne's and mine, when we were poor young girls," ended Pleasance, looking back with wistful commiseration on her former self.

But Mrs. Balls could not see anything except that Pleasance was "contrairy."

"I am sure I should not know how to be an idle lady now; I should prove but a sorry specimen after having been busy and useful all these years," Pleasance tried to coax her old friend. "I could not keep my hands still, I should be for ever putting out the cloven foot; and you, Mrs. Balls, would weary your heart out."

"Then what may you be goin' to do, may I ax?" said Mrs. Balls severely; "let the money, as your poor father meant to be yourn, lie still in that bank, to serve your enemies, and as if that bank were an old stocken', till it d' be robbed or broke, or what not, while you be growed so fine you'll not stir your foot to touch hunders because they beant thousands. Oh! Pleasance, the pride of the human heart, passon ain't far wrong there."

"I never said I would not touch it, dear," said Pleasance, looking up brightly. "I'll

write that, alas! there is nobody but me, and I'll bide my time; and then, Mrs. Balls, though we do not care to be turned back into idle ladies—to waste the one day, and want the next—though we are wise enough to keep our place, and go on working, because we have got used to work, and because we know work is far the best, doing our duty in the station to which we have been called—yes, I was called to it too, and more solemnly than you — we'll not be above taking the good of our fortune; we'll buy a 'tidy few things,' and cut a few capers from our store. Don't you see it will be far better than having to live upon the money, when it would not go far or last long? It will be something to get pleasure from, as well as to fall back upon, for those rainy days that working people are always hearing about, as if working people, with simple needs, should not be better armed than any other people against rainy days. Why, Mrs. Balls, I am not indifferent, I am quite uplifted with the prospect of coming into my fortune."

Mrs. Balls was not reconciled that night to such moderation, if it were not sheer apathy or close-fistedness that was creeping over Pleasance. Mrs. Balls was very unhappy and cross in thinking, Did her young cousin mean to keep her fortune to herself, and was she but eluding her in seeking to depreciate and make light of the great news? A poor return for all that Mrs. Balls had done for the girl and her sister—a miserable specimen of the selfishness and heartlessness in which even gentle birth on one side may result. Mrs. Balls had not cherished such ungenerous and unjust thoughts often, or been more out of sorts—not when pleuro-pneumonia had been apprehended among Lawyer Lockwood's cows. So much for the effect of even the announcement of a little fortune coming to one member of a united family party.

But a night's rest cleared away the cobwebs of misunderstanding. Mrs. Balls rose satisfied of Pleasance's integrity and kindness, as she was of her own. She began to comprehend that she was too old for a change of life, and that it was well for her that Pleasance was contented not to rise again in the world. This did not hinder, it probably enhanced in the end, as with the added consciousness of sober self-respect and prudent humility and general well-doing, Mrs. Balls' satisfaction and delight in dwelling on Pleasance's coming hundreds, which were to remain in the bank, and in communicating the fact of their existence and boasting of it, with an elaborate attempt at modesty, which by no means extinguished the boasting, to Mrs. Blennerhasset and Mrs. Morse, until the information spread like wildfire over Saxford.

As for Pleasance, her feelings were in the first place exactly what she had described them, after the first startling sensation imparted by the tidings; she was girlishly, almost childishly, pleased with hearing of having a little, not too much, money of her own, of which until this reminder she had no distinct conception, and indeed had nearly forgotten, since she had judged, when she remembered it at all, that it might have taken wings and vanished out of her sight like other and more precious things.

If the money had been some large sum, Pleasance felt that she would have been in a strait, encumbered and distressed, for what could a girl who had cast in her lot with working people, and who was herself grown up a working woman, do with a fortune? It would have become a snare and a stumbling-block to her and her neighbours; it would have rendered her the prey of designing persons; it would have been a glaring incongruity robbing her life of all simplicity and harmony. She should not have known what to do with the golden burden, and if she had been compelled, in pure self-defence, and as a duty of property, to draw apart from the class in which she had found shelter, and to mount again in the ranks, how abashed she should have been, with her real sentiments! What a traitress she should have considered herself to all her own convictions and resolutions! How she must have ended by being painfully convinced that she was from home, and hampered and degraded!

But as it was, these hundreds of pounds were no distracting obligation either in prospect or in actual possession, in place of threatening to make Pleasance a poor rich woman, they promised to make her what was quite different, a rich poor woman. They would supplement her sufficient stock, and furnish her with opportunities for gratifying many an innocent inclination, and doing many a deed that she strongly desired to do.

When Pleasance was a school-girl at the Hayes, she had heard some girl or governess sing an old-fashioned song, in which the singer coveted the possession of a four-leaved shamrock, and vowed, if she held the ancient charms, she would exercise it in acts of universal beneficence. Pleasance felt as if she were the possessor of this shamrock, or what was perhaps a happiness with a more delicate

bloom, as if she were the anticipator, by sure and certain anticipation, of the possession of the shamrock.

For days after the receipt of the lawyer's letter Pleasance went about housekeeping for Mrs. Balls, hanging up dried herbs, taking up carrots and onions, finding stray chickens, chattering to Mrs. Balls, and even to Long Dick, when she came across him, more freely than was her wont, and all the time her mind was full of happy projects. She would buy a screen to keep off the draught from the door, and a soft big chair for Mrs. Balls, easier than the great oaken receptacles in which she and Anne had sat on the April evening when they had come to take refuge at the Manor. She would buy such a crutch for Lizzie Blennerhasset as should greatly lighten her lameness. She would buy a new fiddle, or if the old were better, new and suitable music, and pay for courses of lessons for Clem Blennerhasset. She would—well, what could she do that would not compromise her with Long Dick? She would buy a spick and span new silver-mounted whip, which should be Dick's own, not Lawyer Lockwood's, and which she could trust Dick not to use unmercifully on her friends Dobbin or Diamond or Prince or Punch. She would be able to pay for the doctor and physic, and to provide a constant supply of wine and little dainties for poor Molly Griffith, who was dying of consumption in the village. She would buy a fresh fine cage fitted up with every convenience for her bird, and a fresh fine collar, only he would not appreciate it—better give him an additional bone—for Jowler.

The first diminution to Pleasance's happiness was caused by perceiving that the story of her coming fortune had roused the old, and as she thought the dead, suspicion and antagonism against her among the village girls, while their elders spoke to her with a cautious reserve and a crafty deference in midst of their independence which Pleasance liked quite as ill as the suspicion and antagonism. With the girls the offence of the coming hundreds was still more serious than the offence of wearing spectacles, and in reference to it the old jeering title "Madam" or "My lady" was revived and bandied about worse than before, and with it the disparaging distinction which, in the minds of the spiteful speakers, had become so inappropriate—ay, there was the rub—that it was a special taunt to use it now, of "gentle beggar."

Lizzie Blennerhasset formed an exception to this rout, but even Lizzie offended and affronted Pleasance by supposing that she would have her "gownds" made in Cheam in another year or so, and not by a common dressmaker with a common cut, like Lizzie.

Pleasance twinkled away moisture that would gather in her eyes, in the midst of her cheery anticipations, at the world's injustice, while she was bent on living it down.

Then there came a new trouble. Long Dick, who had taken utter despair to himself, and fairly shunned Pleasance with a sullen, bitter air which he had not shown before, from the day that he heard that she was to have such an inheritance, broke out worse than ever, while Lizzie Blennerhasset was miserable and Pleasance remorseful.

What help for it? and small blame to him, said the gossips, when the girl he had been going after for years, and had set his whole heart upon, would never have him, since she had word of a fortune, and fine friends to follow, very likely. They daresayed not. She had not been his bargain before, as the poor fellow had seen, and had given herself airs—though she had pretended not—which she might have spared; and it needed no Solomon to see that it was all up with Long Dick. Pleasance Hatton would look, as she had always been looking, on the sly, for all her affectation of friendliness, a great deal higher; she might get a small shop-keeper or a ship-captain in Cheam, with her hundreds to fill his shop or buy his ship.

These cool conclusions which were falling like a bolt of ice on Long Dick's heart, and burning into it, for ice as well as fire burns, came to Pleasance's ears.

"Who says that I have given them any right to foretell what will become of me? Nobody has such a right," cried Pleasance indignantly. "How dare anybody invent such wicked lies as that money will ever come between me and my friends, or change me to them in the smallest jot or tittle?"

The village gossips all but drove her into Long Dick's arms; she was stung into seeking him in the freedom of their intercourse, even as he fled from her, and into being so kind to him that her fate had nearly passed out of her hands then and there. The ardour of Long Dick's gratitude saved her, for Pleasance quailed and drew back anew before that ardour.

PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD.

Amos iv. 12.

A Sermon preached in Westminster Abbey, November 15th, 1874.

By the late CANON KINGSLEY.

WE read to-day, for the first lesson, parts of the prophecy of Amos. They are somewhat difficult, here and there, to understand; but nevertheless Amos is perhaps the grandest of the Hebrew prophets, next to Isaiah. Rough and homely as his words are, there is a strength, a majesty, and a terrible earnestness in them, which it is good to listen to, and specially good now that advent draws near, and we have to think of the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, and what his coming means.

"Prepare to meet thy God," says Amos in the text. Perhaps he will tell us how to meet our God.

Amos is specially the poor man's prophet, for he was a poor man himself; not a courtier like Isaiah, or a priest like Jeremiah, or a sage like Daniel, but a herdsman and a gatherer of sycamore fruit in Tekoa, near Bethlehem, where Amos was born. Yet to this poor man, looking after sheep and cattle on the downs, and pondering on the wrongs and misery around, the word of the Lord came, and he knew that God had spoken to him, and that he must go and speak to men, at the risk of his life, what God had bidden, against all the nations round, and their kings, and against the king and nobles and priests of Israel, and the king and nobles and priests of Judah, and tell them that the day of the Lord was at hand, and that they must prepare to meet their God. And he said what he felt he must say with a noble freedom, with a true independence such as the grace of God alone can give.

Amaziah, the priest of Beth-el, who was worshipping (absurd as it may seem to us) God and the golden calf at the same time in King Jeroboam's court, complained loudly, it would seem, of Amos's plain speaking. How uncourteous to prophesy that Jeroboam should die by the sword, and Israel be carried captive out of their own land! Let him go home into his own land of Judah, and prophesy there; but not prophesy at Beth-el, for it was the king's chapel and the king's court. Amos went, I presume, in fear of his life. But he left noble words behind him. "I was no prophet," he said to Amaziah, "nor a prophet's son, but a herdsman, and a gatherer of wild figs. And the Lord took me as I followed the flock, and said, Go prophesy unto my people Israel." And then he turned on that smooth court-priest Amaziah, and pronounced against him, in the name of the Lord, a curse too terrible to be repeated here.

And now what was the secret of this inspired herdsman's strength? What helped him to face priests, nobles, and kings? What did he believe? What did he preach?

He believed and preached the kingdom of God and his righteousness; the simple but infinite difference between right and wrong, and the certain doom of wrong, if wrong was persisted in. He believed in the kingdom of God. He told the kings and the people of all the nations round, that they had committed cruel and outrageous sins, not against the Jews merely, but against each other. In the case of Moab, the culminating crime was an insult to the dead. He had burned the bones of the king of Edom into lime. In the case of Ammon, it was brutal cruelty to captive women; but in the cases of Gaza, of Tyre, and of Edom, it was slave-making and slave-trading invasions of Palestine.

"Thus saith the Lord: For three transgressions of Gaza, and for four, I will not turn away the punishment thereof; because they carried away the whole captivity, to deliver them up to Edom. But I will send a fire upon the wall of Gaza, which shall devour the palaces thereof."

Yes. Slave-hunting and slave-trading wars —that was and is an iniquity which the just and merciful Ruler of the earth would not, and will not, pardon. And honour to those who, as in Africa of late, put down those foul deeds, wheresoever they are done; who, at the risk of their own lives, dare free the captives from their chains, and who, if interfered with in their pious work, dare execute on armed murderers and manstealers the vengeance of a righteous God. For the Lord God was their king, and their judge, whether they knew it or not. And for three transgressions of theirs, and for four, the Lord would not turn away their punishment, but would send fire, and sword among them, and they should be carried away captive, as they had carried others away.

But to go back. Amos next turns to his own countrymen—to Judah and Israel, who

were then two separate nations. For three transgressions of Judah, and for four, the Lord would not turn away their punishment, because they had despised the law of the Lord, and had not walked in his commandments. Therefore He would send a fire on Judah, and it should devour the palaces of Jerusalem.

But Amos is most bitter against Israel, against the court of King Jeroboam at Samaria, and against the rich men of Israel, the bulls of Bashan, as he calls them. For three transgressions, and for four, the Lord would not turn away their punishment.

And why?

Now see what I meant when I said that Amos believed not only in the kingdom of God, but in the righteousness of God. It was not merely that they were worshipping idols—golden calves at Dan, and Beth-el, and Samaria, at the same time that they worshipped the true God. That was bad, but there was more behind.

These men were bad, proud, luxurious, cruel; they were selling their own countrymen for slaves—selling, he says twice—as if it was some notorious and special case—an honest man for silver, and the poor for a pair of shoes. They were lying down on clothes taken on pledge by every altar. They were breaking the seventh commandment in an abominable way. They were falsifying weights and measures, and selling the refuse of the wheat. They stored up the fruits of violence and robbery in their palaces. They hated him who rebuked them, and abhorred him that spoke uprightly. They trod upon the poor and crushed the needy, and then said to their steward, "Bring wine, and let us drink." Therefore though they had built houses of hewn stone, they should not live in them. They had planted pleasant vineyards, but should not drink of them.

And all the while these superstitious and wicked rich men were talking of the day of the Lord, and hoping that the day of the Lord would appear.

You—if you have read your Bibles carefully and reverently, must surely be aware that the day of the Lord, either in the Old Testament or in the New, does not mean merely the final day of judgment, but any striking event, any great crisis in the world's history, which throws a divine light upon that history, and shows to men—at least to those who have eyes wherewith to see—that verily there is a God who judges the earth in righteousness, and ministers true judgment among the people—a God whom men, and all their institutions should always be prepared to meet—lest coming suddenly, he find them sleeping.

If you are not aware of this, the real meaning of a day of the Lord, a day of the Son of man, let me entreat you to go and search the Scriptures for yourselves; for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they which testify of the Lord—of that Eternal Son of whom the second Psalm speaks, in words which mobs and tyrants, the atheist and the superstitious, are alike willing to forget.

In the time of Amos, the rich tyrants of Israel seem to have meant by the day of the Lord, some vague hope that, in those dark and threatening times, He would interfere to save them, if they were attacked by foreign armies. But woe to you that desire the day of the Lord, says Amos the herdsman. What do you want with it? You will find it very different from what you expect. There is a day of the Lord coming, he says, therefore prepare to meet your God. But you are unprepared, and you will find the day of the Lord very different from what you expect. It will be a day in which you will learn the righteousness of God. Because He is righteous He will not suffer your unrighteousness. Because He is good, He will not permit you to be bad. The day of the Lord to you will be darkness and not light, not as you dream deliverance from the invaders, but ruin by the invaders, from which will be no escape. As if a man did flee from a lion and a bear met him; or went into the house and leant his hand on the wall, and a serpent bit him. There will be no escape for those wicked men. Though they dug into hell, God's hand would take them; though they climbed up into heaven, God would fetch them down; though they hid in the bottom of the sea, God would command the serpent and it should bite them. He would sift the house of Israel among all nations like corn in a sieve, and not a grain should fall to the earth. And all the sinners among God's people should die by the sword, who say, "The evil shall not overtake us." This was Amos's notion of the kingdom of God and his righteousness. These Israelites would not obey the laws of God's kingdom, and be righteous and good. But Amos told them, they could not get rid of God's kingdom. The Lord was King, in spite of them, and they would find it out to their sorrow. If they would not seek his kingdom and his government, his government would seek them, and find them and

find their evil doings out. If they would not seek God's righteousness, his righteousness would seek them, and execute righteous judgment on them.

No wonder that the Israelites thought Amos a most troublesome and insolent person. No wonder that the smooth priest Amaziah begged him to begone and talk in that way somewhere else. He saw plainly enough that either Amos must leave Samaria, or he must leave it. The two could no more work together than fire and water. Amos wanted to make men repent of their sins, while Amaziah wanted only to make them easy in their minds; and no man can do both at once.

So it was then, my friends, and so it will be till the end of this wicked world. The way to please men, and be popular, always was, and always will be, Amaziah's way; to tell men that they may worship God and the golden calf at the same time, that they may worship God and money, worship God and follow the ways of this wicked world which suit their fancy and their interest; to tell them the kingdom of God is not over you now, Christ is not ruling the world now; that the kingdom of God will only come, when Christ comes at the last day, and meanwhile, if people will only believe what they are told, and live tolerably respectable lives, they may behave in all things else as if there was no God, and no judgments of God.

And seeking the righteousness of God, say these preachers of Amaziah's school, only means, that if Christ's righteousness is imputed to you, you need not be righteous yourselves, but will go to heaven without having been good men here on earth. That is the comfortable message which the world delights to hear, and for which the world will pay a high price to its flatterers.

But if any man dares to tell his fellow-men what Amos told them, and say, The kingdom of God is among you, and within you, and over you, whether you like or not, and you are in it; the Lord is King, be the people never so unquiet; and all power is given to Him in heaven and earth already; and at the last great day, when He comes in glory, He will show that He has been governing the world and them all along, whether they cared to obey Him or not:—if he tell men, that the righteousness of God means this—to pray for the Spirit of God and of Christ, that they may be perfect as their Father in heaven is perfect, and holy as Christ is holy, for without holiness no man shall see the Lord: if he tell men, that the wrath of God was revealed from heaven at the fall of man, and has been revealed continuously ever since, against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men, that indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish will fall on every soul of man that doeth evil, and glory, honour, and peace to every man that worketh good:—when a man dares to preach that, he is no more likely to be popular with the wicked world (for it *is* a wicked world) than Amos was popular, or St. Paul was popular, or our Lord Jesus Christ, who gave both to Amos and to St. Paul their messages, was popular.

False preachers will dislike that man, because he wishes to make sinners uneasy, while they wish to make them easy. Philosophers, falsely so-called, will dislike that man, because he talks of a kingdom of God, the providence of God, and they are busy—at least, just now—in telling men that there is no providence and no God—at least, no living God. The covetous and worldly will dislike that man, for they believe that the world is governed, not by God, but by money. Politicians will dislike that man, because they think that not God, but they, govern the world, by those very politics and knavish tricks, which we pray God to confound, whenever we sing "God save the Queen."

And the common people—the masses—who ought to hear such a man gladly, for his words are to them, if they would understand them, a gospel, and good news of divine hope and deliverance from sin and ignorance, oppression and misery — the masses, I say, will dislike that man, because he tells them that God's will is law, and must be obeyed at all risks. And the poor fools have got into their heads just now that not God's will, but the will of the people, is law, and that not the eternal likeness of God, but whatever they happen to decide by the majority of the moment, is Right. And so such a preacher will not be popular with the many. They will dismiss him, at best, as they might a public singer or lecturer, with compliments and thanks, and so excuse themselves from doing what he tells them. And he must look for his sincere hearers in the hearts of those—and there are such, I verily believe, in this congregation—who have a true love and a true fear of Christ, their incarnate God—who believe, indeed, that Christ is their King, and the King of all the earth, who think that to please Him is the most blessed, as well as the most profitable, thing which man can do; to displease Him

the most horrible, as well the most dangerous, thing which man can do; and who, therefore, try to please Him by becoming like Him, by really renouncing the world and all its mean and false and selfish ways, and putting on his new pattern of man, which is created after God's likeness in righteousness and true holiness. Blessed are they, for of them it is written, "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." Even Christ himself shall fill them. Blessed are they, and all that they take in hand, for of them it is written, "Blessed are all they that fear the Lord, and walk in his ways." For thou shalt eat the labours of thine hands; the Lord is righteous in all his ways, and holy in all his works. The Lord is nigh unto them that fear Him, yea, unto all that call upon Him faithfully. He also will fulfil the desire of them that fear Him. He also will hearken—ay, and will help them.

Happy, ay, blest will such souls be, let the day of the Lord appear when it will, or how it will. It may appear, the day of the Lord, as it has appeared again and again in history, in the thunder of some mighty war. It may appear after some irresistible, though often silent revolution, whether religious or intellectual, social or political. It will appear at last, as that great day of days, which will conclude, so we believe, the drama of human history, and all men shall give account for *their own works*. But, however and whenever it shall appear, they at least will watch its dawning, neither with the selfish assurance of modern Pharisaism, nor with the abject terror of mediæval superstition; but with that manful faith with which he who sang the 98th Psalm saw the day of the Lord dawn once in the far east, more than two thousand years ago, and cried with solemn joy, in the glorious words which you have just heard sung—words which the Church of England has embodied in her daily evening service, in order, I presume, to show her true children how they ought to look at days of judgment; and so prepare to meet their God:—

"Show yourselves *joyful* unto the Lord, all ye lands. Sing, rejoice, and give thanks.

"Let the sea make a noise, and all that therein is: the round world, and they that dwell therein.

"Let the floods clap their hands, and let the hills be joyful together before the Lord.

"For He cometh to judge the earth.

"With righteousness shall He judge the world; and the people with equity.

"Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost:

"As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen."

BALLAD.

IN a grand old German city
There stands an Orphan's Home,
Where all stray lambs, for pity,
Are folded as they come;
They fill four hundred places,
Unwelcomed, undismissed,
And all those little faces
No mother-lips have kissed.

There came a great disorder
On the brave old German land,
With battles on her border
And mighty foes at hand;
And wounded, sick, and dying,
By many a mournful score,
In Leipzig town were lying
Till there was room no more.

Then spake a Proclamation,
"O, loyal Leipzig men,
The soldiers of the nation
Serve every citizen;
Take home these orphan children
Till good times come anew,
And make their hall a hospital
For those who bleed for you!"

Soon in the quiet places
Of children's sleep or play,
Long rows of restless faces,
Bearded and war-worn, lay;
And the children went, half-frightened,
Into a world unscanned,
Where many a small clasp tightened
On many a careless hand,

By many a fireside sitting,
Goodman to goodwife spake,
"We take this charge, as fitting,
For our dear country's sake;
The toils of war with reason
The fruits of peace should earn,
And it is but for a season,
And the children will return."

In walked each helpless stranger,
With such a doubtful face,
Half in the fear of danger,
Half in the hope of grace;
They thought—as memory rouses
Dreams of their big bare hall—
"O! these must be children's houses,
Because they are so small!

"On tiptoe I should be able
To reach that trim-set shelf,
I can dine at this toy-table,
And carve the meat myself;
Can I venture to ask it,
Is this little chair for me?
Is there a babe in that basket?
And may I peep and see?"

Strange were the simple labours
Where children could do half,
Strangest of all, the neighbours
Who came to talk and laugh;
Life grew a pleasant story,
With all things strange and sweet,
And O! the honour and glory
Of errands in the street!

The days were busy and cheery,
The food was just enough,
And if sometimes the wife was weary,
Or sometimes the man was rough,
Why, cuffs were followed by kisses,
And showers made air serene,
And where's the child that misses
The calm of a cold machine?

The war-tide paused, receded,
The strong land laughed again,
And room no more was needed
For men in their battle-pain;
Then spake a Proclamation,
And the good words seemed to burn,
"There is joy through all the nation,
And the children may return."

O! strong land that rejoices
When those good words are said,
Did you hear the children's voices
From many a little bed?
Did they waken, hardly knowing
What was about to be,
Then whisper, "I am going;
There is no joy for me."

I think their Father heard them,
For when that morning comes
One joyful thing, is happening
In four hundred Leipzig homes;
The goodwife looked at the goodman,
And wistfully she smiled,
But he spoke out, with never a doubt,
"We'll keep our orphan child!"

It was only the kind hours moving,
And the common daily light
Had taught the trick of loving,
Through word and touch and sight;
And they never questioned whether
Trouble or loss might come,
For their hearts had grown together
In the little life at home.

Now all you German people,
For peaceful nights and days,
Let tower and throne and steeple
Send up their songs of praise
But God can make an altar
Of every cottage hearth,
And children's lips can falter
The happiest hymns on earth.

MENELLA B. SMEDLEY.*

* This true history of the beginning of boarding-out in Leipzig is told by Professor Ingram, of Trinity College, Dublin, in an admirable paper on Pauper Schools, read before the Statistical and Social Society of Ireland, January 18, 1876.

BISHOP WILSON OF CALCUTTA.

PART I.

THE father of Daniel Wilson, fifth bishop of Calcutta, was a master silk-weaver in Spitalfields. He lived in a good, old-fashioned roomy house in Church Street, and there, on the 2nd of July, 1778, a son was born to him, who was afterwards named Daniel. The boy did not thrive well. He was naturally a sickly child, and the air of London did not agree with him; so he was put out to nurse in the country. This probably saved his life. Certainly, it strengthened his constitution, for after a few years he shook off the frail delicacy of his infancy, and developed into a "healthy, vigorous boy, with a firm step, buoyant spirits, and a handsome intellectual countenance." He was strong enough, at the age of seven, to be sent to school, and choice was then made of an academy in the pleasant and healthy village of Eltham, in Kent. Having spent three years there, he was removed, for higher tuition, to a school at Hackney, superintended by the Rev. John Eyre, who at one time had been curate to the well-known Richard Cecil. There he pursued his studies up to the age of fourteen, when he was bound apprentice to a relative, William Wilson, who, like Daniel's father, was a silk manufacturer, in a large way of business, having his office in Milk Street, Cheapside.

So the future bishop entered into the rudimentary details of city life—visiting banks, presenting bills of exchange, and otherwise doing out-of-doors work (with an occasional excursion to the Chapter Coffee-house), which was at once pleasant and salutary. The

worthy master of the establishment was rather a strict man, exacting rigid obedience from all who served under him, and some of them rarely enjoyed the fresh air except at an open window. One said that he sometimes went three weeks without putting his hat on. It was well, therefore, for young Daniel that, being a relative of the master and greatly to be trusted, he was sent out from time to time to tread the streets of London. It was well, too, that, though the hours of business were long, he found time for intellectual exercises. He worked at Latin and French in his bedroom, and improved himself in English composition. He had no dislike to his present work, no desire to leave it, for there was something alluring in the future. He would certainly become rich. Civic honours might fall in his way. There were less likely things than that he should become sheriff, alderman, and in due course lord mayor of London, with a baronetcy, or a knighthood at the least, to celebrate the year of his mayoralty.

As to any idea of the ministry, all such thoughts were far away from him at this time. He was by no means a seriously-minded youth. Years afterwards he castigated himself with an exaggerated severity not at all uncommon with neophytes. He spoke of himself as the chief of sinners; but in reality he was neither better nor worse than the majority of striplings in the counting-houses of the great metropolis. Those were evil days for the rising generation. They had caught the contagion of scepticism and blasphemy from France, and their disputations were of the Age of Reason, unreasonable. In Milk Street, Cheapside, was a considerable gathering of presumptuous striplings, whose delight it was, in default of music halls, to spend their evenings in talking nonsense, which would have been lamentable if it had not been ludicrous. Daniel Wilson wrote down against himself that he had no faith and no understanding, that he never prayed, that he had vile thoughts and that he did vile things, and was altogether a castaway.

But in this career he was suddenly arrested by some happy words of one of his fellow-inmates. On the 9th of March, 1796, the usual disputations were going on in the warehouse, and Wilson was strenuously denying "the responsibility of mankind, on the supposition of absolute election, and the folly of all human exertions, where grace was held to be irresistible," when another young man observed that "God had appointed the end, He had also appointed the means." To this young Wilson replied that "he had none of those feelings towards God which He required and approved." "Then pray for the feelings," was the prompt answer of his companion. The good advice was not thrown away. That night Daniel prayed, and there was an answer to his prayers, dimly discernible at the first, but not without "access of unexpected strength." The strength soon displayed itself in open action. He determined to seek the advice of one older and wiser than himself. To whom better could he go, in the first instance, than to his old tutor and friend, Mr. Eyre. So he wrote him a letter and paid him a visit, and received kindly and gentle encouragement from the good man, who regarded Daniel with something of paternal interest. But he was still dissatisfied with himself. He was too greedy of immediate results. He expected not only a prompt, but a full answer to his prayers. He had long been dead to all spiritual things, and now he looked for a sudden revival, or rather a new birth. The impatience and impetuosity of youth were upon him, and he had not taken thoroughly to heart the wise words of his fellow-servitor at the Milk Street warehouse. He expected the end to be worked out by means most intelligible to the finite, not in accordance with the inscrutable will of the Infinite.

In this state of dissatisfaction young Daniel Wilson sought further advice and guidance. He went to the Rev. John Newton, for many years the friend and companion of William Cowper at Olney, but then rector of St. Mary Woolnoth, London. That remarkable man, the story of whose life is a vivid romance, was not likely to discourage the impetuous youth, because his prayers had not yet, in the fullest sense, been answered by the almighty goodness. Newton had begun his career as a mariner and a slave-dealer, and his conversion had been slowly wrought out, with many interruptions and backslidings, much doubt and despondency, sometimes despair. When young Wilson called upon him, "he inculcated the salutary lesson of waiting patiently upon the Lord." "He told me," wrote the youth to his pious mother, "God could, no doubt, if He pleased, produce a full-grown oak in an instant on the most barren spot; but that such was not the ordinary working of his Providence. The acorn was first sown in the ground, and there was a secret operation going on for some time; and even when the sprout appeared above ground, if you were continually to be watching it, you would not

perceive its growth." This, and much more that Newton told him, he took sorely to heart. He went away cast down and oppressed, because he could not realise the fulness of the faith and love which he knew to be necessary to salvation.

The year passed on to its dreary close, and still Daniel Wilson complained that words could not express the abominations of his life, nor any self-exertions or human power extricate him from the sea of misery in which he was involved; so he determined to seek another interview with Mr. Newton. But the good man stuck to his old text—"There is a regular gradation of progress. 'Then shall we know, if we follow on to know the Lord.' I don't like folks who jump into comfort all at once. It is better to go on gradually. God lays the foundation in the heart, and the walls no sooner peep above ground than we want the roof clapped on; but that won't do."

All this was sufficiently intelligible. His head accepted it, but his heart rejected it. He dated his conversion, or rather the glimmerings of truth which were to lead the way to his conversion, from the 9th of March, 1796, but when the 9th of March, 1797, came round he was still sunk in despondency. He had not yet learnt to "wait upon the Lord." But God forgave his impatience, and when His good time came the dead heart began to live. There was a sudden burst of light, and he came forth as it were out of the darkness of the tomb, and all the cerements and grave-clothes of doubt and unbelief fell from him. In October, 1797, not without some misgivings, he came to the solemn resolution that he would take the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, at Mr. Eyre's chapel. When the time came, in fear and trembling, but afterwards with unspeakable comfort to himself, he approached the table of the holy communion and partook of the sacred elements. "Yesterday and to-day," he wrote on the 4th of October, "have been, I think, the happiest days of my life. The Lord shines so upon my soul that I cannot but love Him, and desire no longer to live to myself, but to Him. . . . I have felt great desires to go or do anything to spread the name of Jesus; and I have even wished, if it were the Lord's will, to go as a missionary to heathen lands." So the conversion of Daniel Wilson, apprentice, of Milk Street, Cheapside, was fully accomplished.

Still Daniel Wilson was but an apprentice, and he could not break through his articles without the consent of his father and his master. The former was by no means pleased with these erratic desires on the part of a youth of nineteen, who, it was supposed, might any day backslide into the worldliness of the past. Daniel had a good reputation at the warehouse as a promising man of business;* and, with such connections, a competency, if not a fortune, was secured to him. In this dilemma, Mr. Eyre came forward with the proposal of a compromise. It was suggested that the question should be shelved for a year. This was accepted, but under the trial the old impatience broke out again. Sometimes he thought he was wrong in seeking man's advice at all, and then he resolved to seek more of it. So he went to the Rev. Rowland Hill, whose strong common-sense, clothed in brief incisive language, must have somewhat staggered the novice. When Daniel Wilson asked his instructor whether it was his duty to wait till he was out of his time, the great preacher of Surrey Chapel answered, "Yes, certainly; your time is not your own. By a mutual agreement, you have bound yourself for a certain number of years, and that obligation is superior to any other." Still Daniel did not relinquish the pursuit. There was another eminent Evangelical divine to be consulted, and, with his father's consent, Daniel had an interview with the Rev. Richard Cecil, of St. John's Chapel, Bedford Row. His reception of the youth was more encouraging, and his father consented that he should leave business and Milk Street behind him, and enter himself at St. Edmund's Hall, Oxford. So the apprentice developed into the undergraduate; and Mr. Cecil's curate, the Rev. Josiah Pratt, who lived in Doughty Street, near the Foundling Hospital, was selected to "coach" the young aspirant for holy orders.†

That was a very momentous period in the history of Evangelical Protestantism in England. The reader who is familiar with the religious biographies of that epoch must recognise many well-known names in the foregoing record of Daniel Wilson's conversion. There were masters in Israel in those days—men at whose feet the young blasphemers of the last decade of the eighteenth century, with newly awakened consciences, were eager to sit and listen. Not many years before Daniel Wilson carried his doubts, his conflicts, and his sorrows to

* He himself strongly denied this. He affirmed that there was not the making of a man of business in him.

† For the foregoing information I am indebted to the "Life of Bishop Wilson," written by his son-in-law, Mr. Bateman, a work of great interest and value, executed with much loving care and conscientiousness.

John Newton, another young man, destined also to be a shining light in India, had sought inspiration from the same human source. A lawyer's clerk, named Claudius Buchanan, far sunk in impiety and immorality, had been roused from the sleep of apathy by the wise and earnest words of the rector of St. Mary's, Woolnoth. Buchanan wrote to him, but subscribed no name to his letter. So Newton, feeling sure that he would be present, addressed the nameless stranger from the pulpit, and adjured him to come and lay bare his hidden griefs to his pastor. The invitation was joyfully accepted. The result is known. It does not belong to this narrative to dwell upon it; and Newton—great as he was, and perhaps better known to the present generation than any of his holy contemporaries—(for many who but dimly know the story of his own life, are familiar with him as *pars magna* of the life of Cowper at Olney) was but one of many good men who stemmed the tide of that fierce sea of infidelity and blasphemy which swept over us from the opposite shores of France.

But it was not only from the pulpit, it was not only by men with an accepted mission to declare glad tidings to unbelievers and to waverers, that this great work was accomplished. The Newtons, the Scotts, the Cecils, the Simeons, the Hills, and the Fullers were powerful in their individual might, to proclaim the gospel of salvation; but they had not the means to send the glorious message forth to the uttermost corners of the earth. One thing was wanting to them—that with which, for their own personal ends, they might well afford to despise; they wanted money. Some of them at least made money, but they neither handled nor enjoyed it. The profits of Scott's Commentary might have subsidised a mission to the heathen; but it went into the pockets of rogues.* The great cause, however, did not need pecuniary succours earned by the literary industry of poorly-paid preachers. The privilege was granted to men whom God had called to the performance of secular duties, but in whom the divine afflatus was as cogent as in the breasts of Whitefield and Newton. There were bankers and merchants in the City of London, with their suburban mansions or villas in Clapham or Battersea, not less zealous than the Evangelical priesthood, who were doing such great things for the gospel of Christ. Conspicuous among these were the Thorntons, Charles Grant the elder, John Shore (afterwards Lord Teignmouth), and Zachary Macaulay. These names are too well known to render it necessary that I should dwell upon the characters and careers of those who conferred such honour upon them.* This is merely a digression, but it is a serviceable, if not a necessary one; for we cannot rightly understand the progress of the great Evangelical work that was going on at the close of the eighteenth century and the commencement of the nineteenth, without taking full account of the participation in these pious labours of the large-hearted and full-brained laymen who contributed from their ample material and intellectual resources towards the success of the great enterprise.

Daniel Wilson went to college. In November, 1798, he went into "residence" at St. Edmund's Hall, Oxford. There was not much that was eventful, or in any way remarkable in his university career. Oxford was more tranquil than Cambridge—more decorous, more frigid and formal. It had not been warmed by the enthusiastic, demonstrative Evangelism of such men as Charles Simeon. As an instance of the temperature of Oxford Christianity at the time of Daniel Wilson's residence, the following is given in Mr. Bateman's book:—"A most accomplished member of St. John's, an excellent scholar, and one who was deemed a model of an undergraduate of those days, not only never read his (a) Bible, but did not possess one. Being remonstrated with by a friend, his rejoinder was, 'How can I help it? Do you think that I could by any possibility go into Parker's (the bookseller's) shop, and ask for a Bible?'"

But there seems to have been a better state of things in the obscure halls than in the prominent colleges; and Daniel Wilson was not wholly without society that was pleasing to him. He toiled on bravely at his academical studies, but he never became a great scholar, as scholarly greatness was interpreted in those days. He could not have written a dissertation on the "Digamma;" but he gained a prize for English prose in Heber's year,† and the subject of his essay

* It is related on the authority of his son, that when the commentator investigated his accounts, he found that nearly £200,000 had been paid over the counter to his publishers on account of Mr. Scott's religious publications, but that the author himself derived from them, for a time, an annual income of £47, and was eventually involved in a debt of £1,200. In this embarrassment Simeon came to his assistance with a remittance of £560, and others followed his example until the debt was liquidated.—See Sir James Stephen's *Ecclesiastical Essays*, article "The Evangelical Succession."

* See Sir James Stephen's admirable paper on "The Clapham Sect," a fitting sequel to that on the "Evangelical Succession."

† The year of Heber's prize poem on "Palestine," one of the few college exercises of this kind still remembered.

was "Common Sense." Thirty or forty years afterwards I often heard it said, that Bishop Wilson had many great and good qualities, but that common sense was not one of them. I may speak of this shortly. No one was more surprised than Wilson himself at his success; and when it came he was troubled in his mind greatly, because he had to read aloud his essay in the theatre on Commemoration Day. But when the time came, the burden of his fears fell from him. He delivered his essay with considerable effect, and was received with general applause. When he descended, Reginald Heber took his place on the rostrum. Years afterwards, Daniel Wilson, referring to that memorable day, said, "Is it not a singular coincidence that Heber, my revered, able, and pious predecessor, delivered his poem on 'Palestine' on the very day that I delivered my English prose essay on 'Common Sense?' I well remember, as I came down from the rostrum, seeing Heber, who sate immediately behind, testifying his applause in the kindest manner, though I never made his acquaintance till 1812, when Mr. Thornton introduced him to me at St. John's Chapel, Bedford Row." So Daniel Wilson gained one of the university prizes, took his degree, first as bachelor (1802), and then as master of arts (1804), and never took his name off the college books.

But in the meanwhile he had been ordained. He had maintained his correspondence with the Rev. Mr. Cecil, who was then rector of Chobham, in Surrey. The living was in the gift of Mr. Thornton. It was of no great value, and it was presented to that eminent divine as a sort of rural supplement to his higher charge of the chapel in John Street. Perhaps, of all the Evangelical ministers whom Wilson had the privilege of knowing in his youth, Cecil was the one whom he most loved, and to whom he felt himself most indebted. He had strong feelings of filial reverence towards him, and Cecil upon his part regarded Daniel Wilson and his career with almost parental emotion. What could be more natural than that the rector of Chobham should desire to have young Wilson as his curate? Cecil was growing old. The strong spirit within him was wearing him out. He often preached with eloquent fervour, whilst suffering acute pains which would have driven most men to their beds. He knew that the frail flesh was failing him, and he was eager to find among the rising generation of Evangelical ministers one who might first assist him in his work, and afterwards take the whole burden on himself. His mantle must soon be surrendered to another. Who so fit to receive it as the sometime apprentice of Milk Street? Truly, it would be great gain to them both that they should enter into close communion with one another. So Daniel Wilson, then twenty-two years of age, went down to Chobham, and sate at the feet of that Gamaliel, gaining wisdom every day.

The 20th of September, 1801, was the day of his ordination. He entered at once on the duties of the ministry. His first sermon was on the text, "Him that cometh to me, I will in nowise cast out." It was well received by the congregation. The young preacher had wisely resolved not to imitate the manner of his master. Cecil had gone up to London, to tend his flock in Bedford Row, and the whole duty of the two churches in Surrey was cast upon him. Preaching was but a part of it; and a small part, for he complained that he had but little time in which to prepare his sermons amidst all the house-to-house visiting that pressed so heavily upon him. When he went home he was weary and languid, and he had often to do battle with himself in resistance of his natural inclination to rest. It is well that those who argue against brain-working, *invitâ Minervâ*, and who urge that what is badly done is worse than what is not done at all, often mere excuses for idleness, should ponder well what young Daniel Wilson wrote at this time. "Necessity draws out the powers of the mind and brings its riches to the light. The most celebrated men have excelled others by the force of will. Compulsion must be used. The mind must be urged. The faculties must be exerted. Nothing must be yielded to delay, fastidiousness, or languor. The doors must be beaten in and broken down if they will not open." Some will say that this is "killing work;" perhaps it may be in some cases; but Daniel Wilson worked, willingly or unwillingly, until death took him at the ripe age of fourscore.

In this rural work the young minister was interrupted by what, at some time or other, interrupts most of us—he fell in love and thought of being married. He had not to go far in search of a bride. He found one within the immediate circle of his own kindred. He married his cousin, Anne Wilson, on the 23rd of November, 1803.

After this event, Daniel Wilson's life was spent for some years, partly in Oxford, where he became assistant tutor, at St. Edmund's

Hall, and afterwards sole tutor and Vice-Principal, and partly in the neighbouring parish at Merton, with which his family were connected, and where he officiated as curate on Sundays. This was the quietest, least eventful part of his career. It lasted till 1809, when the way was opened to him for higher duties and more stirring work.

It is not to be doubted that during his incumbency of St. John's Chapel his powers as a preacher were at their height. He had shaken off the diffidence of youth, and the garrulity of age had not yet come upon him. He had no parish work—no house-to-house visitations among the poor, whose "short and simple annals" were to be studied and turned to account in his rural ministrations. The pulpit, if not everything, was now the first thing to him. He had a highly intellectual audience; and it was necessary that he should preach up to their standard. Among those who assembled to hear him were Charles Grant the elder, and his two sons, Charles and Robert, both on the high road to distinction; John Thornton and his sons; Zachary Macaulay and his son Thomas, the great historian; William Wilberforce and his son Samuel, afterwards the much-venerated and now the much-lamented Bishop of Winchester; and Mr., afterwards Sir James, Stephen. The chapel was always quite full, and many were compelled to find sitting or standing room elsewhere than in the pews, or to take their departure. That his discourse, at that time, was wonderfully impressive is not to be doubted. He was in the prime of his life. His physical powers had in nowise begun to fail him, and the familiarities which at a later period were apparent in his discourses, did not then raise the smiles of his audience. With an earnestness of manner and a solemnity of utterance, within due bounds and graduated to suit the occasion, he preached Christ Crucified to friends and strangers, and sent no man empty away. All listened, some perhaps with distaste at first, but they soon came to love what they had hated. Mr. Bateman relates, that a young lawyer hearing him for the first time said, "I will never hear that Daniel Wilson again." But he did hear him again, and said, "I will never hear any one but Daniel Wilson, if I can help it." And from that time he became a regular attendant at the chapel, although he applied in vain for a private seat. The preacher's sermons came from his heart, but there was a deal of head-work in them. He had been a hard student for many years, and he had mastered the old divines in many languages, no less than the works of those evangelical teachers whom he more immediately succeeded. But he made no display of his learning. In his sermon-notes there were profuse references to his books, but he only sparingly used them. No higher praise can be bestowed upon him than the admission that he proved himself in all things a worthy successor of Cecil.

But although Daniel Wilson, whilst incumbent of the John Street Chapel, had no parochial duties to perform, he was always accessible to those who desired to consult him,* and he gave largely both of his strength and of his time to more distant objects of pursuit in the cause of his beloved Master. He toiled assiduously in support of some of those admirable Christian societies for the promotion of the spread of the Gospel at home and abroad. In furtherance of those great designs, he visited all parts of the country, crossed the Channel to Guernsey and Jersey (nearly dying of sea-sickness on his way), and thence descended upon the coast of France. He was never tired, whilst he was "about his Father's work." But, strong man as he was, the labours which he attempted were too much for him, and he broke down under the burden. He paid the penalty, which all must pay, who ignore the weakness of humanity, and disregard the promptings of nature. In 1821, and again in the following years, sickness fell heavily upon him. He was utterly prostrated by a succession of painful ailments, and was well-nigh lost to the world for ever. It need not be said that he bore the pain and weakness that prostrated him, bravely and meekly, and with all reverential submission to the fatherly hand that had chastised him. But all strenuous actors striving to the utmost to do their little good on the earth, chafe under the idleness imposed upon them, more than they do under their bodily anguish. Not without reason Wilson believed that he was in the valley of the "Shadow of Death." But God had more uses yet to which to put that labourer in his vineyard.

JOHN W. KAYE.

* He was somewhat impatient, however, of mere visitors, even though they were his dear friends. His old friend, Mr. Basil Woodd, used to say of him, "When I go to see Mr. Wilson, before I have well settled myself in my chair, I hear him say, 'Good-bye, dear Basil Woodd; here is your hat, and here is your umbrella.'" "No doubt," adds his biographer, "affection was in some degree checked, and a certain kinder influence forfeited by this, and some persons may be disposed to blame it; but the man, who himself fills a public post, with unceasing engagements and every hour occupied, will not be inclined to throw the first stone." Nothing can be more true.

DEATH AND BURIAL.

WE are all conscious of the common instinct which gives a peculiar touch of solemnity to our voice and words when we begin to speak of anything connected with Death. There are abundant reasons why the thought of death should awaken the reverence of *feeling* in our hearts. But it appears to me that the subject is one which ought to be treated with *intellectual* reverence also. The mystery in which it is involved should naturally impose a chastened tone of reserve and moderation upon our language. The levity of dogmatism is singularly out of place in dealing with the problems into which death enters. It is a province, certainly, in which we look for the earnest affirmations of faith: but faith draws its assurances from spiritual facts which do not warrant it in laying down confident definitions about processes belonging to the physical order; and the great and obvious difficulties which confront all attempts to explain the physical nature and consequences of death should warn our faith to keep to the ground on which it is strong, and to occupy itself, according to its proper nature, first and mainly with spiritual things.

I hope that neither form of reverence will be wanting in the observations I am about to make on the death of the body and some matters relating to it.

One of the most natural thoughts about the act of dying is that it resembles falling asleep. Death and Sleep have been called brothers. "To die,—to sleep;—no more." All nations—all men, from our Lord downwards—have applied to death the terms of sleep. "Our friend Lazarus sleepeth; but I go, that I may awake him out of sleep." The word cemetery, which has to some ears, perhaps, a somewhat hard and legal sound, had its origin in this resemblance. It means a "sleeping-place."

But this can only be the thought of those who contemplate death in its earliest stage. We need not introduce here the almost wearisome name of science. The most unscientific of mankind know what becomes of the body after death. The body does not awake in renewed vigour from the sleep of death. It goes on to perish. Sooner or later it mixes itself undistinguishably with the earth around it. If an ancient disused cemetery were examined, no sleeping human form, nothing approaching to such a form, would be found in it. These bodies of ours are manifestly not eternal; they are a vesture not even to be called durable.

A little tincture of science informs us that even whilst we are alive our bodies are not durable. A double process of creation and waste is continually going on in them. Every day we are parting with something from our tissues, and adding something to them. It is roughly calculated that in seven years our bodies are entirely renewed. The body of seven years ago has actually perished, and the existing body has grown in seven years from nothing, the new gradually ousting the old from our visible frames. So that the complete dissolution of the body after death may be regarded as only the continuance of that process of waste which is one of the means by which the body is kept alive.

Although, therefore, at first sight, to die may seem like falling asleep, the resemblance of death to sleep very quickly disappears. If we have at first thought of the living person as continuing to exist after death in a dormant state, the subsequent history of the body may naturally lead us to say that appearances deceived us, that instead of sleeping he has perished; decay has made him its victim.

This is not, however, what we do say. The *body* is evidently mortal, in the fullest sense of mortality; but we believe *man* to be immortal. We are thus constrained to distinguish between a man and his decaying body. There are powerful instincts in human nature which refuse to admit that a man is nothing more than his body of flesh and blood. The human race in general has believed in immortality; and, as this faith has been prompted by the more spiritual affections, we do not wonder to observe that the belief in immortality, whilst it has been refined, has been also deepened and strengthened, with the moral growth of humanity. Christ, we Christians say, has shed light on life and immortality. He has not done so by explaining the physical conditions of the life after death. The light has come, partly from his own triumph over the death to which He yielded on the cross, but still more from the whole revelation which He has given us of the Father's nature and of our relation to the Father. As believers in God and Christ, we believe, as a matter of course, in immortality. The weight of physical argument might possibly appear to us to be on the whole against immortality. Metaphysical argument in its favour shares the precariousness of metaphysics in general, and many will shrink from building anything substantial

upon it. But the revelation of God which appeals to our faith and hope and love, which makes us new creatures and gives us a new life, which exalts us above subjection to the world of change and decay, which claims us with a force to which we gladly surrender ourselves as belonging to an eternal realm—this gives us the firm assurance of an existence over which death has no power and to which it cannot put an end.

It is from this Christian consciousness, that our belief in immortality will draw its proper nourishment. The Christian who lifts up his heart in prayer to the Father, and grows in the contemplation and knowledge of Jesus Christ, and exercises himself in the experiences of the Christian life, will not be induced, at the summons of a difficulty or of twenty difficulties, to pronounce all this to be a delusion. If any one believes man to be merely an animal, capable of knowing nothing above himself, nothing in front of the present stage, having his only relations with the animal races of which he happens to be the most developed, I should not attempt to argue the question of immortality with him. I should not attempt, nor greatly desire, to convince him that man's existence, such as he conceives it to be, will not be cut short by the death of the body. On the other hand, the Christian to whom the gospel of heavenly love and spiritual life has commended itself as true will be prepared to find the flesh putting difficulties in his way at every step, and will hold to immortality, not for physical reasons, but as bound up with his faith in Christ and in God. Let God be true, and every man a liar. Many mistakes may be made, by believers and by unbelievers, about the nature of life and the meaning of death; but God will know how to preserve his children, and to carry them onwards towards those attainments of knowledge and blessedness by the promise of which He feeds their hopes.

But, our faith in immortality being thus spiritual, we ought not to pledge it to physical ideas which are proved to be untenable. When we have learnt that our bodies of flesh and blood are not stable, even whilst we live, for an hour, and that what happens to be the body at the moment of death quickly passes into other forms in which it mingles with the soil and the air, and enters into vegetation, and through the air and vegetation into other animal bodies, our conclusion ought to be that we must not lodge our hopes of immortality in the body of corruption. It is made clear to us by these observations that the immortal man does not reside in these mortal remains. We ought not to allow the image of sleep to mislead us into thinking of the immortal being as resting under any modification in the ground to which the remains have been committed.

Let us not be too scrupulous about phrases. The common language of mankind, the language, too, of the Bible and of our devotional books, contains expressions concerning death and the condition of the departed, which, if literally interpreted, would identify the living person with the remains decaying in the grave. Such expressions can hardly be avoided. Let us not be over-careful to reject them; but let us also hold ourselves independent of them.

The truth appears to be that the living person sheds off the body in which he goes through the change called death as completely and finally as he has shed off parts and particles of his body throughout his life. How the living person is to be conceived of apart from the form of flesh and blood through which his fellow-mortals have known him, is one of those questions on which a spiritual faith ought not to be too eager to pronounce with confidence. Let us always remember how little we can know of a world and state of existence different from those by which all our conceptions have been moulded. The idea which seems to me to have most to commend it is that the living being who deserts the tenement of clay is not strictly incorporeal. Invisible he is, certainly, and not subject to the cognizance of any of our senses. But he may still be clothed with some unknown kind of form in which living powers are held together. And the word "soul" may be so understood as not to exclude from its meaning such an invisible imperceptible body. But how is either our imagination, or our language, to put into intelligible shape the inhabitant of another world? No wonder if we fail in the attempt. The being whom it is important to us to know as surviving death is not he who occupies space or who puts forth modifying energy upon the element surrounding him, but he who loves and fears and hopes and knows, who enjoys and suffers.

On this very account, however, it is important that we should distinctly separate in our minds the spiritual and immortal being who survives from the body surrendered to decay. This it is quite posssible, though not altogether easy, to do. The intermediate course which has found favour with certain expositors of these subjects, of assuming that

some sort of indestructible seed resides in some part of the mortal remains, from which a body will hereafter be made to grow, has not much to recommend it. This supposed physical seed is imaginary. Science knows nothing of it. No one can suggest where, or what, it is. Some expressions of St. Paul, which may appear at first sight to countenance it, ought probably to be otherwise interpreted. The supposition rather introduces than removes difficulties. It seems to me far wiser to think of the mortal remains as having their relation in the past only, and not at all in the future, with the living person.

Those mortal remains, then, which we carry to the grave—what are they? They are the most sacred possible relics of the living friend. Relics only, more and more manifestly as time goes on shown to be simply cast off to perish. But sacred, at first, beyond appreciation. For at first, as I said, they are to our eyes the very person. Nature will at that moment hardly allow us to make the distinction which afterwards becomes so certain.

Those who thus think of the body will naturally be indifferent about the fate of their own bodies after death, so far as *they themselves* are concerned. Many persons have in fact attained to this indifference. Any care they may have about the future disposal of their bodies will have reference to the feelings of their surviving friends, and not to themselves.

But indifference about our own mortal remains is by no means the same quality as indifference about the mortal remains of our fellows. The latter is stamped by the general opinion of mankind as something brutal. No tenderness of reverence can well be excessive in the treatment of the forms which have been within a few hours the vehicles of intelligence and love. There is a transition period between life and corruption for which nature vindicates its due regard—a regard which neither reason nor Christianity condemns. The truly Christian mind should, I think, in the meanwhile be weaning itself deliberately and in faith from the associations which identify the living departed with the tenant of the coffin or the grave. It is not wrong to pour out upon the newly breathless form a passion of love and sorrow; it *is* wrong, or at the best a mistake, to persist in thinking of the grave as the permanent residence of a dormant immortal being.

A churchyard or cemetery is not, then, if we think of it rightly, a place where sleeping Christians are taking together their temporary rest. It is a place where the flesh and blood which were once the external forms of living Christians are reverently and tenderly laid, that they may moulder in the dust and render again to the soil the constituents which were formerly taken from it. Our funeral ceremonies and language of burial are influenced in some degree by the inevitable feelings of that transition-period to which I have referred. We do not feel much temptation to identify the dust in a coffin five hundred years old as the man whose body it represents. But it is almost a matter of course that, before the lines of life have been swept away by decay's effacing fingers, we should think we are following the very loved one himself to his grave. So the burying-place, whether churchyard or cemetery, will certainly be sacred in the eyes of those who have any reverence or tenderness in their natures. But, I repeat, it is a place of decaying remains, not a home of living members of the Church. And it may be that our feeling towards it will be in some respects modified through our so regarding it. The remembrance of the dead is a noble and elevating and purifying mental act, but it ought not to be identified with a superstitious worship of decaying elements, or with a fanatical religion of the churchyard. What we chiefly want with regard to burials is protection of the mourners and their natural affections, and protection also of the general sentiment of reverence towards whatever represents humanity and speaks of death.

It is from the point of view which I am now commending—in the contemplation, I mean, of lifeless bodies as relics due to corruption, but having an inexpressible sacredness immediately after death to the survivors—that we may wisely approach such questions as have been discussed within the last year or two about the best mode of disposing of these remains. We have been compelled to take note of the fact that there are serious evils to the living, and many inevitable offences to reverent feeling, in crowded churchyards and cemeteries. The old method of consuming bodies by burning has been recalled and recommended. It has been urged on the other hand that interment in the ground was proved to be a process more congenial to Christian sentiment by the fact that the Christian Church substituted this latter custom for the burning which was in use

amongst the heathen. If the reason was that the Christians thought that interment in the ground would keep the constituent elements of the body together so that they might be more conveniently recombined for the resurrection, that, we must say unhesitatingly, was a mistake; and it was a mistake difficult to understand in a society which often saw its most honoured members destroyed by deaths which permitted no sepulture. I do not know how far this notion prevailed and helped to supersede the custom of burning; certainly it ought not to be allowed to influence the practice of those who know better than to entertain it. It seems to me that the question of interment or burning is not one to be disposed of by any principle of religion; it is one to be determined by sentiment and the public good. Reverence, we must bear in mind, is closely interwoven with *custom;* there is no feeling that is so conservative. And therefore a very strong case ought to be made out, before we are constrained to adopt so great a change as that which would replace interment by burning. It is evident that the strong case has not yet been made out; we may still retain for the present our traditional customs of burial. And we know well that, however we may theorize, when the sad hour of bereavement arrives for each, we shrink from adopting any novel practice which may be thought fanciful, or which may require the exertion of inventive thought in arrangement and execution.

There are some minor points, however, on which it is desirable that we should be on our guard against the tyranny of a fashion created by false or exaggerated sentiment.

(1) It is much to be desired that the funeral should take place with as little delay as possible after a death. The notion that respect is shown to the departed by postponing the funeral is a foolish and unworthy one. Instructed Christians should lean to the side of shortening the interval rather than of lengthening it. I know what the pleading of affection and grief will be at such a time. And I would say to the mourners who cannot bear the thought of parting with their dead, Do not let the feeling cling to you longer than you can help, that in cherishing those mortal remains you are keeping the true loved one nearer to you. No, your fellowship must henceforth be in the region of the spirit, of love and memory and aspiration.

(2) Again, it is a false sentiment that seeks to prolong by artificial means the preservation of the body after death. I believe that in America it is not uncommon to embalm the dead. I hope that nothing of the kind will be introduced into this country. But it will be useful to fix firmly in our minds the principle that the decaying elements of the human body belong to the earth, and should be allowed to mingle as quickly as they will with what may turn them again into a ministration of life.

(3) The thought of a funeral brings to the mind the recognised symbols of grief for the departed, and I cannot refrain from briefly deprecating usages which seek to envelop a death in costly and oppressive gloom. Let every one remember that the pomp of a funeral, the crape and the black, cannot possibly be any measure of inward grief. They can be, and are, purchased to order, by those who think it seemly to grieve, as well as by those who really grieve. Here, again, I would urge that we should lean to the side of simplicity and moderation rather than of extravagance. External mourning is a matter of conventional decorum rather than of inward personal feeling.

And, however deep the feeling may be, Christian symbols of mourning ought not to indicate a sorrow as of those who have no hope. It is the glory of Christian faith to correct the mere impulsive complainings of nature by the suggestions of hope and the realities of spiritual communion. We are not children of death or of gloom; but rather of light and of life. It is not desirable, I think, that the shadow of death should be constantly resting upon our minds, and that we should be too often lingering in imagination beside the death-bed and the open grave. Death, indeed, and its awful associations are things of which we must necessarily take account, and on which it is wise for those who are well and happy sometimes to dwell. But our calling bids us live with our eyes not turned downwards to the dark and to the pit, but upwards to the eternal light. It invites us to breathe not the depressing exhalations of decay, but the wholesome and invigorating air of thankfulness and hope.

J. LLEWELYN DAVIES.

THE POET'S HOMILY.

By EDWARD CAPERN.

YE doubters of a power divine,
I pray you halt awhile with me
Those brionies that ever twine,
These honied clarions of the bine,
This little reverent lily see.

How lived they when the wintry snow
Lay white upon the dreary land;
When northern winds did biting blow,
When noon-suns had forgot to glow,
And ice-rocks strewed the frozen strand?

You answer, "There are potent laws;"
I grant, my friends, that such there be:
Still there's the flower, we need a cause;
Whence came its beauty, whence, I pause—
If not from the Divinity?

I'll tell you who adorned the rose
With crimson robes and made it sweet;
One morn, when men from their repose
Stirred not, though tears of orphans froze
O'er mothers in their winding-sheet,

A gentle spirit came this way;
No matter whence, or what his name,
And here invisible did stay
The tiny bantling to array,
And lit it with a living flame.

You smile—when you can chain the springs,
The truth of this you then may doubt;—
Know often in my wanderings
I hear the rush of unseen wings,
And looking, find the flowers are out.

NEITHER RICHES NOR POVERTY.

"COUNT your blessings and then count your own short-comings," sounds simple advice.

But we are all so much more apt to notice the good things we miss than the bad ones which we escape. To give a quaint illustration,—We may think it hard that we have not a crusader for our forefather, but we forget to rejoice that our humble name is not Blood, or Flesh, or Death, or Stout, or anything else which would follow us with an ugly picture wherever we go, instead of the wholesome association of the village or calling from which we derive our own unaristocratic names. And yet in their turn the people with the queerest names have only to remember that it needs but an added greatness to take all the whimsicalness from them, and make them honourable henceforth for all generations. The sound of "Dickens" might have raised a smile fifty years ago. It is to be doubted whether its comical possibilities ever strike anybody now.

The very name of Dickens makes us remember that on his list of blessings he scarcely counted the hardship and strange experiences of his younger days. And yet nobody else can fail to see that to those experiences, cut deep on a sensitive nature, he owes his peculiar success and popularity. And this raises the question, What are blessings?

The world has the evil habit of glibly summing up wealth and rank, genius, beauty, youth, and health in that category. But is not the word blessing derived from the Anglo-Saxon word *bletsain*, "to consecrate?" It is not any thing, but the thing's use, which is the blessing. A man is not blessed unless he is a consecrated man. With our Saxon ancestors the "blessed" was what was consecrated to higher purposes than its own existence. The blessed land was that set apart for the profit of God's house and God's poor. And so the blessed thought is that which a heart was broken to set free for the healing of other hearts—the blessed life is that which is given for the world. Therefore everything that "consecrates" a man is a blessing, and whatever fails to do so is simply a curse, though either may be shame and pain and poverty, or glory and praise and wealth. So it becomes false in thought to say that such an one was blessed with wealth and rank and talent, but wasted them all. If he wasted them, they were not blessings. They were like coronation oil poured in a salad-dish—the salad is but the worse. The poor creature got a task too high for him; he made discord, just as might a pupil who attempted one of Beethoven's sonatas when he was fit only for the tunes in the exercise-book. For him the true blessings might have been poverty, obscurity, and dulness—narrow limits where he could not stray far, and thorny hedges to prick him back.

Can we call a man blessed with wealth, while he is so unconsecrated by it that he makes even his very almsgiving but an added instrument of his vanity and malice? Or can we consider those consecrated who seem to think they are fulfilling a duty towards heaven when they are merely husbanding their material resources for their own benefit, because they say "it is easier to be good when one is well off?" If there were any truth in this delusion, then that would be the best reason for giving up wealth utterly. When it is bad manners anywhere to elbow others aside to get a good place for oneself, it certainly cannot be the spirit in which to approach the gates of heaven. But the upward road is only a narrow footpath, and if we are not climbing it by the stress of our own muscles, and perhaps marking our steps with our own blood, we shall find we have mistaken the way.

When the rich young man whom Jesus looked upon and loved answered that he had kept the law which He propounded to him, what did Jesus mean by his following exhortation, "to sell all that he had and give to the poor?" Commentators have puzzled themselves over that advice. Those of a school now happily nearly obsolete have supposed that Jesus wanted to "catch" him in his "satisfied self-righteousness." Is not the suspicion of any self-righteousness an unwarrantable one? Some of us write "spiritual significations" over the ancient history till it loses all its naturalness and beauty. In those days people meant what they said, not something else wrapped in words to hide it. When Paul called himself "the chief of sinners," he simply said so because he had been chief in persecuting. He had a distinct meaning for his words; he was not hazily accusing himself of spiritual murders and adulteries, as some will, who yet resent any simple accusa-

tion of sleeping late in the morning or thinking too much about money. Let us remember that Jesus prefaced his list of moral obligations by gently setting aside the courteous word with which the youth addressed him, and said, "There is none good but one, that is God," and it is after the young man's simple declaration that he had kept these laws, that it is added, "And Jesus, beholding him, loved him." Yet certainly if there was one thing least likely to attract the love of those far-seeing eyes, it was self-deception or hypocrisy. We hope that there are thousands among us to-day, in our parks and parlours, who could look straight into the most searching eyes and say, "All these things have I observed from my youth up." And from such lives, lifted by very nature above the coarser attractions of the life that now is, we think will always come the most eager asking of the great question, "What shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?"

Others have skimmed over the difficulty by arguing that this was a special counsel given for a special state of society. They are very strong on external unlikeness, forgetting that human nature and human needs, in their widest divergences, are much more alike than they are different.

Others, again, dwell with undue emphasis on the phrase, "them which trust in riches," forgetting that it only occurs in Mark's account, and that the Sinaitic and Vatican versions also omit it there! (How many a subtle discourse has had its text ruthlessly knocked off by that remorseless Tauchnitz edition, even without taking into consideration all its suggested possibilities!)

Here and there we find people with dreamy eyes and soft silken hair, who have no doubt of the meaning of these words of Jesus, who will go off into rapture over this one who gave up thousands that he might enter such a church or such a religious order, or that one who gave his whole fortune for some good work. Perhaps they have even done something in that line themselves. But whether or not, we love them. They have a spark of the true fire—though they still think that God's service claims rather "theirs than them." We love them so well, and can sympathize with them so warmly, that it is only by a terrible effort and a great self-sacrifice that we jar them by inquiring whether the priest did as much good inside the church as he might have done outside it, or whether the number of foundlings did not increase after the foundling hospital was built!

Others, who can scarcely be called commentators on the Bible, have this incident in their minds when they express an opinion that some of the teaching of Jesus Christ is impracticable in such a world as this; and this gives such an uncomfortable hint of make-believe, that one even turns with a sense of relief and reality to those who, unable to reconcile any of these readings with their knowledge of the welfare of things as they are, boldly say that the deepest influence in this world was gained by one who meant well, but did not know what he was talking about, and that Jeremy Bentham is a safer guide than Jesus.

If we would only treat the Testament story with the same calm fairness we should show to any other—if we would remember that the oldest Gospel can scarcely have been a contemporary short-hand report, but a memory inspired by faith and love—if we would take the significant hint that both Matthew and Luke omit the phrase "take up the cross," and that the ancient Sinaitic and Vatican versions omit the same words even from the record of Mark, and that in Luke's account our own English translators vary the word "give" by that of "distribute" (to part asunder)—if we would read each of Jesus' counsels in the light of all the rest, some of us might be saved from clinging to torn flags as if they alone bore his insignia, and some of us might be saved from casting away every banner bearing his inscription, in the belief that the moth is already in it, though decay may not yet appear.

It is quite possible that this young oriental ruler's wealth consisted of property whose accumulation was utterly useless, except for personal pomp and pride. Pearls of great price, richly-wrought robes, piled up beyond all the uses of love and beauty, served no purpose, except to tempt the thief and harbour the moth. There is nothing in any of Jesus' teaching to make it just or natural for us to suppose that He would have advised any man to sell his fields where labourers earned their honest wage, under such kindly care and watchfulness as Boaz exercised, that he might give its proceeds to beggars who might work but would not. Judas once got a plain rebuke for canting about "the poor," as if charity had no other form than its lowest and most perilous one of almsgiving.

"All that thou hast"—the three evangelists substantially agree on that phrase; the ancient versions present no variations; and

does not the deepest secret of Jesus' thought lie there? Does it not reveal that He meant something as different from the ordinary sense of "giving" as Paul's "pray without ceasing" shows that he meant something far different from all, now commonly associated with devotion? "All that thou hast." Jesus did not bid this pure-hearted young man to count off his tenth or his twentieth. He did not deal in tithing. That might do for Zaccheus, that might satisfy the conscience just awakened from sheer extortion and injustice, but it would not do for one who seemed to deserve the wide scope and the deep secret of the higher life. With such, it must be all, or else nothing that will satisfy the yearning of their nature: withholding aught, they make "the great refusal," and lose all.

Poverty in itself is not a beautiful thing. It is simply an easier possession than riches, just as a concertina is not a better instrument than an organ because it requires less skill to develop its capacities for harmony. The poor might well say to the rich, "We cannot help being poor—it is neither our merit nor our reward. It would be well if we poor people were better off. But if you, being rich, for our sakes become poor, that is the beautiful thing. We don't want you to give up anything to us—to pitch your money-bags into the street to demoralise us. We want you to possess for us, to be our manager and treasurer and secretary, and to be thankful for your duties, and to feel that unless you fulfil them you are simply as dishonest and as disgraceful as one of us, who, being paid beforehand for a day's work, drinks himself helpless and goes to sleep in a corner."

St. Giles breaks out and talks nonsense sometimes, part of it being nonsense that St. Grosvenor has helped to teach him. St. Grosvenor forgets to tell St. Giles that Jesus said it is the rich people who have the hard road into heaven. St. Grosvenor tells St. Giles that he is in a very bad way, and offers to pray for him. St. Grosvenor recommends St. Giles to emigrate, to retire to refuges and reformatories. St. Giles seldom takes the advice, but he assents quietly and respectfully. St. Grosvenor exhorts St. Giles' mission-workers to be instant in season and out of season, hopes they don't shrink from fever or night-nursing, trusts they are neat and attractive in look and manner, asks what they could earn by slop-work, in order to fix that sum as fit for their salary in God's service.

And then St. Giles gives his version of the lesson, which is that poor folk can't be too particular—(he does not see that the rich are either, he adds in parenthesis, but that is no business of his). He wonders if the fine madam would like her boy shut up in a reformatory because he threw a stone at a bird. St. Giles has heard of gem'men shooting away at pigeons let out of a basket, and princesses and fine ladies looking on. If his boy could do that, then he'd have no call to throw stones at what isn't his'n. But right seems to be one thing to poor folks and another to rich ones. It ain't fair. And he's heard tell that for all her charity (which he doesn't see much of, anyway), that fine lady scarcely pays as much poor-rate as Mrs. Widow who keeps the chandler's shop and let him run a score when he was ill, and gave the kids many a bit and scrap. Justice first for him, mates. He thinks the man is in the right, who speaks out of the cart on Sunday mornings, and says all the money and land should be divided, share and share alike. And a curious look of the cap of liberty settles on his broken wide-awake, and one finds that defiance may ring through other tunes than the Marseillaise.

St. Giles visits St. Grosvenor sometimes on his own account. Lounging over the palings, he startles the fine ladies in the carriage ring. St. Giles is a shrewd fellow; he knows wickedness and impurity and levity when he sees them. He knows some of those people better than some of them know each other, and he says he does not see the mighty differ between himself and them—more shame to them, for there should be—St. Giles never having been taught "how hardly shall a rich man enter into the kingdom of heaven."

Everybody tells St. Giles his faults. Everybody takes the gloss off his virtues. He is well-provided with school-books. There are manuals of his duties—duties of "working men," and of "maids of all work." There are refuges where friendless girls may escape the coarser temptations of poverty, but they have abolished all the nunneries where forlorn girls of rank could find shelter from the miseries of aristocratic poverty or the black horrors of a loathed marriage.

What would St. Grosvenor think if St. Giles suddenly entered his drawing-room, cap-of-liberty wide-awake on head, and demanded how he laid out his income—what becomes of those annual hundreds not satisfactorily accounted for—what are the dates on his tradesmen's receipts — why his

daughter married a man forty years older than herself—how it was his sons all fell in love where there was plenty of money—and what his poor relations are subsisting upon? We fear St. Giles would speedily find himself in the hands of the policeman. Yet this is just what St. Grosvenor does to St. Giles. To be sure, St. Grosvenor pays a trifle for his privileges—gives as alms something which he ought to pay as duty, and wins the world's regard instead of the tax-gatherer's question and snub. Even apart from this, St. Grosvenor is often tolerated by St. Giles rather for what he expects than for what he gets.

Let us be very merciful to those whom we regard as our brothers chosen for more special consecration. For genius or beauty or wealth is always a beautiful thing as it comes from God, albeit, like the snow, it often falls on spots that defile it into ugliness. When we learn to see that what we think God's evil things are really good, and that all his bitterness is sweet, we must not mislearn that his good things are evil and his beautiful things undesirable. They are but the harder way, instead of the easier. When a man has fought through hardship and poverty till he has conquered poverty and pain, what has he right to expect from the children whom he has started from a very different point? He deserves that out of his strength they shall arise fit to fight as well in a far harder battle. They have to write out their life as straight and as clear as his, without his ruled lines of necessity. He had to work hard when hunger and need drove him to it, they have to work hard when pleasure and pastime woo them from it. He had to keep independent and gentle under temptations to truckle or to be bitter, they have to keep honest and chivalrous under temptations to be conventional or insolent. He must be tender with them. Instead of twitting them with their possession of "advantages" he did not enjoy himself, perhaps it would be juster and kinder and more to the point if he said, "You have to do more for yourself than I did. You have to learn some of the hardest lessons without a teacher. I was kept for twenty years at the costly school of Necessity. Beside that, your university is very cheap. People call me a self-made man; in all best lessons you must be self-taught men. I wish to do my best to help you, and that is why I limit your expenses and do not at once give all your tastes the gratification that is in my power. But in all these cases, you have only my weak will and wisdom to control you, where I had God and all the august forces of the universe."

The wealthy youth starts on his travels, he journeys among people of his own class, where character is superficially concealed under one veneer of manner. He stays in sumptuous hotels; he goes to see palaces and pictures, with his tutor at his side, to remember the history of the one, and to explain the meaning of the other; he ascends mountains, he explores wildernesses; but everywhere there is somebody who will do anything for money. He forgets to write his letter home before he leaves the post-town, but for gold a trusty man will walk twenty miles with it. If he does not start in life with a stock of native wisdom, and if he is not almost as watchful for self-cultivation as Goethe himself, his wealth presently becomes but a poor substitute in his pocket for the observation, memory, and vigilance undeveloped in himself.

The poor boy goes out to seek his fortune. Nobody attempts to deceive him. He travels a thousand miles for a few shillings, making up the difference by the ready wit and strength God has given him. On his holidays, when he really cares to see something, he goes to the gallery or the cathedral, and having nobody to tell him what is admirable and ought to be admired, he finds out the picture which has really something to say to his soul. He sees behind the scenes of society. He hears how the man who despises others is in his turn despised. He knows how the philanthropist tried to dock a few pence from his little pittance. If he would get books or decent garments, he must be watchful of prices and places. He knows how the world progresses, because he stands at the end of everything.

It is curious how physical strength and vigour and mental ingenuity and power prove exact substitutes for more material possessions. The strong man does not need carriage and horses. The inventor plans a contrivance which serves him as well as a dozen servants, and the genius positively bequeaths an estate to his nation and the world—a palace not made with hands and fields decked with immortal green, whose farming, nevertheless, gives other men good bread and substantial beds. Think of the publishers and printers, the paper-makers and booksellers, the artists, critics, and lecturers to whom Shakespeare has given work! What would not a king have lost in solid golden gain to his exchequer, who, going out

to conquer a province, got such a man as that killed on the battle-field before he had done his work!

The ridiculous part is, that because the strong man sometimes has carriages and horses, he should therefore use them as if he was weak, while some really weak people have to drag themselves about as if they were strong! Why should a noble go on maintaining in menial idleness the men-servants who were once necessary for his own warlike purposes and for the defence of his wife and children? If he would emulate the old knight, his forefather, whom he merely imitates, he would lead out these his sturdy vassals to clear the pine forest and drain the marsh of new lands. If the old hunting instinct is strong in him, he should remember that he will find sport most, like his ancestors, not over fallow fields and frightened farm-yards, but among the wolves and bears which still hold settlers at bay in Labrador. If he has so much money that the careless world says it does not matter much if he does waste some in betting or in foreign gaming places, is he sure that every tenant on his land is getting quite fair value for the rent he pays, that nobody is keeping silence about the rotting thatch or the unsavoury smell, for fear speech would only bring down notice to quit? Is he quite sure that every labourer is getting full, just wages, for full, just work? And because the powerful must be always merciful, does he take care that schools and provident funds, and good rule and order, shall supplement the scantier wage which is still full and just, because the capacity and kind of labour which earns it is scant also? Does he remember that it is his own fore-father's ignorance and blunder, if not violence and oppression, which has made Hodge's blood so thin and his joints so stiff, and that therefore all his supplemental aids are not alms, but strict justice—the payment of a debt charged on his estate when he inherited it?

If people recognised that every new guinea that comes to their purse has a duty attached to it, and a proper destination, we should be in no danger of the formation of those great wens of wealth which point to a diseased state of the social system, and may call for stern and strong remedies.

One man with a £1,000 a year, scrupulously pays his tenth; he is very exact; it is not a matter of open family purse with him, but of tax-gatherer precision. He gives God £100 a year, and it is laid out on home and foreign missions, local hospitals, refuges, and the like. The other £900 he keeps to himself—very much to himself. He spends a great deal on his own dress, on luxuries which are not a bit of good to anybody but himself. He spends his leisure in getting these from a co-operative store, that as few people as possible may get a profit out of him, and by the saving thus made he is able to increase his stock of finery. He travels a great deal; he always goes first-class: well, that is money "put in circulation," as political economists say, but then it would be equally put in circulation if he paid for some friend to go with him, and they both travelled second-class. He gives a good deal of trouble to railway servants and porters; if all travellers gave as much, the staff would require doubling; but he gives no good-humoured little fees. "These people have their wages," he says. At home he receives a great many visitors; but that can be scarcely reckoned as an item of expense, because his guests are all those who "will bid him again, and so a recompence is made him." He has one servant who is just too old to expect full wages, and the others are too young and come from the workhouse, so that he tells them they should be thankful for such a chance of working up a good character. If there was nobody to be taken at a disadvantage in this battle of life, he would have to readjust his domestic plans.

His widowed sister's little boy is in a charity school. He does not subscribe to that, but to another precisely similar he gives £5 a-year. For a similar subscription to the hospital he sends his own servants there, and does not pay them any wages while they remain. His old nurse and governess, the friend of his boyhood, lives on a small pension from a benevolent fund, which he canvassed, and, as he proudly says, "got for her." But he goes to church, and feels that he is a generous man, and thanks God that he is not as his neighbour, whose income is the same as his own, but whose name is on no charity list, and who, when asked for a subscription, actually said he had no money to spare.

His despised neighbour deals at several small shops in his immediate neighbourhood: he knows he pays a little dearer than if he sent to the large town, but then he says the saving of time and energy is worth more than the trifle of money; and since certainly his saved time and energy are devoted to purposes of real friendship, with results of health and happiness, and even material prosperity which can never be wholly mea-

sured, even the sternest economist must admit that on hard utilitarian grounds he has reason on his side. He spends very little on luxuries for himself, though perhaps his "fancy" account is not much less than his neighbour's, because he sends little presents at Christmas and new year, and remembers people's birthdays. That cousin of his who finds it so hard to dress respectably, and yet save a little on her governess' salary, never misses her pretty box with the dozen of gloves on Christmas morning; and that other cousin, who has been twice jilted, feels that there is still some true friendship and remembrance left in the world, when he never forgets her birthday—no, not though it always falls in his autumn holiday, when he is travelling about with another cousin, who is a city clerk, and an old friend who lost his income for conscience' sake. They all travel third class, and he pays for them all, because, as he says, he couldn't travel alone, and he gets them to come with him where he likes, instead of leaving them free to choose for themselves—such tyranny really meaning that he carefully chooses the localities good for the lad's health, or likely to be useful for the old author's next book. When his servant was ill, he paid her railway fare to her home, and gave her wages in advance. He has a little orphan niece whom he keeps at a good school; and God only knows how it is that his scape-grace brother, who has been a heart-break to his whole life, who could not keep a shilling and would not earn one, nevertheless does not quite descend to the prison or the workhouse. As for the old tutor who was, as he says, "a father to him," he sits in his chimney-corner, and is "quite invaluable" to him, in the way of writing a few letters, and keeping up the discipline of the house when the master is called from home. He has many visitors, and gives the merriest parties —boys and girls from school, youths and maidens far from home, strangers from countries which he will never visit. He found a pound or two to spare when his window-cleaner's son wanted to go to Canada, and he wrote him a good letter of introduction which got him work immediately on his arrival; and he goes to church (except when he stays at home with some sick or sorrowful soul), and while he prays, "Lord, be merciful to me a sinner," his eyes fall on some poor old widow and he reflects that if he buys a zanella umbrella instead of a silk one, the difference in price will provide her with tea for two or three months. And who shall say that he has not unravelled the secret, and has sold all he has, and distributed to the poor?

Is not Jesus' way the easier and the better? Nay, is it not this only, rooted far down in life, which makes the world endurable? Does not this discover the beautiful side of the truth which worldly-wise Solomon found so dismal when he said, "When goods increase, they are increased that eat them; and what good is there to the owners thereof, saving the beholding of them with their eyes?" What else does the owner want? Is a feast given that the host may eat all the dainties himself? Does he not rather forget to taste many, because he is enjoying the far greater sweetness of serving others? Ought he not to be thankful for what he has, mainly because it is so much to give away?

Only fancy Jesus' beautiful precept carried into large and loving obedience! It will be. That is coming. The great noble, some of whose ancestors probably thought "the common people" only made to insult and harry, now throws open his park and his palace for their enjoyment and instruction. It is not a very far look ahead to see the day when he shall think a hundred or two of his income justly and well applied in paying a cultured person (it would be an opening for the employment of ladies) to receive the visitors on his public days, and to understand the requirements of each party, and not rattle off the same stereotyped information to the accomplished archæologist and to the Cockney holiday maker! Nor is it a wilder hope that some day he shall buy his pictures and store his library with as direct a view of appealing to the feelings and widening and stimulating the minds of his neighbours, to whom he owes his wealth, as of gratifying the tastes of his own family? Where will end the blessings of that day? For how much morally meretricious art and literature, whose taint and stain might have passed undiscovered among the perfumery and tinted glass of the château, will stand revealed when the generous hand opens the casements and lets the white light and the wild breeze of the moorland and the sea rush in upon them. And then the rich man will for himself claim some of those costly lessons which he misses now, and will know what it is to toil, and to be tired and spent because his own free-will says he "must" be so in the service of others.

Has not the world so advanced from old things as to embolden us to look forward far

more daringly than this? When we consider how incredulously our fathers would have scoffed at the ideas about capital and labour which are every day gaining ground, can we find no courage to look forward to a time when every waif shall have a home and every need a supply; when the rich and the poor shall meet like loving brothers, one of whom has dainties to divide, and is only sorry that there is one he cannot share—the delight of the dividing!

"Whether we eat or drink, or whatever we do, let us do it all for the glory of God," which is the good of our fellow-men. Let us be rich for our brothers or poor for our brothers, knowing that all we have, our supply or our need, is theirs likewise, and that we have no more individual claim on the acres we plough and plant than we have on the sunshine and the rain which descend upon them.

This is the message from God, which Jesus Christ and his disciples delivered to us nearly nineteen hundred years ago, and lo, it was so plain that men could not believe it, but made all sorts of queer caricatures of its severe beauty. All God's ways are simple and easy. He sets us no hard things, albeit our pride or prejudice may make his lessons the hardest of all.

Let us think of the gifted or wealthy with the tender sympathy we feel for those who have sublime tasks set them, and hard paths pointed out. And they shall answer meekly as the beautiful harmony of life grows beneath their touch, "With God all things are possible."

ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

FIRST FRUITS.

HALF covered with last year's leaves,
She peeped from her russet bed;
The great bare branches of the trees
Were tossed and swayed overhead;
The hedge looked barren and prickly,
Without the sign of a leaf;
Over the flower there bowed a heart
Grown cold with the snows of grief.

The violet's fragile petals
Enfolded a heart of gold,
And a deeper wealth of perfume
Than the tiny cup could hold;
So the great wind roaring above
Sent a tiny zephyr down,
To drift aside the sheltering bloom,
And bereave her of her crown.

It stole the familiar scent,
To give to the burdened heart,
With only a cold north wind
In the world to take its part:
The flower died in the bleak March air,
And the heart went on its way;
The violet's life was blooming there,
And melting the snows away.

C. BROOKE.

"THE STORM OF LIFE."

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THE STORM OF LIFE.

By HESBA STRETTON, Author of "Jessica's First Prayer," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.—THE TRACKLESS DEEP.

SYLVANUS and Rosy watched and waited for Rachel's return, until the twilight in the narrow street became too dark for them to see the corner round which she would come. The old man was not troubled or uneasy yet, and the child was too full of the morrow's pleasure to feel the shadow of a care. Mrs. Croft up-stairs was more open to the anticipation of any trouble, and as the daylight faded without bringing Rachel home, she grew anxious. She had consulted with her what provisions she should buy, and what shops she should go to; and even if she had been detained at every place, she ought to have returned before nightfall.

"Sylvanus," she said after a while to her husband, "I feel as if something had come amiss to Rachel."

"Nothing can come amiss to her," he answered, "for God is her refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. But there's no trouble at hand, I hope. Maybe she's gone farther than she thought of to get what she wants."

"But the shops are all shut," said Mrs. Croft.

"There's no good in fretting," he replied cheerfully, "Rachel 'll be in soon, for certain."

But before another hour had passed by, Sylvanus was becoming uneasy. Rachel did not care to be about the streets at any time, and to-night, when there were some preparations to be made for the trip to-morrow, her absence was perplexing.

"I'll go out and look for her," he said.

But when he had turned out of their own quiet street, where the houses had been mostly deserted all day, he found the broader thoroughfares thronged with holiday-makers, coming home after their day's pleasuring. He had never felt before how vast the number was of the people dwelling about him. "It's like searching for a needle in a bottle of hay," he thought, as he made his way slowly among the press, glancing anxiously into the faces of the women who met or passed him. From time to time he went back to the house in the hope that Rachel had reached home while he had been away, but each disappointment made him more uneasy, and when midnight came, it was no longer possible for him to put on a cheerful face, when he went into his wife's room. "Dearie," he said, "you and the little lass pray, while I search. I'm going to the hospitals now, and I'll ask the police. Never fear, we'll find her. Maybe it's only a little hurt after all, and we'll go to the sea some other time, if it's so that we can't go to-morrow."

To two or three of the nearest hospitals, where Rachel must have been carried if any accident had befallen her, the old man went in mingled hope and fear. There had been more cases received than ordinary at each place, and one or two of the women who had been hurt almost answered to his description, but upon referring to the books it was found that these patients had been able to give their names and addresses, and certainly could not be Rachel.

At the police offices it was the same thing; there were women locked up in the cells for being drunk and disorderly, but no one like Rachel. Sylvanus himself had scouted the idea that she could be among them, and had been ready to quarrel with the officer who had given him such an answer to his inquiry. But none of the men on duty had any knowledge of her. How should they, when hundreds of women like her had been strolling about the streets all day?

Foot-sore and heavy-hearted, Sylvanus turned homewards in the early morning sunshine. There was a mackerel sky overhead, with soft, fleecy clouds dappling the deep blue, and every now and then a little gust of wind from the south played past him. What a day it would have been to be setting off on

the great holiday of his life! Now it must be a day of suspense and astonishment; a day of anxiety and trouble. What could have happened to Rachel? He was lost in perplexity. A hundred questions hurried through his mind, but he could find no answer to them.

"The wings of the morning!" he said, looking up to the clear heaven above him, "the wings of the morning? Ah, Lord! I know; that's what the morning means to-day. 'If I ascend up to heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.' Yes, Lord. She's got fast hold of Thy hand, wherever she is. She couldn't be worse off than making her bed in hell, and behold, Thou art there! Lord, it's hard to believe. Help thou my unbelief."

The burden and the sorrow were still there, but the old man's heart grew strong to bear them. Rachel was not beyond God's presence, or his love. There might be grief for them all and a heavy cross to bear. But the cross would be borne in the sight of Him who had stooped to endure a heavier cross for them.

There was a lingering half-hope in his heart that he would find Rachel at home; but the sight of Rosy at the door, with red and swollen eyes and tangled hair, told him too plainly that she was still missing.

"Rosy," he said, drawing the girl in from the street, "the Lord has set us a lesson to learn, and He'll hear us say it Himself some day. It's a hard lesson, harder than any we've ever had maybe: but we must get it off by heart before He lets it come to an end."

CHAPTER XIV.—DRIFTING.

WHILE Sylvanus was walking home sadly after his fruitless search for her, Rachel had awakened from a wretched slumber to feel the misery of her circumstances. For a moment the hope of making her escape flashed across her; all were sleeping heavily in the foul atmosphere of the cellar, and it seemed easy for her to get away. But Trevor would not find it difficult to trace her. Rosy he did not know; he would not know her if she crossed his path a dozen times a day. But it would be easy to give such a description of herself to his many comrades as would make it impossible for her to continue to dwell in London, and render it full of risk to Rosy to try to live with her elsewhere. Rachel knew too well how the class of criminals to which her husband belonged were linked and bound together.

Rachel hardly knew whether she was dozing or waking, but it seemed as if in the midst of the vile crew of sleeping reprobates about her, she had a kind of dream or vision of the Lord quitting, of his own will, the holy and happy heavens, to come down and dwell on earth. Even then He did not choose to dwell among the good and rich and high people; but called the worst of men to Him, the thieves and sinners and harlots. Oh! the pity and the patience of the Lord! If she could but have a little measure of the same pity and the same patience, she might win her husband back, as Jesus won the poor sinners to come to Him. She remembered what Sylvanus had once said to her, "You'd be satisfied if you won your husband to be good, ay! though you had to go down into the pit for him." She was going down into the pit; he was dragging her down. Perhaps she could not have done it of her own free will, as the Lord Jesus had done; but now she was down in the depths, she must try to bring back some soul with her when she was brought out of her sorrow. "Lord," she whispered, "only keep Rosy from coming here, and I'll do my best with him. If I'm tempted, ever so sore, to try and see my Rosy, oh! help me to keep away from her till he's a good man. Lord, thou knows it'll be very hard to do."

She could say no more, even in prayer; for her heart was full of grief when she thought of her child. She always carried in her pocket a little portrait of her taken three years ago; and now, as Trevor was sleeping soundly, she ventured to feel for it, that she might look at the beloved face in her trouble. But it was gone. Her pocket had been emptied; and Trevor had seen what a pretty creature Rosy was. It must make him more eager to find her; though, as Rachel recollected to her comfort, she was so much changed by this time, that only her eyes could trace the likeness, and the photograph would give him no help.

Trevor roused himself after a while in a surly mood. He had no wish to be hampered with his wife just then, and it would have suited him far better if she had stayed in her place for a time, subject to his irregular visits, and to his extortionate demands upon her wages. She was in fact a plague and nuisance to him; but he could not let her go until he knew where to find her when he wanted her. In the meantime the best way to conquer

her obstinacy was to make her life with him as great a burden as he dared to make it, with the dread of the police courts before him.

With this purpose, he dragged her with him to a neighbouring spirit vaults, where the sweet morning air was poisoned with the fumes of liquors. He tried to force a dram upon her, but Rachel was firm in her resistance. She knew too well that it would steal from her every good resolution, and every good thought, even if it gave her a short forgetfulness of her misery. Let her take this first step, and a swift descent into the degradation she dreaded would follow.

"Now then," said her husband as they went out again into the sunny street, and sauntered slowly and aimlessly along the pavement, "now, then, you've slept, and you've fasted on what you made up your mind to last night. You see what make of a home I can give you. Now, will you go back to your place, and be comfortable a while longer, till I can get a room somewhere for us; or are you bent upon thwarting and vexing me?"

"If you'll let me go without knowing where," she answered, with a sudden hope, which died away in an instant.

"A pretty fool I should be," he said sneeringly. "No, I go with you to the door, and see your master, and say, 'This woman's my wedded wife, and her child's my child,' or you never go out of my sight."

"Then I can't go," she answered, "I daren't go. Do what you choose with me; but I must take care of my Rosy. Oh, Trevor! only trust me this once; only let me go and say good-bye to them, and tell them how it is, and I'll never ask to go again. I'd come back to you faithful; I would, for certain."

But there was no advantage to himself in this proposal. He would still be encumbered with her, and would not know where Rosy was. That child would be of value to him; of such value that he could barely control his passion, and keep himself within bounds, as he looked at Rachel's resolute face, and thought that he could not wring her secret from her. Rachel herself could be of great use to him and his gang, if she could be brought to lend herself to their schemes. Her pretty face, and soft pleasant manner, and country voice, might beguile almost the most wary person into a trap. But there were these troublesome notions to be got rid of. He recollected how easily he had worked upon her in old times; how he could wind her round his finger by a few flattering words and promises. Why! she was but the same woman still, and he must find out the way to manage her, either by severity or indulgence. If he would give way in one or two things, she would very soon give way in all.

"Well!" he said, "if you won't go, you won't, I know. I don't like to see you in a kennel like that yonder, so I must seek a lodging. You'd rather have a place to ourselves, I reckon."

"Any place," she cried eagerly, "any hole I can put my head into, rather than go amongst folks like them. Oh! only find me a place, and I'll work my fingers to the bone. I'll earn your living and mine. I'll do sewing, or go charing, or sell in the streets; anything in the world to keep us from starvation."

"Starvation!" he repeated, mockingly, "catch me starving whilst so many folks roll in money! Not I! But, come along; we'll look for a place to set up housekeeping. It'll be something like old days, won't it, Rachel?"

For a moment his thoughts wandered back to their wedding-day, eleven years ago, when Rachel was a girl of twenty. His heart, hard as it had grown, softened towards her. Why would she be such an obstinate simpleton as not to tell him where she had been living, and go home in comfort? It would be far better for her own sake.

"Look here, Rachel," he said, "I'll promise not to come nigh you for six months, if you'll let me come with you to your place. I'll give you another chance. I can't make you comfortable just yet, and you can have all that time in peace and quiet."

Six months! It seemed a long respite, during which she could live the tranquil, blessed life she had grown used to. But it would only be a respite, not a deliverance; and Rosy would be the payment for it. She shook her head silently.

"Come on, then," he said in a rough tone. He had not patience to carry out his own scheme of trying to break her will by flattery and kindness; and he marched on sullenly, taking care she did not fall behind him. As he had found her at the station, he felt sure she must live somewhere near it, and for this reason he took her back to the place, watching her closely to detect any sign of being near her home. But still, as the attic he hired was on the other side of the station, more than a mile of the maze of streets lay between it and Sylvanus Croft's house.

It was an attic in a close court, opening out of a poor street. There was no danger, Rachel thought, of Rosy ever passing by that way. The little window looked only upon a high blank wall, which rose high above it, shutting out all the sky. There was always a dim, gloomy light in the room, as if no ray of sunlight ever gladdened the blue heavens. Few sounds could reach it, except the cries and shrieks of children in the court below, or the shrill screams of women, and the deeper voices of men, shouting and swearing in their frequent brawls. Yet the dark, desolate, little room, bare and comfortless as it was, seemed like a haven of refuge to Rachel, after passing a night in the den of misery and vice her husband had taken her to.

"Trevor," she said, gently laying her hand on his arm, with a secret, wistful hope that he could not be so bad as she feared, "I'll be a good wife to you, if you'll only let me. Don't try to make me bad again. I can't ever get it out of my head now that God sees us, and is here with us. So I can't be bad again, like I was once. You try me, and see if I'm not a better woman than I used to be."

"Oh, bother!" he answered, shaking off her hand, "they've crammed your poor head full of folly, curse 'em! We might have had a jolly life, me, and you, and Rosy. I'm off now to tell my mates where to find me."

He locked the door when he went away, leaving her in the empty garret. Perhaps he expected her to shout after him, and rattle the door in a vain attempt to get out. But she was as quiet and submissive as when the prison-matron had locked her into the cell. She resolved to offer no resistance in things that concerned her outer life only; he should find her obedient and patient, let him do or say what he would. She sat down on the floor by the window and fell into thought, thinking of all she had lost so suddenly, without warning. She had no keepsake of her lost home with her, now Rosy's portrait was gone. Her Bible was in Rosy's school-bag. Even her treasured letter from the chaplain, worn and faded, and almost falling to pieces, was left behind her. But she had every word of it in her heart.

"You have made your life more stormy than God meant it to be," she murmured, half aloud. "But through all the storm of life, Christ will be beside you, and He will save you if you trust Him. Die rather than give way to sin. The storm will be over by-and-by, and you will come home to God, whither I am going now. One word more; learn to say to yourself, wherever you may be, 'Thou, God, seest me! Thou, God, seest me!' I love you, Rachel. Christ loves you. God loves you. Be good."

CHAPTER XV.—A FRIENDLY BEACON.

Day after day, as Rachel saw more of the wickedness and misery of the people among whom she dwelt, her resolve grew stronger to run no risk of dragging Rosy down into such a pit of infamy. She shuddered at the mere thought of it. That she as Trevor's wife must make his home her own she knew well; it never occurred to her that it was anything but her duty. But hot tears would fall from her eyes as her thoughts carried her on through the dreary, desolate years that stretched before her, if she could not win him from his evil ways. Still she felt her duty to Rosy to be as clear. She must buy her child's safety by the sacrifice of herself. Rosy would be lost if she tried to satisfy the hunger and the longing of her love for her little daughter. It would be as if the Lord had so longed to return to the peace and holiness of his Father's house, as to have gone home before his work was done, leaving us in our lost condition. He laid down his life for us. Rachel was called upon to lay down her life for Rosy.

She had plenty of work to do, for Trevor took care to keep her busy in the task of maintaining herself, and helping to keep him. It was better for her than enforced idleness would have been, when she could have done nothing but brood over the memory of the past. As soon as the light crept in in the morning, she was at her window stitching, and stitched hard all day, scarcely pausing to eat the scanty dinner which Trevor left for her when he went out. At first he had lounged about the court, in the fancy that as soon as Rachel thought he was clear out of the way, she would be off home, and he could follow her unseen. But she had deliberately counted the cost of her self-sacrifice. She had not overlooked this very trial. No; she would not try any chance that might imperil Rosy's safety and happiness. Even if she had to die, and send no word of love to her darling, she would keep the secret of her home safe from her husband.

Sometimes her thoughts would dwell upon how hard her absence and her silence would press upon Rosy and her friends, who loved her so truly. She knew how they would talk about her, how they would seek for her, and wonder that she could keep them in their sorrowful uncertainty. Or perhaps they

would mourn over her as dead. They might think that in some way or other she had perished in an accident, and there being no clue as to who she was, she had been buried in an unknown grave. How Sylvanus would grieve, and Rosy fret over her! Suppose, too, they should never, never hear of her again! If her husband was not won to honesty, and uprightness, and goodness, if he never repented of his crimes, so many and so terrible, if he continued reprobate and given up to all wickedness, she could never return to them, no, not for a brief glimpse of their peace and comfort. It was as if she was sunk in the gloom of a deep pit, and they far away in light and sunshine; and she could not even cry to them, lest they, leaning over the darksome edge, should fall into the same black gulf.

Yet her love for Rosy burned more deeply, and more ardently than ever. The very sacrifice she was making for her gave it a mightier strength. As she sat alone in her garret stitching, she seemed able to recall every word her Rosy had ever spoken to her, and every look that had crossed her dear face. She could hear the tones of her voice, her laughter, her singing, her whispered prayers morning and evening. Sometimes it sounded so clear in her ears, that she called back again "Rosy," and started to wake up from her dream, and find where she was, in loneliness, almost in despair. But then there came another voice, low down in her heart which she had never heard with her ears, as she had done Rosy's, but which was growing clearer and clearer day by day; and that inward voice said to her, "Lo, I am with you. I will not leave you comfortless; I will come unto you."

One summer day after another passed by, and Rachel sat up in the gloom of the bare, comfortless attic, hardly earning pence enough to keep herself alive, without helping to maintain her husband. But he was not often short of money, however he might get it. Often when her sick appetite turned from the dry crusts which formed the chief part of her food, he would be feasting on some dainty in her sight, but not offering her a morsel. It was the system he was trying to conquer her obstinacy. She should see that her foolish ideas only deprived her of all that had once made life pleasant to her. He remembered her fond of finery, of gadding about from place to place, of nice delicacies to eat; and these were the things he would cut her off from till she came to her senses. She was used to the fresh air of the country, and to freedom; she should be forced to stay in her garret breathing the foul and heavy atmosphere of the close slum. He would not be actively cruel to her. At times he spoke to her kindly, and her heart would beat with hope and pleasure. Surely by-and-by, good times would come. Trevor would love her yet, and be won from his bad ways, and they might make a new home for themselves in some distant country perhaps, where the sad story of their past lives was not known. But when these brief, bright gleams faded away, the darkness seemed blacker than before. She was a young woman still, and her life might be a long one. How could she keep true to Christ, if her husband continued as he was?

The strain was growing almost more than she could bear, when, one evening, as she was turning the corner of a street, not far from the court where she lived, she came suddenly upon Sylvanus himself. The chance of such a meeting had never crossed her mind, and now it was too sudden a shock for her. If he had not looked up into her white, thin face, he might have passed her, and been out of sight before she could have recovered strength to speak to him.

"Sylvie!" he cried, "why! Sylvie!"

He caught hold of both her hands, and held them in a firm grasp, as though he expected her to take fright, and run away from him. Oh! if she could but cling to his arm, and go home with him to Rosy! But that must not be.

"Hush!" she cried, "loose me. He'll see us maybe, and follow you. Look as if we were strangers, and you asking the way."

"Your husband?" he said.

Rachel nodded. Her voice seemed gone, and her throat was parched and dry. She did not know that Trevor was anywhere at hand, but her heart sank at the mere dread of it. Yet there was untold joy in seeing Sylvanus again, and in the chance of sending a message to Rosy.

"Can't anything be done?" asked Sylvanus, dropping her hands, but looking anxiously into her worn and sad face.

"Nothing," she said, "he wants to find Rosy, and make her bad like himself. He's as bad a man as ever; but, please God! he'll never find out where she is. I think at times my heart's broken; but I was a wicked girl when I married him, and now I must suffer for it. He says jail has made him as hard as a stone, and I'm afeard it's true."

She spoke rapidly and hoarsely, with a great effort to utter the words. But she knew

there was but a minute or two, and what they had to say must be said quickly.

"Where are you living?" asked Sylvanus.

"Oh! you mustn't know," she answered, "for fear you'd try to come to see me. Tell me how Rosy is. Give my love to her, and tell her she's not to fret after mother, but be as happy and good as she can. Don't let her know she's any father; not yet. Say I can't come to her for awhile, but I love her more than words can tell."

"But I can't let you go like this," said Sylvanus, "mother and me can't rest day or night for thinking of you. If I didn't know that the Lord had gathered you under his wing, and wouldn't lose you, I couldn't hold my head up, Rachel. 'I've lost her, but the Lord can't lose her,' I've said thousands of times to myself. 'She was lost once, but He found her; and surely she'll never stray away from Him again.'"

"I haven't," she answered, "but it's hard at times. There's nobody to care for me; and it all seems so dark, and there's no end to look forward to. It's as if Rosy was in heaven, and me in torment, and she can't come across to me, and I can't go to her. Only under all I know God is with me."

"That's it!" cried Sylvanus, "He's with us wherever we are. 'If we make our bed in hell, behold, He is there.' Oh! my poor Sylvie! my poor Rachel! bear on. 'Be thou faithful unto death, and He will give thee a crown of life.' Ay, I shall see a bright crown on your poor head. Wait a minute. You mustn't go from me yet."

"I daren't, I daren't," she said, "there must be no danger for Rosy. Go home some roundabout way, for fear. I'm better now; I can bear on, and there must be an end. Take care of my poor Rosy."

"Ay!" he answered, "but I can't lose sight of you again. Hearken, Rachel; every Saturday night, at nine o'clock, I'll be at the corner of Seymour Street, and I'll stay till ten, and you try to go by. I'll not speak to you; but I'll be there, and maybe some day I'll bring Rosy with me."

He said it to induce Rachel to consent to his plan, and a bright glimpse of joy seemed to open before her. But there was risk in it, so great a risk that she steadily set her face against the joy to herself.

"No, no," she cried, "if Rosy was in sight I couldn't forbear, but run to her. Only you come, and maybe some time I may dare to speak to you. It'll help me to be faithful unto death; I know it will."

After this, on every Saturday night, whatever the weather might be, in storm or calm, in frost and rain, the old man stood for an hour at the corner of the street he had named. No one knew why he was there, so constantly and patiently, save his wife, who prayed for him at home, and Rachel, to whom his faithful love was the only light in her dark lot. He did not always see her pass by. Sometimes weeks would run out before she had the chance of walking that way without arousing her husband's suspicions. But Sylvanus never missed being at his post. When she could come, as she sauntered past him, not looking his way, unless she was sure there was no one near to see them, he whispered, "Rosy is well; we are all well." At times she dared to stop and speak to him for a minute or two. That was all the intercourse they could hold safely; but Rachel felt that without it she could not have lived.

CHAPTER XVI.—ALMOST WRECKED.

RACHEL grew more content now she was not utterly cut off from all news of her child. The hot summer days were gone, and the darker autumn evenings shortened her hours of work. Trevor left her more to herself, and took no notice when she stole out quietly to a little mission-hall in a street close by, where she could join tremulously in the singing of hymns, and hear the reading of the Bible. Her voice was weak and low, so different from the clear, sweet tones Sylvanus and Rosy had listened to in those happy times, that they would not have known it to be hers. The frequenters of the mission-hall spoke kindly to her, but Rachel did not dare to tell her story to any of them. Nobody could befriend her; her only help was in God. He alone could bring her up out of the horrible pit and out of the miry clay, and she must wait patiently for Him.

Before the winter fairly set in, there were some signs of amendment in her husband. He bought a few articles of furniture for their comfortless abode, and supplied her with money, which he solemnly assured her he had earned honestly. The lingering love and lingering hope, so loth to lose their hold of Rachel's heart, took a new life from this return of kindness. It seemed almost as though their early married days were coming back, when Trevor took a pride in her, and was most happy when he was near her. He would not let her slave over her stitching; and often of an evening he stayed at home with her, or asked her to walk out with him. He even went to the mission-hall, and stood in the porch, between the two doors, all the

time she was within. So hopeful she grew, that now and then he heard her laugh, almost merrily, as though the good times she had hardly dared to dream of were nigh at hand.

"Rachel," he said, one evening, as they sat together in the glimmering of a bright little fire, for he had told her not to light the candle —"Rachel, I'm sick and tired of my bad ways; I am, for certain."

"Oh, Trevor!" she cried, sobbing with gladness, "that 'ud be a happy day for me."

"Ay!" he continued, "I've been watching you, and trying you hard to see if your religion's real; and you always seem happier than us others; and you're a better woman than the rest of 'em, and a good wife to me, though I've been like a brute. There's something in it, I say; and I'm going to turn over a new life, and be a converted man."

"It's not easy," she said, "it's harder than you think. But God has forgiven me, and He'll forgive you; and help us both. Then you believe in Him at last!"

"Ay; I believe," he answered, "and I'm going to prove it too. I'll break off with all my old mates, I will; those that have led me wrong; and I'll stick to you, Rachel. We'll go down into the country somewhere, far away from 'em all; and we'll have a nice, pretty little cottage, with a bit of garden-ground, where there'll be a few roots of flowers for thee and Rosy, if she's with us; and by-and-by we'll have a cow to keep, and you can make butter, you know. There never was any butter like what you made at the Hall. Or, perhaps I could get a place as groom in some gentleman's stables, and you'd be dairy-maid. Ay! we'd go to church together of Sundays, me and you and Rosy; and maybe the parson 'll come to see thee in thy cottage, and bring his wife and daughter with him, and they'd take notice of thee and Rosy, I know. And nobody 'll ever know that both thee and me were once jail-birds."

Rachel's heart, which had been thrilling with gladness as her husband spoke, sank a little at these last words. It had all crossed her mind so vividly and really, the pretty cottage and its plot of garden, and the cow that she was to have charge of, that it smote upon her like a fresh unknown pain, to remember, that whatever joy or happiness came to her in this life, it could never alter the past. Thornbury jail was, and must always be, part of her sad story.

"Ay!" Trevor went on, "we're both tarred with the same brush, thee and me. God Almighty has the same to forgive thee as me. Sometimes it seems as if you'd forgot what a great sinner you've been yourself, Rachel; but you've been as bad as any of 'em in that sort o' way. Ay! you've swore, and been drunk, and stole with the best of 'em. You were a clever lass, cleverer than the whole lot. But all that's over and gone. Only art thee sure as God Almighty's overlooked it? He's an awful Judge; harder than any judge down here. It 'ud be a hard thing to give up things here, and catch the same punishment after all. If He'd forgiven you, wouldn't He make things pleasanter? He keeps a grudge against thee, maybe; or you wouldn't have such troubles."

"He's forgiven me," said Rachel, thoughtfully, "like He forgave the poor thief who was hanged on the cross by Jesus. The thief wasn't unnailed from the cross, and set free to go home; but Jesus said, 'To-day thou shalt be with me in Paradise.' I suppose we must go on bearing our troubles here; but by-and-by we shall go and be with Jesus, and nobody 'll cast our sins in our teeth then."

"Ay! but we can't go right away like he did," said Trevor, "we've got to live here, and have clothing and meat, for many a long year. So, Rachel, my dear, all I want is, for thee to help me get our pretty sunny cottage down in the country, where I can be a good husband, and a father to Rosy, and a Christian like thee. You'll help me your best, won't you, Rachel?"

"Yes," she answered, laying her hand on his, "I promise to help you my best; and I'll work day and night for it."

Trevor sat silent for some minutes, and the glimmer of the fire died out, leaving his face in darkness. But Rachel was not looking at him. Her memory had carried her back to the warm, comfortable cottage, where she had rested for a little while on her weary tramp from Thornbury jail to Aston workhouse. She could see the bright oaken dresser, and the shelves of shining crockery above it, and the red quarries of the floor, and the clear face of the clock in the corner. How she had wished she had such a house to take Rosy to! Was it possible that something like it would still belong to her?

"It's only doing a very little thing," said Trevor, very quietly, almost in a whisper, "God Almighty would overlook it again, like He's done the past. It isn't half as bad as you did before, and He's forgiven that. There isn't any danger to you this time, not a jot of it. And I swear to God I'll turn

over a new leaf as soon as I've got my share; I'll break with 'em all. I'll live on the square ever after if you'll only help me this once. Come, Rachel, you're such a simple, innocent-looking creature, and you can talk so clever, nobody 'ud suspect you, and you'd run no danger. They're folk so rich it wouldn't harm them to lose what we'd take; they'd never miss it, and it 'ud set us up for life."

Rachel listened breathlessly, all her hopes dying away, and a chilly despair creeping over her. The very brightness of the visions that had just filled her mind made her real life more intolerable to her. How could she go on, year after year perhaps, in this misery? How could she bear to have other children born, who must grow up amid these scenes of wickedness, with no chance of better things for them?

Trevor went on whispering his project to her. It seemed easy enough; at least her share did. And what was to be done? A fine lady would lose her jewels, and a rich man a small portion of his money. They would not lose a single comfort; no, not even a single luxury. Whilst her husband, and Rosy, and herself would gain everything that made life desirable.

Trevor was crafty and cunning, and for a little while he contrived to bewilder her simple mind. She had always been proud of his learning; and now as he talked to her persuasively and flatteringly, she wavered.

Yet she could not give in all at once. She would have Rosy again, and a home in the fresh, free air of the country, for which she was pining. It was only taking one wrong step to go right for ever afterwards. Would it not be better to go down this one step, and so rescue her husband from his evil ways?

But then she must do it in the sight of God. She could not hide herself from Him while she broke His commandment. Obedience was hard; but He looked for obedience in hard things as well as easy things. Could she ever dare to pray to Him again? He never overlooked anything, as Trevor had said. Could she think of Him watching her as she committed this crime? Could she ever sing with Rosy, in those days to come, if she felt herself again a thief?

It was a bitter conflict for her. Once or twice she lifted up her face to tell Trevor she was willing to help him; but she could not bring out the words. At last, with a heart-broken cry, she freed her hand from his grasp, and fell upon her knees beside him.

"No, no," she said, "I daren't. I give it all up, Rosy, and you, and the cottage, and everything. I cannot disobey God. Not if you killed me, Trevor; no, not if I live here all my life, and never see Rosy again."

CHAPTER XVII.—A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE.

How it was Rachel could not tell, but a sense of great calmness and peace possessed her heart, after she had given up Rosy. It would have been a hard time for her but for that.

Trevor was more spiteful and malicious than before, and only stopped short, in his cunning mode of tormenting her, of that personal violence and cruelty which might drive her to appear against him before a magistrate.

In the close confinement of her gloomy attic her health had begun to give way. She was used to country ways, to light and air, and the foul atmosphere and dim twilight of the court were hurtful to her. But through it all, and in spite of it all, she felt a peace she had never tasted before. It was almost as if she already heard the Lord saying to her, "Well done, good and faithful servant!"

As the winter passed on she found it impossible to sit long enough at her stitching to earn sufficient food; and as her husband refused all help, she was compelled to seek her living by selling fruit and flowers in the streets. Sometimes she crept wearily along the hard and frosty pavements with a basket-load of Russian violets to sell; but few persons would linger in the strong east wind to buy a bunch of her flowers. Once she tried standing with oranges and apples at a busy corner, but the police bade her move on, and she found the burden too heavy to carry for any distance.

She wondered to find herself so weak; she, who had thought nothing of carrying baskets full of butter to Thornbury market. Now and then her pale wistful face caught the eye of some thoughtful passer by, who would stop to buy something from her out of pity.

But if it had not been for Sylvanus, she would not have earned enough to buy her own food, and to pay the rent of the attic, which Trevor left for her to do.

One evening, late in March, just as the sun was setting, and the streets were still

quite light, Rachel saw afar off, on the other side of the road, a girl like Rosy. She was coming swiftly along, with the light of the sun in her face, on the opposite pavement.

Rachel laid down her basket on a door-step, and leaned against the wall, trembling with excitement. All day through she had been longing to see Rosy's face again, before she had another child to love and grieve over. But could this be her little daughter? this tall, upright girl, with her bright brown hair blowing back from her rosy face, and her blue eyes smiling happily, as she hastened onward with light and rapid footsteps? Oh, she must never, never come into her place of misery!

It seemed to Rachel as if a great impassable gulf was fixed between them, and she could see Rosy safe and happy on the other side of it, but even if they would, they ought not to pass across to each other. Yes; it was Rosy. There was no room to doubt it. She had only to lift up her voice, and call aloud, and the child

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would fly across to her. Oh! the rapture of holding her in her arms once more! Of kissing her pretty face! Oh, the pang of letting her go again! "Rosy! Rosy!" she cried; but it was in a whisper. She could not call aloud, and her eyes grew dim, as if the light was fading. When she came to herself again Rosy had passed by, and her swift, springing footsteps had carried her almost out of sight.

It was best so, thought Rachel; better for Rosy to run no risk of being seen with her. For all she knew, Trevor, or some of his vicious friends, might be at hand, and the child had escaped an unknown danger.

The agitation had left her tremulous and shaken, with barely strength enough to creep homewards. Yet it was as if she had seen some bright, blessed vision; almost as if an angel had passed by to give her comfort and courage. She knew that before her lay trouble and sorrow, perhaps greater than any she had yet suffered, but this fleeting glimpse of Rosy would never leave her mind. The child was not fretting or pining after her,

thank God! She was unfeignedly glad to have seen her looking so bright and happy. Sylvanus and Mrs. Croft made her a better father and mother than her own real parents were. Yes, though Mrs. Croft could not love her as she loved her, she would make a wiser and less faulty mother than she could ever be.

Rosy seemed to flit before her through the busy streets, now growing dusk with the falling night. Rachel was compelled to rest often on her way home, for she still felt fluttered and startled by her unlooked-for gladness. The curling brown hair, the bright eyes, the soft round cheeks, all seemed clear in her sight, as if they were just before her. She had seen her girl once more, and now she could be content.

Slowly she crept up the flights of dirty stairs which led to her attic, careful to make no noise, lest any of her neighbours should look out at their doors to speak to her, and so rudely disturb her new impressions of her child. She found the garret door locked, and when she tapped gently for her husband to open it, if he would, she could hear no sound on the other side. It was no uncommon thing, for, if he happened to be dozing, or if he felt angry with her, he often kept her standing outside, till it was his pleasure to let her in. All the night before he had been out, and very probably he had sunk into a heavy sleep, from which she dared not rouse him.

She sat down patiently on the topmost step of the staircase, and fell into a light slumber. For a little while all was forgetten, she felt no more her weariness and pain; her dread was gone. Rosy was with her again, a little helpless baby, with no power or strength of her own; too young yet to speak to her, too young even to know her. But oh! how she loved that tiny helpless creature! She thought she saw her growing, growing, quickly as things happen in dreams, and still her own love grew as quickly. Then, suddenly, a voice, strangely sweet and solemn, said to her, "Can a mother forget her child? Yea, she may forget; yet will not I forget thee." "That is God!" she cried, and, so crying, she awoke.

For a moment she could not but believe that she had heard His voice, as those three happy disciples heard it, when they were with Jesus on the Mount. But all was dark around her, and she was alone. Down below there was a distant sound of quarrelling and of children crying. She ventured once more to tap softly at the attic door, but still there was no answer. Looking more closely, she saw that the key was not in the lock. Her husband, therefore, could not be inside.

She was about to sit down again to wait his return, when a woman who lived in the room below called her to come down for a minute, for she had a message from Trevor for her. Her face wore a look of importance, as she set a chair for Rachel.

"Now, don't you take on," she said, "we're all your friends here, for you're a good, decent creature, Rachel Trevor; and I wish we were more like you, I do. There, now! Trevor's been took up, and he sent word by Julia to say you must get along as well as you can, till he's home again. Julia says he's bound to have ten years, or more, this time; for they were as bold as bull-dogs, and so headlong and venturesome as if there wasn't police or anythink. Bur, lor! who knows? he might be back again in a week or two, if they can't prove anythink against him. Jue was off like a shot as soon as she'd left the message. 'We'll do our best for her, poor soul!' said I, 'whether he comes back or not.' So, there's the key; and I'll bring you a cup of tea by-and-by."

"Thank you kindly," answered Rachel, taking the key, and going back absently into her poor garret. It did not seem real, this sudden change. Rosy passing by, and her husband gone! Gone; in jail again. There would be no one now who would care to watch her, and dog her steps. She was free once more to go where she pleased. Possibly Trevor would be parted from her by another long term of years, and these ten months would seem only a dream of misery. Should she send her neighbour to let Sylvanus know, and to bring him to her? But even yet she shuddered at the idea of Rosy being known as Trevor's child. She dared not let anybody possess a clue to her. It would be dangerous to let one of Trevor's comrades even see his little daughter. No; Rosy, on the safe, bright side of the gulf, must never pass it to come to her,

But could she go to Rosy? Could she even now go home? Was it too late? She saw Rosy stretching out her arms to her, and heard her calling across the gulf. Yes; she would go home, if it were only to die on the door-step, which Rosy's feet so often trod.

CHAPTER XVIII.—THE DESIRED HAVEN.

With a strange smile upon her worn pale face, Rachel descended for the last time those steps she had trodden so many months, bowed down in spirit, and broken in heart.

The way home was long and indirect; the streets appeared to lie about her like the meshes of a great net which had caught her in its web. She did not know the nearest road, for she had never dared to walk towards home; yet it was important that she should hasten, for midnight was not far off, and her strength might not hold out to the end. The day's work had exhausted it, and the few grains left were ebbing fast away. Snow and sleet were driving on the easterly wind, which moaned and whistled past her along the narrow streets. Scarcely a footfall was heard, for the hour was late and the cold severe. But Rachel heeded neither the piercing wind nor her own feebleness. She was going home, where there would be shelter from the pitiless storm; but it was of Rosy she was thinking, not of the shelter. Yet now and then she broke out into an almost unconscious wail: "I shall never reach it! I shall never see her!" The houses stretched before her in longer and longer rows, whilst her steps grew slower. It was a great way off. Whenever she paused to inquire from any chance passer-by how far it was, the answer made it seem impossible that she could ever reach home. If it had not been home she was trying to reach, she must have given in, and fallen down in the streets to die.

It was the dead of the night when she turned the corner of the street where Rosy lived. For the last half-hour she had not heard a sound in any of the houses she had passed. The snow-flakes that had fallen thickly upon her did not melt. Numbed and drooping she dragged her weary feet along the silent pavement. How familiar every house was to her, and yet how strange and forbidding, with every door barred against her, and every window darkened! She could only creep from door to door. Would she have strength left to arouse those who were fast locked in sleep at home? Or would she be obliged to sink down and die on the very threshold?

The street lamp lit up the front of the house, with its numerous sign-boards, and a dim light was burning, as it always burned, behind the white curtains of Mrs. Croft's chamber. How well she knew the pleasant room within! Mrs. Croft might be lying awake, as she often did, listening to the cruel blast of the storm, and praying for the poor creatures exposed to its fury. If she were waking, she would surely catch the sound of the feeblest knock or the faintest cry. But if she should be asleep!

Rachel lifted her shaking hand, and gave a faint, low rap at the door, such as a little child might give. It was scarcely loud enough to be heard, and there was no echo of it along the empty passage within. She tried to raise her voice and call, but there was no sound in her voice. She sank down on the doorstep moaning. No answer came to her; all was still as death in the house. Yet Rosy was there, fast asleep in her warm bed. Rosy, who would break her heart to-morrow, if she awoke in the morning, and found her dead on the very threshold. She could not bear to think of Rosy's great grief.

"God sees me," she murmured, "God sees me. He will help me."

She raised herself up and cried again—a long, mournful cry. Then she knew she had made the last effort possible to her. A strange languor and drowsiness seemed creeping over her; a pleasant sense of rest, as if the worst was over, and all would soon be well with her. Far away, as it seemed, she heard a footstep coming nearer and nearer to her, and a gleam shone through the fan-light over the door. Her ear was growing deaf, but the well-known sound of a key turning in its lock reached her drowsy brain. "It's not the jail," she thought, "it's home." Looking up through her dim eyes, she saw, as through a mist, the wrinkled, withered face of Sylvanus bending down over her.

"Why, it's Sylvie," he cried, "come home again at last!"

But Rachel heard no more. There was no need to take care of herself, or rouse herself, any longer. She was safe now, and might give way to the unconsciousness that was fast gaining upon her.

CHAPTER XIX.—THE STORM ENDED.

LATE the next day Rachel's second child was born. There was no hope from the first that she should recover her strength; it had ebbed too low, even if she had not had her long and toilsome wandering through the storm. She must have died, said the doctor, if she had remained in her desolate attic, with no one about her except the hard and vicious women, who would have been her only companions. Now she lay at rest in her own quiet chamber at home; a faint yet very happy smile never left her face. All was so peaceful and so safe; there was no fear of her husband ever finding Rosy, and it would even add to her security if she died herself.

"Nobody knows what might happen if I lived," she whispered, "all his mates know me, and some of them might see me some

day; but nobody knows Rosy. You'll always take care of her; she'll belong to nobody save you now, master."

"Call me father, Rachel," said Sylvanus, the tears rolling fast down his furrowed cheeks; "it's as if Sylvie was dying again. As long as God leaves you with me, call me father."

"Father!" she repeated, with a brighter smile, "why! I begin to think as God Himself 'll let me call Him Father after I'm dead. I've been so wicked I never dared to say 'Our Father' to Him yet. But it 'll be quite a new life there, and it 'll all be different. I'm glad God knows what I've been here, so as I shan't have to tell Him, and He won't cast it against me, will He?"

"No, no," said Sylvanus; "He says, 'Your sins will I remember no more.' You'll be as free from 'em as your little new-born babe."

"I'm not sorry I'm going," she went on in her low undertones; "though I must leave Rosy behind me. It's better for her, and she's a big girl now, and can do without a mother—such a mother as I've been! There's only one thing I'd ask God, if He said I might have what I choose. I'd like to take my baby with me; it wouldn't seem so strange there where I'm going if I'd my little baby to take care of just at first, you know. I was never so happy as when Rosy was born. Look at it, father; it's a poor, weak, ailing little thing. It 'ud be a great trouble and charge to you."

"No," answered Sylvanus, "it 'ud be no trouble, neither to me, nor mother, nor Rosy. But there! Rosy shall come and lie down quiet beside you, and maybe you'll fall asleep, and wake up brighter and stronger."

Softly and gently Rosy lay down beside her mother. The light was too low for Rachel to see her bonny face plainly; but she felt her child's arm thrown lightly across her, and her soft, warm cheek laid against her own. How full of content the mother's heart was at last!

"Rosy," she whispered, "mother's been a wicked woman. It was true what they said of me at Aston; but I've repented of my sins, and the Lord has taken them away. I don't know how He has taken them, it's all a secret to me; but they don't feel heavy on me now; and when I think I am going to see his face, I'm glad, Rosy. He isn't my Judge, that I'm afraid of; He's my Saviour. And I'm not going to any sort of prison; I'm going home for good. When you think that mother was once a wicked woman, you say to yourself, 'Jesus loved her in spite of all, and He forgave her, and now she's gone to be with Him in paradise.'"

"Yes, mother," sobbed Rosy.

"My Rosy 'll never grow up wicked," she went on, "she must die rather than fall into sin. It's not hard to die, if this is dying; but oh! it's very hard to be wicked, it's a cruel, dreadful thing. There are folks worse than wild beasts, Rosy; even girls like you, that never know what it is to be good. I couldn't go to God happy if I thought you'd ever be like them. Don't cry, my dearie. I'm not crying, though I'm going to leave you behind me."

"Oh, mother! get well again," cried Rosy, "don't leave me."

"It's best for you, Rosy," she murmured, "if I'd planned it all, it couldn't have been better. You'll be quite, quite safe now, all your life long. Nobody saw me come here, and nobody 'll ever see me in the streets again. If I'd planned it ever so, it couldn't have been safer for you."

"Rachel," said Sylvanus anxiously, "keep quiet now, and try to go to sleep a bit."

"Maybe I shall never wake again," she answered, pressing Rosy's arm with her weak fingers; "tell my mistress I send my love and duty to her, and I give up Rosy to you both gladly, gladly. There! I can go to sleep now."

She fell asleep presently with her hand on Rosy's arm, though she had not strength enough to clasp it. Her white face was turned towards the hearth where the nurse sat with the baby on her lap; and now and then the wailing of the child reached her dull ears, causing her to stir a little, uneasily. But by-and-by the piteous moan ceased, and no other sound broke into the silent room, as hour after hour passed by of the night. Rosy fell asleep at Rachel's side; but even in her sleep she kept her arm about her mother's neck, as if to keep her still in this world. The nurse, too, nodded and slumbered on the hearth, and Sylvanus alone watched and prayed earnestly beside the dying woman. It was Sylvie dying over again; yet bitter as it was to him to lose her, he knew that it would be better for her to die. There was no resting-place for her on earth where she could be free from the chain of her past sins. The dark thread she had woven into the web of her life must run all through it. But the old man whispered to himself, "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." Yes, it was far best that Rachel should die.

At length the grey dawn came, and the wind which had been wailing all night fell. Through the uncurtained window the snow could be seen covering all the roofs with a pure and glittering white. Presently the light smote upon Rachel's closed eyelids, and she opened them for a moment, but shut them again, dazzled with the brightness.

"Where am I?" she asked in a low, awe-stricken voice.

"Here, Rachel," answered Sylvanus, "with Rosy and me yet."

"The storm is quite over," she said softly, "and there is a bright, bright light. It'll never be dark any more; never be rough any more. God is very good to me."

"Rachel," said Sylvanus, "God has given you what you asked for."

He slipped his hand tenderly beneath her head, and raised it an inch or two from the pillow. Under the window through which the morning sun was shining, lay her baby silent and still, with a thin white covering only thrown over its tiny frame. A light, brighter than a smile, dawned in Rachel's dim eyes, and shone there, when her head sank again on the pillow.

"It won't seem so strange now," she whispered. "God knew I should want something, even among the angels. I needn't trouble about a name for her now; God will give her a name."

Her happy eyes closed again, and her breath came softly and regularly through her parted lips; so softly and regularly that Sylvanus thought she had fallen asleep, and would not stir for fear of disturbing her. Once she tried to turn her head, and her lips moved as if she were whispering the name of Rosy. Her rest was tranquil and peaceful. The smile upon her face grew more solemn, but not less glad. As the rays of the early sun fell full upon her, her eyelids quivered a little, though they did not unclose; but she spoke as one waking from a dream.

"Father!" she cried, in a tone of amazement and of great joy. Sylvanus laid his hand tenderly upon hers, which was growing chilly, for she was passing across the threshold of a new home where he could not follow her yet; but she could not feel the touch of his hand, or hear Rosy's cry. The storm of life was ended for her, and already she was in the haven where she would be.

CHAPTER XX.—THOU GOD SEEST ME.

They buried Rachel in a corner of a crowded cemetery. Sylvanus fancied he would like to take her to some quiet country churchyard, where the birds would sing over her grave; but he was obliged to give up his wish. As it was, he and Rosy could go often to keep the flowers bright above it; and by-and-by, as months passed away, it became a quiet pleasure to tend the little mound, and to talk together of the home whither she was gone.

"Mother," said Sylvanus, a few weeks after Rachel's death, "I'm thinking I'd like to know what became of our poor girl's husband. She told me where she'd been living with him, and I'll take roundabout ways and be precautious, for Rosy's sake; but I do want to know what's become of him."

"Sylvanus," cried his wife in alarm, "you'll never think of trying to win him back?"

"I'll see," he answered; "but I'm afraid he's past my winning, if Rachel couldn't do it."

Sylvanus took so many roundabout ways to seek the court where Trevor had lived that he had fairly lost himself before he found it. It lay in the heart of a thick rookery of poor streets, and even he who had himself been a poor man, and had seen many a bad court in London, was appalled by the sights he witnessed there. It was not that the inhabitants of it were so poor, as that they were so degraded and lost to all sense of good. Scarcely a word reached his ears that was not an evil one. Men and women bore the stamp of wickedness on their faces, and the children themselves seemed already marked for sin. He passed through them in his working clothes, exciting little notice; but his heart was wrung with compassion and pity for his poor Rachel, who had dwelt among them.

"It's like hell!" he said to himself; "it's like hell upon earth! And she lived here, trying to win him back, and believing God saw her. Eh! it's enough to make anybody believe as He doesn't see, or He'd burn us up like Sodom and Gomorrah! Only that was before the dear Lord died. There's never been a judgment like that, since He was crucified."

He did not ask after Rachel, as he had thought of doing, for the very sight of the place had extinguished the faint hope he had of seeking after her husband, and trying to win him to God. If he could be so vile and hardened as to make his home there, and to compel his wife to dwell among such people, there was no chance that his heart

could be touched and softened by the story of her death. No; he must run no risk whatever of bringing Rosy down to a pit of wickedness like this.

But before he left the court, he saw a woman somewhat less shameful-looking than the rest, who was sitting on the door-step of one of the houses. He stopped for a minute beside her, and she said "Good morning" to him in a civil tone.

"Could you tell me anything of a man of the name of Trevor?" he asked her.

"Trevor! Ay!" she said. "He's been in trouble, but nothing could be proved against him; and they were forced to let him get off scot free. Only the police were hard on him; and he went away for awhile. Are you a friend of his, master?"

"No," he answered, "I never saw him. Had he any family?"

"He'd a wife," she said, "a decent, tidy woman as ever trod. He said she'd been in jail once; but she was country-born and country-bred, and she didn't take to the ways of the folks here. She went away the very day Trevor was took up, and she's never been heard of since. Some of the gang 'ud like to find her, for he was set on not letting her go; what for, I don't know. I was sorry for her, I was."

"Did you speak kind to her?" he asked, the tears standing in his eyes.

"Master," she answered earnestly, "I used to hear her singing hymns sometimes, up yonder at her window, when he was out of the way, and I used to wish I was her. If you lived here, you'd have thought her an angel, you would. Ay! I spoke kind to her, when I did speak, for I was ashamed for her to see me. I went up to her door once, and she was talking like to herself, or to somebody I couldn't see. I looked through the keyhole, and there she was stitching away for very life; it wasn't saying prayers, for she hadn't time to kneel down; she was talking, only there was nobody to talk to. I hearkened through the door at what she said, and they were words that run often in my head at times."

"What words were they?" asked Sylvanus.

"I hardly like to take them in my mouth," said the woman; "there she sat stitch, stitching; and she was saying half to herself, and half to somebody I couldn't see, 'Christ loves me; God loves me! Thou, God, seest me!'"

THE END.

"THE WORLD BY WISDOM KNEW NOT GOD."

1 Cor. i. 21.

THY love of nature's laws, and searchings deep,
We blame not, nor would have thee less revere
The knowledge such can give, nor do we fear
The seeming discords, as your fingers sweep
The echoing keys of that long past, where sleep
Those chords, yet unrevealed to mortal ear,
Which yet shall make creation's purpose clear,
And tune to joy the voice of those who weep.
If nature charm thee, then, like her, obey
Those laws which are not hers, but ever flow
From Wisdom, which to carnal sight is dim,
Whose spirit, scorned by thee, shall make thee lay
Thy hard-earned wisdom at the feet of Him,
Whom then alone thou shalt begin to know.

E.

SOUTH AFRICA.

IV.

IT was into such a waste as that described at the end of last article that the great "trek" of the Boers led in the years from 1834 to 1840. Then began a change among the wild animals as great as among the wild men. For years, however, few English hunters penetrated into the wilds. Captain Harris, an English officer, was the first. His graphic account of sport, and his sketches of the wild animals met with, forms, perhaps, still the best work among the many now existing on African wild life, as among the animals the one which he discovered and named "Harrisbok" is the most beautiful.

Then at long intervals followed Oswald, Cumming, Anderson, Shelley, and a host of others; of all these men Oswald's name lives longest in the native mind. "He would put three bullets in the pocket of his waistcoat," they say, "and riding close to an elephant, shoot him in three shots. He did not stand firing at him from afar."

Yet, long before hunter had entered the wilds, missionaries had gone into Damara and the desert. The veteran Moffat, Edwards, and Campbell formed stations far into the interior before a Boer had "treked" over the Gareip.

In 1812 Campbell visited the city of Latakoo, and the chief Maraka, or Maroko, of the Morolongs. Moroko is still alive; sixty-three years have passed away, yet Moroko is chief of his tribe. He is probably the oldest man in South Africa.

This tribe of Barrolongs, as they are called to-day, deserves some notice at our hands. More than forty years ago, Campbell induced the chief and his tribe to move from the Vaal river to the hill we have already spoken of, which, standing in the midst of a vast plain, is called the Hill of Night.

Around this lofty hill, in the many valleys which lie at its base, the Barrolongs made their homes. Beyond them, to the east, lay the Basuto country, and from Thabanchu to the rock kraal of Moshesh at Thaba Bossiou, was not more than fifty miles.

Moroko paid an annual tribute to Moshesh, and acknowledged the Basuto as his paramount; but when difficulties arose between the white men and the Basutos, Moroko sided with the white man.

His territory, consisting of nine hundred square miles of fertile land, was given by him (we presume) in trust to the Wesleyan Society, of which body Mr. Campbell was a missionary.

At the end of the struggle between the Dutch and the Basutos, this Barrolong possession was an isolated native reserve, surrounded on all sides by the Orange Free State. What is to-day called in the Free State "the conquered territory," lay around it upon three sides. Moroko, however, remained on his location; around on every side Dutch farms sprang up, and with the usual forgetfulness of the fact that the Barralongs were in possession of their ground at Thabanchu long before a Boer had planted a beacon nigh the Caledon, many a hungry eye is now turned to this country of Morokos, and men speculate upon the probable expulsion of the Barralongs into some distant wilds when the old chief shall have passed away. This land hunger seems a disease, which grows the more it feeds. Men in South Africa are not content with the already vast tracts in their possession; one hears constantly in the Free State of a man having two, four, or six farms each of six thousand acres, some of which he has never even looked upon, and yet the cry is more, more, more; and year after year pretexts are found for bringing to sale the scant remnants of native possessions in the remote "Hoeks" of the Vetteberg or the Rhodeberg, where yet lingers some scattered race of Zulu or Basuto.

And now, having dwelt a long time in these mountain and upland countries of South Africa, let us descend, ere leaving altogether the land, and dwell, if only for a little while, in the region heretofore hardly looked upon in these pages—the meadow we have called Natal.

The people of Natal call the great range of the Drakensberg their garden wall. Hitherto we have looked upon the garden from the top of this wall, and if now we descend from that summit and gather fruits and flowers, with a few weeds too, in the garden beneath, it will be as fitting a "last look" at South Africa as we can give that glorious region in these pages.

Men, white men, first found Natal on a Christmas day. The Cape of Storms had been passed—the terrible sea whose waves rage in what seems an eternity of tempest, around that lone promontory where Afric's

southmost shore rises, lion-shaped, defiantly to confront the widest and the wildest waste in the globe—had been left behind, and now the long-tossed caravels were sailing north into sunnier seas.

It was the summer season in this southern hemisphere. The sea breeze, laden at times with moisture, carried coolness and refreshing showers o'er the land, and the land wind came at eventime seawards, bearing on its wings the scents and soft perfumes of myriad flowering things which had quickened into life beneath the mingled sun and shower of a half-tropic clime.

One bold point covered deep in flowers and foliage marked the otherwise even line of the coast; inside this point a deep curving bay stretched between hills, tree-covered, to the water's edge. Along the outer shore a wild surf broke in ceaseless thunder, but in the sheltered bay within the sea rose and fell in waveless ripple, and the many-hued foliage, thick with flowers, fringed at flood-tide the bright blue water, or bordered, when the tide had ebbed, a strand of velvet softness.

Well might these weatherbeaten mariners have hailed with delight a vision which must have recalled to them their own sunny shores by far-away Lusitania, and pointed them forward, too, to the richer goal of their great enterprise—the hitherto fabled Indian land.

But long years had to pass, ere this fair region of Natal saw aught of white men save some stray sail far out to sea.

The great captains sent by Portugal to found her empire in the east, held for the most part aloof from this south-eastern shore of Africa; for its strange currents, and harbourless coast, and savage peoples, had proved fatal to many a caraval and crew; and Diaz had perished off the Cape which he had discovered, and Alvarez had lost his fleet, and Lopez his life, among the wild seas and wilder savages of this scarce known land.

But men came at last. It was about the time when the ruthless career of Chaka had reached its close. Around the vast circle of the Zulu dominions there lay an immense tenantless waste. More than four hundred thousand human beings had been swept away, and silence reigned, save when broken by the wild beast's cry, from the Bay of Natal to the Mont Aux Sources.

The white man came. Chaka dying, had taunted his murderers with a prophecy of the advent, and the tyrant's expiring vision was soon fulfilled.

We have already sketched the earlier scenes of this foundation of civilised dominion in Natal. It lies only a few years back. Men still live in Natal who witnessed the fierce struggle of Dutch and Zulus in "Weenan," when first the emigrating Boers moved down to take possession of their Promised Land.

Whatever we may think of Dutch civilisation, of Dutch native policy, of the power of Dutch colonists to develope the resources of a country, upon one point we must accord them our unqualified admiration. Where they settled, they made a home.

The "fountain" was turned down the street; the oak tree was planted along the dusty thoroughfare; the orange grew before the doorway: and if, perhaps, there was not altogether that improvement in farm, or that comfort in dwelling-house, which nineteenth-century civilisation has taught us to regard as indispensably necessary to existence, we must remember that it is seventeenth-century ideas which we have to deal with, that it is the Holland of Alva and the France of the Huguenots which is here preserved in these wastes—preserved cut off from intercourse with their fatherlands, and exposed to contact with savage peoples. Bereft of nearly all that can soften, surrounded by nearly all that can harden, and wonderful in still possessing certain characteristics of solid determination and love of independence, which seem to have fossilized amid the wild and stern solitudes of South Africa.

One day, the writer of these pages found himself on the crest of one of the innumerable hills which lie in strange confusion at the base of the great Drakensberg range; he was alone; the camp had not yet been struck, and he had wandered out in the chance of finding an antelope in the dry grass of the valley, and the certainty of seeing from the hilltop the proud Drakensberg unfold itself from north to south in snow and purple, as flinging from it stray streaks of vapour it bared its broad breast to the uprisen sun.

Below the hill from whence this view was visible, there stood a solitary house, dark green trees grew around it, and a limpid stream of water, taken at a higher level from the river which ran through the valley, flowed close to the garden. Riding along this brook the traveller drew near the house, an old man came forth.

"Would the stranger off saddle?"

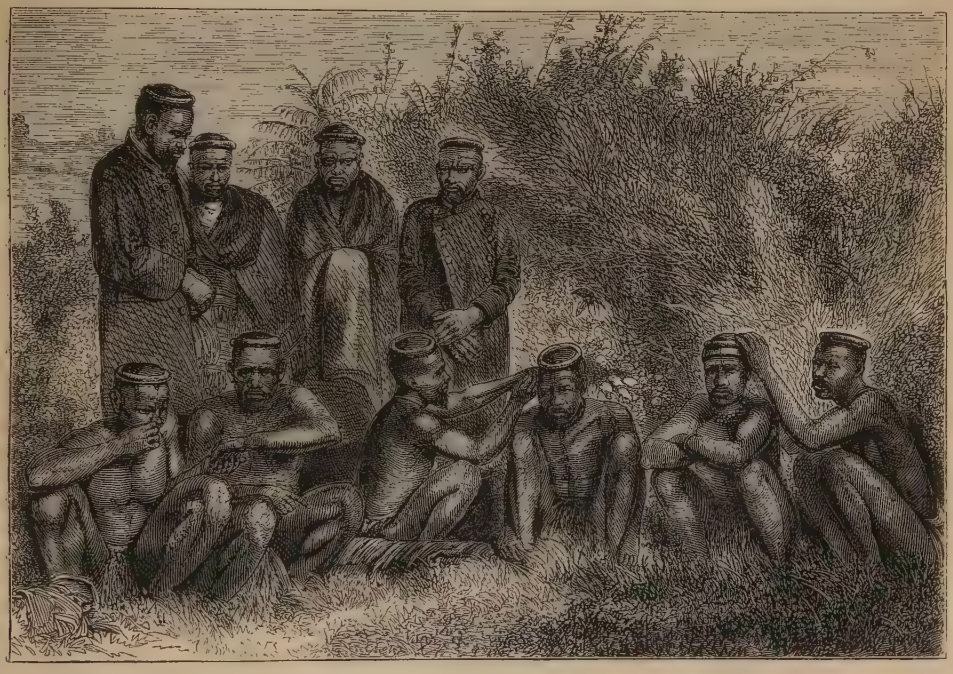
"No—it was too early in the morning; but he would alight, tie his horse at the door, and sit a while in the parlour."

It was not difficult to turn this old man's thoughts into channels worn deep by time into his memory. Forty years before, he had formed one of the great "trek" into Natal, and this was the story of that time as he now told it.

"At the laager on the top of the Berg we were nine hundred waggons. We had journeyed for two years from the old colony. We were tired of the dry plains and short grass, and we looked down upon Natal from the mountain and said to one another, 'We will go down and make our homes there.' We went down: it was slow, slow work: no road: no path: nothing save the mountain wall; but we could take a waggon over any ground an ox could scramble on. We got down at last, and made laager here and there over the country.

"Not far from where I now talk to you there dwelt a chief; he had stolen cattle from Dingaan the Zulu king. We sent messages to Dingaan. He treated them well, and sent them back to say, that if we recovered the lost cattle, all the land south of the Tugela should be ours.

"Well, we followed the 'spoor' of the cattle, and brought them back to Dingaan.



Group of Zulus.

I did not go; but many of our best men did, and we never saw them again.

"The Zulus fell upon them in camp when everything looked fair, and not a man escaped. I was in a laager near the Bushman's river when news came of this slaughter; many did not believe it, but soon we knew that it was too true. From the north a great force of Zulus came to destroy us. Our laagers were scattered, and some of the outlying ones were stormed, and our people were killed.

"One morning I left the laager to go and look after the oxen out-spanned. It was yet early when I returned, and never shall I forget the sight which I beheld from the top of the hill over the Bushman river near which the laager was pitched. For an instant I thought the whole valley was full of cattle; white and black, red and dun oxen seemed thick as they could stand, but I only thought this for an instant; it was the sun-light on thousands of ox-hide shields carried by the Kaffirs, and soon I saw the flash of the assagais through the shields, and heard the shouts of the Zulus as they swarmed about one of our laagers which they had cut off from the others.

"I was mounted on a good horse, a young animal which I had brought from the old colony. I had trained him myself, and he

knew every touch of my heel and every turn of my wrist, for I had hunted game with him for two years on the upper plains. I called him 'Zwart,' and he knew his name as well as a dog. I had my long gun with me, a bag of bullets, and a flask of powder.

"Well, I did not stop long on the hilltop to think; my laager was yet clear of Kaffirs, and in five minutes I was inside it.

"But, meantime, it was going hard with our people in the farthest laager; the shots from the waggons were getting fewer, the shouts of the stormers getting louder. Old Jacob Van der Sell was in command of our laager; the old man was watching the fight, and talking to himself as he watched 'Oosthousen.' He said suddenly to me, 'You have got a good horse under you. Boy, there's a bag of bullets and a keg of powder in this waggon; they want lead and powder in the laager yonder; strap the bag and the keg behind your saddle and carry them to the laager. You'll save the lives of all of them there, if you can get in.'

"I did as he told me, got the keg and the bag well fastened to the saddle, said 'good bye' to a few of the people standing near, and rode out from the waggons.

"There were only a few scattered bands of Kaffirs near our laager, for our turn had yet to come, and nearly the whole army was at work at the laager to which I was going. I took Zwart at an easy canter across the valley, and it was a minute or so before the Kaffirs noticed me; but they thought little of one horseman, and kept charging up towards the waggons, and falling back again from the shots.

"I rode up to within one hundred yards of the hindmost rank of them, and fired into the crowd. Many of them yelled and turned at me; but I could just play with them as I liked, and I kept Zwart in a hand canter back and forwards, up and down, firing and falling back to load again.

"I fired thus twenty or more shots into them, and rode right round the outside edge of them, before they seemed to know what I was doing. Sometimes they would charge me detached parties, and I had to keep my eyes well round me to watch that they did not get too close from behind while I was engaged with others in front, for at fifty yards the long-handled assagai goes swift and sure from a Zulu's hand. But they never touched me; round and round, in and out, I went, firing and reloading, while the Zulus yelled like demons, stopping every now and again when my long 'roeer' gun sent its bullets among them, and some brave rolled over shot through his ox-hide shield.

"Zwart seemed to relish the work as much as I did, and more perhaps; for all the time it seemed only sport to him, while I was thinking of the work that lay before me of getting through the dense mass of Zulus into the hard-pressed laager.

"The Zulus themselves seemed to know what I wanted; and when they found that they could not catch me in the open, it occurred to them that if they opened out a lane for me through their ranks, they might succeed better in entangling me amongst them; so they fell back for a space on both sides, leaving a passage free towards the laager.

"When I saw this open lane leading in to the waggons, I knew it was the sole chance I had of getting in to my comrades; but I kept wheeling Zwart about, as if not too much in earnest of trying it. At last I put a big, big charge into the 'roeer,' turned the horse's head full for the opening, and drove both spurs into his flanks. He had been well within his pace all the time, and now he had lots of it left for the last moment. He flew like an arrow up the lane of savages; never after wildeebeaste or quagga or ostrich did he go like that day. Once we were in the thick of the Zulus, they were afraid to fling, so close were the opposite ranks. As I neared the laager, a crowd of savages rushed out yelling, with shields and stabbing assagais. I levelled the 'roeer' full on them, and drove the horse after the pellets, through shields and smoke and savages; and then, with a couple of assagais in Zwart's flank, and one through my leg, I was inside the laager—keg and bag of bullets safe.

"We fought them for an hour afterwards, and beat them off in the end; but they stormed two of the laagers, and killed all our people in them. Ah! that was a night, if you like—such a night! Women had lost their children, husbands their wives, men their brothers; every one was in sorrow. The Zulus spared nothing. All through the night the wail of women was to be heard, and when morning came we gathered the remnants together into one laager, buried our slaughtered people, and sat down to plan revenge.

"Six hundred of our kith and kin fell that day. Well may all that region bear the name of 'Weenan,' the 'place of weeping.' She was a child [pointing to his wife] in that laager."

Thus the old man told his story while his wife (who had appeared at an early stage of the narrative with a plate full of golden oranges) sat listening to the one great event of her life, now told, I dare say, for the one thousandth time in her hearing.

When I rose to depart, the old couple came out, stuffing the oranges into pocket and holster; and as I said "Good-bye" to the simple old Dutch farmer, I thought how many men carry "the cross of valour" for half that gallant morning's work by the laager on the Bushman's river. What Goldsmith wrote of

"The rude Carinthian boor,
Who 'gainst the homeless stranger shuts his door,"

cannot be applied to the South African Dutchman. If rude, he has ever been hospitable, and the stranger had always a welcome at his gate; but latterly he has become changed in this respect, and with good reason.

The rich treasures of gold and diamonds found in the far sheep pastures of Boerdom have caused many a European scoundrel to migrate thither, and in the simple and unlettered Africander the educated villaindom of Europe and America has found a rich field for exploits.

As one travels now through upland South Africa, one can glean a hundred stories of how some unfortunate boer fell victim to cunning and duplicity; how men came and purchased his sheep from him, and then paid him in ten-shilling Cape notes. He, simple soul, seeing only a large figure 10 on the face of the paper, never dreaming that the number referred to shillings, took but a shilling in the pound for his herds, and only discovered his mistake months later, when he journeyed to the nearest market town, sixty miles distant, to cash his imagined treasure.

Of the outside world, the Dutch Boer knew nothing. Suddenly the outside world came to him to cheat and to lie, and it is natural that he should shrink from it in alarm.

Not long ago there came a Boer from upcountry to Pietermaritzburg, the chief town of Natal. He had £3,000 in notes and gold in his waggon. People told him there was a bank in the town in which care would be taken of his money. He took his long-hoarded wealth to the bank and stated his case. The official counted the money and said, "There is £3,000 here; we will take it and give you every year £4 for each £100. For the whole you will get £120 a-year."

"What is that you say?" answered the Boer. "Give me £120 for looking after my money and taking care of it! Oh no—you must be a great robber to say such a thing. Give me back my money; you are a great rascal! Had you asked me to pay you for taking care of my money, I would have trusted you; but now give me it back again." And he took his gold to the waggon.

We were once a passenger in an upcountry post-car. A Boer had stopped the car a few days before, and asked the driver to bring him, on the next trip, a small bottle of English porter. The driver did as he was asked, and now the bottle was forthcoming. "What is the use of one small bottle?" asked the driver. "Oh, it is for my wife," answered the Boer. "The doctor has ordered my wife porter, and I am going to give it to her in teaspoonsful."

When diamonds were first discovered at Kimberly, the farm on which they were found was in the possession of a certain De Beer. As may be presumed from his name, "Old De Beer," as he was called, was a Boer among Boers. He sold his farm for £6,000, and moved away to the north. It chanced that in time men looking for diamonds came to "prospect" his new farm. He went angrily to them. "Now look, my friends," he said, "I don't want any of this diamond-finding on my farm; I have had that sort of thing before. If you find diamonds about here, I'll only have to move away again. I don't like people coming around, and I don't like them diamonds that make people come around; so you just stop your digging, and go along somewhere else."

The Boer is a fearless and practised rider, and an unerring shot. Life in the "Veldt" is familiar to him in all its aspects. He can rough it with any man, tame or wild, the world over, nevertheless he is not a soldier; he will fight Zulu or Bechuana or Basuto, but then he will have the long flint "roeer" against the arrow or the assagai, or the Westley Richards breech-loading rifle against a rusty musket. He is ever ready to take the field: his rifle and gun are in the room-corner, his ammunition-pouch is ever full, his horse (knee-haltered or in the stable) he can turn out at short notice. Nevertheless he is not a soldier, and he never will be one.

In one of the many boundary disputes arising out of the diamond discovery, a party of Boers and Englishmen met in opposition near a place called Hebron, on the

Vaal River. As is frequently the custom in such cases, the anxiety for battle diminished with the distance between the opposing forces, and a parley was proposed by the respective leaders when the hosts came within shooting proximity.

There happened to be in the ranks of the English party a native of Ireland, who naturally did not at all relish the pacific turn affairs seemed to be assuming. While the leaders debated the settlement of the dispute, Pat left the ranks of his party, and approaching the place of consultation, demanded of his chief (now busily engaged with the Boer commandant in smoking and debate) if he and his friends on the hill might be permitted to open fire upon their opponents before any further discussion on the cause of quarrel was proceeded with?

The Boer, alarmed at this sudden proposition to defer diplomacy to war, asked the meaning of such a bloodthirsty request.

"The boys want the word to fire," replied Pat, "because they are so mortial hungry."

Not altogether perceiving the force of the reasoning, but deeming it wise to remove such an evident *casus belli*, the Boer commander at once sent forward a sheep and an ox to appease both the food hunger and thirst for blood of the opposite side; and as the map of South Africa presents Hebron on the Vaal River without those two crossed swords indicative of a field of fight, it may be presumed that matters ended with no greater sacrifice of life than that of the animals which Pat led back in triumph to his hungry comrades.

Many are the stories told against the Boer to-day in South Africa; they are all, or nearly all, of the same kind. Modern civilisation in its first contact has burned the Boer, and we need not be surprised if he now sometimes dreads the fire.

Fifty years ago such stories were current in New York and the quaint villages along the Hudson; the tide of immigration has long since swept away these old memories, and the bellow of the steamboat and the whistle of the railway engine have broken "the long sleep of twenty years," and scared from the Catskill the ghosts of the old Dutch mynheers; but they have not all passed wholly away.

While yet they lingered around the old familiar haunts, a master hand caught the outlines, and to-day we have in England a picture so full of poetry, so perfect in its union between simple joy and sorrow, pathos and humour, that "Sleepy Hollow" and its dead Dutch denizens will live in the world's recollection when many a huge mushroom city of the western continent will be forgotten.

Meanwhile we have wandered far from Natal, and space warns us we must make ready to take leave ere long of scene and subject.

We have said before, in speaking of Natal, that its history is a recent one. In an old book of travels, published more than a century ago, there occurs a passing notice of the "terra Natalis." "Ships went," says this old chronicle, "from India to Natal for ivory. More than two years were occupied in the voyage; the country abounded in wild animals of every kind;" and there was in this land of Natal, in the year 1718, "a Penitent Pirate"—(delicious alliteration!)—"who sequestered himself from his Abominable Community, and retired out of Harm's way." This is the first notice which we possess of white colonisation in South-east Africa.

The Penitent Pirate had probably as good a time of it in old Natal as any retired buccaneer ever enjoyed. Plenty of game, a delicious climate, at that time peaceable people, and no police! What a premium such a superannuation would have proved to piracy, had it been generally known! The world has grown too small for these things now, and soon there will not exist in the wide circle of the globe a spot where one can, in the language of the old chronicle, bid farewell to pleasure, piracy, or politics, and gracefully "retire out of harm's way."

"What is the climate like in Natal? What can you grow there?" will ask the reader who has followed us through these pages, intent perhaps on the practical aspect of the subject, and caring little for early history or future outlooks.

Well, first as to climate—When the sun in December is with us low down in the southern horizon at mid-day, he is nearly in zenith power over the great plains of South Africa. Man's shadow falls short on the hot ground, and oftentimes a dry and fevered wind sweeps along the red and sultry earth. But in Natal the rain all falls during this season of summer, and the reason is simple enough. The burning plains of Griqualand, and the Kalliharri Desert and of the wild region lying west of the Trans-Vaal Republic, cause the heated air to ascend. To supply the vacuum there is a rush of air from the Indian Ocean heavily charged with moisture; this air, driven rapidly up the steep surface

incline of Natal is soon four thousand feet above the level of the sea; precipitation quickly follows; fierce thunderstorms shake the hills, and at times torrents of rain descend upon the land; but all this changes as the sun begins to travel into the northern hemisphere; the thunder ceases, the clouds clear away, the sky is blue and bright, the nights grow colder and colder, a delicious freshness fills the morning, at night the stars gleam in many-coloured brilliancy, and the sun at morn and even looks his first and last upon the earth in colours which would make the long *dying* Judson actually expire in an agony of unimitative rage.

South Africa knows two different seasons at the same time. During the dry cold season in Natal, it is the wet cold season at the Cape and along the southern coast; but Natal possesses one feature in its climate peculiar to itself. It is everything in a few miles. It is sub-tropic at the coast; snow crowns the Drakensberg during seven months of the year; perpetual vegetation reigns along the Indian Sea; fifty miles inland hoar frost has yellowed the grass ere the last month of summer has come. In the limits of a single day's ride one passes from the coffee and the sugar cane, to the oak and the pine tree. If one wants a lazy sensuous climate, the ridge of the Berea Hill over the Bay of Durban yields it to perfection. The atmosphere is heavy with the scent of tropic jessamine; the breeze is soft with the odour of the Indian Ocean; eye and ear are rested by lulling sound and contrast of shore and sea.

Over the tree tops, where cluster the many-hued trailers rich with flowers, the white line of the surf sends ceaseless music to the forest hill; far out the sea and sky, which so long have been conducting themselves with "perfect propriety," mutual mirrors at a distance, approach each other when nearly out of sight of land, and join hands together in a soft and dreamy haze like two lovers who think themselves unseen; but suddenly the early sunrise steals upon their union, and along the forehead of the sky, and over the bosom of the deep there flushes a great crimson blush to find their love-making revealed to the prying shore.

But how shall we describe the freshness of the atmosphere, the keen exhilaration of every sense, in the great plateau country, one hundred and fifty miles from the sea?—ah, that is difficult! It is easy enough to sketch the soft and sunny clime, the air laden with almond flowers or jessamine, the glitter of southern moonlight, the murmur of warm tide against tropic strand; but the great prairie or plateau o'er which the wind comes, the sole world's wanderer freshened by every league he has travelled bearing to you the vast freshness of space, fanning you with the breath of the mountain peak, breathing upon you a spirit distilled from dew and starlight, and all the endless freshness which dwells six thousand feet above our lower world—how can all this be put into word shape? Yet ere we wander into such a subject there still remain a few practical matters to be spoken of, and these we will first turn to.

We have already said that the climate of Natal presented strange varieties—a corresponding antithesis of soil exists throughout the country, rich and poor, good and bad, fruitful and arid, are to be found twenty times repeated in the compass of a day's journey. The soil is what Western Americans call "spotted;" along some sloping hill, or narrow valley, the "tambookie" grass will grow level with a horseman's head; close by the pasture will be short and crisp, and rocks will stud the surface.

In the western States of America, a farmer says, "Settle only where the Indian corn ripens, for there nearly every other plant will be found." If the saying be a good one, then Natal is a land eminently suited for settlement; for the "mealie" ripens as well there as in any part of the globe. It forms, in fact, the staple food of the large Kaffir population numbering more than three hundred thousand souls.

If one wishes to see grouped in a small space, every tree, shrub, and bush, flower, fruit, and vegetable, which nature usually scatters far apart over the world, there is a spot in the neighbourhood of Pietermaritzburg where that wish can be realised. It is a nook set round with hills. Eight years ago it was as wild a waste as all the ridge and valley land around it. To-day it would tire one to enumerate the varieties of tree and shrub, and fruit and flower, covering these sixty acres.

The Wellingtonia, and the Douglass, the Deodora, the Insignus, and the Norfolk Island pine already lift their graceful heads thirty or forty feet above the ground. Tea, coffee, orange, lemon, guava, grow thick and rank; pine-apples, mangoes, grenadilloes, flourish side by side. Strawberries are ripe all the year round; the northern fruits are there in profusion, and the rose the whole year through in a perpetuity of bloom.

This oasis in the wilderness is the result of only eight years labour. An English judge,

well known on the South African bench, has taught South African farmers what their land can do. In other countries men see only in their old age, the tree planted in their youth attain to size and growth; but here in Natal in less than a decade of years the pines of America and the gums of Australia are forest trees in bulk and height. The natural indigenous trees of South Africa take centuries to mature. High up in the "kloof," bordering the sides of mountain streams, and covering some steep hill face, the "yellow wood" the box, the Protea, and the countless other evergreens grow almost imperceptibly year by year. The timber is very valuable, for it is hard almost as the giant boulders which cumber the ground whereon these forest patches grow, and old as the hills to which they cling.

In the foregoing pages we have tried to put before the reader a general idea of South Africa, past and present. The space at our disposal has been limited, the subject has been extensive, and it has often been no easy matter to condense into the form of connected narrative, the widely scattered elements we have had to deal with. But to the reader who has followed us, three epochs or groups of events will be apparent, and these we will now briefly recapitulate.

The first epoch has been marked by a spirit of organization and aggression manifesting itself on the part of the natives of Zululand, a spirit which in turn acted upon all the tribes of Southern Africa, forcing the different races of Zulus, Basutos, and Kaffirs into contact with each other, and afterwards into contact and conflict with the white man.

The second epoch saw the great "trek" of the Dutch Boers from the limits of the old colony into the northern wilderness, and the consequent development of the interior region of South Africa. Indeed, this event has been pregnant with greater results than any other event in the whole history of the country. It is still bearing fruits. Even to-day there are veteran Boers steadily holding their northern way eleven hundred miles from the Cape of Storms deeper into the wilds. The old dream of Araby has not been abandoned, and a New Jerusalem has arisen on the shores of lake N'Gami, founded by the quaint and dauntless Kruger.

Before this steady stream of white men the fighting Kaffir has fallen back. Fifty years ago the dreaded Matebilli dwelt upon the Vaal. Twenty-five years ago their outposts were on the Crocodile; now their kraals are built on the southern tributaries of the great Zambezi.

Thus the tides of race flow back upon the heart of Africa. Will the Fever Zone stay the progress of the white man? We think not. The Fever Zone did not stop the white man in America, neither will it in South Africa; for, independently of the natural impulse to extend, there is in the case of South Africa an inducement to the white race to spread itself to the north, which is the most potent of modern times, we mean the inducement of great mineral wealth; and this brings us to our last event or epoch, the discovery of precious metals and stones in the countries north of the Orange River.

This last event, or rather series of events, has recast the political destiny of the Southern continent, and has given to the English race the future possession of that vast region.

Wherever gold has been found in this nineteenth century of ours there the English tongue has taken root, there the English idea has triumphed; but though English, not necessarily England. Republicanism grows apace in soils turned by the gold miner, and it is possible that Dutch South Africa, in accepting the inevitable language of the miner in gold or diamonds, will still keep intact the form of its political life.

It is a curious paradox, but still a true one, that modern aristocratic England is too democratic for many of her colonies. The equality of all men in the eyes of the law finds poor favour in the sight of an English colonist in countries where black and white men are thrown together.

To too many of our race the sentiment of equality has reference only to a set of beings above them in the social scale; apply it equally to all, let it affect a dark race, or another people, and the sentiment instantly changes to one of repressive superiority.

Thus to-day, though the English tongue becomes yearly more and more the language of the Dutch States of South Africa, the bond of connection with England does not grow stronger.

To a student of history it sometimes appears strange that thirteen distinct colonies of Dutch and English America banded so readily against the mother country just a hundred years ago; but to any one who watches the germs of political thought in the various South African States at the present time, the question ceases to perplex.

As to the future of South Africa, that is assured. This southern hemisphere is yet only a new world. It is not anywhere four hundred years old. Much of it has not been known to the world more than seventy years.

In dry land it is not a sixth of the northern hemisphere. In wealth of precious metals it yields to-day four-fifths of the world's gold. Its coal, iron, and copper, of which there are vast deposits, are almost untouched, men pass such things lightly by while gold, diamonds, and silver are to be found; yet the time for these things will come too.

Set midway between the great continents of South America and Australia, South Africa, even had it been destitute of mineral wealth, must eventually become important from its geographical position. The empires called into existence fifty years ago in South America have hitherto signally failed to fulfil the destiny Canning foretold for them at their birth; but their future is certain of success. These immense valleys of the Amazon and the La Plata, these fertile plains of South Cordova and the Rio Negro, must yet yield to overcrowded Europe the same outlet for surplus population which the Mississippi and St. Lawrence, and the prairie land of Illinois, have already given. Then the wealth now deep-bedded in these unknown mountains, where the Apurimac and the Upper Madeira have their origin, will be poured forth to the world, and from that wondrous system of inland water will spring a commerce which shall call to its aid the coal products now lying uncared-for in the central continent of the southern hemisphere—Africa.

This continent of South Africa labours under many drawbacks. Its rivers are utterly useless to commerce; its railroad system is in its crude commencement; its harbours are, with few exceptions, dangerous and shallow; its distances are great; its populations scattered; its highways and roads are bad. But it has soil fruitful to labour, splendid climate, varied productions, scenery, a hardy healthy race, great mineral wealth, precious metals, and unlimited space. This last item is not often fully understood. The condition of space is even more essential to a new country than to an old one.

South Africa is capable of almost indefinite expansion. Like the term North or South America, it means in reality a continent. Too long we have sought to restrict the meaning of that term to the Cape Colony, Kaffraria, Natal, and the Orange Free State. Large as the aggregate of these states is, it is only small compared with the possible future of the South African empire.

Twenty years ago English statesmen sought to stay the dominion of England in South Africa, at the Orange River. Events have been too strong for their efforts, and already the tide has flowed far away over the Orange River into lands which a score of years hence will be looked upon as lying far within the limits of civilisation. The natural pathway to the dim interior lies not through the feverish swamp of Zanzibar, not through Congo or Angola, but along the lofty plateau which spreads far north from the regions we have been describing until it merges into the half-fabled Mountains of the Moon. This range of the Drakensberg is prolonged throughout the entire length of Eastern Africa. Its summits guard Tanganika and divide the Nyanzas; and, from some other Mont Aux Sources far to the north of this culminating ridge of the Drakensberg in Basuto-land, springs, in all human probability, the parent rill of the long-sought Nile.

Even as we write, news has come which should cause men in England who have at heart the old honour of the land, to feel prouder of their race and time.

A white man has crossed the vast dim continent from shore to shore. It is a noble story, and one which will ring clearer down the pathway of the future, for time prolongs the echoes of such deeds in louder tones than those in which contemporary history first utters them.

The veteran explorer had sunk at last, a worn-out skeleton in the midst of a vast unending marsh; but as he sank, the banner which he so long had borne was seized by the young sailor, and through the great wilderness, by lake and swamp, across the dim interior continent unknown to white men, he bore it, until at last, three thousand miles from the start-point, he heard the hollow roar of the Atlantic billows beating on the sands of Benguela.

When the story of South Africa is fully told, when the white wave rolls no longer to the north, it may be found that these wilds, which first heard the faint echoes of civilisation in "the tread of the Cameron clan," lie wholly within the limits of a dominion whose southern extreme is marked by the Cape of Storms. To-day all is dim in that vast interior. Far back, the immense continent sleeps in sullen savagery; but as this lofty Drakensberg first catches the ray of morning on its summits, when over the Indian Ocean the sun rises from his sea-bed, so in the far future, along these lofty highlands, the dawn of life will touch hilltop after hilltop until it lights at last those central summits which overlook the mystery of the Nile.

W. F. BUTLER.

TWILIGHT VOICES.

WHAT are the whispering voices
That awake at twilight fall?
Do they come from the golden sunset
With their haunting, haunting call?

They tell me of breezy spring-times,
And of dreamy summer eves,
And of snow-wreaths merrily shaken
From the shining ivy leaves.

But the far-off treble changeth
To a tenor tone, and so
I know that the voices tell me
Only of long ago.

What are the tuneful voices
That of early dawn are born?
Do they come from the orient portals
Of the Palace of the Morn?

They tell of a Golden City,
With pearl and jasper bright,
And of shining forms that beckon
Out of the dazzling light.

Then a rush of far-off harpings
Blends with the vision clear,
And I know that the night is passing,
And I know that the day is near!

F. H.

SCIENTIFIC CRUELTY.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE at one place says that the idle are always cruel. This may be true, but there can be no doubt that the busy can be cruel also, as he himself aptly demonstrated in his story of the Poisoned Flowers. Men absorbed in one aim, with eye directed towards a definite goal, often inflict great suffering, not from any delight in it, but from sheer abstraction from the rights and demands of other creatures. In days like ours, and amidst an artificial society, with conflicting interests ever increasing, the cruelties of the idle are likely to be more effectively dealt with than the cruelties of the busy and absorbed. Cock-fighting has been made an end of; bull-baiting has been put down; the ægis of the law has been thrown over the poor dogs, which used to be attached to miniature carriages and waggons, and driven, panting, till they dropt; a drunken costermonger is no more at liberty to maul his own donkey as he pleases. A keen sympathy with animals—first stirred deeply by the poetry of Cowper, Burns, and Wordsworth—has been kept alive by various influences, and the legislature has repeatedly endorsed and confirmed it. Few men nowadays would openly avow that they had been parties to torturing a dumb creature. But a new illustration has just been given to the public of how the busy may be cruel, and on their plain confession gradually grow indifferent to pain, even while seeking for the best means to assuage it.

He would be less than trustworthy who would fail to acknowledge the vast debt society owes to the medical profession, not less to those who labour to add to its scientific armoury, than to those who are instant in ordinary practice. But a glance at the recent report of the Royal Commission on Vivisection does a little tend to discompose the impartial layman. First of all, we find the most eminent physiologists of the kingdom, men who are familiar with the abstrusest secrets of the human frame, disagreeing *in toto* about the amount of pain inflicted on certain animals by certain experiments. Dr. Pavy does not think that a healthy frog suffers much from the experience of being put into boiling water; but Dr. Sibson holds that Goltz's experiment of boiling a frog to death is a horrible idea; and Dr. Swayne Taylor has no doubt that putting a frog into water at 100° Fah., like putting a warm-blooded creature into 212° is a cruel experiment, and he cannot see what purpose it would answer. Dr. Sibson did not think that any suffering worth speaking of would be involved in raising the temperature of animals till they died, that is, baking them; but Dr. Sharpey said, "that the baking of animals and the freezing them to death are very severe experiments, worth making once, but ought not to be repeated;" a point on which Dr. Burdon Sanderson was at one with him. Opinion was certainly various enough even about the warm-blooded animals. Dr. Rutherford remarked that it was "wonderful what you could do to a sheep-dog without the animal making any commotion;" but Dr. Klein acknowledged that he had verified the old saw which made "cats uncanny," and for fear of being scratched, and no other reason, he indulged them with a little chloroform before vivisecting. We are not sure whether in the light of Dr. Rutherford's remarks about the "wise passiveness" of the dog-tribe, we do not reach a new illustration of design, when we find Dr. Swayne Taylor saying that "a dog experiences the effects of poison (of all animals) most like a human being; the doses of poison for a middle-aged dog being similar to those which will act on a human being, while the symptoms of suffering are very much the same." But Dr. Swayne Taylor humanely adds, "There is something very dreadful in the operation of strychnine upon a dog—it no doubt suffers agonizing pain." Dr. Rutherford asserts that little or no pain is caused to dogs paralyzed by curari, while foreign substances are being injected into them to stimulate secretion of bile; but Dr. Hoggan firmly asserts that "the pain inflicted would be much more intense than a gall-stone passing along the bile-duct of the human subject."

The battle of divergent opinion, however, raged most wildly round the frog. Dr. Lister did "not believe that the sufferings of the frog were worthy of serious consideration;" Dr. Simon again had no doubt as to the frog's full sensibility to pain. Dr. Pritchard had "performed thousands of operations on animals, and had never yet been able to detect any difference in sensation between the skin of either one or the other and the human subject save this, that the cuticle was thicker in some animals than in others, and of course, the knife had to penetrate deeper to reach the sensitive structure; but this once reached, he thought it as sensitive in the one animal as in the other." Perhaps

Dr. Pritchard believes in the identity of protoplasm and all its possibilities; but it is odd that, though he has reached these convictions, he confesses that, whilst he would never think of applying chloroform to dogs at all, he agrees with Dr. Klein in the decisive confession—"Would use it on a cat." (!)

Though it needs to be acknowledged that, during the few years Dr. Klein has been working in English laboratories, he has been singularly successful, and has done great service to medical science, yet it is surely cause for deep regret either that he should have spoken with such decision, or that he could not honestly do else. He was so much inclined to modify materially what he had said in correcting the proofs that the only course left open to the Commissioners was to print his evidence from the short-hand notes, and his corrected version of it side by side. There we find him answering two most important questions, thus:—

"When you say that you only use them (anæsthetics) for convenience sake, do you mean that you have no regard at all for the sufferings of the animals?—No regard at all.

"You are prepared to establish that as a principle which you approve?—I think that with regard to an experimenter, a man who conducts special research, and performs an experiment, he has no time, so to speak, for thinking what the animal will feel or suffer. His only purpose is to perform the experiment, to learn as much from it as possible, and to do it as quickly as possible."

As for "frogs and the lower animals," the question of their pain was not worth a moment's consideration; and he thus told in his own words about that little selective point in his method and the reasons for it:—

"Why do you not chloroform a dog?—I chloroform a cat because I am afraid of being scratched.

"Why not a dog?—If it is a small dog, there is no fear of being bitten by the dog."

After this, we confess we hardly know what to make of Dr. Klein's caustic remark, interjected in correcting his evidence, on the superiority of public opinion abroad to that in England. "It assumes," he writes, "that men of science, like men in general, have *conscience* enough not needlessly to hurt brute animals."

Now, these very different views of the susceptibility of animals to pain, and the very different treatment of them, suggests at any rate that wise uniformity of procedure among physiologists is not so prevalent as it might be. The matter is complicated by the fact amply attested in evidence that many are now experimenting from mere curiosity, or for the sake of abstract knowledge. Mr. G. H. Lewes, with an accent of deep regret, said, "One man discovers a fact, or publishes an experiment, and instantly all over Europe certain people set to work to repeat it. They will repeat it, and repeat it, and repeat it." Sir William Fergusson said, "The impression on my mind is, that these experiments are done frequently in a most reckless manner and (if known to the public) would bring the reputation of certain scientific men far below what it should be. I have reason to imagine that sufferings incidental to such operations are protracted in a very shocking manner." And then he proceeded to speak of the deadening and demoralising effect on the students, adding strength to what he said by quoting the opinion of Syme, who "lived to express an abhorrence of such operations, at all events if they were not useful." Dr. Haughton, of Dublin, says he would shrink with horror from accustoming large classes of young men to the sight of animals under vivisection. He believed that many of them would become cruel and hardened, and would go away and repeat these experiments recklessly. Science would gain nothing, and the world would have let loose upon it *a set of young devils*!' Professor Rolleston stated that Haller—a very famous physiologist—"in his old age fell into a permanent anguish of conscience, reproaching himself for his vivisections," and similar cases of others were cited.

Evidence clearly showed that in various large university towns hundreds of dogs and cats were procured, not always fairly, and operated upon by the students in their own rooms. The alleged sufferings of the poor animals, left often for whole nights to pine and die in dark closets, were indescribable. Students are not likely to escape the hardening process thus indicated by Dr. Walker as taking place in a professor.

"An observation which first brought to my notice the hardening effect of habit, both moral and physical, was this. I used to dine very often with a lecturer in physiology, and one night I found that I could not enjoy either my cigar or my dinner, because the day before we had gone through the laboratory, and I could not get rid of the imploring looks of the dogs which hoped for some food every time that they saw a human being, the patient suffering of the fowls, and of the desperate efforts made by some rabbits to allay the pangs of hunger with anything to engage the digestion; and it appeared to me that my friend was indifferent. He had been a vivisector some years: I was a beginner."

We have always felt that the much-talked-of advantage to be gained from freedom in such matters was problematic. Even al-

though all the knowledge that can possibly be realised by such experiments were in our hands to-day, is it quite an ascertained fact that it would be a gain to the world if it were at the cost of the hardening of the moral nature in most of those who took part in them or witnessed them—in those, too, the bulk of whom are hereafter to be "healers?" Anyway, we think the Commission made out a good case for some form of licence, which shall make the useless repetitions of painful experiments illegal and impossible, and ensure a more uniform use of anæsthetics, which, with many operators, are at present confessedly used merely to suit their own convenience. This would not interfere with or limit useful research; and it is something that Sir J. Watson, Drs. Burdon Sanderson, Ferrier and Gamgee agree in this. We hope Parliament may before long have the question under its consideration. The separate recommendation of Mr. Hutton, to exempt dogs and cats wholly from vivisection, because of their more sensitive organization, developed by long contact with man, and because of the trust and confidence they have come to repose in him, we believe most of our readers would be inclined to support. And we doubt not that many who have had to do with horses would put in a plea for their exemption also. It seems so cruel to make the end of so willing a slave of man a series of prolonged tortures.

E. CONDER GRAY.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF ATHEISM.

III.

IT is not only uncontradicted lordship that tends to run into godlessness; unlimited liberty also has its freaks. There is an Atheism of democracy, no less than of despotism. Every extreme of self-assertion, or, as the Brahmins would express it, the attempt to make an independent *I*, whether by violently over-riding every other body, or by asserting an absolute independence for each individual, is a rebellion against the firm concatenation of closely subordinated items of which the social framework is composed. From extreme democracy, as from a hotbed, Atheism in its rankest stage naturally shoots up. And accordingly, whether it be in the subtle disputations of ancient glib-tongued Athens, or on the fiery rim of modern French revolutionary craters, or on the more innocent platform of London East-End Sabbath-evening orations, this hideous monstrosity parades itself with observation. How, indeed, should it be otherwise? There is nothing in the idea of mere liberty to create the feeling of reverence; the desire of unlimited liberty is an essentially selfish feeling, and has no regard for any Power from above, that might impose silence on each windy self-proclaimer. The fundamental maxim of all pure democracy is simply this—"I am as good as you, and perhaps a little better; I acknowledge nobody as my master, whether in heaven above or on earth beneath; I will not be fettered." This natural connection between democracy and irreverence it was that caused Plato to make the observation, that even the dogs in Athens had a certain look of impertinence about them which was not observed in Sparta.* And Aristophanes, that large-viewed spectator of the strange and troubled times in which he lived, in his wise burlesque, called *The Clouds*, introduces a democratic and sophist-trained young Hopeful, cunningly arguing himself free from all the restraints of filial duty, and making disobedience to parents one of the household liberties which unfettered democracy was to assert. Quite consistently too. The insubordinate and rebellious instinct which denies God in heaven, and the king upon the throne, cannot long tolerate the restraints imposed by the natural authority of the father, and the rules of domestic discipline. There is, indeed, no cry more false, more delusive, more contrary to the eternal nature of things, than that which modern democracy has chosen for its favourite watchword—Liberty. No doubt the word has a meaning, and a mighty one, when opposed to all unnatural restrictions of the healthy development of any creature; the instinct of individual unrestraint that makes a slave burst his bonds, or a captive escape from his prison, will always cry out for sympathy. But beyond this, in the organization of social life, liberty has very little to do. On the contrary, the whole history of civilisation is a record of successive limitations of liberty, which we call laws. An old Scythian nomad, or modern gypsy, encamped on a Highland moor, and warming himself with the scattered spoils of the old pine forest, is a much more free man than any modern citizen of the most free country

* Republic.

in Europe. The civilised man grows, not by a large irregular liberty, but by the wise limitation of his range and the fruitful husbandry of his resources. The first condition of all effective social organization is discipline; but discipline implies subordination; and subordination means the recognition of a supreme authority. Destroy all reverence for such authority, and you produce that feverish, troubled, chaotic state of society which spends its force in continual convulsions and revolutions; while in the individual mind you beget that wanton revelling in the idea of unfettered individualism which wastes itself in noisy explosions against every power that would tame the fury or prune the rampancy of an imperious *I*.

But unlimited power and unlimited liberty are not the only social forces that are apt to run riot in the exaggerated assertion of the individual, and the negation of all superhuman authority. There is the irreverence begotten of the pride of intellect. In the exercise of intellectual, as of moral or physical power, there is apt to arise a certain selfish satisfaction in the exclusive dominancy of the knowing faculty above whatever else constitutes the sum of existence in the universe. Knowledge, of course, does not directly produce irreligion, or extinguish piety; on the contrary, the more a wise man knows of the universe, the more is he lost in admiration of its excellence, and in wonder at its mystery; for, as Plato said, wonder is truly a philosophical feeling; and to be full of a living knowledge of things as they are, in their proper relations and proportions, is simply to wonder and to worship. But the knowing faculty is not the whole of a living man, and to bring forth its healthy fruits it must go hand-in-hand with a rich moral nature; divorced from this, that will certainly show itself which St. Paul enunciates: "Knowledge puffeth up, but charity edifieth." In the exercise of the mind's cognitive faculty, isolated from a complete and well-balanced humanity, there is certainly no direct nourishment of the feeling of reverence. Who is more sharp than a lawyer? Who is more clever than a weekly reviewer? Mere knowledge is only one element in the building up of a sound mind. It is not merely that you know, but what you know, and how you know, and how you use your knowledge, that makes your knowledge a power—a legitimate power, let us rather say—otherwise it is a usurpation, and, like all illegitimate power, smothers that which it ought to protect. Everybody has read Goethe's "Faust." What does that self-vendition of a German soul to the Powers of evil mean? Faust, the speculative sinner, does not go to ruin, like Don Juan, in the Spanish opera, because he flings himself without limitation into the ocean of mere sensual indulgence, putting his private pleasure in the place of God's public order, and thus becoming practically an Atheist and a servant of the devil; but he goes to ruin, because he will not accept the bounds of thinking by which all finite being is necessarily confined. He must know everything; all the secret machinery of the universe must lie open to his gaze; the quick lightning of the blood shooting through the mysterious alleys of vitality, must be measured by his mortal optics; all which simply means, he scorns to be a man with men; he will be a god with gods; he will be his own god. He sets himself above the legitimate authority of that alone self-existent power which creates by limitation; and in doing so, he hands himself over to the destructive power which, by denying limitation, produces what such denial alone can produce, dissolution and chaos. Thus, in all intellectual, as in all other pride, the root of Atheism lies.

But there are various kinds of knowledge; and of all kinds, that which has long had the most evil reputation of begetting Atheism is Physical Science. *Tres medici duo Athei.* Is this a mere vulgar calumny, or is there any noticeable truth at the bottom of it? Very few such current proverbs are churned out of nothing; and that there is a certain connection between physical science and Atheism, the history of philosophy abundantly declares. Democritus of Abdera, the reputed father of the atomistic philosophy, afterwards taught in the Attic gardens of Gargettus with such applause by Epicurus, was the greatest naturalist of his age; and whatever may have been the personal opinions of the laughing sage with regard to the gods, there can be no doubt that the philosophical system expounded by his Attic disciple was utterly godless—worse than godless, indeed; for it is better to deny the gods altogether, than to shunt them off into a cloudy corner of the universe, and give them nothing to do but drink nectar and laugh at limping Vulcan. The explanation of the phenomena of the cosmos, by the various action and interaction of mere force and form which is the sum of the Epicurean doctrine, is pure Atheism, and indeed was meant to put religion out of the world altogether; as we see plainly enough from the tone of the opening

verses of Lucretius, in his celebrated Epicurean poem :—

"Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum!"
"Such cruel woes on mortals came from grim religion's power."

And a century before the time of Epicurus we find Aristophanes, in that most intellectual of farces already named, giving the most complete prominence to the fact that it was the physical philosophers who, with their talk about atoms and vortices, and collisions and explosions, and general turmoil of this battle of blind forces, were doing away with the notion of Jove altogether, and substituting happy accident for wise Providence. How far there was a fair apology, or at least a plausible palliative, for the physicists who made broad the phylacteries of this sort of talk long ago, we shall afterwards inquire. For those who revive the doctrine of the construction of a beautifully ordered world by the fortuitous concourse of atoms without mind, nowadays, there is certainly no excuse; but what concerns us specially to state here is, that there is something in the researches of physical science, at least in certain conditions of the intellectual atmosphere, not apparently favourable to the growth of piety and the cultivation of religious reverence. In reading certain of the psalms of David, which must be quite familiar to every English churchgoer, one feels as if walking through a splendid picture-gallery, where not only the pictures are beautiful and grand beyond the power of human description, but, to compensate as it were for the feebleness of the attempt to describe them, the face of the artist is made to shine forth constantly behind the frame, and give a living inspiration and an intelligent presence to the scene. But in not a few of our modern physical science books, how different is the feeling! if, indeed, there is any feeling in the matter at all—anything beyond a curious fingering of wretched dumb details utterly destitute of soul. Whatever is in the book, depend upon it God is not there. You will hear no end of talk about laws and forces, developments and evolutions, metamorphic forms, and what not; but it is all dead—at least all blind. For seeing intellect and shaping reason there is no place in such systems. It is a mere shallow superstition, according to these gentlemen, to imagine any grand design in the system of the Cosmos. There is no construction; there is only a conglomeration, or at best a concatenation. That such Epicurean views are sported nowadays on public platforms admits of no question; that when philosophically tested, and not allowed to veil their absurdity in a blue mist of fine phrases, they yield nothing but a physical-science variety of Atheism, is equally certain; and they naturally provoke us to the inquiry how such unreasoned drivel, after having been exploded for two thousand years, should be revived, and planted on the platform of boastful science as a new revelation which poor benighted humanity should now at length receive with a most grateful wonderment. Of this lamentable upshot of so much high-sounding talk, there are no doubt several causes; but under the present head of our discourse there fall only two to be specially mentioned. First, as before said, that the highest cognitions are never reached by the mere exercise of the knowing faculty, on whatever subject exercised. Instincts and aspirations are higher than knowledge; and the pretensions of the merely scientific man to assume the dictatorship of things that be are not founded on nature. Many things can be known only by being felt; all vital forces are fundamentally unknowable; but they exist not the less because philosopher B or philosopher C has no machinery with which to measure or to control them. Philosophy, itself the most abstract of the sciences, must, as Goethe profoundly remarks, be lived and loved, not merely tabulated and talked about; and so those who parade mere knowledge as the one thing needful are found at last, as the same Goethe says, counting the parts with their fingers when the spirit has fled. To the meagreness and inadequacy of these knowledge-mongers Wordsworth finely alludes in his description of the various classes of men who might be showing themselves beside the green sod of a poet's grave :—

"A moralist perchance appears,
Led, heaven knows how, to this poor sod:
And he hath neither eyes nor ears,
Himself his world and his own god.

"One to whose smooth-rubbed soul can cling
Nor form nor feeling, great or small;
A reasoning self-sufficing thing,
An intellectual all in all."

Here the great philosophic poet clearly indicates that without reverence and love, the mere man of science remains incapable of comprehending either humanity or divinity, becomes practically his own god; and is in tone and temper, if not in abstract speculation, an Atheist. But it is of the physical science men that we are talking at present; and these also the thoughtful bard of the Lakes shows out from

the sacred presence of a true poet of nature, with a sharp tone of quiet contempt, as follows:—

> "Physician art thou? one all eyes?
> Philosopher? a fingering slave,
> One that could peep and botanize
> Upon his mother's grave!"

Of course general charges against whole classes of men are not for a moment to be understood here; but the writer takes a strongly-marked man of the type, and this, like "the girl of the period," serves the purpose, though a man may live largely in the period without perhaps meeting him or her more than once. But the physicist, by the very nature of his occupations, is unfavourably situated in regard to the knowledge of spiritual things. He is all eyes and all fingers; and confessedly neither with the fleshly eye can one see God, nor with the fleshly finger can one handle Him. And so it comes about that a physicist, when left to the meagre resources of his own science of externalities, may come not to believe in mind at all, and of course to deny God. Let him torture nature as he will, strike out all sorts of flashing electricities, pry curiously into the secret spring-work of vital machinery by monstrous vivisections, and yet he cannot lay his finger on God. There is therefore no God—nothing that he can lay his finger on; therefore nothing at all; only talk about laws and forces, and an eternal blind struggle of the stronger to kick the weaker out of the room. Such is the sad fashion by which the study of mere physical science, unelevated by a high religious philosophy, runs into the blank vacuities and blind fortuities of Atheism. It must always be so. No pyramid ever stood upon its apex, and no reasonable explanation of a reasonable world can be evolved from a tabulation of mere externalities. The kingdom of true knowledge, like the kingdom of heaven, is within. No philosophy worth the name was ever arrived at by external induction. By induction dead shells may be gathered, but the life of the soft-bodied creature which inhabits the shell is produced by the living power of Divine Reason, the soul of this mysteriously-ordered world, which eludes all microscopes to behold it, and defies all pincers to grasp.

I have spoken hitherto mainly about the men of physical science, because since Bacon, they have been making large their phylacteries in this country, and stirring the minds of men wonderfully. There are reasons for this; and for the brilliant antediluvian and other discoveries which they have made, we may feel disposed kindly to forgive them a little nonsense. A wise man on a hobby-horse is never an edifying spectacle; but the creature delights himself for a lifetime perhaps, and we are amused for an hour. Let us now look in another direction. There is no nonsense like learned nonsense; and of all learned nonsense, metaphysical nonsense is the most extravagant. Of course among other forms of insane abstract speculation, we have metaphysical Atheism; and the father of this sort of nonsense, in modern times, was a Scotsman, David Hume. No man, of course, who has read his works will deny that Hume was a very clever fellow, a very agreeable, gentlemanly fellow too, and a man who combined a knowledge of books and a knowledge of men to an extent very rarely exhibited in the country which produced him; still he talked nonsense about causation, and about the ultimate cause; and this nonsense is to be traced in the case of the metaphysician, as in that of the physicist, ultimately to a want of reverence in his character, aided by a certain flatness, and shallowness, and want of earnestness in the age to which he belonged. With regard to metaphysical nonsense generally, and the Atheism which it will occasionally produce, we must bear in mind what Professor Ferrier says, in the first chapters of his profound work on Consciousness. Of all men, says that subtle and substantial thinker, the metaphysician is most apt to run himself into the blind alley of some inextricable absurdity; for he aims at explaining the very complex machinery of the vasty universe by some one favourite principle, or method; and if this principle be either wrong in itself, or wrongly applied, or if it contains only one half the truth, or only a certain attitude and aspect of the truth, the whole of the ingeniously spun system becomes a gossamer web, not strong enough to hold a fly. What Hume said, for instance, about the comparison of a piece of human architecture, with the architecture of the universe, that we know everything about the one, and can know nothing about the other, is true only in so far as organized growth is a much more excellent and a much more divine thing than the best compacted masonry; manufactures of all kinds we can produce; growth of any kind, to the tiniest spot of grey lichen on a bare rock, no less than the branching foliage of tropical vegetation, defies the most cunning of our scientific appliances. Here no doubt is a gap; but on the other hand, the grand con-

gruities of eternal Reason shine out as plainly in the divine architecture as in the human; and the intellectual process of the universe, which we call growth, is not the less intelligible because it is not mechanical, but only the more wonderful. Another of the pretty sophisms, with which the Scottish sceptic strangled his healthy human instinct, was that about causation. Of course what many superficial observers call a cause, is only a point in an invariable sequence; it needed no philosopher to tell us this; but when he, and a whole school of meagre puzzlers after him, tell us seriously that causation means only invariable sequence, we are inclined to subscribe to any nonsense in the Council of Trent, and to any horrors in the most damnatory creed, rather than fill our bellies with such East wind, and believe it to contain any virtue that makes warm blood. There is not a sane man out of Bedlam who will not confess, when the thing is properly put before him, that the invariability of any sequence is just the very thing that renders the idea of a cause necessary: as necessary in fact to the constitution of a reasoned universe, as some fundamental axiom is to the proof of a mathematical theorem. But your metaphysician will not see this; he must have a special transcendental region for himself, where he may make unhindered all sorts of abstract postures and somersets and curious antic wrigglings, at which He who sitteth in heaven shall laugh; and so rather than believe a creative mind with Moses, or a plastic reason with Plato, he sets himself in a pretentious wordy way to evolve all things out of a dark hollow centre of nothingness, and bind them together with a girdle of blank impenetrable necessity. Surely wise men, who talk such things, have been taken in the net of their own subtleties, while out of the mouths of babes, and sucklings, in modern as in ancient times, God hath perfected praise.

It is always more safe, in matters of healthy human sentiment, to trust to poets than to philosophers. A living sympathy with nature never can lead you far wrong. Men of the calibre of Homer, Shakespeare, Robert Burns, and Walter Scott, never strangle the broad realities of nature with ingenious and unsubstantial subtleties. A poet is naturally a religious animal; we shall not, therefore, presumably expect Atheism from him; nevertheless, we had Lucretius; and some of our most brilliant notorieties in the modern world of song, are not the most notable for piety. Let us inquire, therefore, lastly, by what extravagant and erring flight the bright-winged creature called a poet may sometimes be charmed away into the dim limbos and dark vortices of a godless cosmos. Other causes of such blind plunges will be noticed afterwards; the present order of our discourse only calls on us to say, that there may be an idolatry of the imaginative, as well as of the knowing faculty. Reverence no doubt is as necessary to the complete poet as love; and just as a man may have a grand swing of the imaginative faculty, and yet be wayward, wilful, and extremely selfish—like Lord Byron—so it is possible for a rhymer to have in his brain-chamber a perfect kaleidoscope of shifting beauties, and have nothing more, to lack that veneration for the grand central truth of the universe which gives elevation to all beauty, and significance to all variety. The Greeks had one very valuable idea, that a poet was always a σοφός, a wise man, and the best definition of poetry, to suit their practice, would be harmonious wisdom. But in our age of multiplied specialties, we are too apt to run after dexterity in artistical exhibition, without regard to health of tone, sanity of meaning, or naturalness of expression. Poetry, of course, as well as music and dancing, may luxuriate amply in this direction; and the sacred art of the poet, of which the virtue is in truthful and vivid pictures to teach the wisdom of life, and justify the ways of God to man, may degenerate into a succession of dexterous pyrotechnic displays, and startling explosions of brilliant egotism, in which no worship dwells. Thus a practical divorce between poetry and piety may take place; and though no direct war be proclaimed against religion—as in Lucretius—a pious man feels a sort of want in the effusions of poets of this defective type, somewhat as if one were to walk through Windsor Palace, and see splendid traces of everything but the Queen. Let the young poet, therefore, beware of glorying too much in his strength. A man may do anything, said the wise old octogenarian of Weimar, except live at random, "sich gehen lassen." Floating about on rosy clouds for mere self-delectation, or flashing forth in a series of iridescent coruscations for the amusement of those who seek for excitement, rather than improvement, will never exhaust the function of "the pious bards who speak things worthy of Phœbus." To attain this dignity there must be a consecration of the whole man, his natural genius, and his acquired dexterities, to the service of the great Architect, in whose living temple the highest

honour the best of us can achieve is to be serviceable stones.

Thus much for Atheism, speculative or practical, declared and marked, or only insinuated and wavering, when viewed as proceeding from the want of a root of reverence in the character. In the next article I shall consider the phenomena of this abnormal state of mind, where it seems to spring rather from an exaggeration, or misdirection, than from a deficiency of the noble emotion of wonder; and I shall then conclude with considering how far Atheism, or at least a want of natural piety, may in many cases be the rebound of an ill-balanced mind from the asperities and the rigidities of some local orthodoxy. If there is rebellion anywhere in a State, the Government is seldom altogether free from blame.

J. S. BLACKIE.

WE WERE CHILDREN ONCE.

WE were children when we thought
That the heavens were very near,
And that all our mothers taught
Would to-morrow be made clear;
When we questioned everywhere,
Dreading not a full reply,
When the world was just as fair,
And as distant as the sky.

When the marvels that we dreamed
Waited for our waking looks,
When our fairy fables seemed
Truer than our lesson-books;
When for all who well had striven,
Sweet the ready garlands grew,
And when sleeping, unforgiven,
Was what nobody could do.

We were children when we feared
Only darkness, never light,
For our troubles disappeared
Always, if they came in sight;
When our love was like our breath,
Ceaseless, natural, unperceived;
When we wondered about Death
As a thing to be believed;

When we drew a severing line,
Good from evil, night from day,
On the one side, all divine;
On the other—look away!
When our wrath was swift and sure,
Just because we seemed to know
Nothing wrong could touch the pure,
And our loved ones all were so.

When all weariness of life
Was but waiting for a bliss,
When all bitterness and strife
Could be finished with a kiss;
When all spoken words were meant,
When no promises could break,
When all storms were only sent
For the pretty rainbow's sake.

Over all the lovely scene
Necessary darkness flowed,
Now the years that intervene
Hide that once familiar road.
We remember all the way—
Oh, it was so fair, so dear!
Where it led we cannot say;
But we know it led not here.

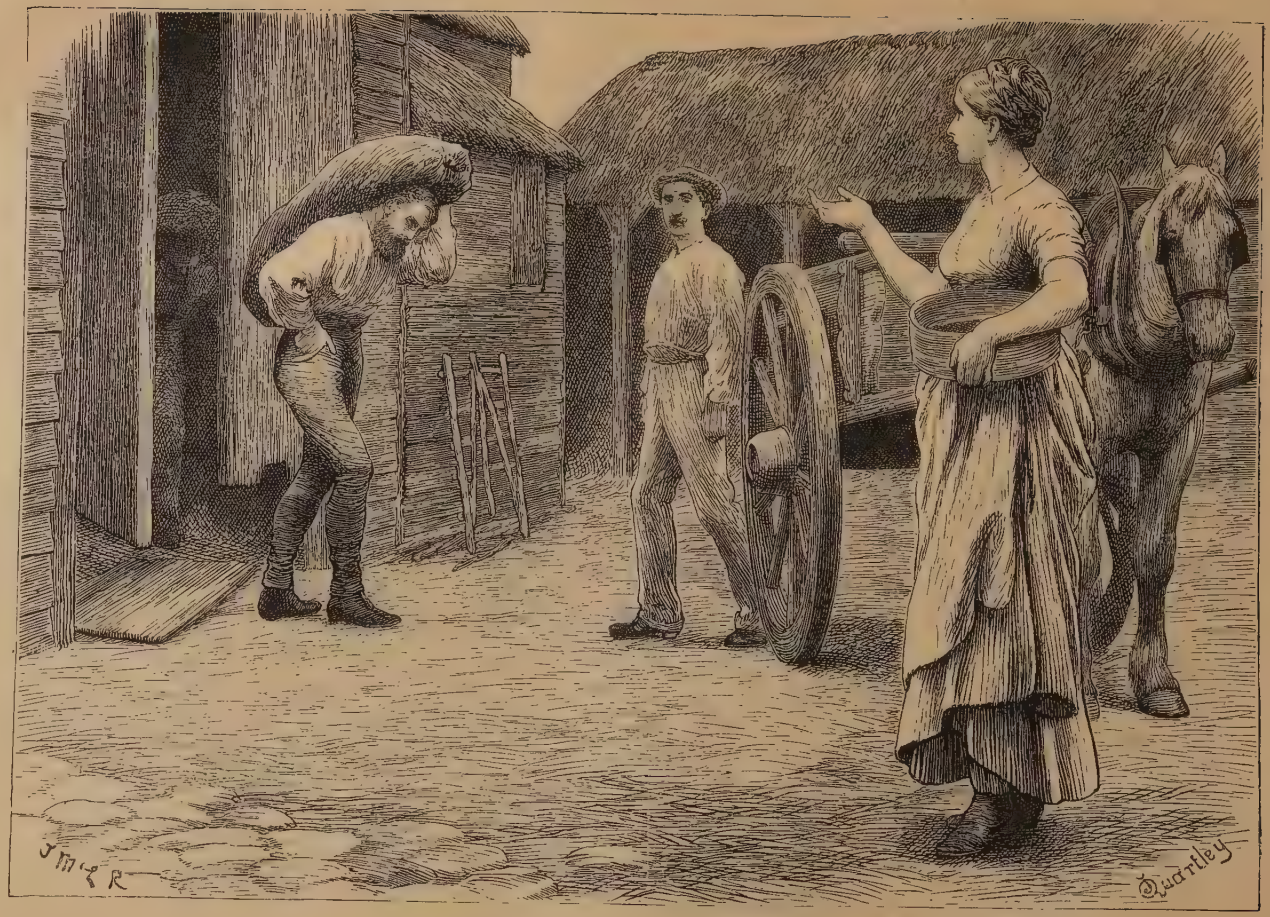
For the labour wins no crown,
And the strong hope dies in pain,
And the twilight settles down,
And love comforts us in vain.
We have watered lifeless plants,
Falsehood fills the common air,
Every footstep disenchants,
There is parting everywhere.

Forest-doors are full of night;
Enter, and the path shall wind
As a string of tender light,
As a living wreath untwined;
Nature wastes no drop of dew,
Past the dying root it flows;
What you did you never knew,
Till there sprang a sudden rose.

Every branch breaks out in song
(All that birds say must be true),
Right grows in the heart of wrong—
Yours the task to let it through!
Every gathered leaf decays;
Wait for one immortal wreath!
What is love with life that plays
To the love that lives in death?

Twilight grows so sweet and clear,
We can tell that morn is nigh,
And our dead have come as near
As our childhood's happy sky.
Did the darkness only seem?
Was it all our own false will?
Was our life a little dream?
Father, are we children still?

M. B. SMEDLEY.



"WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH."

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WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH.

By the AUTHOR of "Lady Bell," etc.

CHAPTER XII.—A NEW DAY'S-MAN AT THE MANOR.

IT was again spring, always late, cold, and bleak among those eastern downs approaching the coast. The fogs from Holland, alternated with the whistling winds that blew over the German Ocean, lashing it to a fury, and raising on that long line of unsheltered sandy shore perfect whirlwinds of sand. These threatened to bury the inhabitants in their houses, as it buried their gardens, which were dug out annually.

Yet hardy fisher-folk and traders clung in great clusters for centuries—back even to the Danish invasion, to such towns as Cheam, and had thriven and flourished in them. There was as stout and faithful a population inland, who had settled on the bare, wide meadows, with deep ditches and slow streams, and who had fattened in them like their own oxen. Into strong, shrewd, stub-born natures they had taken the great, plain, unvarying traits of the landscape around them, and cherished it as far before the gardens of roses or frowning grandeur of mountains with which the imaginations of more sensitive people had on occasion tried to tickle the fancies of those dwellers in an eastern county.

There were not more staunch countrymen in all England. Not in soft and bold, flowery and rocky Devon, which, to complete its contrasts, breaks into vast moorlands—not in the bowery hop-gardens of Kent, or the sunny wheat-fields and shady coppices of Berkshire, or the romantic glories of hill and dale in Derbyshire—was there a more home-loving, attached population than was to be found in that county to which belonged Cheam and Saxford. There were many such stirring coast-towns, the birthplace of ancient mariners and naval heroes of all time, with forests of shipping, old market-places, and fine old churches; and there were many such sturdy little villages, with small, square-towered, thatched-roofed churches and churchyards mossy and turfy, on the out-skirts, and general stores for shops, and inns—half inns, half alehouses—for village centres.

As extremes meet, so in the extremes of prose in this land there was a curious, as it were unconscious, poetry, just as on its noisy, weather-worn quays, and in its crowded town lanes, and in some of its quiet, slumbrous halls and heavy, comfortable farm-houses, sad enough tragedies had been enacted.

And that late, cold spring-time of the east counties, which the very natives would deplore, had an unspeakable freshness in its blustering gales, and in the lingering frost-nips that contended with the increasing warmth of its sunshine, and with the springing sap of all life, such as no tender, balmy spring of the south or the west could command. It may be that it requires youth and health, or at least the recollections and associations of youth and health, to appreciate such rough, coy springs; but given the conditions, and no fair judge will deny that under all its disadvantages the much-belied east-coast spring has a charming something, invigorating and bracing, that is denied all other springs, and which is well-nigh worth their counter-balancing attractions.

A pedestrian who was in the neighbourhood of the Manor, and who, by the way, was not an east-countryman, revolved some of these thoughts. The flats were not dull, wearisome, and heavy beyond bearing, but in their wide space and monotony, their comparative emptiness and loneliness, had something of the impressiveness, and even something of the vague sadness, which captivates the wanderer among mountains. The chill of this spring-time was not mere grey cloudiness, piercing to the bone and marrow, but was also illumined pure blue, that got into

"which is saying a good deal for a first start on so raw a morning."

"To them as has cheek to make it, that may be an excuse," said Dick sharply, for he was now in harness at the head of his gang, and like Mrs. Balls, Dick in office and Dick out of office was a somewhat different person; "but I 'a heerd that a mechanic as was too late for his yard was fined and written down for every minute he lost to his master."

"I should think I know fines to my cost," said Joel shrugging his shoulders, and then he said no more, being occupied in taking up the hoe that was lying ready for him, and after quick observation proceeding to copy closely the practice of his next neighbour.

Of course he did it rather clumsily at first, and got into grief at short intervals, entangling his hoe with other hoes, making lunges forward and almost losing his balance in his zeal, pulling himself up and falling out of the row in the opposite direction, and annihilating not only the plants which must perish in the process, but those not destined for slaughter, so as to leave staring and gaping blanks in the regular rows of loosened and relieved wheat.

His operations were narrowly watched and highly appreciated by the village girls, who had assembled in full force, having been electrified by the news issuing from the Brown Cow, and circulating from end to end of Saxford ere bedtime the night before, that a strange working lad had come to the place and had been taken on for a day to help to do the wheat-hoeing in the Thirty-acre.

The announcement was like that of the arrival of a distinguished stranger at a watering-place hotel, who may be expected to join its table d'hôte, and show himself in the drawing-room in the evening.

And this was a case in which the stranger had few of his own sex to compete with, in preparing to take his part in the unfamiliar, crowded scene. Wheat-hoeing is for the most part given over to women, with a few men to direct, restrain, and generally rule over them. The men on this occasion were Long Dick—whose bow, if Dick cared to think so, was doubly strung, seeing he had not only a mistress and queen in Pleasance Hatton, but the humblest of slaves in Lizzie Blennerhasset—Ned Case, his underling, who was little better than a hobbledehoy, and was but one lad at the best, and old Miles Plum, the cattle-feeder, and he, besides being grizzled, wrinkled, and bent with age, had a grizzled, wrinkled, bent wife of his own working in the field.

It may be guessed what a treasure a new day's-man in the Thirty-acre was on this day to the Saxford girls. How gossip with regard to his age, his height, his saucy dark eyes and bold bearing, and town-bred polish and wit, had fairly exhausted itself, until the Blennerhasset girls and Sally Griffiths and Sue Case and the Prynnes had dared each other's open jeers and taunts, and outdone each other in getting up, at a moment's notice, something smart, a touch here and there of a red petticoat or a blue neckerchief in their ordinary soiled field-clothes.

These quick aspirants to his favour were prepared to sniggle a challenge to the stranger's awkwardness, to be followed by swift encouragement to any chatter and romping which the rules of the field and Long Dick's oversight would permit.

But there was something disappointing about the smart young town-journeyman; for all his smartness he showed himself simple in not seeing the approaches which were made to him, and in not responding to one of them.

The more boisterous and giddy of the girls were speedily mortified and in a manner put down by being forced to find that Joel Wray's whole attention was concentrated on his work, and that he was bent on overcoming its difficulties.

Long Dick in office was not more disposed to discretion and diligence in preserving discipline and ensuring industry than the volunteer was of his own accord. More than one rustic nose cocked itself indignantly while the corresponding head was tossed disdainfully, and the overlooked hoer muttered to herself or her next neighbour, "stoopid snail," an equivalent in east country dialect for muff or prig, while she gave a regretful sigh to the fact that so likely a young lad, fresh from Lun'on or some other great town, whom she should have supposed up to all gallantry, was so incapable of a country flirtation.

The morning was one of those pale grey mornings when the sun is silvery, not golden, and has as little effect in the matter of warmth as the moon; when there is a dense dew approaching to the whiteness of hoar frost on the grass and hedge-leaves; when the morning breeze has the asperity of salt in its blowing due east; such a morning as was apt to prevail even in the most favourable spring weather at Saxford and Cheam. Yet the wheat grew strong and hardy in the climate, and the very weeds, as Joel Wray found to his trouble—wild mustard, bugloss, wild chamomile—were of the toughest.

"Take care, Wray," said Long Dick warningly, as Joel made one of his lunges; "but you ain't making so bad a job of it for a beginner," he added benevolently, seeing that his assistant was willing to work, and feeling inclined to make some atonement for proposing to snap him up on account of his delay in turning out to work.

"It ain't very difficult," answered Joel with spirit, stopping and resting on his hoe, and always ready to talk; "it would be easy enough supposing you were used to it; it is only its long continuance which could be complained of. If it call forth skill, it should not be uninteresting, while it is a great deal better worth, being means to a useful end, than croquet, for instance—I mean cricket," said Joel, staring hard at the long stretches of meadows glittering under the low sun-rays on their thickly-beaded surface. "I take it there are famous cricket-grounds and cricket-players in this region."

"I take it there be," said Long Dick with a grin; "but we don't stop to speak on cricket or on nothink when we are wheat-hoeing; we keeps our breath for our works."

"All right," acquiesced Joel, returning instantly to his hoe, and going at the weeds doggedly.

The long row of hoers worked steadily for a while, and then when Long Dick was at the opposite end of the row, a girl next to Joel Wray said to her neighbour on the other hand, "Be Madam not coming out to-day?"

Joel started slightly at the question, and listened for the answer.

"Missus Balls has the rheumatiz, and has growed so fine that she wants a gal to do her house-work of a mornin' afore startin'; but yonder comes Pleasance, I do declare."

A young woman was advancing through the field to the workers, with the rays of the morning sun striking upon her without dazzling her or those who looked at her. She was dressed the same as the other women, except that her petticoat, instead of being red in colour, was purple like the bloom of heather, and for the usual rough jacket she wore a soft grey shawl crossed in front and knotted round her waist like a child's shawl. She had the same sun-bonnet, thick boots, and thick worsted gloves as the rest of the girls, for they were better off than the men in the last respect. Joel had found that manly custom required the men to work with their hands bare, and had had his hands grow swollen and blue in the surly cold.

The young woman had to pass in front of Joel; as she did so she glanced curiously at him; while he, aroused by the nickname which the girls had given her, looked up from his work and stared full at her. To his surprise, almost to his consternation, he saw, irradiated by the silvery beams of the morning sun, a lovely young woman with a face full of health, spirit, and that refinement which is born only of intelligence. To put the finishing touch to the picture, while she had clearly prepared to take her share in the hoeing, she still wore such a pair of spectacles as men have a habit of associating with school lore and professional dignity.

Joel Wray,—who had his own antecedents and his own storehouse of associations in the midst of the widely-different surroundings—by a strange trick of thought recalled, not Tennyson's bucolic Amazons, who might have been appropriate in the field, but one of the Princess's "sweet girl graduates."

The new-comer crossed over to Long Dick, exchanging friendly greetings as she went, and then Joel guessed that she must be the woman whom he had seen riding home on one of Dick's plough-horses on the previous afternoon.

Dick came forward to meet her, and Joel heard her say to him in an anxious voice, speaking in a manner that had here and there a trace of the east-country accent with a country phrase, but was still the unmistakable manner of speaking of an educated person,—

"What do you think of Daisy this morning, Dick? I'm sure she is better, though the flings ain't gone yet. She turned her head and looked at me as if she knew me when I went into the stall, and after I gave her the mash she wanted to rub her head against my arm."

"Wool, that be a good sign in itself," said Dick, more as if he were eager to gratify the girl than as if he had an assurance of the recovery of some horned favourite.

He made as if he would have her work next him, but she slipped by him, and took up her position near the old woman who had also been on the scene the day before.

The new girl began to hoe with the ease of a trained, vigorous young arm. Joel cast stealthy glances at her, for she puzzled and fascinated him, even to the risk of causing him to lose ground in the progress he was making.

The sun rose higher, and its young warmth began to be felt by the workers; their hum of conversation, which had arisen in spite of Long Dick's assertion that they kept their

"which is saying a good deal for a first start on so raw a morning."

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The announcement was like that of the arrival of a distinguished stranger at a watering-place hotel, who may be expected to join its table d'hôte, and show himself in the drawing-room in the evening.

And this was a case in which the stranger had few of his own sex to compete with, in preparing to take his part in the unfamiliar, crowded scene. Wheat-hoeing is for the most part given over to women, with a few men to direct, restrain, and generally rule over them. The men on this occasion were Long Dick—whose bow, if Dick cared to think so, was doubly strung, seeing he had not only a mistress and queen in Pleasance Hatton, but the humblest of slaves in Lizzie Blennerhasset—Ned Case, his underling, who was little better than a hobbledehoy, and was but one lad at the best, and old Miles Plum, the cattle-feeder, and he, besides being grizzled, wrinkled, and bent with age, had a grizzled, wrinkled, bent wife of his own working in the field.

It may be guessed what a treasure a new day's-man in the Thirty-acre was on this day to the Saxford girls. How gossip with regard to his age, his height, his saucy dark eyes and bold bearing, and town-bred polish and wit, had fairly exhausted itself, until the Blennerhasset girls and Sally Griffiths and Sue Case and the Prynnes had dared each other's open jeers and taunts, and outdone each other in getting up, at a moment's notice, something smart, a touch here and there of a red petticoat or a blue neckerchief in their ordinary soiled field-clothes.

These quick aspirants to his favour were prepared to sniggle a challenge to the stranger's awkwardness, to be followed by swift encouragement to any chatter and romping which the rules of the field and Long Dick's oversight would permit.

But there was something disappointing about the smart young town-journeyman; for all his smartness he showed himself simple in not seeing the approaches which were made to him, and in not responding to one of them.

The more boisterous and giddy of the girls were speedily mortified and in a manner put down by being forced to find that Joel Wray's whole attention was concentrated on his work, and that he was bent on overcoming its difficulties.

Long Dick in office was not more disposed to discretion and diligence in preserving discipline and ensuring industry than the volunteer was of his own accord. More than one rustic nose cocked itself indignantly while the corresponding head was tossed disdainfully, and the overlooked hoer muttered to herself or her next neighbour, "stoopid snail," an equivalent in east country dialect for muff or prig, while she gave a regretful sigh to the fact that so likely a young lad, fresh from Lun'on or some other great town, whom she should have supposed up to all gallantry, was so incapable of a country flirtation.

The morning was one of those pale grey mornings when the sun is silvery, not golden, and has as little effect in the matter of warmth as the moon; when there is a dense dew approaching to the whiteness of hoar frost on the grass and hedge-leaves; when the morning breeze has the asperity of salt in its blowing due east; such a morning as was apt to prevail even in the most favourable spring weather at Saxford and Cheam. Yet the wheat grew strong and hardy in the climate, and the very weeds, as Joel Wray found to his trouble—wild mustard, bugloss, wild chamomile—were of the toughest.

"Take care, Wray," said Long Dick warningly, as Joel made one of his lunges; "but you ain't making so bad a job of it for a beginner," he added benevolently, seeing that his assistant was willing to work, and feeling inclined to make some atonement for proposing to snap him up on account of his delay in turning out to work.

"It ain't very difficult," answered Joel with spirit, stopping and resting on his hoe, and always ready to talk; "it would be easy enough supposing you were used to it; it is only its long continuance which could be complained of. If it call forth skill, it should not be uninteresting, while it is a great deal better worth, being means to a useful end, than croquet, for instance—I mean cricket," said Joel, staring hard at the long stretches of meadows glittering under the low sun-rays on their thickly-beaded surface. "I take it there are famous cricket-grounds and cricket-players in this region."

"I take it there be," said Long Dick with a grin; "but we don't stop to speak on cricket or on nothink when we are wheat-hoeing; we keeps our breath for our works."

"All right," acquiesced Joel, returning instantly to his hoe, and going at the weeds doggedly.

The long row of hoers worked steadily for a while, and then when Long Dick was at the opposite end of the row, a girl next to Joel Wray said to her neighbour on the other hand, "Be Madam not coming out to-day?"

Joel started slightly at the question, and listened for the answer.

"Missus Balls has the rheumatiz, and has growed so fine that she wants a gal to do her house-work of a mornin' afore startin'; but yonder comes Pleasance, I do declare."

A young woman was advancing through the field to the workers, with the rays of the morning sun striking upon her without dazzling her or those who looked at her. She was dressed the same as the other women, except that her petticoat, instead of being red in colour, was purple like the bloom of heather, and for the usual rough jacket she wore a soft grey shawl crossed in front and knotted round her waist like a child's shawl. She had the same sun-bonnet, thick boots, and thick worsted gloves as the rest of the girls, for they were better off than the men in the last respect. Joel had found that manly custom required the men to work with their hands bare, and had had his hands grow swollen and blue in the surly cold.

The young woman had to pass in front of Joel; as she did so she glanced curiously at him; while he, aroused by the nickname which the girls had given her, looked up from his work and stared full at her. To his surprise, almost to his consternation, he saw, irradiated by the silvery beams of the morning sun, a lovely young woman with a face full of health, spirit, and that refinement which is born only of intelligence. To put the finishing touch to the picture, while she had clearly prepared to take her share in the hoeing, she still wore such a pair of spectacles as men have a habit of associating with school lore and professional dignity.

Joel Wray,—who had his own antecedents and his own storehouse of associations in the midst of the widely-different surroundings—by a strange trick of thought recalled, not Tennyson's bucolic Amazons, who might have been appropriate in the field, but one of the Princess's "sweet girl graduates."

The new-comer crossed over to Long Dick, exchanging friendly greetings as she went, and then Joel guessed that she must be the woman whom he had seen riding home on one of Dick's plough-horses on the previous afternoon.

Dick came forward to meet her, and Joel heard her say to him in an anxious voice, speaking in a manner that had here and there a trace of the east-country accent with a country phrase, but was still the unmistakable manner of speaking of an educated person,—

"What do you think of Daisy this morning, Dick? I'm sure she is better, though the flings ain't gone yet. She turned her head and looked at me as if she knew me when I went into the stall, and after I gave her the mash she wanted to rub her head against my arm."

"Wool, that be a good sign in itself," said Dick, more as if he were eager to gratify the girl than as if he had an assurance of the recovery of some horned favourite.

He made as if he would have her work next him, but she slipped by him, and took up her position near the old woman who had also been on the scene the day before.

The new girl began to hoe with the ease of a trained, vigorous young arm. Joel cast stealthy glances at her, for she puzzled and fascinated him, even to the risk of causing him to lose ground in the progress he was making.

The sun rose higher, and its young warmth began to be felt by the workers; their hum of conversation, which had arisen in spite of Long Dick's assertion that they kept their

breath for their "works," subsided, and left room for the larks' carols to fill the air.

Joel's arms began to ache, but the girl at whom he looked ever and anon betrayed no symptom of giving in. She worked steadily. Evidently she was not out upon trial like him, or working from some fancy, but on the same terms as her companions. When she stopped it was only to pick up the hoe which the older woman beside her had let the weeds drag out of her hand, and to give her a little help in demolishing a formidable group of rag-wort and thistles, and with that the girl resumed her own task, and plodded at it as if the plodding were the grand end of life.

Joel was not going to be beaten by a girl in spectacles with a tongue above her position, he was not going to be beaten by anybody. He did congratulate himself that his first bout of wheat hoeing was to be but for one day, but he managed to keep his aching arms in motion and to do some service for the wage that was in store for him, until the dinner-hour, when both the village and the Manor being near, the workers dispersed to their meal.

Joel did not suffer his arms to fall to his sides too obtrusively, but neither did he accompany any group on its way to rest and refreshment, and join in its discussion of that and similar day's work, and of day-labourers' interests generally, which would have been in better keeping with his pretensions. He felt a little discomfited, he could hardly tell why. In place of going back to the village he strolled away and sat down in solitude by the side of a ditch, and ate the bread and cheese and drank the bottle of ale with which he had, as he had judged, furnished himself orthodoxly. Then he shied pebbles at supposititious water-rats in the ditch, and watched yellow-hammers tapping at the snails in their shells in order to procure their dinner.

He was able to resume work a little refreshed, and to continue working, incited to endurance by the sight of the beautiful young woman in the knotted, grey shawl and spectacles, who had turned up duly with Long Dick and the lad, and the old man and woman, and had set herself to work as if she had been born to hoe wheat—which, for all the discrepancies that impressed Joel vividly, she might have been, and as if she did it with all the satisfaction in the world.

Just before the Thirty-acres field was cleaned, to Joel's secret relief, a little diversion occurred in the work; a hoer's hoe struck on a nest of field-mice. A little exclamation and momentary gathering round the spot followed. To Joel's amusement, several of the working girls evinced as much repugnance, and even terror, as their sisters in a drawing-room might have betrayed on a similar excavation. The very old woman, who might be concluded beyond the age of affectation, cried out, though she had been used to beasteses all her life, them sort allers made her feel creepy, and she could not agree with her sister who had once carried a pair in her pocket to a gentleman as wanted them for a favourite cat.

In the meantime Long Dick had taken up the young mice in his hand, and the girl in spectacles, in place of retreating like the most of her companions, was standing close to him, bending down to examine the vermin narrowly.

"What sleek little velvet coats, and what fine little paws, they've got, Dick!" she cried, in ecstasy, "and what bright little eyes!—they are past the blind stage—and what funny little noses!—they are a great deal prettier than either puppies or kittens."

"Should you like me to carry en to the Manor, Pleasance?" he said, answering a longing expression of her eyes; "you could put 'en in a cage and feed en on a little milk and crumbs, and tame en easy in no time."

"Like an organ-boy?" she said with a girlish, pleased laugh. "What would Mrs. Balls say? She says I am worse than any herd she ever knew with animals already?"

"Mor! never mind Missus Balls," said Dick smiling back on her, "I'll manage en."

The mice were laid aside and tied up securely in Dick's handkerchief, and the work of the field went on as before, while Joel Wray said to himself sardonically, "A sweetheart's offering from that fine-looking, giant lout to the missus to be; unmistakably she is his match in beauty; but what a strange young woman to make pets of mice! She is not a bit like a boy, either, except that she seems simple and frank in her way."

The hoeing of the field was finished within the afternoon, and the hoers accompanied Long Dick and the servants from the Manor in a round by the house before they went back to the village, in order to be paid for that and their week's previous work, by Lawyer Lockwood's bailiff, who had a room at the back of the Manor-house which he used as an office.

Joel Wray was following the rest, having

walked last, with the three men, in the rear of the girls, when Long Dick, having handed over the handkerchief full of mice to Pleasance, who received them tenderly and with the kindness and fearlessness of a born naturalist, decoyed the stranger lad to the barn, and told him to wait there till Ned yoked a cart which was to carry grain to a particular windmill.

"It ain't sundown," said Dick, "and we ain't a-goin' to go with the women, and call the arternoon's work made out by two hours and a bit's turn at such holiday-making as wheat hoeing. There d' be a fine breeze risin'; we be bound to take a yokin' on grain to Miller Morse's hopper to-night yet. You'll len' us a hand with the sacks, now, 'ont you?"

"Ay, I'm your man," said Joel, a little proudly, as if seeing through the mischief, and setting it at nought.

The cart was soon yoked, and brought in front of the barn-door, from which the sacks of grain were to be carried and put into the cart, to be conveyed thence to the mill. The horse in the cart stood obediently without any driver, while Long Dick and Ned went into the barn, and, bowing their backs like beasts of burden, pulled whole sack loads on their shoulders, and trudged out with them to the cart. Young Ned panted and laboured under his load, but Long Dick walked without a strain, and rose from under his burden, shaking himself, like a man who had felt the carriage more of a play than a toil.

Joel Wray came forward and succeeded in hoisting a sack on his back, nay, he walked, keeping a straight line with it, to the cart, and laid it down with its fellows, but when he turned round his sun-burned face was violently flushed, the sweat was hanging in drops on his forehead, and on his hands and wrists the sinews might be seen standing out like cords.

Ned and Long Dick took second loads, and Joel set his teeth and proposed to follow their example.

"He's game," said Dick, under his breath, half-pleased, half-disappointed.

"Dick!" called Pleasance. She had come out with some grain to the fowls, and was standing watching the men at a little distance. Dick!" she said again, with more authority and reproach than she knew that she was expressing in her undertone, "don't let him; don't you see that he's not fit like you and Ned?"

But before Dick could do more, under his own load, than give a half-stifled growl to Joel to desist, the latter had laid hold on the remaining sack, pulled it on to his shoulders, staggered with it somehow to the cart, and, having let it go, turned to Pleasance with a face as white as it had been red, and saying faintly, "Thank you; but I don't shirk any job that I've undertaken," made a motion to lift his straw hat, before he obeyed the bailiff's "Hie! hie! young man; do you want your day's wage?" from the open window of his room.

CHAPTER XIII.—DORA IN THE HARVEST FIELD.

THE new day's-man departed as he had come, on the day following that of his work in the wheat-field, leaving no trace of him behind, but he turned up again with the first days of harvest.

He told Long Dick, whom he came across, that he had been on the tramp all the time, except when he worked odd days to any farmer who would take him on.

His appearance coincided with his story. His moleskins were no more like the new suit that he had worn on his first arrival, than the uniform of a soldier who has seen a campaign is like the same uniform as it was put on spick and span from the regimental tailor. His complexion, naturally brown, had acquired the nut and berry brownness of a gypsy, or an Italian, a tint which dark complexions take on, even in this country, from constant exposure to sun and weather, and which is quite distinct from the brick red that hot summers bring to such faces as Long Dick's.

Joel Wray also walked a little lame, which he explained by saying that he had overwalked himself. Young Ned who saw Wray's feet, bore his testimony that they had been blistered to the last degree and not attended to, and that even yet, it must require no small effort for him to walk in a countryman's boots.

But the spirit of the young man was unabated; he was as inclined as ever to propose to himself fresh adventures, as persuaded as ever that what man did, he could do, as prone to assert and defend himself; and when he was free to speak he had still a tongue of his own specially given to asking questions, in short, he reappeared as plucky and cheeky, as Long Dick had called him.

Now in no place, and in no circumstances, is the proverb that "a rolling stone gathers no moss" more weighty than in the country, among agricultural labourers. Even Long

Dick, who had tried his hand at more than one craft, and was fond of change and movement, held that it was no feather in the rover's cap, when the smart young mechanic proclaimed without hesitation, that he had been on the tramp, only doing odd days' work, and was still unsuited with a situation, for that matter did not seem desirous of finding one.

But even among the few corn-fields of the great pasture-lands, harvest coming on at once, far and near, made a rush on labourers. Neither had Long Dick seen anything in Joel Wray to qualify his first sneaking kindness for the brisk strange youngster who had gone far to prove that when he was engaged, he would work to the extreme limit, ay, and beyond the limit, of his ability.

Therefore Dick mentioned the stranger a second time to the bailiff, and the bailiff took Joel on readily in the exigency of the moment, and on Dick's word.

Joel had learned better behaviour in one respect. He did not sleep in on this occasion, but was up with the earliest, and abroad from the Brown Cow, and on the field of action, the special field of wheat which was to be cut, before a scythe or sickle had been put into it.

It might be that the golden glow of the sunshine, which was only deliciously tempered from its noontide fervour, on the July morning, did not demand such a sacrifice of ease and comfort even from a young mechanic, as the cold silveriness of the spring sunrise. Or it might be that a hardly acknowledged haunting curiosity and interest which had gone with the stranger and mixed itself up in all his dreams and devices, and had drawn him back to the same locality, led him out thus early on the chance of pleasing an idle fancy or of satisfying his inquisitiveness.

It was a splendid summer morning—all the more splendid that the excessive clearness of the atmosphere as if it had dropped all its dew on the earth, enabled a gazer to see miles, on every side, of emerald green pasture, with their herds of cattle and droves of horses—not a veil of haze, not a bank of grey or white cloud, fleecy or curdled, intervening, to break the remote blue line of the horizon. It did not bode good in the eyes of those were watching for fine weather.

Lawyer Lockwood had so far conformed to the march of time as to have scythes as well as sickles in employment on his fields. He must have made still farther concessions to public opinion and had a reaping-machine, except for the fact, that not only were his corn-fields few, but that those of his neighbours being equally limited, there had been no room for the admission of more than one or two of those great overthrowers of harvest-customs, to arouse the wonder, envy and wrath of the population between Saxford and Cheam.

The scythes were for Long Dick, Ned, and old Miles Plum. Joel Wray had seized one, but he had been authoritatively ordered to lay it down.

"Do'ee want to cut off your own legs or ourn?" demanded Dick. "You may be used to saws and files, but you know you ain't used to mowing udder grass or corn."

And to the young man's mortification at first he was sentenced to a place and a sickle with the women, who cut the corn in their own division of the field, or else bound the corn which had been cut, after the men.

It was at the height of the milking and cheese-making season; but harvest, like marriage and death, according to old country customs, broke all other engagements. The milk at the Manor was saved up for days, and made into special cream and skim-milk cheeses, while not only Pleasance, but all the staff of village girls ordinarily engaged in the dairy, took part in what was wont to be coveted by young and old and middle-aged, over all the yearly round of labour, because with the work—and it was hard work under a hot sun, there came also the old-as-the-fields joy of the harvest, and the crowning triumph of the ingathering.

The women, to old Phillis Plum, were in more becoming while not less suitable dress, even without a reference to the heedless stranger journeyman, than that in which Joel had seen them at the hoeing. The season warranted it, and custom had established it. There was a standard fashion for the harvest-field as there is for a ball-room.

The women had discarded their heavy woollen clothing and put on gowns, many of them kept fresh for the first day of the harvest. Any jackets that were worn by the elder women were white or brightly striped. Aprons came under the same rule, being light in texture as well as in colour, fit to be rolled up round the waist, not to interfere with the wielding of the sickle or the binding of the sheaves, and to be let down over the lap to receive the food sent from the farm or the village, and eaten in the field, or to be gathered together to hold the heads of corn if gleaning were permitted as the last act on the field, the great spoils of which had been already carted into the farm-yard. The

sun-bonnets or hoods were also of lighter material, and were mostly white in colour. They were only trying to the older women. They made a far from unbecoming finish to the gay and tender patches of pink or blue or buff, in which a painter might miss rich depth of colour, but which to the ordinary looker-on were sweet as the tints of wild roses, harebells, and primroses, into which the rest of the women's attire resolved itself.

Pleasance Hatton had a chintz-patterned gown, which, though it was of common calicot, looked dainty and cheerful as the flower of the little eye-bright. Her tucked-up apron was white, like the aprons of squires' madams and dames and duchesses of centuries gone,

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and as she was fond of having her aprons; for she would say if aprons would not wash, she did not see what use they could be for; she could not abide an apron which was not of washing stuff.

Her white hood shaded a face like a Hebe's, with something of a youthful Minerva's in it, whether the last something were a lingering reflection of the spectacles, which were not worn on the present occasion, or of the breadth of forehead between the hazel grey eyes, that the spectacles often aided.

Joel Wray found that he had not been mistaken in his estimation of her remarkable face and bearing. He concealed his feelings, but he could have gazed upon her like one entranced. She remembered him as the young mechanic who had joined them for a day in the spring time, and who had stood up gallantly to his work when it threatened

to be too much for his strength and training. She gave him a smile and a little friendly nod of recognition, which filled him with delight.

Long Dick proposed that she should be of the party who bound after the scythes; but she said no, she wanted to prove her skill with the sickle.

"She ain't the missus that was to be—not yet," said Joel Wray to himself, with a sense of relief and satisfaction as illogical and incoherent as the phrase.

Then Joel placed himself with alacrity, like Hercules among Omphale's women, contriving boldly that his station should be between Pleasance and old Phillis Plum's; and the work commenced. There was no room for conversation as the reapers grasped handfuls of the russet straw, and stored sheaf after sheaf on the newly-made stubble. Joel was content not only with the sunny fields, the wealth of grain, the corn-cockle, bluebottle, poppy, and marigold that flecked it with brilliant blossoms, but with watching the busy-handed, blythe-hearted young woman beside him, and comparing her in his fancy to Nausicaa, to Hermann's Dorothea, to Eppie in the Bothie with the Highland name. His mass of desultory reading had furnished him with widely-varying comparisons, at least as abundant and available as the mechanics' institutes and libraries scattered broadcast over the country.

The first interruption was the cruel roughness and sharpness of the stubble, which caused him, limping already as he stepped forward, keeping pace with the waving line, to swerve beyond concealment.

"Ah, Ned has told us," she said, addressing him with hurried softness and pity, for she could not help observing and being slightly disturbed by his close study of her, "you have been over-walking yourself; but you are to stay with Miles Plum at the offices to-night, to save you from having to go and come from the village, and we shall make dressings for those poor feet of yours, so that they shall not pain you much to-morrow."

Joel, a little subdued in his irrepressible frankness and confidence, murmured his thanks gratefully, begging her not to speak or think of troubling herself for so small an evil on his part; and withal he looked his thanks still more than he spoke them, so that Pleasance said no more, though she could not regret what she had said.

The next thing was her surreptitiously observing the struggle which he made with his pain and his awkwardness—for he was as awkward at corn-cutting as at wheat-hoeing—to keep himself up to the mark of the women, and to do at least as much work as they did.

Pleasance did not say anything, for the stranger lad was but the very slightest acquaintance of hers; and besides, in her intuitive delicacy and sympathy, she felt that he was vexed already at having to maintain such a struggle, and that he would be still more vexed if attention were called to it, or if it were as much as spoken of between her and him.

But though Pleasance said nothing, she thought the more; and it may be recorded of her with regard to this thought, that if women have an extravagant admiration for bodily strength and skill in a man, they are touched in another way, even to the quick, to see a man do brave battle against odds, with a true man's spirit that yet exceeds his strength and his skill.

The third thing was, that in giving a desperate stroke Joel Wray cut himself sharply just above the wrist.

Pleasance cried out, "I was afraid you would do that," and then stopped, blushing, but she did not stop acting: she quickly took her handkerchief from her pocket and proceeded to tie up the wound.

"It is nothing," he said, almost gruffly; and it was a cut as shallow as it was sharp, but he suffered her to stanch the bleeding and protect the injury by the folds and knot of her handkerchief, thinking that if it had been artery that had been cut, she would have sprung to him, or to any man or woman on the field, to compress it and bind it together, with the same quivering closed lips, and eyes with the moisture held back in them, careless for the pain to herself, only bent on serving another in such a ministration.

In a few moments he was at work again, with her working by his side, and, as he told himself with a foolish boyish thrill, having her token on his arm.

At mid-day came the hour's rest and the meal, eaten only on harvest and haymaking occasions on the field. The rarity of the circumstance, together with the harvest atmosphere, gave it somewhat of a festival character, to which Mrs. Balls, with sundry elderly assistants who were appointed to provide the refreshments, did their best to contribute, by supplying full pitchers of cyder and great piles of bread and cheese.

The repose as well as the food was wel-

come—a hundredfold more welcome than it could be at a picnic, as that queer fish Joel Wray reflected.

There was not much leisure, to be sure, to look around and see how the "field" employed itself. After having cleared away the victuals with the magic celerity of healthy appetites set on edge by a long morning's work, the lad Ned and some of the women spurred on old Miles Plum to spend a little of his scant remaining breath in a quavering song, the beginning and end of which was a lavish encomium on a highly estimable grey mare. A few of the younger girls got up and strolled away to pull straws and blow away dandelion seeds, in order to tell each other's fortunes.

Dispatch was necessary for these feats, in which not all the company were privileged to join; for just before the conclusion of the first spell of work, Long Dick's scythe broke, and he was forced to go off with it, reprobating his fate, to have it mended in his uncle's smithy, where Lizzie Blennerhasset would gladly find him a bite to eat in lieu of the harvest meal which he lost.

"It is an ill-wind which blows nobody good," reflected Joel Wray, irrelevantly; and undoubtedly Long Dick was saved from some annoyance, for the stranger hovered round and kept by Pleasance Hatton, in the interval, in a manner which the quick village gossips began to remark.

It seemed only one or two blissful minutes to Joel Wray, that he sat beside Pleasance Hatton—not indeed outwardly apart from the others, only at one end of the semicircle, with the waving corn summoning them to fresh exertions behind them, and the field with its trophies of sheaves and ricks, the far-reaching pastures, the windmills, and the barges coming and going on the stream before them—surely the most peaceful of country landscapes.

Joel's tongue, which had been tied by a rush of feelings early in the day, was loosed now, and he talked freely and fluently, in his sharply clipped, smoothly rounded speech, which had such an echo of Pleasance's own.

Oh, how perilously winning was that ready, intelligent talk to Pleasance, coming upon her as if with the revival of old equal intercourse, which was no sooner heard than it filled her with a yearning sense of the vacancy and isolation that had preceded the unlooked for experience! It came upon her with the sharp joy of surprise and the bliss of wonder. Yet Joel Wray was saying no more than did she not think spare old Miles Plum—now that he had finished his poetic praise of his grey mare, and was whetting his scythe—was like the figure of death on a tombstone? And were not the shapes and voices of the children who had strayed up from the village ostensibly with messages to their mothers and sisters, in reality drawn by the universal attraction of the harvest field, well matched with the scene?

One of the children, a pretty little toddling boy, belonged to the daughter of the bailiff—the last a stout figure in farmer's garb of grey coat, and grey hat, with a resolute mottled face and wiry whiskers,—had just come on the field, to see how the work was progressing. The daughter, somewhat more refined than the ordinary women around her, half way between a rustic and a lady, had followed her father with a letter which had arrived for him and required an answer. Her child seeing his grandfather, ran and clasped the familiar knees, holding up the little fists clenched upon all the flowers which they were able to hold.

Pleasance's and Wray's eyes fell simultaneously on the group, and simultaneously they turned with a flash of pleased recognition to each other. "Dora," exclaimed Wray. "Grandpapa's Flowers," exclaimed Pleasance.

"I saw the play acted in one of the theatres before I left London; it is very popular," said Joel, clearing his throat.

"I read the story first by Mary Russel Mitford, and then by Tennyson. I used to read Miss Mitford's stories, and I have Tennyson's earlier poems," said Pleasance, quite naturally and easily, so long accustomed to the discrepancies between her education and her position, that she had quite forgotten how they would strike a stranger.

He looked amazed and stared for a moment, and then he said—

"Oh, I suppose you have good working people's libraries in the country, as well as in the town."

"No," she said, "I am sorry to say there are not, and I should be sorrier, but that grown-up people in our class hardly read at all in the country, at least that is my experience. The vicar has a Sunday-school library which serves the boys and girls as long as they continue at school; after they leave it they mostly give up reading."

"But you—" he ventured and paused.

She did not seem to look upon the obser-

vation as a liberty, though a little reserve stole over her in her answer.

"I was not educated here, and I have a number of books—they seem a number in this quarter," she corrected herself with a little laugh, "I read them still when I have spare time. The theatre must stand in the place of books to many people, and must teach them many things very delightfully."

He wondered if she were laughing at him, and if there were not only native intelligence so far cultivated, but sarcasm in the thoughtful eyes. But she was looking at him quite simply, and he guessed that while she might have a little book knowledge, of which she had made the most, she was in a delusion about the theatre, supposing it a place where historical dramas and moving moral tragedies were acted for the instruction and improvement of the people.

He did not wish to undeceive and disappoint her, he felt instinctively that she would be disappointed if he told her, that the theatre was a place where people went only to be entertained. She might say next, was not instruction—instruction not in science and art, but in greater human truths, struggles and conquests, the highest and best entertainment, or make some other equally wise, unanswerable speech? There was no wise speech with which he would not credit those flexible yet firm lips.

He preferred to say evasively, where her last sentence was concerned, "The 'Dora' that I saw played, was neither written by Miss Mitford nor by Tennyson, but by one Charles Reade."

"How odd that they should all three choose the same simple little text!" she said. "But don't you think that writers must all go back to first duties as well as to first feelings?"

He was saved an answer by the signal for the harvest work to recommence.

CHAPTER XIV.—POPE'S LOVERS IN THE STORM.

As the afternoon wore on, Joel, who had not only warmed to his work, but had won a certain amount of ease and skill in it, began to show the superiority in lasting power of men's to women's muscles. Some of the most active and vigorous women in the morning were beginning to lag a little and look wistfully at the sun's progress, still they worked on, trained as they were to enduring toil, with Pleasance among them; but it was Joel's turn to gain ground and get ahead and leave the laggards behind him. Pleasance did not look annoyed to be thus beaten; she did not let him have an easy victory; she strove her best to maintain her place, but when she began to feel herself worsted she submitted with a good grace, which was not the least gracious thing about her in his eyes.

"She is no virago, she is as womanly as she is strong and brave," he thought.

All in a moment the clear cloudless sky of the morning, into which great piles and mountain peaks of clouds, still snow-white, had entered ere noon, became dark, and a cool almost chill wind blew upon the heated workers. Looking up to ascertain the reason of the change, the spectacle was presented of these mighty cloud masses—an hour ago so white and radiant with sun-light—in one quarter of the sky hanging low over head, and of an inky blackness, and in the opposite direction presenting a lividly pale border which formed a dense dull grey pall extending to the verge of the horizon. Before one could say "a storm is coming," the forked lightning leaped in a jagged stream from the black cloud, a thunder peal crashed after it, and the first great drops of a torrent of rain caused the workers to look round for the nearest shelter. The readiest idea, so natural on such an occasion that it occurred to most of the women at once, was to pull together and pile up the sheaves and to crouch behind them. So rapidly was it put in practice, that in a few moments, before Long Dick who had returned to the field could hurry from the farther end to the women's side, sheaves and ricks presented the same phenomenon as that offered by the bracken bushes on the hillside the moment after Roderick Dhu, having called forth his plaided host to startle the eyes of the Knight of Snowdon, had waved them back again into utter invisibility. Not a woman was to be seen, and Joel Wray had vanished with them.

Joel had drawn Pleasance into a nook formed by the sheaves, and divided by its barrier of straw, from the nooks in which the rest of the women were ensconced.

The couple were hardly a stone's throw from the others, and yet Joel felt and welcomed the feeling with a conscious exultation as if they two were alone in the storm.

Pleasance might have a similar delusion, she grew rosy red, whether from work or the agitation of the moment, and she looked silently at the flashes of lightning which broke through the rain that hissed and seemed to ascend again in white steam, as it poured, and listened to the rattle of the

thunder. "You are not frightened, Pleasance?" he asked her softly, venturing to call her by her Christian name.

She took no notice of what was the universal practice around her, yet a watcher, watching narrowly, might have seen that though Long Dick and everybody she had known for many a day had called her Pleasance, still when this stranger followed their example, the slightest quiver passed over her, and her eyelids drooped for an instant. "Not very," she said, simply, "it is grand, but it is awful."

They were silent again for some minutes while the storm rolled on. When he spoke next, he was moved by a quick impulse. "Have you ever read Pope among your other books?"

"No," she replied, "unless in the little bits in my 'General Literature.' There were 'Belinda's Toilet' and the 'Dying Christian,' very different specimens."

"But it was not of either of them that I was thinking," he said, "it was of the description of a man and a woman struck dead by lightning in such a field as this."

"Oh! dear, what a terrible recollection!" she said, with a natural shudder.

"But it was not so terrible, not so sad, at least as you think," he explained, eagerly; "they died together, in a moment. Don't you think," he hesitated, "that there are people in the world who would like to die thus—that there are experiences in this life worse than death?"

"Ah yes, it is hard for those who are left behind," she said, thinking of herself and Anne. "I had a sister who died, and I wished that I could have died with her." When Pleasance recalled and dwelt on the conversation afterwards, she wondered that she could have spoken of Anne's death to a stranger, she shrank from what she had said as if it had been a sacrilege, committed against Anne's memory, and still it had felt no sacrilege at the moment.

"There are relations nearer and dearer than sisters," he said, and stopped abruptly.

And Pleasance knew, though she had never read of Pope's stricken and slain lovers, that it had been true lovers who had been united in an instantaneous fiery death. Her heart palpitated in the silence. Yes, she could comprehend what mercy, nay, what unearthly bliss, there might be in such a death; and this young, glib, brown lad beside her, who had nothing at all of the gloomy hero of romance about him, in whose manliness there was something lightheartedly boyish in its very self-assertion and jauntiness, whose will had been greater than his ability, comprehended the existence of deep passion also.

Soon the air became perceptibly lighter, and a ray of wan and watery sunshine darted suddenly across the gloom to replace the lightning. The rain had lessened, and was gradually ceasing, the hidden reapers began to creep out of their shelter, and to look around them to see if the storm were passing altogether, and prepare to resume their work.

As Pleasance and Joel Wray came forth from their refuge, meaning glances and speeches were exchanged freely by the women. In that comparatively primitive society men and women not only leapt, like children, to rapid conclusions, but proclaimed these conclusions with equally childish candour.

"You be' goin' to 'a mor'n one string to your bow, Pleasance," said one young woman sarcastically.

"Mor, us will see what Long Dick will 'a to say to galiwantin' ways," said a matron warningly.

"You 'ad better not put out a finger to touch some folk's goods, young man, if so be you want to keep a whole skin," another motherly woman told Joel Wray.

Both Pleasance and Joel knew in a moment, with burning cheeks and two pairs of eyes that sparkled and gleamed with anger and other feelings in the anger, what was meant, but neither answered the soft impeachment in direct words. Joel said something lightly and defiantly of being able to take care of his own bones, and of this being a free country, where cats could look at kings, and any man might offer any woman an umbrella or its equivalent.

They did not separate, not even so far as the exigences of the field-work might have permitted. Joel did not move an inch from Pleasance's side, and Pleasance, with equal pride, would let him work in the same proximity that they had preserved all the day, while she turned blind eyes and deaf ears to the gathering gloom and surly growls of Long Dick every time his path crossed theirs.

But though she kept a calm front before what was fast becoming the gossip of the field, and to what it might tend, though she even talked and laughed fast and at random because of it, there was a tumult within her, by no means lessened because of the distinct consciousness that, far beyond any anger at

what she regarded as the uncalled-for and rude remarks of her associates, there ran through her a thrill of delight at their prophetic truth.

She was more proud than ashamed of being distinguished by this lad, who was but a working lad like the rest, and yet who was so different from them, and had so much in common with herself, that there was to her a glamour of enchantment about him. And she had never been made proud—only a little vain, perhaps, and with her better feelings touched, by being distinguished, long and sedulously, by poor Dick Blennerhasset. She had a vivid conception which she half resisted, half admitted, in the midst of her indignation and confusion, that this harvest day, with its toil and rest, its splendour and storm, was the happiest day she had ever known.

She recognised with glad humility that he was not offended by the implication which had coupled their names together. So far from its driving him away from her, it was causing him to abide more unmistakably, and more openly, at her side, while with passionate, long side-looks, he was seeking continually to catch her eye, and to tell her silently with what abandonment he owned the charge, and how he besought her to grant him grace by responding, however faintly, to his dawning love.

By the time that Pleasance got back to the Manor-house, escorted to the door without any strong rebuff on her part, by the stranger, Joel Wray, the news had travelled to Mrs. Balls. Pleasance had got a new young man, who had been making up to her all the day in the boldest and most marked manner, and to whom Pleasance, who, unassuming as she was, had the reputation of being particular, and who had kept the great match of the parish, Long Dick, at the staff's end for years, was giving evident encouragement.

Mrs. Balls, having her own castles in the air, in which Long Dick figured as master, in a way that was so assuring and "comf'able," was much taken aback and disturbed by this *contretemps*. Thus she also, by her manner, confirmed the view which their other acquaintances had taken, and made Pleasance and the young man feel that her glumness and testiness to Pleasance were all because of the report that had preceded her and the company in which she had come. The flame of love at once discovered, spoken of, opposed, had all that current of air lent to it which other flames require in order to fan them into rapid growth.

Pleasance had promised to send Joel Wray balsam for his smarting feet, as she would have sought to comfort any fellow-creature in need of comfort, and she would not break her promise because of what had come of it.

"Please yourself," Mrs. Balls had said ungraciously, when the proposal was made to her of supplying the relief. "I 'ould let him go and get his blistered feet cured where he came from. What are mechanics—an' he be a mechanic—doing a-strolling about the country like players, takin' honest folk's work over their heads, and their bites out on their mouths. We wants none on them—no, not at harvest time. It is a temptin' on Providence not to take time, and be content with the hands as we 'a knowed all our days. A black-a-viced tanned jumper of a young man as will be here to-day and gone to-morrow. Phillis Plum can do what she likes with his feet, athout you slasterin' and sendin' messes. If I were you, Pleasance, I 'ould 'a nowt to say to his feet. What are his feet mor'n other feet? He 'a been walkin' a many days? The more shame to him; let him walk hisself off to where he started from, an' he dare go back, for it's like enough he started on such a wild-goose chase with a flea in his lug. That's all I a' to say. But you are like the rest on the gals that are women-grown, Pleasance; though you 'a book know and were better bred, you'll 'a your way; but an you wunno take care you'll repent on it. It's ill takin' up with a stranger, even when you dunno slight his betters. Your mother knowed that afore she went out on the world, though she had the luck to marry a gen'leman."

Joel came over within the hour of Phillis Plum's receiving the application from Pleasance, to thank her warmly for remembering and desiring to minister to his pain. Churlishly as Mrs. Balls felt inclined to conduct herself towards him, she could not refuse to receive an acquaintance of Pleasance Hatton's; indeed Mrs. Balls had been the first to acknowledge that, according to the freedom granted to working men and women, Pleasance had a right to please herself in the acquaintance.

In addition, disgusted and alarmed as Mrs. Balls was, she could not have the stranger in the Manor kitchen without talking to him, and she could not see him stare at Pleasance's last little drawings fluttering on various parts of the walls, above the dresser, in the window recess, and on the mantelpiece, without asking him, with consequential complacency, to look at them.

"I dessay you beant accustomed to drawingsses, any more than to beasteses, but you can tell a colt or a pup when you see 'en, I suppose?"

Pleasance had not advanced a single step in art, except perhaps that she took rough likenesses with greater facility and celerity than ever. But certainly the parson and Lawyer Lockwood might have been at rest, for she had not spoilt a good dairywoman and housekeeper by aspiring to be a tenth-rate artist.

Joel Wray was looking at the drawings with a bright smile. "I recognise every one of the originals," he said, "and I could not do the like, though I have learnt enough drawing to point out most of the wrong strokes. We have so many schools of art," he explained, "which many fellows attend in the evenings, since it helps them in most of their trades."

"If the picters are as like what they are meant for as one pea to anudder, I dunno see where the wrongness can lie," said Mrs. Balls, stiffly paying no attention to his explanation, and thinking within herself, "a fault-findin' jackanapes and whipper-snapper. This do come to open Pleasance's eyes, sure-ly."

But Pleasance was only glancing shyly at the critic, and reflecting how well he looked in this light, brown as he was and of no great build for a man, but he must have been finely knit, for he stood and sat and leant against the window with the ease and grace which showed what town breeding and its amount of education could do, even for a working man, while he owed no advantage to dress, for of course he wore his working-dress, he had only washed his face and hands and combed his hair, as Pleasance had done for herself, in the interval since they had parted..

"You read and you draw in midst of your hard work," said Joel, enthusiastically; "are you musical too?" and he looked round as if he expected to see a piano or an organ.

"Oh no," said Pleasance, laughing frankly, "I have forgotten all my music except what belongs to humming a tune. I have hardly voice for the simplest song. I wish I had, for then I could sing as I worked, when I had breath to spare. But if you are fond of music you should hear Clem Blennerhasset and his fiddle; it reminds me of what I learnt about Orpheus in our old mythology lesson."

"Is this Clem Blennerhasset a friend of yours?" asked Joel, with a shade of reserve and vexation in his voice.

"He is the brother of my friend Lizzie Blennerhasset," replied Pleasance, demurely, enjoying, without analyzing the enjoyment, the suspicion of restlessness and annoyance which she had provoked.

"Clem Blennerhasset 'ad better learn to earn his bread afore he plays his whistle," interposed Mrs. Balls innocently; "a great wambling boy like he should be thinking of gettin' out of's apprenticeship and ceasin' to be tied to smith Blennerhasset's apron, instead of fiddlin away every hap'orth of his spare time. I d' know his mother is fretted to fiddle-strings with his fiddlin'."

"Ah, I must hear this boy fiddler," said Joel heartily, with a look of mingled relief and reproach at Pleasance, which she met with a slight laugh, though she could not have told why she laughed the low laugh.

PERFECT PEACE.

LIKE a river glorious
Is God's perfect peace,
Over all victorious
In its bright increase.
Perfect, yet it floweth
Fuller every day;
Perfect, yet it groweth
Deeper all the way.
Chorus—Stayed upon Jehovah,
Hearts are fully blest,
Finding, as He promised,
Perfect peace and rest.

Hidden in the hollow
Of His blessèd hand,
Never foe can follow,
Never traitor stand.
Not a surge of worry,
Not a shade of care,
Not a blast of hurry,
Touch the spirit there.
Chorus—Stayed upon Jehovah, &c.

Every joy or trial
Falleth from above,
Traced upon our dial
By the Sun of Love.
We may trust Him solely
All for us to do;
They who trust Him wholly
Find Him wholly true.
Chorus—Stayed upon Jehovah, &c.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

THE CHEVIOT HILLS.

By JAMES GEIKIE, F.R.S.

III.

SOME reference was made in a previous paper (see p. 12) to the general appearance presented by the valleys of the Cheviots. In their upper reaches they are often rough and rocky; narrow dells, in fact, flanked with steep shingle-covered slopes, and occasionally overlooked by beetling crags or fringed with lofty scaurs of decomposing rocks. As we follow down the valleys they gradually widen out; the hill-slopes becoming less steep and retiring from the stream so as to leave a narrow strip of meadow-land through which the clear waters canter gaily on to the low grounds of the Teviot. In their middle reaches these upland dales are not infrequently well cultivated to a considerable height, as in the districts between Hownam and Morebattle, and between Belford and Yetholm—the former in the valley of the Kale, and the latter in that of the Bowmont. It is noticeable that the narrower and steeper reaches all lie among Silurian strata and Old Red Sandstone porphyrites. No sooner do we leave the regions occupied by these tough and hard rock-masses than the whole aspect of the scenery changes. The surrounding hills immediately lose in height and fall away into a softly undulating country, through which the streams and rivers have dug for themselves deep romantic channels. Nevertheless, it is a fact, as we shall see by-and-by, that south-west of the region occupied by the igneous rocks of the Cheviot Hills, all the higher portions of the range (Hungry Law, Carter Fell, Peel Fell, &c.) are built up of sandstones. For the present, however, I confine attention to those valleys whose upper reaches lie either wholly or in part among igneous rocks or Silurian strata. A typical and certainly the most beautiful example is furnished us by the vale of the river Jed. This stream rises among the sandstone heights which have just been mentioned as composing the south-west portion of the Cheviot range. The first seven or eight miles of its course leads us through a broad open valley, which has been hollowed out almost exclusively in sandstones and shales; by-and-by, however, it takes us into a Silurian tract, and thereupon the valley contracts and the hill-slopes descend more steeply to the stream. But we soon leave the grassy glades of this Silurian tract and enter all at once upon what may be termed the lower reaches of the Jed. No longer cooped up in the rocky gully which it has painfully worn for itself in the hard greywacké and shales, this stream now winds through a much deeper and broader channel which has evidently been excavated with greater ease. High precipitous banks and scaurs now overlook the river at every bend, the banks becoming higher and higher and retiring further and further from each other, as the water glides on its way, until at last they fairly open upon the broad vale of the Teviot. Sometimes the river flows along one side of its valley for a considerable distance, and whenever this is the case, it gives us a line of bold cliffs which are usually flanked on the opposite side by sloping ground. This is the general character of all valleys of erosion, and especially of the lower reaches of the Jed.

A glance at the cliffs and scaurs of the Jed shows that they consist of horizontal or gently undulating strata of soft earthy, friable, shaly sandstone, arranged in thin beds and bands, which alternate rapidly with crumbling, sandy, and earthy shales; the whole forming a loose and unconsolidated mass that readily becomes a prey to the action of the weather, rain, frost, and running water. The prevailing colour is a dull red, but pale yellow, white, green, and purple discolorations are visible when the strata are closely scanned. The finest sections occur between Glen Douglas and Inchbonnie, and at Mossburnford, but the cliffs throughout present the same general appearance, and are picturesque in the highest degree. Everywhere the banks are thickly wooded, and even the steep red scaurs are dashed and flecked with greenery, which droops and springs from every ledge and crevice in which a root can fix itself. How vivid and striking is the contrast between the fresh delicate green of early summer and the rich warm tint of these rocks which when lit up by the setting sun seem almost to glow and burn! Well may the good folks of Jedburgh be proud of the lovely valley in which their lot is cast. In no similar district in Scotland will the artist meet with a greater number of such "delicious bits," in which all the charms of wood

and water, of meadow and rock are so harmoniously combined. It is not with the scenic beauties of the Jed, however, that we have at present to do. I wish the reader to examine with me certain appearances visible at the base of the red beds, where these rest upon those older rocks which have formed the subject of preceding papers. In the bed of the river at Jedburgh, we see the junction between the red beds and the Silurian strata, and may observe how the bottom portions of the former, which repose immediately upon the greywackés, are abundantly charged with well-rounded and water-worn stones. Many of these stones consist of greywacké, hardened grit, and other kinds of rock, and most of them undoubtedly have been derived from Silurian strata. In other districts where the old igneous rocks of the Cheviots form the pavement upon which the red beds repose, the stones in the lower portions of the latter are made up chiefly of rounded fragments of the underlying porphyrites. All which clearly shows that the red beds have been built out of the ruins of the older strata of the district. This is unquestionably the origin not only of the conglomerates, but of all the red beds through which the river Jed cuts its way from the base of the hills to the Teviot. When we trace out the boundary of these beds, we find that this leads us along the base of the hills, close to the hill-foot; and not only so, but it frequently takes us into the hill-valleys also. And this shows that the Cheviots had already been deeply excavated by streams before any portion of the red beds was deposited.

I have said that the red beds are approximately horizontal; sometimes, however, they have a decided *dip* or inclination, and when this is continuous, it is invariably in a direction away from the hills. Thus as we traverse the ground from the hill-foot to the Teviot, we pass over the outcrops of the red beds and slowly rise from a lower to a higher geological position. The strata, however, are generally so flat that their dip is often

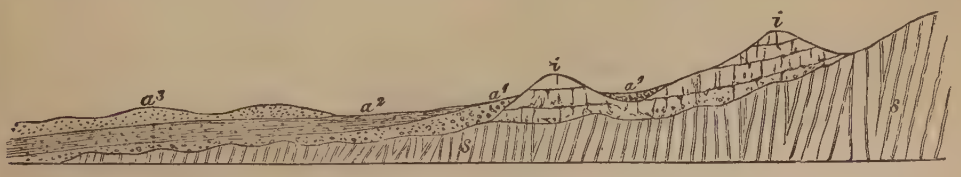

Fig. 7. *s*, Silurian strata: *i*, Old Red Sandstone Igneous Rocks; a^1, Conglomerate; a^2, Red earthy beds; a^3, White and Red Sandstone.

not greater than the average slope or inclination of the ground. Hence when we ascend the valley-slopes from the stream, we soon reach the higher beds of the series, as, for example, in the undulating heights that overlook the Jed in the neighbourhood of Jedburgh. In that district a number of quarries have been opened, in which the upper beds of the red series are well exposed, as at Ferniehirst, Tudhope, &c. These consist of thick beds of greyish white, yellowish, and reddish sandstones, which, unlike the crumbling earthy deposits below, are quite suitable for building purposes. Scales of fish and plant remains are often met with in the thick sandstones, but the underlying, earthy, friable, red beds appear to be quite destitute of any organic remains.

Let us now briefly recapitulate the main facts we have just ascertained. They are these: 1. All the low grounds that abut upon the hills are composed of horizontal or nearly horizontal strata, which consist chiefly of red earthy beds, passing down into conglomerates, and up into whitish and reddish sandstones. 2. The conglomeratic portion forms the boundary of the series, fringing the outskirts of the hills, and resting sometimes upon Silurian strata and sometimes upon Old Red Sandstone igneous rocks. 3. Fossils occur in the White and Red Sandstones, but seem to be wanting in the red earthy beds.

The accompanying diagram gives a generalised view of the relation borne by the red beds to the older rocks of the Cheviots. It will be seen that the former rest *unconformably* upon the Old Red Sandstone igneous rocks, and also, of course, upon the Silurian strata. The section shows that the red beds lie upon a worn and denuded surface. Now this speaks to the lapse of a long period of time. It may be remembered that we had some grounds for believing that the latest eruptions of the Cheviot volcanoes were subaërial. The evidence now enables us to advance further, and to state that after the

close of the volcanic period, the whole Cheviot district existed as an elevated tract of dry land, from which streams flowed north and south. And for so long a time did these conditions endure, that the rivulets and streams were enabled to scoop out many channels and broad valleys before any of the outlying red beds had come into existence. Before the conglomerate beds were laid down, the ancient volcanic bank of the Cheviots had thus suffered great erosion. This is what "unconformability" means. It points to the prolonged continuance of a land surface, subject as that must always be to the wearing action of the sub-aërial forces. Rain and frost disintegrate the rocks, and running water rolls the debris from higher to lower levels, and piles it up in the form of gravel, sand, and mud, in lakes and the sea. While the old volcanic country of the Cheviots was being thus denuded, it would appear that a wide extent of land existed in the Northern Highlands and Southern Uplands of Scotland, and also in what are now the lake districts of England and the hilly tracts of Wales. And in all these regions valleys were formed, which at a subsequent time were more or less filled up with newer deposits.

The presence of the red beds that sweep round the base of the Cheviot Hills shows unmistakably that a period of submergence followed these land conditions. All the low grounds of Southern Scotland disappeared beneath a wide sheet of water, which stretched from the foot of the Lammermuirs up to the base of the Cheviots, and here and there entered the valleys, and so extended into the hills. This water, however, does not seem to have been that of an open sea, rather was it portion of a great freshwater lake, brackish lagoon, or inland sea. The lowest beds of the red series are merely hardened layers and masses of gravel and rolled shingle, which would seem at first sight to indicate the former action of waves along a sea-beach. There are certain appearances, however, which lead to the belief that these ancient shingle beds have had quite another origin. In some places the stones exactly resemble in shape those peculiar blunted stones and boulders which are found so abundantly in what are termed glacial deposits, and which owe their origin to the grinding action of glaciers. Such glaciated stones are frequently covered with striæ or scratches, which they received when, under the ice, they were rubbed against each other, or upon the rocky bed of the slowly moving glacier. And some of the stones in these old conglomerates are marked in this way. But this is very rarely the case because most of the stones appear subsequently to have been rolled about in water, and in this process they would lose any ice-markings they may have had, and become smoothed and rounded like ordinary gravel stones. The same appearances may be noted in the glacier valleys of Norway and Switzerland, where at the present day the glaciated stones which are pushed out at the lower ends of the glaciers are rolled about in the streams, and soon lose all trace of their ice origin. It is impossible, however, to enter here into all the details of the evidence which induce me to conclude that glaciers existed at this early period among the Cheviot and Lammermuir Hills. In the latter district, the conglomerates occur in such masses and so exactly resemble the morainic debris and ice-rubbish of modern glacial regions, that Professor Ramsay long ago suggested their ice-origin.

Let us conceive, then, that when the ancient lake or inland sea of which I have spoken reached the base of the Cheviots, there were glaciers nestling in the valleys. Streams issuing from the lower ends of these would sweep great quantities of gravel down the valleys to the margin of the lake, and it is quite possible that there might be enough wave action to spread the gravel out along the shores. It is evident, however, that the main heaps of shingle would gather opposite what were at that time the mouths of glacier valleys; and it is just in such positions that we now meet with the thickest masses of conglomerate. Ere long, however, the glaciers would seem to have melted away, and only fine sand and mud, with here and there small rounded stones and grit, accumulated round the shores of the ancient lake. Of course, during all this time fine-grained sediment gathered over the deeper parts of the lake bottom.

We have no evidence to show what kind of creatures, if any, inhabited the land at this time; nor do any fossils occur in the red earthy beds, to throw light upon the conditions of life that may have obtained in the lake. So long as the glaciers sent down ice-cold water, however, the conditions would hardly be favourable to life of any kind; for glacial lakes are generally barren. But the absence of fossils may be due to other causes besides this. It is a remarkable fact, that red strata are, as a rule, unfossiliferous, and the few fossils which they do sometimes

yield are generally indicative rather of lacustrine and brackish-water, than marine conditions. The paucity or absence of organic remains seems to have been often due to the presence in the water of a superabundance of salts. Now this excessive salinity may have arisen in either of two ways. First, we may suppose some wide reach of the sea to have been cut off from communication with the open ocean by an elevation of a portion of its bed; and in this case we should have a lagoon of salt-water, which evaporation would tend to concentrate to such a degree, that by-and-by nothing would be able to live in its waters. Or, again, we may have a lake so poisoned by the influx of springs and streams, carrying various salts in solution, as to render it uninhabitable by life of any kind, either animal or vegetable. Many red sandstone deposits, as Professor Ramsay has pointed out, are evidently lagoon formations, which is proved by the presence of their associated beds of rock-salt, gypsum, and magnesian limestone. They have slowly accumulated in great inland seas, whose waters were subject to evaporation and concentration, although now and then they seem to have communicated more or less freely with the ocean. The red earthy beds of the Jed, however, although unfossiliferous, yet contain no trace of rock-salt or magnesian limestone. The only character they have in common with the salt-bearing strata of the New Red Sandstone of England is their colour, due to the presence of peroxide of iron, which we can hardly conceive could have been deposited in the mud of a sea communicating freely with the ocean. But a quiet lake fed by rivulets and streams that drained an old volcanic district, is precisely the kind of water-basin in which highly ferruginous mud and sand might be expected to accumulate. Such a lake tainted with the various salts, &c., carried into it by streams and springs (some of which may have been thermal; for, as we shall see presently, the volcanic forces, although quiescent, were yet not extinct), might well be unfitted for either animal or plant, and probably this is one reason, at least, why the red earthy beds of the Jed are so unfossiliferous.

After some time, the physical conditions in the regions under review experienced some further modification. Considerable depression of the land gradually supervened, and the waters of our inland sea or lake rose high on the slopes of the Cheviots. Mark now how the character of the sediment changes. The prevailing red colour has disappeared, and white, yellow, and pale greenish or grey sand begins to be poured over the bed of the lake. Even yet, however, ferruginous matter exists in sufficient quantity to tint the sediment red in some places. With the appearance of these lighter-coloured sandy deposits, the conditions seem to have become better fitted to sustain life. Fish of peculiar forms, which, like the gar-pike of North American lakes, were provided with a strong scaly armour of tough bone, began to abound, weeds grew in the water, and the neighbouring land supported a vegetation now very meagrely represented by the few remains of plants which have been preserved. In some places fish-scales are found in considerable abundance. They belong to several genera and species which are more or less characteristic of the Old Red Sandstone formation. The most remarkable form was the *Pterichthys*, or wing-finned fish. Its blunt-shaped head and the anterior portion of its body were sheathed in a solid case of bone, formed by the union of numerous bony scales or plates. Two curious curved spine-like arms occupied the place of pectoral fins, and may have been used by the creature in paddling along the bottom of the sea or lake in which it lived. The posterior part of the body was covered with bony scales, but these were not suturally united. Other kinds of fish were the *Holoptychius* and *Coccosteus*, both of which were, like the Pterichthys, furnished with bony scales. The scales of the former overlapped, and had a curious wrinkled surface. The head of the Coccosteus was protected by a large bony shield or buckler, and a similar bony armour covered the ventral region.

The organic remains of these fish-bearing strata are too scanty, however, to enable us to form any idea of the kind of climate which characterized the district at this long-past period; but if we rely upon the fossils which have been met with in strata of the same or approximately the same age elsewhere, we may be pretty sure that the climate was genial, and nourished on the land an abundant vegetation, consisting of ferns, great reeds, and club-mosses, which attained the dimensions of large trees, conifers, and other strange trees which have no living analogues.

It seems most likely that when the land sank down in the Cheviot district, so as to allow the old lake to reach as it were a higher level, some communication with the outlying ocean was effected. Red ferru-

ginous mud would then cease to accumulate, or gather only now and then; the deposits would, for the most part, be white or yellow, or pale green; and fish would be able to come in from the sea. The communication with the ocean, however, was probably never very free, but liable to frequent interruption.

Here, then, ends the third great period of time represented by the rocks of the Cheviot district. The first period, as we have seen, closed with the deposition of the Lower Silurian strata. Thereafter there supervened a vast lapse of time, not recorded in the Cheviots by the presence of any rocks, but represented in other regions by the enormous series of the Upper Silurian formations. During this unrecorded portion of past time, the Silurian strata of the Cheviots were hardened, compressed, folded, upheaved to the light of day, and worn into hills and valleys by the action of the subaërial forces. Then began the second period of rock-forming in our district. Volcanoes poured out successive beds of molten matter and showers of stones and ashes, and so built up the rock-masses of the highest parts of the Cheviot Hills. All these eruptions belonged to the Old Red Sandstone age, and form a portion of what we term the Lower Old Red Sandstone. After the extinction of the volcanoes, another prolonged period elapsed, which is not accounted for in the Cheviots by the presence of any rocks. Then it was, as we know, that the great volcanic bank was denuded and worn into a system of hills and valleys. Now, since it is evident that the red beds of the Jed and other places are also of Old Red Sandstone age, it follows that they must belong to a higher place in the Old Red Sandstone formation than the highly denuded igneous rocks upon which they rest unconformably. The reasonable conclusion seems to be that the denudation or wearing away of the Lower Old Red Sandstone igneous rocks of the Cheviots was effected during that period which is represented in other districts of Scotland by what

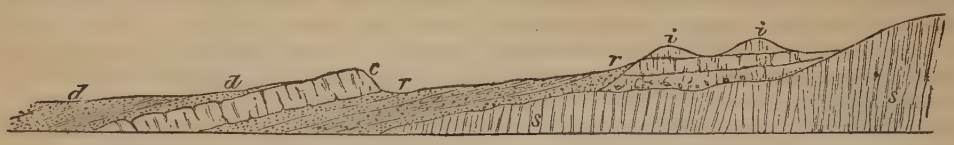

Fig. 8. *s*, Silurian strata; *i*, Cheviot Igneous Rocks (Lower Old Red Sandstone); *r*, Upper Old Red Sandstone series; *c*, Kelso Igneous Rocks (Lower Carboniferous); *d*, Lower Carboniferous Sandstones, Shales, &c.

is called the Middle Old Red Sandstone, so that the Jed beds will thus rank as Upper Old Red Sandstone.

I come now to speak of certain rocks which, although they are developed chiefly beyond the limits of our district, yet require a little consideration before we can complete our account of the geological history of the Cheviots. The rocks referred to consist chiefly of old lava beds, which very closely resemble those of the Lower Old Red Sandstone. They appear on the south side of the Tweed valley below Kelso, whence they extend south-west and west, crossing the river at Makerstoun, and sweeping north to form the hills about Smailholm, Stichill, and Hume. All to the east of these rocks, the valley of the Tweed is occupied with a great thickness of grey sandstones, and grey and blue shales and clays, with which are associated thin cement-stone bands, and occasional coarse sandy limestones called cornstone. These strata rest upon the outskirts of the Kelso igneous rocks, and are clearly of later date than these, since in their lower beds, which are often conglomeratic, we find numerous rounded fragments of the igneous rocks upon which the sandstones and shales abut. The latter have yielded a number of fossils, both animals and plants, to which I shall refer presently. In the bed of the Teviot near Roxburgh, and elsewhere, the Kelso igneous rocks are found reposing upon whitish and reddish sandstones, which are evidently the upper members of the red beds of the Jed Water and other localities.

Strata closely resembling the grey sandstones and shales of the Tweed valley appear among the Cheviot Hills at the head of the Jed Water, where they are marked by the presence of thick massive sandstones, which form all the tops of the hills between Hungry Law and the heights that overlook the sources of the Liddel Water—the greatest height reached being at Carter Fell, which is 1,815 feet above the sea level. The strata at this place contain some impure limestone and thin seams of coal. No old lava beds, however, like those of Kelso, underlie the series, which appears to rest directly upon the Upper Old Red Sandstone.

Now let us rapidly sum up what seem to

be the inferences suggested by these few briefly-stated facts. We have seen that the Upper Old Red Sandstone began to be deposited in a lake which, as time wore on, probably communicated with the sea, while the land was undergoing a process of depression, so that the area of deposition was thus widely increased, and sediment gradually accumulated in places and at levels which existed as dry land when the ancient lake first appeared in the Cheviot district. The old lava beds of Kelso show that the volcanic forces, which had long been quiescent, again became active. Great floods of molten matter issued from the bowels of the earth, and poured over the bottom of the inland sea. But all the larger volcanoes of this period were confined to the centre of the Tweed valley. Not a few little isolated vol-

Fig. 9. Showing present outline of the ground; *b*, plug of Igneous rock; *a*, Ejectamenta of angular stones, &c.

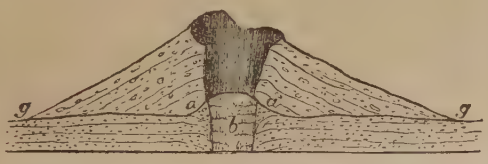

Fig. 10. Showing original outline of cone; the dark line from *g* to *g* indicate present surface of ground (as in Fig. 9); *a*, Ejectamenta; plug of Igneous rock, which rose in a molten state and cooled in the vent.

canoes, however, seem to have dotted the sea-bottom beyond the limits of the Kelso area. From these, showers of stones were ejected, and sometimes also they poured out molten matter. Their sites are now represented by rounded hills which stand up, more or less abruptly, above the level of the undulating tracts in which they occur. Among the most marked are Rubers Law, Black Law, the Dunian, and Lanton Hill. Of course it is only the plugged-up vents or necks that now remain; all the loose ejectamenta by which they must at one time have been surrounded have long since been worn and washed away. At last the Kelso volcanoes became extinct, and the little ones also probably died out at the same time. Another long period now ensued, during which the inland sea disappeared, and its dried-up bed was subjected to the denuding action of the subaërial forces. The volcanic rocks of the Kelso district suffered considerable erosion, while the softer sandy strata amongst which they were erupted no doubt experienced still greater waste. Ere long, however, the scene again changes; and what is now the vale of the Tweed becomes a wide estuary, the shores of which are formed at first by the Kelso igneous rocks. Into this estuary rivers and streams carry the spoil of the Southern Uplands, and strew its bed with sand and mud. Occasionally ferns and large coniferous trees are floated down, and, getting waterlogged, sink to the bottom, where they become entombed in the slowly accumulating sediment. The character of these plants shows that the climate must have been genial. They belong to species which are characteristic of the Carboniferous formation, and we look upon them with interest as the forerunners of that vast plant-growth which by-and-by was to cover wide areas in Britain, and to give rise to our coal-seams, the source of so much national wealth. In the waters of the estuary, minute crustaceous creatures called *cyprides* abounded, and with these were associated a number of small shells, chiefly univalves. Here and there considerable quantities of calcareous mud and sand gathered on the bed of the estuary, and formed in time beds of cement-stone, and impure limestone or cornstone. How long this condition of things obtained in the Tweed valley we cannot tell; but we know that after a very considerable thickness of sediment had accumulated, estuarine conditions prevailed over the south-west end of what is now the Cheviot range. This points to a considerable depression of the land. The same climatic conditions, however, continued; and here and there, along what were either low islets or the flat muddy shores of the estuary, plants grew in sufficient quantity to form masses of vegetation which, subsequently buried under mud and sand, were compressed and mineralised, and so became coal. The only place where these are now met with is on the crest of the Cheviots at Carter Fell. The process of depression still continuing, thick sand gradually spread over the site of the submerged forests. To trace the physical history immediately after this, we must go out of the Cheviot district; and it may suffice if I merely state that these estuarine or lacustrine conditions which prevailed for a long time, not only over the Tweed and Cheviot areas, but in various other parts of Scotland, at last gave place to the sea. In this sea, corals, sea-lilies, and

numerous molluscs and fishes abounded—all pointing to the prevalence of genial climatic conditions. The geological position of the estuarine beds of the Tweed and the Cheviots—resting as they do upon the Upper Old Red Sandstone—and their organic remains, prove them to belong to the Lower series of the great Carboniferous formation.

It was some time during the Carboniferous period that great sheets of melted matter were forcibly intruded among the Lower Carboniferous strata of the Cheviot district; but although these are now visible at the surface, as at Carter Fell, they never actually reached that surface at the time of their eruption. They cooled in the crust of the

Fig. 11. *s*, Sandstones and shales intersected by mass of intrusive igneous rock *b*.

earth amongst the strata between which they were intruded, and have only been exposed to view by the action of the denuding forces which have worn away the sedimentary beds by which they were formerly covered.

A very wide blank now occurs in the geological history of the Cheviots. We have no trace of the many great formations, comprising vast series of strata and representing long eras of time, which we know, from the evidence supplied by other regions, followed after the deposition of the Lower Carboniferous strata. The Middle and Upper Carboniferous groups are totally wanting, so likewise is the Permian formation; and all the great series of "Secondary" formations, of which the major portion of England is composed, are equally absent. Nay, even the Tertiary formations are wanting. There is one very remarkable relic, however, of Tertiary times, and that is a long dyke or vertical wall of basalt rock which traverses the country from east to west, crossing the crest of the Cheviots near Brownhart Law, and striking west by north through Belling Hill, by the Rule Water at Hallrule Mill, on towards Hawick. This is one of a series of such dykes which are often common enough in some parts of Scotland, but which become more numerous as we approach the west coast, where they are found associated with certain volcanic rocks of Middle Tertiary or Miocene age, in such a way as to lead to the belief that they all belong to the same period. The melted rock seems to have risen and cooled in great cracks or fissures, and seldom to have overflowed at the surface. Indeed it is highly probable that many or even most of the dykes never reached the surface at all, but have been exposed by subsequent denudation of the rocks that once overlaid them. Such would appear to have been the case with the great dyke of the Cheviot district.

We can only conjecture what was the condition of this part of southern Scotland in the long ages that elapsed between the termination of the Lower Carboniferous period and the close of the Tertiary ages. It is more than likely that it shared in some of the submergences that ensued during the deposition of the upper group of the Carboniferous formation; but after that it may have remained, for aught we can tell, in the condition of dry land all through those prolonged periods which are unrecorded in the rocks of the Cheviot Hills, but have left behind them such noteworthy remains in England and other countries. Of one thing we may be sure, that during a large part of these unrecorded ages the Cheviot district could not have been an area of deposition. Rather must it have existed for untold eras as dry land; and this explains and accounts for the enormous denudation which the whole country has experienced; for there can be little doubt that the Lower Carboniferous strata of Carter Fell were at one time continuous with the similar strata of the lower reaches of the Tweed valley. Yet hardly a trace of the missing beds remains in any part of the country between the ridge of the hills at the head of the Jed Water and the Tweed at Kelso. Only one little patch is found capping the high ground opposite Jedburgh at Hunthill. Thus more than a thousand feet of Lower Carboniferous strata, and probably not less than five hundred or six hundred feet of Old Red Sandstone rocks, have been slowly carried away, grain by grain, from the face of the Cheviot district since the close of the Lower Carboniferous period.

BISHOP WILSON OF CALCUTTA.

PART II.

THE incumbent of St. John's Chapel was mercifully spared; and he rose up from his sick bed, vicar of Islington.

The living was in the gift of his family, and on the death of the old vicar it passed naturally into the hands of Daniel Wilson. It was great preferment for him; but he loved his old flock, and he was grieved in spirit to be severed from those with whom he had so long "walked in the house of the Lord as friends." He now found himself called to associate with new men, and to face new conditions of ministerial life. The duty was of another kind, but it was scarcely less arduous, and certainly less pleasant. Here nothing had been done to clear the way for him. He had had no Cecil for his predecessor. And, in his feeble state of body, he was little able to overcome the obstructions which lay in his path. On the 2nd of July, 1824, entering then upon his forty-seventh year, he was inducted. He had been silent for eight months, and it was not without difficulty that he preached his first sermon to his new parishioners ("Feed the Church of God that is among you"). But it soon became manifest that his bodily infirmities would not suffer him to enter fully upon his work. He needed further relaxation, and, painful as was the necessity, he succumbed to it, or he might never have tended a flock again. So, having made all necessary arrangements, he turned his back upon the great metropolis, and sought a fresher air and a more quiet life in the country. He had not rested enough. It was his duty to cease from labour a little longer; and he wisely determined to be still and silent till November. If that interval had been one of hard work and continued personal anxiety, the new year would, in all human probability, have dawned on Daniel Wilson's grave. But by God's blessing, the peaceful life, which he led at Wooton, restored him; and he went to his new parish in better health than he had enjoyed for a long time. His first sermon unmistakably declared the course of action which he designed to follow. The text was from Mark i. 15, "The time is fulfilled, and the kingdom of God is at hand. Repent ye and believe the Gospel." I remember to have heard him, as Bishop of Calcutta, deliver a most impressive discourse to a military congregation, on the words, "If the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself to the battle?" The new vicar of Islington determined to give no uncertain sound. The trumpet note was shrill and clear. Men might not like the summons, but there was no misunderstanding it. It was a call to rouse men from the soundest sleep. The greater number of his parishioners had not been accustomed to it. So many were perplexed and alarmed.

But he was not minded to discourage or deter them. He would not hastily pour the new wine into the old bottles. Some of those who had listened to him admiringly in John Street, being residents in the great Islington parish, were disposed to think, and did not hesitate to say, that he had forsaken his principles. He had not forsaken his principles. The same gospel truths were uttered; but the utterances were pitched in another key. The style of preaching so favoured at the chapel would soon have preached the church empty. It was right that he should think of his parishioners, and subdue his fiery zeal for a time. He was confident that it would all come right in due season; and it did. Even the most inveterate of his opponents, at the commencement of his career, soon came to reverence and to love him. His parochial work contributed much to this result. He was so manifestly sincere, there was such kindness and suavity in his manner, such an interest discernible in all their worldly affairs, that it was impossible to resist him. But, for all this, there were elements of strife inseparable from the condition of affairs, which presented itself soon after his establishment in Islington. Though he increased the number of services at the parish church, it was obvious that there was a sore want of accommodation for a continually increasing population of worshippers. He was eager to build three new churches, or chapels-of-ease, and, in spite of much powerful opposition, he succeeded. In such a case, as was afterwards shown in India, there was an heroic constancy, or, as some said, a "dogged resolution," about the man, which overcame all opposition. All this was not accomplished without much perturbation of spirit; and there were other grieving thorns to pain him still nearer home. The health of his wife, always delicate, now (1827) failed her altogether. It was too plain that she was dying. On the 10th of May she "fell asleep." Still he

worked on, in deep depression of spirits, but not halting in his career. So years passed; the new churches were built; school-houses were rising. Daniel Wilson had set his mark upon the place; but it was not ordained that he should see the full effect of his work. A still greater work lay before him. He was offered the bishopric of Calcutta.

It was not a very tempting offer. Since the establishment of the Indian episcopate, less than twenty years before, four Protestant prelates had been struck down on the scene of their labours. About the same time there had been what was irreverently called "a rot among the judges." It seemed as though these untoward incidents established the fact that Europeans proceeding to India in middle-life were exposed to far greater risks than young men or striplings, with infinitely less to mitigate the severity of the climate and to ward off its assaults. The first bishop (Middleton) had stood up longest against the climate. During a period of eight years he had presided over the Anglo-Indian Church. Heber, James, and Turner had followed each other rapidly to the grave. When news of this last calamity reached England, there was great consternation as to the past and much perplexity as to the future. Who was to succeed Bishop Turner? Charles Grant, afterwards Lord Glenelg, was then President of the Board of Control, and with him rested primarily the nomination of a successor. That his sympathies in this conjuncture would turn towards the "Clapham sect" was not to be doubted. But the opinions of others were to be considered. And even the "Clapham sect" were divided. There was a little nervousness in high places about the appointment of an evangelical preacher to a post that demanded much more than evangelical preaching. The Indian episcopate had been inaugurated by the selection of a high, ritualistic Churchman; he had been followed by two men of high culture, a poet, and art-critic; and the fourth bishop had given good promise, but had not been permitted to develop in India any peculiar ecclesiastical tendencies. It was at least a moot point whether the Anglo-Indian Church could be better governed by a churchman nurtured in the atmosphere of John Street, Bedford Row, or one reared under the shadow of a cathedral. There was one man who, at that time, above all others, seemed eminently fitted to fill the gap and to represent the desired compromise. This was Dr. Dealtry, rector of Clapham. He was a scholar and a gentleman, and he had unquestionably the making of a good bishop in him. But the more advanced of the "Clapham sect" were not satisfied with his evangelical teaching. There was an irreverent saying, on some parts of the Common, which I will not repeat, about his "nibbling at the gospel." He certainly had not the rapturous enthusiasm, the fervid utterance, the deep devotion of the Newtons and the Cecils. But he was essentially a safe man—not likely to offend others by the expression of extreme opinions, or by any eccentricities of conduct and demeanour. The episcopal appointment was not unwisely offered to him; but he could not be induced to accept it; he had no desire to leave his home and his flock. Thus circumstanced, Charles Grant had not far to go for a fitting substitute. Daniel Wilson might not be so safe a man as William Dealtry; but he was likely to tone down. He would surely temper his enthusiasm with a sounder discretion, when the burden of a larger authority and a heavier responsibility rested upon him. So the President of the Board of Control offered the bishopric of Calcutta to the vicar of Islington, and the offer was accepted.

And, on the 19th of June, 1832, Daniel Wilson, fifth Bishop of Calcutta, sailed for the seat of his diocese on board the *James Sibbald* Indiaman, taking his daughter with him. Simeon and other friends welcomed him on deck, and bade him an affectionate farewell. His fellow-passengers were of the usual, varied kind, and there was not much to edify him. But he tried to edify others. He instituted morning and evening prayers, and on Sundays he preached sermons, than which his biographer declares he never delivered any more admirable. But he was eager to reach the seat of his new work, and impatient under the necessary delay. He was delighted, therefore, when he reached the "half-way house," and disembarked himself at Cape Town. Of course there was work to be done—ground for new churches to be consecrated, meetings to be attended, sermons to be preached, a confirmation to be held. After the usual period of delay for taking in water, provisions, &c., the *James Sibbald* sailed out of Table Bay, carrying on a happier bishop than it had landed there. It happened that at this time Dr. Simon Nicolson, the well-known and much-beloved Calcutta physician, a man with the soundest of heads and the best of hearts, was recruiting his health at the Cape. The bishop, who had not been without grave doubts as to the effects of an Indian climate on his constitu-

tion, sought an interview with Nicolson, and asked the experienced physician to examine him, and to declare his opinion without reserve. Orally and manually the good doctor made his inquiries and experiments, and pronounced, without hesitation, that, humanly speaking, there was no reason why he should not live in the enjoyment of good health, for a quarter of a century, in India. This sent the bishop onward to his destination with new confidence—with heart and hope such as had not sustained him before. And the sequel proved that Simon Nicolson was right.*

On the 5th of November, 1832, Bishop Wilson landed at Calcutta, and in the absence of Lord William Bentinck, was received by Sir Charles Metcalfe and his Staff. He had the cold weather before him, and he was in excellent health and spirits throughout that delightful season. "Never," he wrote in January, "have I had such health for these ten years, as I have had since the pilot came on board the *James Sibbald*. . . . . The suitableness of the post to my habits, disposition, and practice of business; the delight I have in it; the importance of the opening prospects and apparent blessings overwhelm my mind." But, though he wrote thus cheerily, he had already discovered that there were difficulties surrounding the posision of a bishop who had little or no authority over his clergy; for they were not under his, but under Government orders. On the 2nd of February, the Governor-General arrived, and at once called upon the bishop. They soon became, personally, fast friends. But there was an under-current of conflict very different from that which the reader of this sketch might anticipate. Transplanted from London to Calcutta, the some-time incumbent of the chapel in John Street became a stickler for the dignity of Establishments. Lord William Bentinck said that he cared nothing at all about Establishments, but a great deal about Christianity, and thought that the country might do without bishops. Daniel Wilson soon reconciled himself to this difference of opinion. "What is it," he wrote to Charles Grant, "compared to a difference which might easily occur about the good of India, the interests of the natives, and the diffusion of Christianity, on which we are strongly agreed?" Good news, too, came from England. The Anglo-Indian Church Establishment was to be still further dignified by the appointment of suffragan bishops, and Daniel Wilson became, in due course, Metropolitan of India.

Still, on the other side, as time went on, vexations great and small multiplied upon him. Not only did the old trouble of disputed authority, both from above and from below, disquiet and dispirit him; but it seemed to him that although he received all possible kindness and courtesy from governors-general, there was little real Christian sympathy between them. They did not much frequent his church or listen to his discourses. On the 30th of January, 1842, after the terrible news of the insurrection at Caubul, and the murder of Sir William Macnaghten had reached Calcutta,* the bishop recorded in his journal, "I have been delivering a thanksgiving sermon on the dear Queen's safety, and also to sustain the broken hearts of our friends under the appalling news from Caubul. The Governor-General was present and the two ladies (Misses Eden). The Governor-General has never heard above two or three sermons from me; the last was July 9th, 1837." He had told the Bishop a few days before that he "thoroughly disliked his new Cathedral Establishment,"—of which mention will be presently made. It is not difficult to understand why that noble-minded Christian hero Lord Hardinge was, of all the governor-generals with whom he was associated, the one whom he most admired and esteemed.

But that which afflicted him with the greatest sorrow was the state in which he found Bishop's College, the great ecclesiastical seminary on the opposite bank of the river. The trail of Bishop Middleton was over it all. It seemed to Daniel Wilson little more than a great hotbed of Romanism. "I have had a melancholy day at Bishop's College," he wrote in January, 1847. "I had not visited it for three years.† Nothing could exceed the personal kindness and respect of the principal and the professors. The buildings are in excellent order. My Visitor's Room was ready. The number of students greater than ever. But when I came to examine the youths in divinity, their ignorance was deplor-

* This is not told in Mr. Bateman's book, but I had the fact, in the following year (1833), from Dr. Nicolson himself, who told it to me, sitting on the poop of the *Protector*, by which vessel he was returning to Calcutta. I was then going out to India as a cadet. The *Protector* was afterwards lost at the Sandheads.

* The treachery and blood-thirstiness of the Afghans excited his strongest indignation. At a meeting held soon afterwards to promote some charitable objects connected with this great tragedy, or to vote an address to Lord Auckland on his departure, the Bishop, after discoursing on the wickedness of the enemy, exclaimed, "But our time will come—let us only *get at them*." I did not hear him say it, but I was in Calcutta, and it was much talked of at the time.

† He had been in England in the interim, of which more presently.

able. They seemed to have no love to Christ and their missionary work. The commonest questions puzzled them. I made an address and adverted to three matters that had been reported to me. Firstly, that two students had called on Dr. Carew, the Popish Archbishop, and one of them had kissed the ring on his finger, which is the common token of allegiance. Secondly, that another youth had declared that he was ready to go and join the Romanists. Thirdly, that the head mistress of the Military Orphan Asylum had professed herself a nun. We had a long talk afterwards with the principals and professors. It is quite clear to me that things have been going on for three years as I feared. I really came away, after seven or eight hours spent at the college, sick at heart." Nor was this tendency towards Romanism confined to the students of the college. Many manifestations of what was then known chiefly by the name of "Puseyism" were apparent among the chaplains of his diocese—some more lamentable than others. It could not but wound a man of his fine Christian temper to see so many of those who worked under him turning the simple faith of the Redeemer into a thing of shows and shams.

Into the details of Daniel Wilson's episcopal life I cannot enter in a brief sketch of this kind. That he was very zealous and very active, that he was always up and doing, and that whatsoever he did he did with all his might, need not be said, for he could not have done otherwise. For twelve years he laboured on unceasingly, and then he broke down. He could not work any longer without a season of total rest; so, early in the hot season of 1845, he proceeded to England by way of the Red Sea. It would have been wiser, perhaps, to have submitted once again to the old dreary passage round the Cape. But having an object in view—a visit to England—it was not in his nature not to endeavour to accomplish it with the utmost possible dispatch. The renovating effects of a long sea-voyage have often been visible in the ruddy cheeks and robust frames of passengers, who have left India in worse plight than the good Bishop. But when he arrived off the shores of England, he was "worn, pale, thin, the hollow eyes buried in the brows, the knees feeble, the nerves shaken, and the whole frame agitated." His recovery was slow. The jungle-fever clung to him, and at intervals asserted itself painfully. Little by little, however, the enemy withdrew from its stronghold. The good native air, and the pleasurable excitement of meeting old friends, invigorated him. His reception was all that he could desire. Among other scenes of his youth, which he visited, was the old place in Cheapside. "Went to No. 31, Milk Street," he wrote in his journal, "where, in 1792, I was an apprentice. I visited the warehouse, counting-house, parlour, kitchen, bed-room, where I passed with my staff over Jordan, in my boyhood." Soon afterwards he preached in Lower Weston Church, and ascended the pulpit-stairs of Chobham. But he had much to do, of another kind, and as strength returned, he attended many meetings, some in aid of his episcopate, others of Christianity generally. There was in this furlough life much to interest him deeply, but there was pain, as there was pleasure, in the interest. Some whom he loved and honoured had gone before him; others, whose dawning splendours he had watched, had risen into full meridian fame; bishops and archbishops, scholars and statesmen, now did him honour. There was something kindly and genial in his manner which set off his undoubted earnestness and sincerity, so that men of widely different characters were attracted towards him in society. One eminent failure, however, is written down against him. He tried, when others had failed, to "draw out" William Wordsworth; but the great poet remained grim and reserved; the bishop could make nothing of him. In more important matters of public concernment he sometimes broke down, but in a different way. He was too simple himself to take rightly the measure of an English minister, especially in respect of his arts of evasion. He did his best, whilst in England, to carry out one of his pet projects—the establishment of an Agra bishopric. He never lost an opportunity of urging it upon the Government, in season or out of season; but he was always told that it would not do to give umbrage to the Court of Directors. It was not, however, on ministers and directors, but on the Church, the Universities, the Public, and to these may be added the Crown, that he relied for the furtherance of the great ambition of his life. This was the erection and consecration of the new cathedral on the great plain of Calcutta, which he had left behind him in a forward state, and which now, by every means in his power, he was promoting among his brethren in the country of his birth.

But, all this time, he was eager to return to the country of his adoption in the East. So, towards the end of the summer of 1846,

wisely eschewing the overland route, he took his passage on board the *Prince of Wales* passenger-ship, and, after a rapid and pleasant voyage, with "constantly improving health, no sea-sickness, no illness . . . . no storms, no calms, no calamities, no quarrels, no parties among the passengers," he returned to his duties before the end of the year. He was then sixty-eight years of age; but what he looked forward to as the crowning work of his episcopal life lay still invitingly before him, and beckoned him back to the home of his choice. He had given largely to it from his own stores. He had collected largely both in India and in England, and the work of construction, under the superintendence of Colonel Forbes of the Engineers, had proceeded rapidly towards its close. There had been some vexatious opposition at the commencement; but he had lived it down. It was thought by some, that as there was a lack of church-accommodation all over India, the magnificent sum expended on one stately edifice at the capital might, in the interests of Christianity, be more advantageously devoted to the construction of a number of smaller places of worship. I confess that I held this opinion myself, and freely expressed it. But I have outlived the error. The bishop felt that nothing was so much needed in India as some outward and visible sign of the dignity of Christianity, discernible by the fleshly eyes of these followers of false creeds, who at least testified their reverence for the Almighty by the magnificence of the altars erected to Him. Our failure in this was a reproach to the true faith, and Bishop Wilson determined to remove it. How he devoted to this great end nearly all his worldly wealth is too well known for me to dwell upon it. The bishop never faltered in his good work. The first stone of the new cathedral had been laid on the 8th of October, 1839. At the beginning of the cold season of 1848 it was consecrated with all befitting solemnity. Wilson was then in his seventieth year, and he felt that his work was done.

But he lived and toiled yet for ten more years, and died an octogenarian on the 2nd of January, 1858. It was at least a natural wish, and one which few will condemn, even though all may not sympathize with it, that he should have desired to lay his bones beneath the roof of the noble structure which must ever be associated with his name. So he still remained at his post. But it was a time of weary waiting. Mr. Bateman tells us that the frailty of the flesh was often painful to witness, but that his intellectual energy was wonderful to the last. His journals show no indication of mental failure, and we are told that he was a greater reader than ever. His constitutional powers of endurance must have been wonderful. In the very last year of his life he was prostrated by a terrible accident. He was knocked down by a "jill-mill," or wooden shutter, in his verandah, and lifted up with a broken thigh; but his unfailing resignation and cheerfulness carried him through it, though his medical attendant little thought that he would survive. He often could not sleep, but he could always pray, and his thankfulness was unbounded.

It is not easy to describe with much exactness what it was that made Bishop Wilson, alike in the pulpit and in society, so different from other men. It is something rather to be felt than to be told. His biographer repudiates the epithet "eccentric." Perhaps a negative, rather than a positive, adjective will best describe the prominent features of his character. It was in an extreme degree *unconventional*. His preaching and his behaviour were, at least, strange. There may have been a few men in India who had heard Cecil and Rowland Hill discourse in their earnest impassioned way, pouring forth great gospel truths with a grotesqueness of illustration that awed their hearers whilst it amused them. But these exceptions are so few that it may be broadly said that nothing like Wilson's preaching had been heard by an Indian audience. One thing is certain, he never put his hearers to sleep. It was impossible not to listen to him. The familiarity of illustration, in which he indulged so freely, excited even the most apathetic. Some irreverently said that one of the bishop's sermons was "as good as a play." And there was truly something almost theatrical in his manner. He did not merely declaim. He acted his sermons. And he always adapted them to his congregation. I have an especial remembrance of one sermon, which he preached at a great military station near Calcutta. It was in the hot season, and there had been a great spread of fever in the place. The bishop preached on the goodness of God in visiting his people with afflictions of all kinds, and often piling up one misery upon another until the sufferer was fain to ask "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" But God was the great Physician of our souls. He knew what He was doing. "Now you ought to understand this. You have

wise physicians among you. They know how, with God's help, to effect a cure. You have fever in your blood. Your whole system is rebellious; it must be lowered. So you are bled freely and starved and drugged with calomel and tartar-emetic, until you are too weak to lift a hand. The patient whines that a little more lowering will kill him. He does not know. The doctor knows, and he says 'lower,' and again 'lower' and 'lower still,' and he brings you out of the valley of the shadow of death, and you leave the hospital behind you." Striking as was his utterance on this occasion, and impressive as his words would have been even to a blind man, only those who saw as well as heard him could realise his dramatic power. He lowered his arm and pointed with the forefinger of his right hand, downwards, downwards, and he himself almost seemed to sink and dwindle as he spoke. Some of the very young and the very thoughtless there present smiled. But the most looked and listened with grave attention, and all who had gone through the ordeal, as many had, recognised with feelings of awe the fidelity of the illustration. It was anything but a new one. It had been said or written scores of times before. But the bishop made it his own by the originality of his manner and its adaptation to the peculiar circumstances of the case. It was not enough for him to say the right thing. He strove always in the pulpit to say the right thing in the right place, which he sometimes failed to do in society.

He was fond of introducing personal anecdotes into his sermons. Many stories thus told from the pulpit were formerly current in India, and may still, perhaps, be remembered. I can recall one occasion on which (I think the subject was the abuse of words, looseness of expression in common conversation) he much amused his audience by telling an anecdote commencing, "I remember my friend John Joseph Gurney, as we stood together on the hearth-rug sipping our coffee after dinner, rebuking me for," &c. &c. I forget what the verbal offence was; but the unexpected introduction of the story and the picture it suggested of the worthy quaker of Norwich and the rector of Islington enjoying the fire rearwards with their cups in their hands, had something intensely ludicrous in it, and even the gravest could scarcely forbear a smile. It is easy to comment upon this and similar eccentricities. It was said that this familiarity of illustration scarcely became the dignity of a bishop. Perhaps Daniel Wilson thought sometimes that the parables of our Lord were "familiar illustrations," and that to follow such an example was better than to maintain the stilted dignity of the prelacy.

In society, as in the pulpit, Bishop Wilson said and did things which made people stare, and sometimes which made them wince. There was not a kinder man in all the diocese; but he shocked people without knowing it, and pained them without meaning it. This was to be attributed mainly to the extreme simplicity and openness of his character. He said the right things often at the wrong time and in the wrong place. He was liberal in his hospitality. He frequently gave large dinner-parties when he was in the palace, and he was very pleasant and courteous as a host, taking kindly notice alike of young and old, obscure and distinguished visitors. But there were few who did not feel some little alarm when the bishop addressed them by name and began to speak, perhaps from the further end of the table. I remember that when Colonel Benson returned from his special mission to the Court of Ava, in 1839, at the time of the Tharrawaddy troubles, he was invited to one of the bishop's *burra-khanas*. Everybody at that time was talking about Burmese affairs, and the British delegate was one of the lions of the season. I am not sure that the dinner was not given in honour of Colonel Benson. At all events, he was a conspicuous figure at the table. Half-way through the banquet there was something of a lull in the conversation, when the Bishop cried out, in his clear, sonorous voice, "So, Colonel Benson, you failed in Ava, I hear. Take a glass of wine." There was a most uncomfortable feeling from one end of the long table to the other; all felt for Colonel Benson, who was a man held in high estimation; but he himself carried off the embarrassment well by answering, unabashed, "Well, my lord, I did all that I could—all, indeed, I believe, that could be done." And then some ready guest turned the conversation, and all began to talk with more fluency than before. Now it was very true that Colonel Benson did fail in Ava; but that was not the right time or the right place to proclaim or discuss the event. It was one of those strange mal-apropos-isms which the good Bishop unwittingly uttered in all the simplicity and kindliness of his heart. Worse *bêtises* than this are scored down against him, but for obvious reasons they cannot be recorded in this place.

The Bishop was very fond of young people,

and he took an especial interest in those who recently had been, or were about to be, married. It was the custom in Calcutta, in those days, for the friends of a bride or bridegroom to entertain them a few weeks after the event; and the Bishop, to whom many letters of introduction were brought, especially from his friends about Islington and Clapham, seldom neglected an opportunity of paying this courtesy to a young married couple. It was not his speciality to think much of sparing the blushes of men or women, old or young, and it was his wont to take the bride on his arm and to introduce her to all the ladies present, with an intimation that she was just married, and often with some remarks about her family. On one occasion, when the banquet was spread and the guests assembled, the bride and bridegroom did not present themselves. The bishop waited a quarter of an hour, then a second, and a third quarter; but the guests of the evening did not appear. So it was concluded that some accident had happened, and the order was given for an advance to the dining-room. Next morning the unconscious bridegroom met some friends, who asked him what he had been doing on the evening before. He answered that he had dined at home with his wife. "But you were expected at the Bishop's. We waited nearly an hour for you." "Waited for us! That *is* good! Why we were not even asked." Off went the young officer to the palace in a state of inconceivable astonishment. An inquiry was made. The letter-book was sent for, and then it appeared that there were two subalterns, brothers, in the same regiment, one posted at Dumdum, near Calcutta, and the other serving on the furthermost confines of Afghanistan. The invitation to dinner had been addressed and despatched to Caubul. It had never occurred to any one at the palace to ask if the invitation had been answered. "Never mind," said the good-natured bishop; "you shall have another dinner—only Lent will be here next week; so you must wait till it is over. Meanwhile you shall join my family party."

These little family dinners were very pleasant—only two or three friends and the Bishop's chaplain, after his daughter's marriage, being present. After coffee, he had family prayers in his study. They were real prayers, fresh, original, warm from the heart; not mere repetitions of printed forms of speech. He almost invariably addressed some parts of them to the special circumstances of his visitors. With prayer he often mingled exhortation, when his hearers were young people, as they often were. He would tell a young officer to set a good example to his men, or if he were associated with native troops, to show them the way Christians ought to live. There was something strange and unaccustomed in this personality at first, but the good words were not wholly thrown away. There were apparent in it manifestations of paternal interest, most sincerely felt as they were, that greatly endeared the good bishop to his friends, though there were not wanting some who spoke of the questionable "taste" of these displays. But Daniel Wilson did not pride himself upon his taste. In truth he did not much like the word. Taste and tact are excellent things in the ordinary commerce of life; but they are no part of the stock-in-trade of an apostle. Bishop Wilson in pure simplicity of mind and artlessness of demeanour was a Dr. Primrose in lawn sleeves. But the outward singularities which made men smile, will be forgotten, long before the high-toned Christianity of the man, and the good it wrought in India, cease to be honoured traditions. In the written lives of those whom he most honoured in the spirit and loved in the flesh are saintly records of just men made perfect—but I know not one among them, who, in pure and simple piety and faith, more nearly approached the true Christian standard than Daniel Wilson, Fifth Bishop of Calcutta.

JOHN W. KAYE.

THE PARABLE OF THE SOWER.

By the late BISHOP THIRLWALL, D.D.

"When much people were gathered together, and were come to him out of every city, he spake by a parable: A sower went out to sow his seed."—Luke viii. 4.

FOR a heart touched with any measure of true, earnest love to God and man, there can hardly be a more solemn or more moving spectacle on earth than that which meets the eye of the preacher, as he looks down on a crowded congregation assembled in the house of God, to hear from him of things which concern their highest interests

in time and eternity. Surely that is a sight which should quench every selfish feeling, in a deep sense of an awful responsibility and a brotherly sympathy, when he considers the greatness of the object set before him, the preciousness of the opportunity, the inadequacy of the utmost efforts he can exert to satisfy the demands of such an occasion. If there was room for any thought of self, it should only be for the reflection that the things of which he is to speak concern himself at least as much as any of his hearers. So that the larger the assembly gathered round him, the more it should not only quicken his zeal, but deepen his humility. And yet the effect is sometimes the reverse of this: to feed a vain and miserable self-complacency, with the consciousness of being the centre of attraction to so vast a concourse, the one person on whom so many eyes are fixed, so many minds intent. This is one of the temptations which has ever beset the ministry of the gospel, and especially in those who have been most richly gifted for the work. They value the position which they occupy for its own sake. They delight in the power which they possess of drawing attentive listeners to their feet, independently of the means by which it is gained, or the end which it is to serve. How would a preacher of such a character have exulted in such a proof of his popularity as is described in the text! How gratifying to his self-love, that not only much people should be gathered together to hear him, but that for the sake of this they should have left the cities where they dwelt, and have put themselves to the trouble of a long journey! That would be an occasion on which he would not fail to bring out the choicest of his intellectual treasures, and to exhibit all the graces of his eloquence.

You all feel, my brethren, that to imagine such a state of mind in our blessed Lord, would be the greatest dishonour we could offer Him; that if, for a single moment, he had ever harboured such a feeling, it would destroy all our confidence in Him, and would bring Him down to the level of our sinful humanity—to one, indeed, lower than that which, through his grace, many of his own servants have attained. The whole passage shows how far otherwise the case was with Him. He was used to such gatherings; but there seems to have been in this something remarkable, something which He deemed worthy of special notice. It is possible that He observed in some of his audience indications of a spirit adverse to a right reception of his teaching. At all events, the lesson with which He opens his lips is in the nature of an indirect rebuke; for it is a warning which would not have been needed, if all had been as it ought to have been with them. And though He afterwards explained the general purport of the parable to his disciples, it can hardly be supposed that it was entirely hidden from the multitude, or that they did not perceive that it was meant to be applied to themselves. And then they would be forced to gather from it this wholesome, but humbling and mortifying truth—that they had come, some of them from afar, at great cost of time and trouble, without having duly considered what it was they expected to find; or, still worse, that they were professing to seek from Him that which He, indeed, was willing to give, but which they were not prepared to receive. And the general tenor of the parable would lead them to conclude that this was the case, not with a few among them, but with the majority; that it was not the exception, but the rule. For the work of the sower is represented as attended by failure oftener than by success. The lesson is urged upon the multitude with the exhortation, "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear," implying that many who had never doubted of their power of hearing, were afflicted with unconscious deafness. It is expounded to the disciples, because it concerned them not only as hearers, but as preachers and teachers. It is, indeed, one which deserves to be studied at all times, and never more than in our own day. I am not going to enter on a full explanation of the parable, but only to note some points in its bearing.

The most important act in the whole process of tillage is unquestionably the committing of the seed to the ground. All the other labours of the field relate to it, and depend upon it. Without it, none of them would have any use or meaning. The sowing of that seed which is the Word of God occupies a no less high place in the course of spiritual husbandry. And here Christ himself is the Sower; and that which He sows is his seed; all others who have ever sowed like seed have taken it out of his granary. It is the purest and best of its kind, and is endued with the highest possible measure of virtue and fruitfulness. And the difference between Christ himself and any of his faithful ministers, in this matter, does not consist in the nature or substance of the Word which they dispense. If their harvest is less abundant, it is not because the seed is

of an inferior quality. He, indeed, spake as never man spake. For He spake as one having authority, from his own knowledge of the things which He revealed, and not as the scribes, from traditions handed down to them by others. And his ministers can speak only as scribes instructed by Him in the things belonging to the kingdom of heaven. But the things themselves are essentially the same, and vary only in the form in which they are adapted to the different wants and capacities of mankind. If it were otherwise, the best of all sermons would be the simple reading of one of Christ's discourses.

Again you will observe that the seed sown in the different soils was all of the same kind. That which bare fruit a hundred fold was no better than that which withered away as soon as it was sprung up. And in our Lord's explanation of his parable, there are various classes of hearers, differing as widely as possible from one another, but all alike hearers, and all hearers of the same word; and then, when we consider the immense difference in the final result, though the preciousness of the gospel-seed may not be lessened to our view, we shall find ourselves forced to admit that its power and efficacy fall short of that which we often see ascribed to it, and apparently with full sanction of Scripture itself. Mark the images by which Jeremiah illustrates its irresistible might. "Is not my word like as a fire? saith the Lord, and like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces?" How ill do these images appear to correspond to the history of the seed. That which fell upon the rock did not break it in pieces, did not gain a lodging within it, did not make the slightest impression upon it, but lay powerless on the surface, until it withered and perished. And that which fell among the thorns did not put forth the energy of fire to consume them, but was itself choked by them as it sprang up, and left them in uncontested possession of the field. How are we to reconcile such signs of weakness with the language of the Epistle to the Hebrews? "The Word of God is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword." And yet how often is it actually wielded in vain, and lights upon souls cased in an armour which it cannot pierce, on which it leaves not even the faintest print!

It is very important for every minister of the gospel, that he should bear these facts in mind, that he should look them calmly in the face; that he should not flatter himself with expectations which, being opposed to the witness of experience, must issue in disappointment. It would be sinful ingratitude to speak or think lightly of the ordinance of preaching, hitherto the most powerful of all instruments in the establishment and extension of the Redeemer's kingdom. But it is a mischievous delusion to fancy that the preaching of the gospel is all-sufficient. It is related of an eminent German Reformer, that he used to say, "When I first began to preach, I imagined that nothing could withstand the force of the Word. But before long I found out that old Adam was too much for young Melancthon." That was a wholesome though mortifying lesson. But the confidence with which he set out was not groundless, though it needed to be moderated and qualified by a larger view of the means of grace, as well as probably to be cleared from all mixture of youthful presumption and self-reliance.

Scripture itself supplies the necessary corrective of such an exaggerated estimate of the efficacy of preaching, and explains the conditions of success and the causes of failure. The greatest of preachers, the Apostle of the Gentiles, was fully aware that the weapon which in his hands had proved so "mighty to the pulling down of strongholds," was such, not in itself, still less by reason of the strength and skill with which he wielded it, but "through God"—"mighty through God;" not only, as God's workmanship, but as adapted by Him to the particular occasion in which it was employed by his minister. Otherwise St. Paul well knew that, notwithstanding all his zeal and self-devotion, it could not have prospered. And so he does not scruple to speak of the "foolishness of preaching," as designed, by its wonderful effects, to bring out in clearer light the power and wisdom of God, working so mightily with so weak an instrument. And having shown by the examples of Jews and Greeks, that the same preaching was to them that perished foolishness, and to them who were saved the power of God, he proceeds to lay bare the root of the matter, and to assign the true cause of this diversity: "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him." There it is. As long as this bar stands in the way, preaching will be of no more avail than songs to the deaf, or pictures to the blind. The inner, spiritual senses, through which alone it can be profitably received, is wanting. And so, my brethren, there is danger for those who are entering on the work of the ministry, not only

lest they should fall into that snare of which I was speaking at the outset; making the exercise of their office an occasion of self-pleasing in self-display, and therefore preferring that kind of exercise which affords the chief opportunity of self-display. It is not such as these only, who have indeed mistaken their calling, and are abusing sacred things to serve their selfish ends, who are in danger. There is likewise danger for those who dedicate themselves to their work with the purest intentions, and the most earnest desire to do faithful and loving service to God and man, lest they should mistake a part for the whole, and should concentrate all their energies in a simple function of their office which they, perhaps rightly, deem the highest, but which will itself suffer, if others be neglected for its sake. "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God." But we know that he may become capable of receiving them; and then the preparation, by which the natural inability is repaired, or the obstacle which prevents the reception is removed, is in every such case more important than the direct communication of the things themselves. But what preparation is this, and by what agency is it to be wrought? Doubtless, in its ultimate origin, it is the work of the Holy Spirit. If the Word of God is quick and powerful, it is so because it is "the sword of the Spirit." If so great things were accomplished by St. Paul through the foolishness of preaching, it was because it was accompanied by "the demonstration of the Spirit," which endued it with irresistible power. But the question is not now as to the origin, but as to the means and channels of grace. And so we are reminded that the ministers and stewards of Christ's mysteries are dispensers, not only of the Word, but of the Sacraments; and if the power of the Word is too exclusively maintained by some, there are others by whom the dignity of the Sacraments is exalted far above it, so as to leave it only a subordinate and almost precarious position. And this is no longer a question by which the unreformed Church is distinguished from the Churches of the Reformation, but one which divides our own branch of the Church into two antagonist parties or schools. But it is one on which we have no need to dwell for the present, because, notwithstanding the exaggerations to which schools and parties are prone, especially in times of warm controversy, in the statement of their distinctive views, it is admitted by all, on the one hand, that both the Word and the Sacraments are divinely appointed means of salvation, and on the other hand that the Sacraments do not act indiscriminately on all who receive the outward symbols of the grace which they convey, any more than does the Word on all who hear with their outward ears. There is still need of preparation for a profitable reception of either. And so we are forced back upon the question, What preparation is this? and what is the agency to which we must look for it? And it is not a sufficient answer to say, It is the agency of the Holy Spirit, unless we were sure that it is one which He has reserved to himself, and in which man is not allowed to co-operate, so that all that can be done by the most faithful and earnest minister of Christ, is to implore the blessing of the Holy Spirit on his administration of the Word and Sacraments; which is indeed no more than every one does, either by the express order of the churches, or in conformity to pious usage. And I do not say that such a prayer, if it is not a mere conventional movement of the lips, but an inward fervent breathing of the heart, would not suffice, so far as man is concerned; for it would then express a disposition, which would show itself alike in every function of the pastoral duty, and would impart the highest energy to the whole.

Preachers cannot preach without hearing; and therefore they must, in their own persons, exemplify and represent one or other of the classes of hearers described in the parable. If in them the gospel seed finds no more genial soil than the beaten track of a world lying in wickedness; if in them the impressions made by the Word are so shallow and fleeting, that they disappear under the slightest pressure of temptation; if in them whatever desires it awakens after heavenly things, are seen to be speedily stifled by earthly cares or pleasures; if such is the effect upon themselves, how can they look for any more successful working of their ministry in others? It is they who have themselves received the word in an honest and good heart, who keep it as the dearest treasure of their own souls, who are themselves ever ripening in faith and holiness—these it is who may go out into the gospel field, with a hope, which shall not be disappointed, that they shall reap in due season; who, when they are ready to faint, may solace themselves with the assurance, that the Lord of the harvest smiles upon their labours, and will, in his own good time, reward them with the joy of his rest.

THE STREAMLET.

BEAUTIFUL stream,
Cheery and bright,
Wild as a dream,
And welcome as light.
Down from the hill,
Through the green bowers;
Swift-running rill,
Watering the flowers.

Curving about,
Zig-zag or straight,
Now in and now out,
Early or late.
Still sweeping on,
Beautiful stream;
In calm monotone,
Love for thy theme.

Hidden some-while,
Covered with flowers;
Then for a mile
Swelled with sweet showers.
Leaping along,
Always at speed,
Rippling in song
Through pasture and mead.

BENJAMIN GOUGH.

THE POSITIVE EVIDENCE FOR CHRISTIANITY.*

THE attitude of objectors to Christianity has changed very much of late years, and is likely to change more and more. Formerly it was not thought that the question was one between this religion and any other. The intrinsic superiority of the Christian religion was freely admitted, and no one thought of setting forth the claims of Mahamedanism, or of Buddhism in opposition to those of Christianity. Now it is otherwise. Owing to the wider acquaintance with the languages and religions of mankind, we have learnt, not, indeed, absolutely to espouse the cause of these religions as against Christianity, or to adopt them as our own, but to regard them as so many developments of the religious instincts of humanity, among all of which Christianity itself may perhaps be the highest and the best. The consequence, therefore, is that the other religions of the world have risen in the estimation of mankind, while the estimate of Christianity has declined. Christianity and the other religions of the world have approximated more nearly to each other. The absolute superiority of the former is not now admitted, a relative superiority only is allowed. The notion of any one of the religions of the world being true, and the others false is repudiated. Christianity itself is only regarded as being possibly nearer the truth, or as containing a larger amount of truth. Now this kind of deferential treatment of his religion is simply intolerable to the Christian. To every believer Christianity, when it ceases to be regarded as true, is degraded into being the worst form of lies, because a form which is least open to detection. To him Christianity is not simply supreme among the religions of the world, but the only religion that can *now* claim divine sanction. The significance of this word now is very great, as we shall hereafter see, and the fact that it can be used appropriately, is part of the actual evidence for Christianity.

It must, of course, be conceded that a faultlessly logical proof that the religion which we profess is true cannot be presented; but neither can a faultlessly logical proof that it is *not*.

Putting the most extreme case we can imagine, viz., that God should proclaim by a voice from heaven that this religion was true, such a statement would still be liable to be rejected by all but those who heard it, and those who should accept their testimony; and it seems possible that among those who heard it, there might be some or even many who would persist in doubting the evidence of their senses. Now the positive evidence for the truth of Christianity is obviously less than this, and consequently we cannot expect its reception to be very different, certainly not to be more favourable.

But then is probable evidence to be rejected when we can get no other, and when, as in this case, it can be shown to be highly probable that no other is to be expected?

The being of a God is a fact that is incapable of proof; but notwithstanding this, it is a fact that the majority of thinking men are ready to accept, whether Christians or not. If, therefore, the being of a God is a fact that is incapable of proof, is it at all probable that the truth of a religion supposed to be sanctioned by Him would be more capable of demonstration than His own existence? If we cannot be absolutely sure that He exists, how can we expect to be absolutely sure that a religion, though coming from Him, is true? Indeed, we cannot be sure on this latter point, unless we first assume the existence of a God; but assumptions are excluded by demonstrative proof. Unless, therefore, we can prove to demonstration the existence of a God, it is no valid objection to the evidence for Christianity, that it is only probable, and not demonstrative. On the contrary, given the existence of a God, and it is highly probable that the evidence for a religion coming from Him would be of the same character as the evidence for His existence, that is to say, not demonstrative.

It is, however, essential to the nature of probable evidence, that it admits of probabilities on the other side, and appeals, therefore, to our critical faculty, to our powers of discrimination, and of estimating the comparative weight of proof.

The case, therefore, for Christianity must be one of the balance of probabilities, which accordingly must vary according to the individual who has to deal with them. When our opponents affirm that they reject Christianity, because its truth is not proved, they tell us nothing new. But it must not be forgotten that no man can reject, or ever did reject Christianity, because there is *no* proof,

* A Lecture delivered at Kensington, at the request of the Christian Evidence Society, May 11th, 1875.

that is to say no *evidence* for it. We may hesitate to allow that the evidence is sufficient, we cannot assert that it is *nil*. To say so is only to manifest our ignorance of the most important question we have undertaken to decide upon. How, then, does the case stand with regard to Christianity? What do we mean when we use the term Christianity? Christianity is a religion of which the central and essential feature is belief in a person who claimed, and as believers say justly claimed, to be the Christ. What is the meaning of this latter term must be considered later. But take away the Christ from Christianity, and the thing as well as the name comes to an end. Now the broad outstanding features of the history of Christianity are sufficiently obvious, and do not admit of any doubt. Christianity has existed in the world for some eighteen hundred years. We know for certain that it did not exist nineteen hundred years ago, at that time there was not a trace of it to be found in the world. What have been its fortunes during this time is tolerably well known to every one. It has gone on steadily increasing in the area of its reception and influence from century to century. Its progress in this respect during the last fifty years has been very remarkable, and may perhaps favourably compare with that of any period of its growth. The essential faith, moreover, of the people called Christians is virtually stereotyped. The faith of Catholic and Protestant Christendom is to a certain point identical, and the Christian belief of this age is practically the same with that of any previous age that can be named. Many things were believed during mediæval times, which were discarded at the Reformation; but the Reformation did not add any new fact to the creed of Christians, it disabused the Christian mind in many cases of a multitude of doctrines, but it did not add any single fact to the Christian creed. In short the Reformation may be described as a violent reaction issuing in the return to that form of belief which was prevalent in the earliest ages of the church, so that the faith of men was remodelled on what was believed to be the primitive and original pattern, and so it has essentially continued ever since. The desire has constantly been to get as near as possible to the pure and primitive ideal; if in any case this has been missed, the result has been ostensibly undesigned.

But this primitive ideal is only to be obtained from the earliest existing Christian literature. It is absolutely certain that no Christian work of any kind existed nineteen centuries ago, nor any trace of the Christian society. But it is also absolutely certain that several Christian works were in existence eighteen hundred and fifteen years ago. These were some of the letters of St. Paul. Those, *e.g.*, to Thessalonica, Rome, and Corinth. The genuineness of these letters, certainly the three last, is not to be disputed; in fact, they are all commonly acknowledged to be genuine, and may be so regarded. Allowing, therefore, that Christian literature and Christian society had begun to exist by the year 60, and that neither had any existence fifty years before, it is obvious that the rise of the Christian society must have taken place within that period. There is no truth more certain in history than this, that we must search for the first origin of the Christian religion and the Christian society between the year 10 and the year 60. But then the Epistles of St. Paul that we have afford conclusive proof on many points, first, as to the wide-spread existence of the Christian society at the time they were written, and for its existence several years before; and, secondly, as to the nature and constitution of that society and the character of its belief. The fact of letters being written to believers so far apart as Rome, Corinth, and Galatia, proves the existence of believers in those places; while the letters themselves show that there was a bond of union between the various churches, and that their system of belief was identical. There is also incidental evidence in the letters that the Christian society had been some years in attaining to its present magnitude. It must also be borne in mind that no authority is claimed for these writings more than for those of Cicero or Tacitus. We merely take them as genuine documents, written by the man whose name they bear, and being authentic so far as relates to the various facts they incidentally imply, such, for example, as those already mentioned. But it is clearly shown by these letters that the sum and substance of the Christian belief was the life, death, and resurrection of a man called Jesus, who was regarded as the Christ and the Son of God. Of course, if this belief rested on a solid foundation of trustworthy evidence, it would go a very long way towards showing the truth of Christianity; but we must not assume this, nor do we venture to do so. All that we affirm is, that the Epistles of St. Paul afford positive and conclusive evidence as to the nature of the belief of the very earliest people called

Christians, of whom we have undoubted knowledge. And we find, moreover, that this belief is identical with that which is still held and has ever been held by all branches of the Christian Church, and may be briefly summed up as belief that Jesus of Nazareth lived, and died, and rose again, and that He was the Christ. On two of these points there is no room for doubt, viz., the life and death of Jesus of Nazareth. On the other two, namely, that He rose from the dead, and was the Christ, we must suspend our judgment, only we must remember that on these points the early Christians were unanimous, as the Christian Church has been from first to last.

With regard, however, to the life and death of Jesus, this fact is abundantly clear, that He died by crucifixion. Independently of the allusion in Tacitus to this fact, we may say for certain that it would have been impossible that it should have been believed as it was by the early Christians, and testified as it is in St. Paul's writings, if Jesus had died in any other way. On the supposition that Jesus did not die upon the cross, the preaching of the cross by Paul becomes a moral impossibility. We have got then, for certain, two facts—the historic existence of the man called Jesus, and his death by crucifixion. Either of these it is simply impossible to call in question. But very frequently the knowledge of certain facts is conclusive proof of others, of which we may not have direct evidence; and thus the fact that the cross of Christ was the staple of St. Paul's preaching is conclusive proof of the moral character of Jesus, and that if He died by crucifixion, being a righteous man, his death can only be accounted for in connection with his claim to be the Christ, which is the cause assigned for it in the Gospels. For instance, if we suppose the disciples of Jesus to have advanced this claim in his behalf, the fact that He died by crucifixion, being a righteous man, is a proof that He must himself have acquiesced in the advancement of the claim, for otherwise His dying such a death is inconceivable. His death on the cross may be alleged as conclusive proof that He claimed to be the Christ, and from other circumstances we may assume that the chief reason for His crucifixion was the fact that He had made this claim. It is manifestly impossible that St. Paul, being a convert from Judaism, and originally a bitter opponent of Jesus Christ, should have spent his life as he did in proclaiming the death of Christ and salvation through the cross, if the personal character of Jesus had not been such as to bear the weight of the superstructure based upon it. St. Paul must have had means of knowing what manner of man Christ was, and if He had been other than a righteous man he could not have preached salvation through His name. If, therefore, the death of Christ was in any degree traceable to His character, that is to say, if He died for His transgression of the moral law, we should certainly not have had the phenomenon of Saul's conversion from a bitter persecutor to a zealous believer.

The death on the cross, therefore, comes before us as a fact which we can only account for on the supposition that Jesus was a morally good man, and that He had exasperated the Jews by his claim to be the Christ. The Romans, however, would not have put Him to death unless He had in some way infringed their law, and the Jews can only have put Him to death for claiming to be the Christ. It is morally certain, therefore, that He did not shrink from death in His determination to stand by this claim. He might have purchased his life had He been willing to forego it. His death, therefore, so far as He was concerned, was the seal of his claim. He staked his life upon it, and died to establish it.

We arrive at this conclusion, not from the evidence of the Gospel history, but by a series of legitimate inferences, drawn from certain known facts and circumstances; but the conclusion is one in complete accordance with the Gospel history. If, therefore, Jesus was content to be crucified in support of his claim to be the Christ, we shall have to reconcile that death and His known, or at least presumable, moral character with the fact that this claim was falsely advanced, if such is indeed the fact. But one only of these positions can be true, (1) Jesus knew Himself to be the Christ, and was the Christ, and died to attest it; or, (2) Jesus thought Himself to be the Christ, but was not the Christ, though He died to attest it; or, (3) Jesus knew He was not the Christ, but died to make men think He was. This last position is obviously untenable on the face of it, and absolutely inconsistent with His known character as it is with common sense. We are shut up, therefore, to one of the other two, and the second is that with which alone we have to do. Jesus, being a righteous man, died for the belief that He was the Christ, which belief, however, was a mere delusion on His part.

The first inference, therefore, is, that if Jesus was not the Christ, some one else must be.

We need not trouble ourselves with this dilemma, for we are not now arguing with those who believe in a Christ yet to come, and no one believes that Christ is come if Jesus was not the Christ. Consequently, we are thrown back upon this position, that Jesus was a righteous man, that He died on the cross, that He died on the cross because He claimed to be the Christ—a claim which He believed He was justified in making. We must proceed, then, to deal with this claim. What was the meaning of it? We must bear in mind that it was not only a personal, but a substantive claim. In claiming to be the Christ, He advanced a claim which excluded all other men, and He also laid claim to fulfil an office which is more or less likely to have been real according as He manifestly stood alone in fulfilling it. If it can be shown that He was right in advancing the claim exclusively for Himself, it becomes so far probable that the claim was not fictitious in the form in which it was advanced. But this is the allegation made against it in the present day. It is assumed that Jesus accommodated Himself to the notions of the time, and availed Himself of the prejudices of his age in claiming to be the Christ. Still we cannot get rid of the fact that the claim was made, and that He died to substantiate it; and the certainty of this fact does not depend upon the statements made in the Gospels, but is abundantly proved both by the existence of the Christian Church and the very name of Christianity, and by the phenomena of the undoubted Epistles of St. Paul. In these last we see that the very essence and centre of the earliest belief in the Churches of Rome, Corinth, and Galatia was the doctrine that Jesus was the Christ. Now this belief was combined with the knowledge that Jesus had been crucified, and with the belief that He had risen from the dead. There was no one in all these Churches who did not know that Jesus had been crucified. There was no one who did not believe that He was the Christ. What, then, do we mean by his being the Christ? We mean that the net result of the Old Testament Scriptures had been to impress mankind, or at all events the Jewish nation, with a conviction that a kingly Redeemer would arise from the family of David. It was the belief of the Jewish nation that the writings of the prophets were full of the conception of this great person. It is of no consequence whether or not the belief was well-founded; it is perfectly certain that the belief existed, and was very deeply implanted and very widely spread. Had this not been the case, the existence of the Pauline Epistles would have been impossible. People would not have believed in Jesus as the Christ, and Jesus never would have been called the Christ. So that this also is a fact of which we may be absolutely certain, that the effect of the knowledge of the Old Testament Scriptures was to produce in men the belief in a Christ to come. The previous anticipations about such a person must have been necessarily vague, and very probably inconsistent; but that he was to be a great king, ruling with power and glory, and triumphing over the enemies of the nation, was the idea that would most fitly commend itself under the low political condition in which the nation then was. We need not appeal to the statements of the Gospels in support of this fact; it is one which would necessarily arise out of the circumstances of the time, and the many well-known declarations of the prophets. No one, therefore, who would claim to be the Christ could expect to have any chance of succeeding unless he bore some manifest resemblance to this ideal. But the fact which is at once remarkable and undeniable is that the character of Jesus, as depicted in the Gospels, bears no manifest or obvious resemblance to the kind of person whom the anticipations of the prophets had led the people to expect. That they expected some one is an indubitable fact; that Jesus was not the sort of person they expected is likewise indubitable; so that it was said with truth of Him, "He came unto his own, and His own received Him not." Whatever likeness there may have been between Jesus and the Christ of prophecy, it is certainly not the kind of likeness that the Evangelists would have been able or likely to invent, or that would have insured success to any one who, claiming to fulfil the prophets, desired to commend himself as the promised Messiah. Then over against this certain fact we have to set the equally certain truth that one principal element in the preaching by which belief in Jesus was produced and propagated was His death upon the cross, which was calculated to be, as St. Paul tells us it was, to the Jews a stumbling-block and to the Greeks foolishness; and yet, notwithstanding all this, which is historically certain and unquestionable, Jesus was received by multitudes, both Jews and Greeks, as Christ the power of God and the wisdom of God.

Let us then review our present position. We have in our hands, in the early literature of the Church, positive evidence of the way in which Christ's gospel was received by men

of different races and nations; of the extent to which it prevailed, and of the rapidity with which it spread; of the nature of the gospel which was proclaimed, and of the general effects produced by it. This may be characterized as a remarkable and entirely unexpected product of the Old Testament Scriptures. As a mere matter of literature, it is very remarkable that the book we call the New Testament should have been the lineal offshoot of the book we call the Old. It was the natural descendant, but supernaturally produced. No man, taking the Old Testament for his model or pattern, could have produced a single book of the New Testament; and yet it is no less certainly true that but for the Old Testament not a single book of the New Testament could have been written. We are compelled to say that the result, as it stands before us, was not of man, neither by man. We are compelled likewise to say that but for the historic existence of Jesus Christ, the existence of any one book of the New Testament would have been a manifest impossibility. Neither are the Epistles the natural product of the Gospels, or even of the Gospel history. Nor are the Gospels the natural product of the Epistles; and yet, on the other hand, had it not been for the facts of the Gospel history the Epistles would have been impossible productions. These are facts, then, which cannot naturally be accounted for, and which have no natural parallel. And they carry us thus far and no farther; namely, that the kind of corroboration afforded by the New Testament to the Old, and the kind of fulfilment the Old finds in the New, are such phenomena as afford probable evidence of a very strong character that they were both designed. We cannot prove to demonstration that the meaning of the Old Testament is revealed in the New, but it is certain that the New Testament gives a meaning to the Old which it had not before, and it is impossible to acknowledge this as its meaning and not acknowledge it to be divine. If this is its meaning, it is the only meaning that God can have intended it to have, for otherwise it has no meaning at all, and it is a meaning which God alone could have discovered or designed.

But then we may go further and say that not only is all this undeniably true, but also that there is in the early known facts of Christianity very much which affords probable evidence, the only evidence we can have, of the existence of the supernatural at work in them. It is absolutely certain that the effects produced by the preaching of Jesus as the Christ could not have been produced if there had not been another element in that preaching besides the fact of His death upon the cross. To suppose that an inglorious life terminated by a shameful death could have availed to work in a large body of men the conviction that the subject of them was the Christ, is simply absurd. This does not exhaust the actual causes that must have been at work. And as a matter of fact, we know that there was another potent cause. The resurrection of Jesus Christ was openly proclaimed. The resurrection of Jesus Christ was universally believed in the Christian community at Rome, Corinth, Thessalonica, and elsewhere. I do not say that this proves the resurrection was a fact, by no means. I only say that there is no possible doubt that the resurrection was an integral and prominent element in the faith of the first Christians, and of this the earliest Christian literature is a proof. Now it is to be remarked that we often hear it stated that there is no satisfactory evidence for the resurrection; that the narratives in the several Gospels are contradictory and irreconcilable; that we cannot be sure that we have in any case the testimony of an eye-witness, and the like. This is a very imperfect and incorrect representation of the actual state of the matter. If the authority of the Gospels is accepted, it is quite possible to show, as Gilbert West and others have shown, that the narratives are not contradictory, and that their testimony is most remarkable and very distinct; but I do not dwell upon this, and do not now assume the authenticity of the Gospels complete as I believe it to be. If it is known that certain facts take place which involve the occurrence of certain other facts, then these latter, as I have said, may be considered to be proved even in the absence of direct evidence in their favour. But this is entirely overlooked by those who disparage the Gospel evidence for the resurrection. What we have to account for is the universal Christian belief that Jesus was the Christ. No one could have believed that such a person as Jesus of Nazareth is known to have been was the Christ without believing that He rose from the dead. There was, so to say, no evidence for His being the Christ at the first, when faith in Him began to spread, but the presumed fact that He rose from the dead. There was no shadow or show of His apparently being the Christ of prophecy apart from His resurrec-

tion. When He was believed to have risen from the dead, then it was seen that all the circumstances of His life were transfigured and glorified, and then it was seen that He corresponded with the Christ of prophecy in a novel and unexpected way. And in order to estimate the true value of this as a fact, let us imagine the case of any one else of whom similar incidents might be related. Many persons under the Roman government in Judea, no doubt, suffered death by crucifixion. Of no one of these was it ever affirmed, or could it for a moment be alleged, that he was the Messiah. The mere fact of such a death would have been sufficient to stigmatize him. So that mere crucifixion alone would not have produced in any other instance the likeness there is, or at any rate was imagined to exist, between Jesus and the prophetic ideal, let alone the fact that resurrection in their cases was never dreamt of. But then, again, on the evidence of the Gospels, it would seem that other persons besides Jesus Christ were known to have risen from the dead. Why was the claim to be the Christ never advanced in their case on the ground of their having risen again from the dead, except because it was felt that resurrection alone was not enough to establish the claim? It was the combination in one and the same person of many features which met in Him, and in Him alone. Any one of these features alone was insufficient to have suggested the others either to Himself or to His disciples. The resurrection could not have suggested the crucifixion, but was incomplete without it. The crucifixion could not have suggested the resurrection, but was incomplete and powerless without it. And yet the crucifixion is the most indubitable fact of all, and the very basis of the resurrection, though it was the one fact which for the moment appeared to shatter every trace of likeness in Jesus to the Christ of prophecy. But even the crucifixion and the story of the resurrection alone would have been insufficient to produce the conviction that Jesus was the Christ, unless behind both there was the backbone of the life and teaching of Jesus. We are told that though the disciples were slow to believe in the resurrection of their Master, His enemies had not only anticipated but actually taken means to prevent what they feared might give rise to the story. If this was so, then we must assume that Jesus had openly spoken of His rising again, or if He had not done so, we must assume that this story was invented by the Evangelist to give additional credibility to the already fabricated but incredible story of the resurrection. But in point of fact the assertion of Christ that He would rise again did not make the resurrection antecedently more credible until it had occurred. And after its occurrence, supposing it to have occurred, it did not make it more credible, but only gave additional point and meaning to its occurrence. The mere fact, then, that Jesus Christ was declared to have been crucified and to have risen again is proof that there must have been something very remarkable in His life and death, or else the mere story of them could not have arisen, or having arisen would have been powerless to accomplish what was accomplished. So then we have for certain a very remarkable and notorious life, and an equally notorious death by crucifixion. And we have also a reputed resurrection. And out of these there came the rapidly growing conviction that Jesus was the Christ, that is to say, that there was so much correspondence between written prophecy and the known and alleged facts of Christ's history as to create a moral certainty that this correspondence was not, and could not be, fortuitous. Two positions, then, are possible, first, that the correspondence is imaginary, second, that the alleged facts were manipulated in order to create the appearance of it. Each of these destroys the other. If the correspondence is imaginary, there was no need for any manipulation of the facts. If the facts were manipulated, then the correspondence, such as it is, is real and not imaginary, or else there would have been further manipulation of the facts to make the correspondence yet greater than it is. But it is certain that the correspondence as it is could not have been invented out of the prophets, for the point in which it is greatest is the undoubted historic fact of the death upon the cross. Given this fact and the writings of the prophets, and the one as the actual fulfilment of the other, and the resurrection becomes, not a probability, but a certainty, and our only conclusion can be, "Thus it is written, and thus it behoved Christ to suffer and to rise from the dead the third day." After the fact, everything becomes clear; before the fact, everything is too dark to originate the fact.

And then, further, we must take into account one of the most obvious facts of history, that the preaching of the resurrection became the sole apparent cause of the most marvellous religious revival on record. And

not only so, but in all ages of the Church down to our own days, it is this same preaching of the fact of the resurrection, or, which is the same thing, of life though the name of Christ, which has been and is the certain cause of a like revival. When I believe in Christ, I rise from the dead, and I know that I am risen. I know that I cannot believe in Christ without thus rising. If one fact is a witness to another fact of which we cannot have, properly speaking, direct evidence, then is the known fact of life through the name of Christ, of which the whole bulk of early Christian literature and the existence of the Christian Church is a standing witness, a conclusive proof that Christ is risen. Taken by itself, this might indeed be insufficient and unsatisfactory, seeing that there is a tendency in human nature to move in masses; but, taken in connection with known facts of history, and with the written record of the prophets, it cannot justly be so regarded. The existence and history of the Christian Church is a phenomenon to which there may be some partial but no exact analogy in the history of the world. Had we discovered the Old Testament in the fifth century of the Christian era, the existence of the Christian Church would have been accounted for, having previously been utterly intelligible. But then we know that it existed in the fifth century before Christ, and we know also that but for its existence the Christian Church would not have existed. But that the Christian Church was not in any sense the natural offshoot of the Jewish nation, or the natural product of the Old Testament, is proved by the fact of that nation, who are the natural guardians of the Old Testament, having for eighteen centuries maintained an attitude of inveterate enmity to the Christian Church. The sacred writings of the Jewish nation testify distinctly against that nation, and they testify as distinctly in favour of Christ. If it is said, however, that this is a matter of the interpretation of Scripture, and therefore a matter of theology or exegesis, I reply emphatically that it is not. It is simply a matter of history and of fact. We know that a Christ was anticipated. We know that he was unlike our Christ. We know that our Christ was crucified. We know that He was reported and very widely believed to have risen again from the dead. We know that it was the belief in His having been crucified and having risen again that generated the conviction that He was the Christ, and we know that the growth of this conviction was continuous and conterminous with the growth of the Christian Church. This is all matter of undeniable history, and capable of demonstrative proof. It was the result of a series of facts, set over against and working on a series of writings and a national belief. It was the result of the apparent interpretation which history had supplied to a collection of ancient writings. The interpretation may have been wrong, the writings may have been worthless, but that the Christian Church, and with it the existence of our present Christian faith, was the result of the one and the other, is a fact as certain as the existence of the sun in the heavens. But then we may go one step further, and say that the existence of the national belief which was the indispensable basis of the Christian Church, without which the Christian Church could not have been reared, is itself all but a conclusive proof of a supernatural and divine element in the ancient Scriptures. Rightly or wrongly, as a matter of fact, these Scriptures gave rise to a current national belief which was deeply rooted. If the belief was an irrational and unfounded one, it yet has to be accounted for as a matter of fact, and that it was not devoid of apparent foundation we can see for ourselves. The proof is as obvious now as it was two thousand years ago, and it never will be either less or more. However we may estimate the value of this foundation, there it is, and what was its result we know. The fact is also certain that in all the literature of the world there is no similar fact strictly analogous to be produced. The known anticipation of a Christ is a fact as unique as the Scriptures of the Old Testament are themselves unique. It is impossible, therefore, to say that there is not evidence probable, nay, of the very highest probability, that the actual result produced was not only the natural, but the legitimate result of the ancient Scriptures; but if so, these Scriptures must have been inspired, they must have contained prophecies, and prophecies of such a kind and on such a scale, that it is not only improbable, but impossible, that the correspondence on a similar scale of historic facts therewith should have been fortuitous and undesigned. If there is any probability of the existence of a God, and any probability that He has spoken by the long result of history, then the broad and patent correspondence between the known facts of the Old Testament and the known facts of the New points to a conclusion which is not only highly probable, but is little less than absolutely certain.

STANLEY LEATHES.

"WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH."

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WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH.

By the AUTHOR of "Lady Bell," Etc.

CHAPTER XV.—LONG DICK FINDS A MATE.

THE aggrieved and potent rival soon heard of the incredible story. To Long Dick's apprehension an incredible story it sounded at first that the odd day's-man whom they had taken on at the Manor farm, the flippant stranger mechanic of whom nothing was known, save by his own not altogether satisfactory account, was audaciously making up to Pleasance Hatton, the finest young woman, by a very long chalk, in the place. Joel Wray was making up to Pleasance Hatton with her superior birth and early breeding, and her heiress-ship, and Pleasance of all women who had on the whole been so shy of Long Dick's lowly worship and modest advances, was listening to this wandering young scamp, as if she were prepared to throw herself away on him. It was as hard as it was cruel to believe.

Long Dick was filled with trouble and wrath, not the least unbearable element in which was that he had raised a stick to break his own head. He it was who had on his own responsibility engaged the stranger to assist in the last day's wheat-hoeing. Long Dick it was who had recommended the bailiff to hire Joel Wray again for the harvest; the result of the hiring being that the bailiff was so pleased with the exertions of the new hand, raw as he was, that he proposed to keep him on for the rest of the autumn to aid in the potatoe gathering, the fence repairing and the draining, and to do a bit of carpenter's work, as Dick himself did a bit of smith's work, on the farm, when not otherwise engaged.

This would have been bad enough had Joel Wray, who was also what Dick called a "fine scholard" in reading, writing, and ciphering, compared to Dick, managed to outstrip Dick in the bailiff's, and it might be in the end, in Lawyer Lockwood's good graces.

In the meantime the probable supplanter, for reasons of his own, held back from coming in contact either with the bailiff or the squire. When he had to be paid, or when he happened to attract the notice of the higher powers, even though it were their approving notice as of a smart, handy chap, his gift of talking and his self-assertion deserted him entirely, and he would hold down his head, be silent, and get out of the way as fast as he could.

But it was well-nigh unbearable that this forward adventurer should enter the lists where Long Dick, though he had made small progress, had till then run alone, outstrip his late patron, in the race, and carry off the great prize of life for Long Dick.

Long Dick could command some redress for the grievous injury with which he was threatened. All that was wanted was a word from him to the bailiff in disparagement of Joel Wray, an insinuation that he might not be the little that he represented himself, but "some polished rogue and thief," "a rascal who had given his last master leg bail," who was in hiding from the police, and who might end by setting the ricks on fire, or breaking into the bailiff's desk and running off with the contents.

But Long Dick, swelling with wrong and resentment as he was, shrank from such reprisals. All that was manly in the big fellow recoiled from the baseness of the retaliation, for it would be baseness, not caution, seeing that Long Dick, an honest man himself, had an innate conviction of the honesty of the vagabond. He might be a careless, thriftless vagabond, a restless rolling stone, a fickle Jack-of-all-trades, on whom it would be certain hardship and probable destitution with all its misery for Pleasance to bestow herself and her little fortune; but Long Dick believed in his heart of hearts that Joel Wray was as honest as himself, that he was free from

vice, and was in some respects as innocent in his smack of boyishness as Pleasance was in her womanhood.

Long Dick was fortified in his manliness by the conclusion which was somehow beaten and burnt in upon his slow intellect, that if he, Long Dick, were so left to himself as to do Joel Wray a shabby turn by getting him found fault with, and dismissed from his temporary place, and if it ever came to Pleasance's knowledge—and she was, among her other distinguishing qualities, what Long Dick called a very "knowin'" woman—she would pay him back in kind by never forgiving him.

No, Long Dick preferred to take his chance in a fair fight with his antagonist, bitter as the sense of rivalry was, especially with a rival so unworthy of him, and doubly unworthy of Pleasance.

In those autumn days Long Dick had little rest or peace, save when he had recourse of an evening to his cousin Lizzie, and poured into her ears all that he could bring himself to express of his pain and fury. He was soothed by her endless sympathy, her incredulity as to Pleasance, "being so blind and mad," little reckoning all the time with what life blood of her own Lizzie was feeding his hunger and thirst for consolation and hope.

For a wonder, in those days of trial, Long Dick did not fall into his old excesses, in addition to Lizzie's urgent representation he was aware from his own intelligence that the crisis was too imminent, he dreaded too much an invidious comparison, for Joel Wray had not swallowed more than his glass of beer since he had first appeared at the Brown Cow. He was sober, this wandering mechanic, whatever other evils he had learnt in his wandering.

Long Dick shook off all his comrades save his faithful slave and cousin Lizzie at this time, above all he turned grimly from Joel Wray, who showed, on the other hand, a perverse inclination to make up to the head man of the farm, and even to stand some roughness from him, if he could but win him to be friendly at last.

Joel was very friendly himself, pleasant as well as fluent of speech to old and young, and looked, in general, as unconscious of giving any individual offence as when he had disappointed the giddier girls of Saxford by being bent upon his task of wheat-hoeing, and failing so much as to see their attempts to attract his attention and draw him into a rustic flirtation.

Joel, in spite of this ungallant overlook, in spite of his having only amended his first fault by the cool confidence which had caused him to bestow his regard on "Madam," who had a lover already, the best in the place, was a favourite with the women. He was liked by old and young, from Mrs. Morse and Phillis Plum, to whom he gave no trouble, down to Phillis's grand-daughter, little Polly, for whom he cut puppet dolls out of the pith of the elder—by all except Lizzie Blennerhasset; she saw him through her cousin Dick's eyes, and thought him a trifling, insignificant, yet blustering chap, a lad who was not worth a woman's looking at. Yet Dick was juster in his judgment, and knew to his torment that Joel Wray, though no giant like himself, had more than a man's spirit, was straight as an oak sapling, lithe as a willow wand, a proper young fellow who might very well steal a girl's heart, though such a girl's heart as Pleasance Hatton's was seldom found.

Joel had become so popular in the place that he gave back to Pleasance some of her popularity, repeatedly reduced and impaired as it had been by her wearing spectacles, by her coming into a fortune, and, last and greatest liberty of all, by her not having stopped short with conquering Long Dick, the old hero of Saxford, but extending the conquest to its new hero, Joel Wray. Joel was so great a favourite himself that his favour cast a halo of cancelled debt, and reflected glory round Pleasance.

But Joel was not satisfied with the women's homage, nor with the sneaking admiration of young Ned, the good-will of old Miles Plum, or even of such magnates as smith Blennerhasset or host Morse, whom Joel propitiated by discussing with them London news. He would make up to Long Dick, though Joel was continually getting over the knuckles, in a figure, for his assurance, and was shown with rude plainness that Long Dick scouted his companionship. Either Joel was very impervious to broad hints, very indiscreet—or he had been accustomed to have his own way and to be spoilt, as he had once said—or he had that craving for general good fellowship which with some men is a passion—or he had conceived a vehement, one-sided liking for Long Dick, for he would not be repulsed, would not keep himself at a safe distance, but returned again and again to the vain charge. He made Long Dick's life more miserable than it would otherwise have been, by introducing into it a strong temptation to punch Joel Wray's head, or fight him in some fashion,

while Joel Wray was a champion unworthy of Dick's superior prowess, and further, was under the protection of Pleasance's friendship, however wayward and indiscriminating, so that Dick had to resist the inclination as best he might.

Long Dick had ridden round one evening, on a plough horse, to see the cattle in an out-lying field, and was returning by Saxford Broad, cumbered and heavy with all those troubles. He was not aware that he was calmed by the repose of the evening, which was somewhat cloudy and lowering like Dick's state of mind, or by the peaceful stillness of the Broad, with its birds gone to rest. It presented a great sheet of rippled, slate-coloured water, unbroken at this moment by any barge, and with the profound quiet of its character increased, as it appeared, by the perfect flatness of its indented shores, which offered rush-bordered, ferny meadows, and a little wood, but not a height or bank. Calmed or not, Dick, according to custom, walked the horse into the shallow water, deepening as he went, to wash the animal's fetlocks, and to relieve them of the gathered dried mire of the day.

He had done the same thing every time he had passed the Broad, even when driving a wain with a couple of horses, on a hundred occasions, and he had no more dreamt of danger than he would have feared to go about his morning's yoking, or to lie down in his bed at night. But whether Dick's mind had got dazed with his cares, and he had departed from the usual approach of horses to the Broad, or whether some unapprehended change had taken place in the ground, all at once the horse he rode, a steady old horse as Dick knew it, plunged one fore foot into a hole of several inches depth, and with a wild struggle and splash, fell head foremost into the water, before Dick could slide from its back. He kept his seat, and was not sensible of injury, but by the cold rush of water round them, he became aware that it was deep enough to drown both horse and man unless the horse could regain its footing, or Dick could disentangle himself, and use his power of swimming which he had learnt in his sailor's trip from Cheam, to reach by a few strokes the near shore. But in the surprise of the momentary accident he had been guilty of an oversight, which was likely to be fatal to both horse and man—he had let the bridle be dragged from his grasp, and it was now caught in the terrified horse's feet, so that the capacity to aid it in its frantic efforts to rise was lost, while at the same time the weight of the animal, and its convulsive efforts to get up rendered it a matter of the utmost difficulty and danger for him, even unhurt as yet, save by a bruise or two, to free himself from what would otherwise be a certain death.

It took but a few seconds for the incident, together with the despairing sense on Long Dick's part, that he was unable of his own ability to extricate himself, that every violent strain he made was exhausting even his boasted strength, that every stroke the horse gave threatened to disable or to kill him on the instant, that there was no help at hand, and the night was closing in. The consciousness that his act of washing the horse's feet had been so ordinary an act, and that the shore and safety were absolutely near, seemed only to render his impending fate harder and more bitter, without its being able to nerve him to hold out a moment longer.

People say that a drowning man's past life flashes before him, in its entirety, in a second of time. Perhaps Dick was too constitutionally and intellectually sluggish for such a marvel to be accomplished in his case. He was but dimly aware as consciousness was fast deserting him, and as his attempts to shake himself loose became as fitful and intermittent as the horse's rolling and kicking, that he wondered whether Pleasance Hatton would be sorry, and then that he was sorry for himself, in his own extremity, and for poor little Lizzie Blennerhasset's broken heart, before he said "Lord Jesus, help me," and in the same breath, heard faintly like a voice in a dream or in another world, a cry from the farther side of that end of the Broad.

Long Dick knew nothing farther—not of the figure that rushed into the water, and began to swim with the speed and directness of a practised swimmer—not of the mingled daring and caution with which the swimmer approached the eddying circles formed round the prostrate man and horse, still struggling and emerging at intervals—not of the grasp on his shoulder, and the shout into his failing ears which yet he mechanically obeyed, to try once again, as the horse swerved to a side—not when he was relieved from the horrible burden that had been weighing him down, and was dragged, happily only a few yards, and landed on the shore.

When Long Dick came to himself he was lying high and dry among the rushes, his head on the knee of a man, who was striving by an impromptu adaptation of all the theo-

ries which he had ever heard for the recovery of drowning men, to bring Dick back to himself. With the first conscious glance Dick recognised his detested rival, Joel Wray.

"There, old fellow, you're coming round," said Joel, cheerily, almost affectionately, redoubling his amateur medical offices. "What a mercy I turned out before supper, and walked as far as the Broad, to have a look at the ducks and plover which were all gone to roost hours ago! But it is an ill wind which blows nobody good. I knew you were not such a fine lady as to be finished off by a mouthful of cold water, such as I have shipped myself not only in little Cherwell, but in old Father Thames, more than once or twice either. I wish it were the thing for working men to carry a flask, I am sure they need it, as much as your sportsman or foxhunter. If I had had mine—one of my own I mean—I could have put a drop of brandy into your mouth, and brought you alive again in no time. Look here, you ain't kicked by that unfortunate beast?"

Dick was grumbling as soon as he was able to speak that he was not an "old fellow"—he was only growing four-and-twenty—any more than a fine lady, and he did not want brandy to cure him of a ducking, and where was the horse? With that Dick sat up in his dripping clothes, and peered through the dusk at the leaden-looking Broad, on which there was now neither bubble nor circle.

Joel Wray in an equally dripping condition as to raiment, sat up by Dick's side and looked with commiseration into his face.

"Don't take on about it, old — young fellow, it could not be helped. I could not save both of you, and the man came before the beast, not that men are always better than beasts either. Any way I could not have given the horse a leg up, it would be sheer brag to pretend it. He is done for, poor horse, lying quietly enough now, at the bottom of the hole you both managed to get into, at this edge of the Broad. Be thankful that you are out of it. All the same, I know you must be cut up for the dumb animal that you've worked with for years, I dare say, and that you have come to know like a brother, I have some notion of what the loss is, and I can feel for it."

Dick stared stupidly at the water, he was moist enough already, his tawny hair was dropping at every point still, but more moisture gathered in his blue eyes, and when he spoke it was with a lump in his throat that half choked him, and which he had to gulp down before he could make his quivering voice audible.

"I druv and guided him from the first day I came to the Manor, three years gone; he were as tractable as a child, and never needed aught, save a word; Pleasance were used to ride him from the field, and he knew her and whinnied when she came near his stall. Her will cry her eyes out to-night. He were up in years for a hoss, and had served his day; he were not that much worth in hoss flesh, let alone Lawyer Lockwood, he d' know haccidents will 'appen, and will not count it out of my caracker; but for all that, I'd liefer all my savin's and my next year's wages were cast into that water, if so be owd Punch 'ould rise out on it, standin', stampin his feet, archin' his neek, and nickerin' for his feed as he were wont to do at this hour, like a Chrissen."

"Yes, yes, I know," said Joel, quite tenderly, "it ain't the loss of the tin, for that might be made up, it's the thought of the creature that worked for, and trusted us, and came to grief through our shortsightedness, that is the sting. But get up, and come along with me, else the night will be down, and we'll catch our death of cold."

"You are a discernin' chap, Joel Wray," said Long Dick slowly, as the two rose after they had fraternised over the destruction of the horse. "If you had hammered up on poor Punch bein' old, and well-nigh fit for the kennel, as some folks despise them faithful old hosses, wool, I 'ould still owe you my life at the risk of your own, for yon were an ugly wenture, with the poor beast as were so sensible, a-flinging out with terror like mad, with the torter on chokin, never to obey a word or sign more. But now I can bring myself to thank you hearty, though, mind, I say I 'a borne a big grudge again you these ten days back, and I 'on't say that I 'a no cause, on'y I ain't such a heartless brute nudder, as not to be grateful for life—more'n that the lad as has felt with me for Punch is a good un, odd man, or stuck mechanic on the tramp, as he may be."

"Bosh! any fellow would have done it," said Joel Wray, but colouring with bashfulness, that was decidedly becoming in one that was usually so confident, and with pleasure. "You would have done the same and more for me, or any man. There ain't any merit in it; we cannot help it; we should be worse than our dogs if we didn't obey an instinct of rushing to the rescue. But I say, Dick, I like you, you know I have liked you from the first, and I want a mate like you

to stand by and teach me many things that I have set my heart on learning. If I—if we are opposed on some things, on which we can't help being opposed, because they may get to be more than life and death to us—can't we make up our minds to differ on one or two subjects and to agree on the rest? Can't we be friendly foes in the middle of our strife, or even get to like each other? because I am sure you have the making of a gentleman in you—the root out of which all true gentleness has risen—I mean you are an honest, brave man, whatever your blunders and shortcomings. And for that matter, we are all in a precions mess together in this blessed country—which we persist in saying is so exceptionally free and prosperous—in addition to misunderstanding, and misjudging, and coming down like thunder on each other. And if one or two of us seek to get behind the scenes to learn a thing or two of our common humanity, to use, God willing, in the end, for the good of all, as the greatest enterprise with which the times provide us, why we are held to be fools or worse, that is the justice we are treated to!"

Long Dick stared blankly at this tirade. In the beginning of the speech Joel Wray's voice had been curiously persuasive, while in the end it had passed into the dogmatic, dogged, indignant tones of a man who is riding a hobby, and riding it to death, not altogether unconsciously; withal there was that monotony stealing into the accents which attends upon the habitual dreamer, who, if he does not commit the ancient vagary of soliloquizing, is still in the habit of holding, mentally, long conversations with himself, in which he is the sole speaker, or if he ever argues with himself only raises phantom objections in order to lay them, ghost-fashion, again.

Long Dick had never heard anything like this lecture in private life before. He made up his mind that Joel Wray must have taken, amongst his other trades, to "Methody" preaching, at one time, though he was a churchman now; or must have abode for a season with such a troop of strolling players as Dick had seen at Cheam, and at the neighbouring fairs. As an acquirement derived from either walk of life, he had learnt to "spout," in addition to his ordinary long tongue, which was wont to wag like a girl's, and was treating Dick to the performance, it might be, as a distraction or solace after his recent misfortune and agitation.

Dick did not like it, did not feel so propitiated by the cleverness of the exhibition as by Joel's simple words of sympathy for the horse's fate; in fact, it grated disagreeably on sturdy, stolid Dick's principles, as something out of place and insincere, something like laughing at his forced, painful admission and concession. It required the vivid, restraining sense of the benefit just conferred to prevent Long Dick feeling aggrieved, if not insulted, by the folly.

After a moment, Joel Wray seemed himself affronted at his own, hare-brained application of and improvement of the occasion on the country road, through the gathering darkness. He strode along in silence, with a certain air of discomfiture and discontent in his gait. When he spoke again it was to repeat briefly and wistfully the entreaty that Long Dick would let Joel be his mate, and would bear with him and his ignorance, cockiness, shallowness, light-heartedness, whatever it was; that he would, when they were forced to be foes, help Joel in the task he had set himself that they should be fair foes, and do each other no greater wrong than what they could not hinder, and must remember with regret in their greatest gain. "For do you know, Dick, I cannot tell what our Christianity is worth if it be not to make us better foes, as well as better friends. You have heard of the Knights of the Round Table, Dick? the ring children keep up yet in their play?"

"I dunno know as I 'a heard on them," said Dick quickly and surlily, for he was half divided between wonder and confusion at the bold interloper's strange, unexpected humility, while he dreaded that Joel was going back to his out-of-season spouting. "An' if I 'a heard on 'em, I dunno know what such shams 'a to do with you and me. They may belong to passon's sermons, or to barn plays, but they ain't my price. I'll tell you what, my lad, seems to me your brain be turned with book know, which you've been mindin' 'stead on your proper trade."

"Maybe you're right, Long Dick," answered Joel Wray with a laugh and a sigh. "Forgive me for naming Don Quixote, and bringing him also neck and crop into the discussion. It is a bad habit I always had, too speculative and fanciful by half, my very teachers said. But if you had heard, which I suppose you have not, of that other knight, Don Quixote, you might have capped the Britons with the Spaniard, and pointed your moral far more aptly than I have pointed mine. However, we'll let all the old shams, as you call them, rest in their graves, or better, between the boards of the

books where alone they've had a life, if you will promise me that we shall be friends from to-night. Yes, I will say it, Dick, even for the sake of Pleasance Hatton, who is your price, though the Knights of the Round Table ain't (but you may hear their history from her sweet lips, though you won't from mine), at whose feet we are both fain to lie. In the name of Pleasance, Dick, whom I've a round guess it would please above all things, let us be friends, and take no gross or mean advantage over each other."

"You d' be too fast, Joel Wray," grumbled Dick; "you be a queer customer; I be pounded if I can make you out. But arter what 'a come and gone to-night, and you a-walking there in the night air, a-steamin' in your wet clothes, fit to get your death on cold—and you town-bred—from fishin' me out on the Broad, among the feet of Punch, and sorry, too, for the poor old hoss, wool, I suppose we do be friends, sin' you will 'a it, till bettern or worsn come on it."

"If like d' draw to like," Dick said to himself, when the two parted, with a mixture of doubt, admiration, and bitterness, "Pleasance will fall to his lot. I'll be cut out, for he do have a smack on her."

CHAPTER XVI.—LOOKING WHERE DICK WAS DRAWN OUT.

The misadventure of Dick, with Joel Wray's share in it, and the change it was likely to make in Long Dick's late bad feeling to the stranger, made a great impression at the Manor farm and at Saxford.

Pleasance especially was much interested in it, and never ceased to desire to hear the particulars over again, while she sorrowed for her old friend Punch. As for Lizzie Blennerhasset, the tale of Dick's narrow escape, communicated to her without any preparation, caused her to faint away on the spot, and, after being brought round by rough-and-ready remedies, to continue shaken and weakly for many days.

It was in consideration of Lizzie's illness that Pleasance, in that slack time which occurs just after harvest, seized the opportunity, after service one Sunday afternoon, to offer to take Lizzie out in the little market-cart. Mrs. Balls was wont to drive in it to Cheam and effect such small sales of cheese, butter, and eggs as she was allowed to take for her housekeeping in addition to her wages, and which did not come under the tale of the great sales of cheese between the bailiff and a cheese-factor, who sent over his waggon for the produce.

Pleasance had first accompanied Mrs. Balls in her marketing, and then been occasionally entrusted to do the marketing for the elder woman, when Mrs. Balls did not feel equal to what she was accustomed to regard in the double light of an important duty and a great treat. As a step to this promotion, Pleasance had learnt to drive the little market-cart and its pony, *the* pony at Manor farm. Pleasance took some pride in the accomplishment, though it was by no means uncommon, three-fourths of the young country-women, servants or poor farmers' daughters in the farms around, being able and accustomed to drive such carts to market.

At first Lizzie would not be persuaded to go and get the air, though Pleasance had out the cart on purpose, and had come over to fetch her, and though any other Saxford girl would have grasped at the simplest form of an outing.

"I 'a no mind to go abroad, Pleasance, thank'ee all the same," said Lizzie, with the languor of shaken nerves and depression of spirits.

"Come, Lizzie," urged Pleasance, "it is a jewel of a day, not too scorching or dazzling. I'll take you round the Broad, and we'll have a look at the wild ducks and the plover, though this ain't their best season; I wish you saw them in winter among the ice," said Pleasance, bringing forward the inducement which would have been most powerful with herself, "I'll bring you back with an appetite for tea, see if I don't."

"Could you take me round to that there place where Long Dick fell in?" asked Lizzie, tempted by the mention of the Broad, a morbid craving rising up in her wistful, blue eyes, "I 'ould like that just, for I dream on it, nights," she added with a shudder.

"To be sure I could take you, but if it mingle with your dreams, why go after it waking? It would be better if you could forget it, Lizzie; Long Dick is none the worse, he is all the better of a gallant act done for him, for Dick is not the man to fail to heed or to forget gallantry in a neighbour. Your cousin is gallant himself," said Pleasance, able to afford to praise Dick, with a warm colour in her cheek, which was not for Dick. "The only precious thing which was lost in the Broad was our poor old Punch, whom you did not know from any other horse, that you should go and look at the place where he came by his end."

"I 'ould like to see if the place come nigh-hand to what I see it in my dreams," persisted Lizzie.

"Very well," said Pleasance, not disinclined to the pilgrimage on her own account, "you will get the fresh air all the same, and perhaps the sight of the real place will satisfy your mind, and prevent you dreaming of it any more—only I know it very well, and I dreamt of it last night," admitted Pleasance, drawing a long breath, and with a far-away look in her hazel-grey eyes, but not as if the dream had been altogether disagreeable to her, not even though Dick and another had been in peril, and Punch had perished.

Lizzie was lifted into the cart with less remark than might have been expected in Saxford on a Sunday. Of course its population was doubled on that day, while its young men and women were loitering about in their Sunday clothes, whether they had been to church or not, and its older men and women were at least "tidied up," as in honour of a festival. Certainly this view of the Lord's Day was not altogether mistaken, if one went back to the original Sabbath, for it was held as a festival by the Jewish people —a festival of so sacred and inalienable a character, that a provision was made for the exception of the Sabbath in all ordained seasons of fasting.

But Sunday leisure and company in Saxford only implied quadrupled facilities for gossip, and Pleasance and Lizzie's exemption from having their whole history and prospects raked up, and their escape with no more than a passing comment resulted from a diversion of public attention occasioned by the recurrence of the great Sunday afternoon event, which never palled in interest to the minds of the villagers.

When there was no special custom at the Brown Cow, Host Morse paid his hebdomadal piece of attention to his spouse, which happily answered the double purpose of occupying and enlivening himself during hours that might otherwise have hung heavily on his hand. With a noisy, hilarious clatter and bustle, belonging to the man, he yoked his much-vaunted bay mare into his dog-cart, ostensibly for the benefit and pleasure of "the missus."

She, on her part, received the act of gallantry with a double infusion of her usual elaborate modesty and meekness, while she extended the boon to three or four boys and girls, children of one of those female relations of Mrs. Morse's, who frequently visited her in the plenty and stir of the Brown Cow. These children were crammed in wherever they could find standing room, and as they had frequently to be caught and dressed for the excursion at the last moment, with Host Morse and his mare fuming alike over the delay, the starting of the cavalcade was not only a thing of time, but was attended with much commotion. All the population looked to it for their Sunday afternoon spectacle, especially Mrs. Blennerhasset waited devotedly upon her crony to the last moment.

Thus the two young women got away almost unobserved, and drove off through the lanes, which, in spite of the treeless character of the neighbourhood, were rendered bowery by the degree to which the thorn hedges were crossed, tesselated, interlaced, and hanging all waving with an exuberant growth of brambles and dog-roses, travellers' joy, and briony. The profuse harvest of haws was already crimson. The abundant hips of the dog-roses were orange; here and there a knot of flowers, changing from white to peach-colour, crested the countless clusters of rough berries—still green, not black—on the brambles. The great round leaves of the briony were still more like vine-leaves than those of the bramble, and the bunches of the green briony berries might have stood for tender grapes but for their clear solidity. The travellers' joy presented innumerable tufts of down, and bore out its country name of "Old Man's Beard."

The hedgerows were rich, though they were not quite ripe, as Pleasance and Lizzie regretted, that Pleasance might have gone out and picked blackberries, and they were agreeably suggestive even without the hedge-sparrows and linnets, bees, and spiders in their webs that Pleasance was constantly detecting.

Lizzie's spirits rose with the change from the smith's house to the lanes, and with the motion which did not fatigue too much, rough as it was, in spite of Pleasance's efforts to exert her best skill in behalf of her friend the lame girl, whose ordinary mode of progression was the much more laborious and painful mode of walking.

Lizzie was nearly cheerful, for a hopelessly love-sick and ghost-ridden girl, when the cart drove up to the Broad—a different Broad from that which had mirrored the louring night when Long Dick had taken his way home by its skirts, and had all but fallen a victim to his confidence in its shallows. The great sheet of water lay sleeping, not gleaming like steel—for it was not a

dazzling day, as Pleasance had said—under a fair afternoon sky. Flocks of birds were coming and going over it, piping and screaming as they went.

The barges and wherries that on week-days often crossed the Broad, which was the connecting link between several of the slow, brimming rivers of the country, were in a great degree wanting on a Sunday afternoon, though one clumsy, lazy-looking, red-sailed barge lay gently swaying at the far end. There was also an absence of the pleasure-boats and fishing-boats belonging to a few boatmen, whose houses bore the name of Broad End, and were presided over by the Angler's Inn, with hop-poles in front and a tea-garden behind, the whole dimly discernible as a patch of weather-stained, red brick, from the other extremity of the Broad. The little colony was mostly patronised by visitors from Cheam, and although some of them straggled over on Sundays, as a rule they were lacking. As for the windmills in sight, they were of course still.

But the great Broad, its fluttering, screaming birds, and its speck of a boat here and there, with the faint sound of distant oars, and the remote echo of distant voices, to break still farther the silence, did not strike Pleasance and Lizzie as at all dreary under the summer afternoon clouds.

Neither were the women left to experience any feeling of solitude in the scene. Pleasance had not driven many yards along the road, which ran by the edge of the water, before the cart and its occupants overtook Long Dick and Joel Wray, who had strolled over in the Sunday afternoon's leisure, from the farm, drawn, and that together, in their turn, by the recollection of the threatened tragedy in which they had played their part.

The young men hailed the women, and hastened to give them the advantage of their knowledge in pointing out accurately the various localities of the story. At yonder corner Long Dick had taken to the water—a little to the left poor Punch had gone down—from that group of flags Joel Wray had spied the fallen man and horse, and first waded and then swum to the spot where they were disappearing. When Pleasance had craned her neck, and rivetted her attention on the absorbing particulars, and Lizzie Blennerhasset had quivered and shivered anew to her heart's content, Joel Wray proposed a little change in the proceedings.

"Ain't you tired jolting along?" he addressed both the girls. "Couldn't we leave the pony and cart somewhere, and go out for a little sail on the water?" he suggested to Dick.

Long Dick entertained the proposal in his deliberate fashion. "Powny ain't restive, and might be tied to Tim Burford's boat-pole, which he have fixed on his own account down here. I know my man, and 'ould borrer his boat for as long as I pleased, athout offence. What do'ee think, Pleasance?"

"I did not engage to drive home before five o'clock, when I must give Mrs. Balls her tea in time for going to the evening service. It is three o'clock now," said Pleasance, conscientiously but longingly. "I don't think it would be doing wrong. It is not like having out boatmen on the Sunday. We are here at any rate, and to be sure the motion would be very easy, and the Broad air good for Lizzie. Would you like it, Lizzie, or would you be frightened?"

"Not when Dick is here," said Lizzie, without dreaming of equivocating with regard to her supreme trust in Dick, "though it weren't your notion, Dick, you be minded to go, bean't you?" She put it in an undertone, only anxious to hear and meet Dick's views on the matter.

The pony and cart were fastened securely to the boat-pole, and the pony put on honour by getting the rank grassy margin of the reeds on which to whet its afternoon hunger. The men got afloat Tim Burford's boat, which he kept conveniently for any custom that might arise at the more solitary end of the Broad. Dick lifted Lizzie kindly, and deposited her first, and with every precaution, on one of the seats. The movement was still more to his credit because it left Joel Wray free to help Pleasance, but she needed little aid save the touch of the tips of her fingers to steady her as she sprang into the boat.

There was only one pair of oars, and the men took an oar apiece—Joel, who somehow had the ordering of the boat, announcing that there was no steering required on a great mill-pond like this Broad.

The boat shot out from the shore; and Pleasance, who had actually never been in a boat either on the Broad or any other sheet of water before, took in the whole surroundings with a satisfaction approaching that of Lizzie Blennerhasset's. She, sitting at Dick's side and looking up in his face, was as happy as she believed she could ever be, and with undisguised and scarcely stinted happiness, though she felt that his eyes roamed past her in order to rest on Pleasance Hatton.

The sky was all covered with little, dappled grey-white clouds, not so close set but that the pale blue could be seen between them. The clouds looked soft as the down on a young swan's breast; and the sunlight which was behind them, together with the blending of the blue and the grey, gave to the whole a delicate dove's-neck tint that was transferred to the water, though there was not depth of cloud or sufficient light to reflect the clouds in the water, only where they were nearest the sun and pierced by its rays, so as to be silvered into a snowy whiteness, they threw a dim glory over that portion of the Broad.

Pleasance looked round on the little company, of which she formed one, moving with a motion as Elysian as everything else on

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the Broad, which had become an enchanted lake for the occasion. She could not see herself, but she almost thought that the others were enchanted too, touched at least with the full radiance of their youth which was then revealed.

There sat Dick with his magnificent proportions set off as he threw out his broad chest, worked his sinewy arms, and flung back a head massive as a Jupiter's to look behind him; while Joel Wray, slim but athletic, did his spurt of rowing with what to Pleasance's utterly uninitiated eyes was marvellous ease and grace, and smiled back at her out of the black eyes in the animated brown face.

As for Lizzie, her small white face and flower-like blue eyes which were similar to

yet different from Dick's steel-blue eyes—were all refined by suffering and by a love so great that, however it might end, it had in its present self-abnegation something of the attributes of the worship of a saint, or of a higher worship still. That love lent to the worshipper a serenity which is rarely bestowed by earthly passion. And the peace and blessedness of being in company with and cared for by Dick raised Lizzie's type to its highest perfection.

It did not detract much, though it took a little, from Dick and Lizzie's looks that they were in holiday dress: Dick in that treasured cloth coat and figured waistcoat in which, if the poor fellow had only known it, Pleasance always felt that he looked his worst, because least at home and most out of keeping; Lizzie in that flutter of flounced French mousseline-de-laine and Swiss bodice, of a different colour from the skirt, which formed the chief advertisement of her calling, "like a pattern card," Pleasance could not help saying, "with the poor soul lame and sickly, so that one grudges her the trouble, not only of making but of putting on such a dress."

Doubtless because Pleasance was a class convert, or pervert, she was so staunch a working woman that she would make very little difference, and that never out of her adopted line of life, in her better clothes. She would have her calicot gowns of a finer quality, as well as fresh and clean, for Sunday, and she would go the length of a straw bonnet with white ribbons; but she went no farther, either in material or making. Joel Wray, too (it might be because in his tramping the country he was in a transition state), had nothing smarter than a suit of clean working clothes, in which he had been to church that morning, unabashed by any question of fit attire.

The party were in apparent, nay, for the moment, in real harmony, whatever soreness and rebellion of heart were crushed down. Long Dick had responded to Joel Wray's appeal, powerfully seconded as it had been by his service to Dick, that the two should prove friendly in being fair foes.

"Look here, Long Dick," Joel had said, again forcibly in gladly acknowledging Dick's submission to Joel's advances, "no woman in the world, not Pleasance Hatton, without equal as we think her, is worth two honest men who might be faithful mates, and do a world of good to each other, quarrelling; and Pleasance, being a good woman, would be the last to wish us to quarrel. You desire to meet Pleasance's wishes, don't you? I am sure I do."

It was a new light on the question to Dick, but it was not too late to receive it; and though it was difficult for a man like him to get fresh illumination on any point, he had one advantage—not unfrequently possessed as compensation by heavy, unscholarly men—that once got he retained every glimmer, and did not let it go again the next moment.

Lizzie had, of course, been greatly touched in her previous hostility and scorn of Joel Wray, by what he had done for Long Dick, though in her secret mind she had been convinced that the doing had not all been Joel's, that, on the contrary, Dick had helped to the extent of lending a hand to Joel Wray, to deliver Dick's self. Still, Lizzie had been moved to say to Joel Wray, "Me and all Dick's friends, mind, are beholden to you to the last day of our lives;" and although she thought no more of him, in Dick's company she was in perfect amity with the other lad.

Joel was discussing with Pleasance and Long Dick such Broad birds as came within sight of them, and in place of being instructed by his friends, it so happened that he was giving them instruction as to the tokens and habitat of such birds as the golden plover, "with its bronze and buttercup tinge," and that belonged of rights to the fens; the snipe, with "its beautiful mottled velvet," which Long Dick and Pleasance called, according to its melancholy cry, the "pewit;" the wild ducks, "with green on their neck, like salt water pools in frosty weather;" the little quail, "that people might see running along and pecking the chickweed among the stubble;" the carlew and the widgeon, which hailed from Cheam and the sea; the red shanks; together with other birds which migrated in winter from Scotland and Denmark and Norway.

"Hullo! you be more up to them birds than we, who are to the place born," said Long Dick with considerable mortification. "How do a town mechanic come by such acquaintance? He don't get it all out o' books, do he? It seems as though you 'a sat and watched at times, and had a shot at the creatures, as well as I."

"I told you that I was part country bred," said Joel quietly. "I have watched and had a shot at the birds, and, if Pleasance and Lizzie will forgive me, I wish this were not Sunday, and we had a gun apiece, and could take a pop at that flight. There are birds, and to spare, about the Broad, Pleasance; there would only be more food for those that

remain, and you should have specimens to stuff, and get wings for your hats."

"I would much rather have the live birds than the stuffed specimens, thank you, Joel," said Pleasance, "even if I could get the dead birds stuffed, and I should not think of wearing a bird's wing in a hat."

"I 'ould, if I could get the chance," said Lizzie. "A bird's wing in a hat is just smart and stylish; but you do be so fond o' goin' dowdy, Pleasance."

"I know I ain't smart enough even for Mrs. Balls; but the fault is in my taste. I don't go dowdy as a penance. You know something of tame birds, too," she hastened to add, turning to Joel, and instinctively stopping a compliment which she read in both the men's eyes. ("Though it was Lizzie that brought it on," she reflected, a little annoyed, "I would never have spoken of my own accord of dressing plainly, as if I wanted Long Dick and Joel to say that I dressed well enough for my station, or that I became what I did wear; I should be ashamed and angry if either of them said that.") "I have seen you looking at our cocks and hens," she continued aloud, "and you told me that we had not the best Dorkings, but that our Spanish fowls were good."

"Yes," admitted Joel quickly. "I know something of poultry; I have rather a taste for the subject; indeed," he added with greater frankness, "I think I know a good deal about farm stock, for a town fellow, Long Dick; though I was a tyro, a raw hand at the hoeing, yon beastly cold spring morning when I first turned out among you in the Thirty-acre, and I was not much better when I began to shear in the harvest row, though I made a good beginning. I did well then," he finished, with a bright look at Pleasance, reminding her of all the day had been to them, and of the harvest that had sprung up for them, apart from the grain which they had cut side by side.

Whether Dick intercepted the look, or was simply exasperated by the lad's conceit, he put him down a little, with dryness, in the following speech:—

"I dessay you do know 'a B from a bull's foot,' which may be summat for a Lunnon mechanic; but as to cow ill, and hoss's bats, and sheep's staggers, and swallin' on clover, and killin' a bullock, when the butcher ain't at hand, I guess you'd find yoursen from home, my lad."

"Oh, I don't pretend to be a man of skill and an accomplished farrier like you, Long Dick," said Joel with his pleasant good humour and humility, which ran side by side with, and counterbalanced what sounded like egotism and arrogance; "and I was going to tell you one reason why I came to know what I do about a farm. My father came from the north of England, whereas I understand his people were of Scotch extraction. Any way, my grandfather had a small farm in a Cumbrian dale, and my grandmother used to drive to Penrith market in just such another cart as you were driving, Pleasance, with her butter and eggs and cheese for sale. My father, though he left home betimes, and took to another calling, remembered his boyish days quite well, and was fond of speaking of the thrifty, wholesome place, and of the animals he had helped to herd as a boy, to me and my sister Jane when we were children."

"You mun 'a fallen down in the world," said Long Dick simply, without the least idea of giving pain or offence, merely as an appropriate remark.

"Well, we have changed," said Joel, "whether in a fall or a rise. You must remember these north-country farms were very poor affairs, and my father left his father's house to work as a factory hand; I suppose I take after him, in retaining a strong liking for all that belongs to agriculture, though I have been more familiar with mechanics and manufactures."

"I take it you 'a been," said Dick; "for you d' be fit for nowt save odd jobs, though I ain't, any ways, denyin' you be both clever on a farm and willin', and no doubt you do earn your man's wages at your proper work, if you can make no more'n your salt here."

"I am glad you are a little merciful, Dick," said Joel; while Pleasance judged indignantly, without making allowance for Dick's bluntness, that he was hard upon Joel, who bore the hardness so well, that, in place of her firing up for him, something like tears came into her eyes as she looked another way, because of the gentleness of the young fellow, who, she was sure, was the cleverest as well as the bravest working man in the world.

"Ain't it kind o' queer," said Lizzie Blennerhasset, breaking a pause, "that we should be sailin' in one boat? I mean Dick as saved I from the fire, and Joel Wray as saved Dick from the water, all here together."

"But nobody saved me," said Pleasance lightly, "and I have saved nobody. I don't seem to belong to the rest of you."

"Nay—" said Dick, stopping short.

"There's a good time coming," said Joel

impetuously; but both of the men respected the girl, and did not push the denial farther in that company.

"I suppose it would be better still, for those who are not afraid or ill, to be rocking on the salt sea," said Pleasance. "I can but get a glimpse of the sea when I go to Cheam, either with or for Mrs. Balls. It tantalizes me a little, for I have just a moment to run down to the beach, where it is always crowded, to hear the roar of the waves, and see their foam, and smell them in the breeze, and to pick up and bring away a shell like a child, when it is time to go."

"Wool," said Dick, breathing hard, and pondering a great idea which had come into his mind, "week in, week out, I 'a not had a full holiday this year, and work's slack, and Toosday week be Applethorpe fair, as all the farm hands is free to attend. I could go with you and Lizzie to Cheam for the day, and Joel might come likewise, if he were so minded," finished Long Dick, with a mighty effort at magnanimity, culminating in a gusty sigh, that subsided into a sound which was half a grunt, half a groan.

"Oh, how nice!" cried both the girls.

"All right; a capital thought!" cried Joel.

"Owd granny 'ould be greatly pleased to see us," said Lizzie, "and 'ould do the best her could for us in her little room."

"As for that, Joel and I 'ould get what we wanted at the Ship A-hoy, and not trouble owd granny," amended Dick; "but we should 'a hours to spend on the sands. We might go as far as the Beacon, and 'ave a real sea sail, besides seein' what were to be seen in the big town."

CHAPTER XVII.—TO SEE THE SEA.

THE project was put into execution, much as it had been planned, only with a decided improvement. As the season was so slack for farm work it could be managed that the little party should drive over the night before, find quarters—the girls at "owd Granny's," the men at the Ship A-hoy, and have a clear day before them—or at least, till late in the afternoon, when they must start again for home—for their enjoyment of the sea and of the big town.

The market cart and pony were held sufficient for the party's needs, since these well-fed, hardy, market ponies were accustomed to convey loads, human as well as vegetable, and since Long Dick, and Joel, and Pleasance also, would alight to walk up every hill rather than that their beast should be over-strained.

The day was not so softly sunshiny as on the previous Sunday, it was a little bleak, with a slightly scouring wind, as even early autumn days, when the wind was several points east, were apt to be in that region. But it was fair, which was a great gain, and promised to be fair, according to the weather-glass, and to Long Dick, who, from long and close observation in the fields, was a weather-glass in himself.

Pleasance consoled herself for the dulness and coldness of the weather with the thought that it would not be dull on the sea with that little gale which would bring out the sea-horses, and Pleasance desired earnestly to see them with their manes in full toss, and forgot for the moment how hard it might be to ride them in that case.

The occupants of the cart enjoyed the peculiar exhilaration which belongs alone by inalienable right to working men and women out for a holiday, as on the Monday afternoon they started from the Manor farm door. Mrs. Balls insisted on supplying them with provisions, cold meat-pies, and baskets with bottles of ale, and cider and elderberry wine, as if they were to camp out irrespective of "owd Granny" and the Ship A-hoy. She called after them directions and advices, shading her eyes, though there was no sun to look after them, and returning into the house when they were gone, shaking her head because of the intrusion of Joel Wray into the picture—not that she had aught to say against the young man, save that he was a wandering Jew, and a stuck mechanic, and if Pleasance would throw herself away on him, why Pleasance was woman-grown, worked for herself, and must please herself. Mrs. Balls did not think for a moment that Pleasance would desert her old cousin, for Pleasance was good, and only too unworldly, but everything would have settled itself so "comf'ably" if Long Dick had remained the only man in the scene, and had been promoted to be under bailiff, and Pleasance had married him, and wife and husband and Mrs. Balls had stayed on managing the cattle and making the cheese on the Manor farm.

Pleasance had voluntarily resigned the reins to Joel Wray, for though it had been understood at first that Long Dick was to drive, when he chanced to bid Joel hold the pony till Long Dick got in after their first walk up hill, Joel handled what he called the "ribbons" so neatly—as he did many things, and with such manifest relish, that Long Dick, who was no churl, permitted Joel to please himself by doing the driving that was no novelty to Dick.

Pleasance and Lizzie sat behind, and told each other that it was a treat to have a little spell of sitting still with their hands in their laps. ("Just a very little spell," Pleasance put in parenthesis, because it would soon pall, and what is a delight for a change would be irksome for a continuance.) And it was a greater treat to be driven along a country high road by friends in order to command a whole holiday next day.

The approach to Cheam was heralded by ships' masts on the horizon, and by the white steam-wreath, rattle, and whistle of a railway. Still nearer there were poles with fishers' nets drying, and donkey carts with fish—allowing Pleasance opportunities to pity the poor "Dickies," and to long to have one to make something more of him, and there were fishy odours reminding the travellers that Cheam had its extensive fishery as well as its seaport trade.

The entrance to the town was across a bridge, spanning a river so near its mouth, that ships of a fair number of tons burden sailed up beyond the bridge. It was so contrived and worked by machinery that, in the anticipation of a ship's passage, the bridge divided in the middle, and the two halves were reared aloft by cranes, leaving an open channel for the vessel to sail through. In the mean time, carriage, horse, and foot passengers were fenced off by two chains, and stood gathering as they stood, regarding with what philosophy they might, the yawning watery chasm, and the ship gliding over it, till the leaves of the bridge descended and closed on the ship's rear, and there was again a solid way for landsmen.

Pleasance had often seen and watched with interest this process—from the last curricle and foot-passenger that darted across when the chains rattled down, and the bridge itself quivered and began to split—to its lumbering, creaking divergence and upheaval to let, what looked by comparison the tranquil graceful ship, sometimes a yacht or barge, sweep by—on to the moment when the bridge was reconstructed, and a rush of the impeded crowd of horse and foot clattered simultaneously over its wooden highway, with a speed that seemed seeking to make up for lost time, and bidding the devil take the hindmost.

Such an obstruction and delay occurred as the market-cart, driven by Joel Wray, came up to the river. The party formed a little cluster in the crowd that had to pause and readjust itself for crossing the bridge. There were a carriage and pair with ladies and gentlemen inside, a cab or two—carrying railway travellers, as well as a score or more of foot-passengers, biding their turn. The carriage with its couple of horses sought to take the precedence, but while the cabs gave way, Joel resisted the movement, and, whipping up the pony, sent the market-cart with a dash that was not without danger, flying first, to the disturbance and discomfort of some of the party in the cart, as well as of the carriage company behind them.

"What did you do that for?" cried Dick, angrily, "you hadn't ought to do that; if I had known, I should not 'a trusted you to drive—not over the bridge leastways. That be Sir Frederick, Lawyer Lockwood's master, no less, and his company. Cheam folks beant over particular, as you may find to your cost, for they will dig their elbers into your sides, and knock you out on the way of their business, if you stand about, be you man or gentleman, gal or lady, and think no more on it, than if you were so many sheep or calves, and if you flare up and show your fists, they will square back and knock you down, or be knocked down theirsens as easy as you say 'Jack Robinson.' But they beant so choke full on sarce and folly as to drive a market-cart right afore Sir Frederick's carriage, as you 'a thought fit to do. Dang it, lad, we may lose our places for this piece of cheek, if so be it comes to Lawyer Lockwood or bailiff's ears."

"I do not care who it was, unless it had been the Queen herself," said Joel, half hot, half sulky; "we had the place, they had no right to push by us and usurp the lead."

"If you dunno know the difference between right and might at your years, after working all your days, it is little wonder that you're out on a job and serving as a day's-man on a farm," said Long Dick, with a mixture of superior scorn and sincere commiseration.

But the discord did not last long; Joel Wray's heat and sulkiness, which was unlike his ordinary patience and graciousness, soon subsided, and he was more anxious than any one there to have his outbreak forgotten and to make up for it, by agreeing to everything that was proposed, and accommodating himself in the readiest and most cheerful manner to circumstances. Therefore the others consented to condone the inopportune offence, and to drive for his benefit through the market-place, which was well known to his companions.

It was not a market day, as Long Dick and Lizzie, and even Pleasance, regretted feelingly, but the market-place was in itself a

sight. Joel eagerly acknowledged its attractions—its free space between the old established busy shops, with quaint, little diamond paned, bow windows, and its venerable flint-built, stone-roofed church at one end. When the stalls were full and a concourse of country and town people chaffering together, Joel was convinced that it would be as fine and exhilarating a sight as Pleasance told him it was.

From the market-place they drove to the principal quay, which had a line of what had once been Cheam merchants' roomy, substantial houses, as well as warehouses, with a row of elm-trees between the houses and the water, and underneath the trees large ships lying loading and unloading.

"It is like Rotterdam," said Joel.

"I h' ain't tackled Rotterdam any more than Lunnon," said Dick, "be it Lunnon ways?"

"A little beyond, as I have heard," said Joel.

From the quay the market-cart, with Lizzie in it, was led up two or three streets, after the others had alighted to walk, for the town ran with a steep ascent to the exposed height from which it looked over the German Ocean —limitless as far as the eye could follow. Down the lanes which were abrupt declivities, but which were not the ancient, narrow, yet populous, "rows" of another east country town, the party had little glimpses of the sea which they had come to visit, and Pleasance hailed it with a breast heaving in sympathy with the heave of that sea whose vastness, and might, and mystery, its ceaseless murmur and its tragic depths appeal so irresistibly to all unvitiated imaginations. It was a grey-green sea that day, just flecked with cold curls of white, beneath a slaty grey sky; the very ships which appeared on the horizon were blue-black ships relieved on the lighter grey background.

Poor Lizzie was so fatigued by the drive as to be able to do no more than go to Granny's, and prove the judiciousness of her having secured a night's rest after the journey, before the more deliberate and prolonged sight-seeing of the morrow.

Accordingly, the young men contented themselves with taking the girls to their destination, and resisting Granny's clamorously-piped hospitality, betook themselves to the Ship A-hoy, and their own resources for the rest of the day, on the strict understanding that all should be up and ready and meet to go abroad early next morning.

Granny's house was but a couple of thatch-roofed, well-stuffed rooms, at the head of a lane, in a house whose bulging walls, projecting second story, and lattice windows, showed a very respectable antiquity of its own.

But though Granny's accommodation was limited, it was not poverty stricken, neither was she in indigent circumstances for her station. Her husband had been a successful fisher and owner of several boats, who had escaped shipwreck, died in his bed, and left her perfectly independent of her daughter, Mrs. Blennerhasset, or any other children that she had borne him.

Granny herself was a dried-fish of an old woman, in a blue flannel gown, like a bit of a sailor's jacket, while she wore heavy gold rings on several of her skinny fingers. Her whole heart was still in the exciting records of the sea and the fishing, and her great regret was that none of her sons had taken to the sea, or her daughters married fishermen or sailors. "Thee has turned thee's backs on the sea," she reminded Lizzie reproachfully in the same breath with her welcome, "though it were a good sea to thee and thee'n; thee's a parcel on land lubbers, as I am fair ashamed on, even Clem as were half reared here, d' find no good in fish save to eat."

At the same time she was glad to see her visitors, and to show Pleasance Granny's seaport treasures of shells and coral, sea-weed, and stuffed sea-birds, with which the best room was decorated, and to find in the young women attentive listeners to her full report of the fortunes of the year's fishing. She cared little for hearing news of Saxford, where her daughter had married that magnate, the smith. He was no magnate to "owd Granny"—what warfare with winds and waves did he maintain? For how many nights, and days like nights, had he not been heard of, lying with tightly-furled sails rising and sinking on the crests and in the troughs of the billows? Or when did he return in triumph with the waves and winds beaten into his humble servants, and his gunwale weighed down to the water's edge with a freight of fish which filled his purse at one take, and gave plenty to his house for many months? The poorest fisher-lad on the beach, the smallest cabin-boy, had the making of a greater man in him to owd Granny, in her fervent loyalty to the sea and its spoil, and to those who went down to take it, than smith Blennerhasset or host Morse or Long Dick, all put together.

"Has she never lost any friend by the

sea?" asked Pleasance of Lizzie, when the old woman had left the room for a moment, after she had poured forth her details of bait and lines and weather, of lucky and unlucky boats, of the first tail of a herring on the coast, and the apprehended arrival of the mackerel, with those necessary but duller adjuncts of sales and prices.

"Mor, yes," said Lizzie. "She lost two on her sons, and her father and his sons; but she thinks them were well bestowed, and met an honourable death. Still, she ain't a bad granny, though her head do be carried by that howling, moaning sea, that atween you and me I cannot a-bear, Pleasance, though I 'a come so far to see it, for a change. It is a pleasure to please Long Dick and you, as well as get an outing mysen, so you need think no more on my words. As for Granny, she paid the sea hard enough service in her day, for she were fisher-born as well as fisher-wed, and she carried a heavy basket strapped on her shouthers, and tramped miles on miles —afore her man, my grandad, saved money, or carts and railways were so thick—many's the day. You wunno be afeared, Pleasance, and wanting to run for help to the lads at the Ship A-hoy," continued Lizzie, smiling, "if you hear Granny's voice raging like a kiln, and blackguarding right and left a neighbour or a message-lad afore we are out on our beds the morrer morning. It's a ill-conwenient trick she learnt when her were a fish-wife. She beant a bad body, take her on the right side. She were a good wife and mother, and she were rare kind to Clem and me, when he were at his schoolin' and I were at my quarter's dressmakin'—though, mind you, she thought we was dirt aneath the fisher-folk's feet all the time."

Pleasance promised not to be frightened, and declared sincerely it was refreshing and humbling at once to be with Granny, and find all Saxford and its affairs sink into insignificance before the interest of cockler or shrimper.

CHAPTER XVIII.—CHEAM DENE AND THE BEACON ROCK.

PLEASANCE had not the chance of getting her nerves tried by Granny's bad habit of scolding, for the reason that they were tried in another fashion. Granny's once-powerful voice, broken and passed into an ear-piercing treble, was utterly drowned in the gale which had risen through the night, and wakened both girls betimes with its sustained roar, just rising above the hollow heave and hoarse dash of the sea, and the rattle of the sand and the small shingle which the wind carried with it and threw against every obstacle.

Pleasance listened for awhile with a kind of awed eagerness, while Lizzie was bewailing the destruction of their schemes.

Pleasance had wished to see the sea rising in angry answer to the wind, and here were they in the full chorus of their fury; but what hapless human beings might not be exposed to the elementary war? and what terrible, pitiful wrecks might not lie behind the poor little disappointment which Lizzie, seeing nothing beyond Long Dick and his holiday, was lamenting with persistent weakness?

As Pleasance lay and thought, almost fearing to get up, a sudden rush of feet and tongues in the lane without added to the turmoil, into which there came also another sound heard distinctly, apart from every other noise, at short intervals—a succession of faint but sharp reports, which, if Pleasance could have attended to the token, and known its terrible import, she would have recognised as the reverberations of a gun fired from some vessel as it neared the shore.

In another moment Granny burst into the room, with a shawl tied over her cap and disordered grey hair, proving that hard as it must be for the young and strong to keep their feet abroad on such a morning, the old woman of fourscore had been out hailing the crowd, and learning from them the last event at the sea. She made her voice heard by Pleasance and Lizzie at last, for she screamed into their ears—

"Thee mun rise; thee dunno know what is in store for thee. There be no slug-a-beds in Cheam this morning. I 'a seen the day I 'ould a been at the Beacon with the best, but now I'm owd and frail; but I'll warrant I'll win as far as Neddy Hughes's look-out. Be'st thee not ashamed to be startin up and gapin' there, when if thee be'st not quick thee'll lose the grandest sight that has been seen at Cheam since the *Betsy*, with Indy tea and chiney, grounded, afore the days of lifeboats. There be a Norroway brig runnin' on the Beacon Rock itsen, in the Gannet Bay, where not the best lifeboat that were ever launched 'ould live for five minents."

If anything were wanted to give force to the statement, there was a strange ring of wild, passionate anticipation in the old woman's shrill voice, which sounded like horrible pleasure, and made Pleasance shudder, and recall her school-girl lessons of the old Roman women flocking out to view the death-struggles of the gladiators.

By the time Pleasance and Lizzie were dressed, Long Dick and Joel Wray came hurrying in, the latter especially in a state of suppressed excitement. They had already been in the direction of the Beacon Rock, to which it was feared the foreign vessel that had missed or mistaken the Beacon light in the wild hurly-burly of the gale which had risen since midnight was surely tending.

The men had simply repaired to Granny's to report themselves before they returned to the scene of excitement.

Long Dick was inclined to tarry a moment, and to lament, like Lizzie, the spoiling of the day's pleasure; but either a day's pleasure was of less moment to Joel, or he had a livelier imagination with which to put himself in the place of the men in the Norwegian vessel that was still beating and battling desperately to get out of the Gannet Bay, and especially to keep off the reef.

Joel was wild to get back, where a crowd of town's-people was already thronging to do what could be done, and look on when there was nothing left to do. He even forgot to ask Pleasance if she would like to accompany them, so that it was left to Granny to suggest the movement.

As for Lizzie, it was simply out of the question that she could venture to limp across the threshold, even to reach Granny's friend's look-out, or to visit her old mistress in dressmaking and get the last spring's fashions, which had been one of Lizzie's objects in her trip to the seaside.

When Pleasance followed the men into the street, she found, to her wonder, that the very light was darkened. It had not been for the most part the smallness of Granny's window-panes, or the thickness of their yellow-green glass, which had produced the semi-obscurity within the house on this new day. There was such a driving wrack of spray and sand from the sea that the air in its high commotion was rendered thick, heavy, and dusk, while as it struck against Pleasance's cheek it wet and stung her like a sharp hail-shower.

She was young and strong, so that she could keep her feet in comparative shelter, and when she turned the corner of the lane and encountered the swirl, or came upon the gust rushing up from other lanes, the men at each side took hold of her arms and helped her to preserve her balance and her breath. She could not attempt to speak, neither could she have heard her own or another's voice in the deafening uproar, which never ceased, and hardly lulled for a few seconds.

Pleasance and her companions were not alone in the storm-scoured street; plenty of Cheam people were abroad, and it seemed that they were all actuated by one motive and bound for one end. Sailors rolled along in the teeth of the wind, with their sou'westers sticking on as if by a miracle; fishers strode forward in their long boots; and porters from the quays and much-blown shopkeepers joined the rout, with the never-failing contingent of women—not many of them so well supported as Pleasance—and boys willing to be blown away rather than lose an adventure. Pleasance was reminded by the independent pushing and striving of the pedestrians, and the coolness with which each jostled another, and took advantage when he could, regardless of surly protest, of what Long Dick had said of the easy manners of Cheam—which she had known dimly reflected in Saxford—in the rudeness and disposition to turbulence of the generally well-to-do fishing and sea-faring world.

As Pleasance struggled along she could see carefully-tended gardens, which had been bright with late summer-flowers the day before, now presenting neither blossom nor leaf as they lay buried under a waste of sand, such as accumulated many feet in winter, leaving the grass-plots and flower-beds to be dug out afresh every spring.

When she came in sight of the beach, it too was undergoing a complete change. The drift there was rising like smoke, and obliterating for the time all the ordinary traces. The boats were either removed from their usual moorings, and drawn up high and dry beyond the risk of being sucked down by the tide, and wrenched from their fastenings; or they had already broken loose, and were knocking about in aimless emptiness, undirected by oar or rudder, on the boiling, seething flood. The grey-green waves of the sea were all flecked with white patches, gleaming ghastly against the lurid red that since sunrise had streamed across the dark field of the sky, with its huge banks of lowering cloud-vapour.

The Beacon Rock was nearly a quarter of a mile from the town, and was divided from it by Cheam Dene, a stretch of waste, sandy land, held together by bent grass, here and there, in the summer season, of a pale yellow colour from a luxuriant growth of horn poppies, which, higher up, passed into the gold of furze and the red of ling. The Cheam Dene was of such an extent that Long Dick had once seen a detachment of soldiers—whose inland bar-

racks were in the process of thorough cleaning — encamped there for a week. The soldiers had belonged to a cavalry regiment, and their fine horses had been gathered into a group, and were standing in the centre, with the tents pitched around, and the stalwart figures of the men in undress lying cleaning their accoutrements and entertaining their visitors in an outer ring, forming a whole, which would have served to remind Pleasance of a scene from *Jeanne d'Arc*, or any other military drama of the Middle Ages. But that encampment had happened in true summer weather, when sea and sky were alike blue, and the former was so still that the trickle of a natural spring of fresh water high up in the Dene could be heard distinct from the low ripple and plash of the wavelets down on the sands below.

But the Cheam Dene showed another sight, lashed by the fierce September storm which was casting the vessel, believed to be the *Christian*, laden with bark from Bergen, upon the Beacon Rock, that, with its tall iron watch-tower—fruitless in this case—lay just beyond. Yet if the furze-covered bank into which Cheam Dene merged, and which in its turn merged into the height on which the higher portion of the town was built, had not partially sheltered the ground on this occasion, no such roused crowd as Pleasance found there could have gathered together, and kept their places and found their voices, in a breathless watch, awaiting the fate of the doomed vessel.

It was hopelessly doomed, and there was little left for the people on the shore to do—unless it were to shout directions in a strange tongue, which the noise of the wind and waves alone would have prevented the shipwrecked men from distinguishing—save to stand and look at the cruel destruction and death that awaited the strange ship and its crew.

The one spot on the whole wide sandy Cheam beach, where no assistance could be rendered to the wrecks, which were not unfrequent there, as all Cheam boatmen well knew, was this Gannet Bay.

The whole of the bay was thick set with jagged rocks, rising like the spears and knives in the pits dug in old-world warfare, to entangle and pierce without mercy the assailants who advanced against the enemy drawn up in line of battle; and with such a sea as this leaping, spouting, and churned into foam around the rocks, Granny had spoken the bare truth when she had said that no boat could live five minutes, while the life-boat which the town possessed, and which the townsmen were not slow to use on ordinary occasions, was utterly useless.

Thus it came that the men of Cheam, who, whatever were their faults, were no cowards, and who were peculiarly alive to the danger and the suffering involved in a calamity like the present, stood massed together for protection against the blast, inactive, except in bootless gesticulations or in muttered remarks from the men and groans and sighs from the women. They peered through the wrack at the hazy, vibrating outline of the bare poles and half-submerged deck of the vessel, with the figures still working her until she completed the first stage of her ruin. After rushing on, in spite of closely-reefed sails, staggering through the vortex, and giving one bound greater than any she had yet taken, she remained fixed, and quivering to the accompaniment of involuntary, shrinking, appalled cries from the Cheam crowd.

"She's on the rock; she's strook fast, and no mistake. God A'mighty help them! for the question now is nowt but how long 'll her sticks hang together."

But the poor foreigners, in their extremity, knowing nothing of the nature of the coast, were unaware of the impossibility of a rescue. They distinguished through the mist of spray and sand the crowd on the Dene, not so far removed from them even as the crowd descried them, and relinquishing their vain task, clustered about the stern of the vessel. They made an eager appeal to their brethren safe on shore to venture something for their aid. Using one of their few English words, the Norwegians raised a simultaneous shout, loud enough to rise above the turmoil, of "Boat, boat!" where no boat could reach them.

The piteousness of the foreigners' fervent cry, which could meet with no rejoinder, went to the stout hearts of the bystanders, and drew from them deeper groans and more unequivocal expressions of sympathy. "Poor souls, an' we could do summat! But it 'ould be a clean waste on life, and temptation on Providence." "It is your turn the day; it may be ourn the morrer. But we can do nowt; our hands d' be tied." "Leastways our boats 'ould be stove in, and crushed like so many egg-shells afore we could get within arm's length on you," were passed around in short, jerked-out sentences, while men, who were helpless to help, and who could move to no purpose, stirred restlessly to relieve their own pain, and women wrung their hands and began to sob aloud.

THE USE OF WASTE SUBSTANCES.

NO. II.

TWENTY years ago one of the most offensive refuse products from manufacturing industry was that known as gas-tar. It was surreptitiously got rid of by throwing it into the rivers, and formed the ghastly blue patches known as "blue billy." This substance, by the aid of the chemist's art, has been lifted up from its lowly place, and now stands forth as the source of some of the most useful products in the arts; but its horrible colour and odour have been transmuted into the most beautiful dyes, and the most delicious flavours. The offensive refuse, this poor rejected Cinderella, has now become the queen of the by-products of our manufactures. Instead of its being furtively put out of sight, factories have sprung up alongside of the gasworks to enable the chemist to transmute their gas-tar and ammoniacal liquors into a score of different by-products of wholly different natures; and the curious thing is, that many of them are, as if by magic art, elevated from this dire nuisance into materials which appeal to the sense of beauty and delicacy in every form.

Among other products of gas-tar as of insufferable smell is benzole, which, with nitric acid, produces nitro-benzole, a body resembling in odour bitter almonds. It is greatly used for the purpose of perfuming soap. Benzole itself is a body of great solvent powers, and one of the most effective removers of grease-stains known; whereas the source from which it springs is one of the greatest soilers in existence. Naphtha is a product of this tar—the source of light in many factories removed from gasworks; when treated with turpentine it is transmuted into camphine, and illuminates our drawing-rooms. Naphtha is also used in dissolving the various gums, resin, &c., india-rubber, and gutta-percha, and by its instrumentality a hundred new substances are thereby introduced to the world. Aniline, the base of the dyes bearing that name, is obtained from the action of nascent hydrogen, or nitro-benzole. It seems almost incredible that the delicate tones of colour known under that name should issue from so foul a source; but so it is. The arts would, indeed, be deprived of one of its most beautiful embellishments if this new agent had not been discovered. A brilliant yellow is again produced by the action of nitric acid. Carbolic acid is converted into carbazotic acid. Even red dyes, but of a very ephemeral character, are produced from naphthaline. Almost all the colours of the rainbow issue from it; but the absence of all colour, lampblack is made by burning with slight access of air the least volatile components of gas-tar.

Among the light oils of tar are some which, mixed with the heavy oils, are effective in preserving wood from rotting, and the tar creosote, carbolic acid, which is a most powerful antiseptic, and one which will come greatly into use now that the nation is becoming more careful of its health. The production of alum and sal ammoniac, although it cannot be said to be recovered from the refuse of gasworks, can with truth be said to be produced from the refuse of coal mines—the shale which roofs them in. Formerly this was a waste material which occupied a vast space, like the spelter heaps. It is now utilised by our dyers and colour printers to fix their colours. This product is made by setting fire to the shale, and heating the residuum in iron pans with sulphuric acid, with the addition of the gas liquor, when the result is ammoniacal alum.

"Perhaps," says Mr. Simmonds, "the most interesting of all the products of coal tar is solid paraffine, a colourless, crystalline, fatty substance, which may be truly termed 'condensed coal-gas.' It is found naturally in the coal measures, and other bituminous strata constituting the minerals known as fossil wax, ozokerit, &c. It consists, also, in solution in many kinds of petroleum, and may be obtained by distilling off the more volatile portions, and exposing the remainder to a low temperature. The greater bulk of paraffine is, however, obtained from coal-tar. The oil produced from paraffine will only burn in the presence of a wick, and is, therefore, perfectly safe; when burning it splits up into olefiant gas, thus producing a brilliant white light." We could go on giving a number of other by-products which have grown out of the utilisation of gas-waste; but we fear the reader would grow weary. We may say, however, that chemistry is by far the most fertile agent in turning so-called refuse into manifold new uses. Her magic wand, as we have seen, has only to touch the most noisome substances, and the most ethereal essences, the most heavenly hues, the most delicate flavours and odours, instantly arise as if by magic.

Let us (by way of parenthesis) address the ladies for a few moments, to show them a new means of occupation, and, indeed, of profit. We have lately found out that the beauty of flowers and the pleasure they afford is only a small portion of their value. Chemists have lately discovered that they are great purifiers of the air, inasmuch as they produce a large amount of ozone —a quality of the atmosphere which burns up malaria and other impurities. If we may use the term, flowers, the most beautiful earthly objects, are the true scavengers of the air, not only giving out the most delicious odours, but destroying those which are inimical to human health. Let us hope that our fair friends, by the cultivation of window-gardens, may aid the sanitary conditions of our households. Living flowers, under their care and culture, are far better purifiers of the worn-out atmosphere of our households than many of the concoctions of the chemist.

But whilst thus gracefully employing themselves, they may at the same time turn their labour to profitable account. Why do we waste the delicious odours of our flowers? No doubt it is simply through our ignorance. The ladies would say, "Show us how to improve the essence of a rose, or fasten down the odour of heliotrope, or confine the perfume of orange-blossom?" The way is very simple; and, strange to say, the fetters of these light airs are of the grossest kind—purified fat. Mr. Piesse tells us that the method of obtaining scented pomades is the easiest thing possible. If there is such a thing as a clean glue-pot in the house, throw into it a little of this purified fat, warmed sufficiently on the fire to make it liquid, and throw into it as many heliotrope flowers as possible; let these remain for twenty-four hours, then strain off the fat, and add fresh flowers to it; repeat this process for a week, and the result will be pommade à la heliotrope, and such, Mr. Piesse says, as cannot be got for love or money from the perfumers. Other flowers may be treated in the same manner, and thus turned into pomades. The method of liberating the essence of flowers from this fattiness is very simple. The fat is cut into small cubes, and placed in spirits of wine, and the delicate odour immediately transfers itself from the coarse fat to the spiritual solvent. Thus pomades and essences are readily made at home, and, we may add, that they will pay for the trouble of extracting them. "I will buy any amount of heliotrope pomade that I could get," says Mr. Piesse; "the ottos of orange-blossoms and jasmine flowers are as valuable as gold, weight for weight." He says again, "And for all these we have to go to France. In our colonies vast quantities of these—and, indeed, of every flower—go to waste; why," asks this gentleman, "should we not grow flowers for the nose as well as for the eye?" The query is a very pertinent one.

Some of the most delicate perfumes and flavourings, however, find their birth in matters far less ethereal than the flowers which nature gives us. Very many of them are concocted, as we have already shown, from the disgusting refuse of our manufactories. Professor Playfair, in one of his lectures delivered some years ago, says, "Singularly enough, the most delicate are generally derived from substances of intensely disgusting odour. A peculiarly fetid oil, termed 'fusel' oil, is formed in making brandy and whiskey. This fusel oil, distilled with sulphuric acid, and acetate of potash, gives the oil of pears. The oil of apples is made from the same fusel oil by distillation with sulphuric acid and bicromate of potash. The oil of pine-apples is obtained from the product of the action of putrid cheese on sugar, or by making a soap with butter, and distilling it with alcohol and sulphuric acid, and is now largely employed in England in the preparation of pine-apple ale: oil of grapes and oil of cognac, used to impart the flavour of French cognac to British brandy, are little else than 'fusel' oil. As we have said before, nitric acid acting upon the foul-smelling oils of gas-tar produces the oil of bitter almonds, used for perfuming soap and flavouring pastry."

"Many a fair forehead is damped with the huile de millefleurs, without knowing that its essential ingredient is derived from the drainage of a cow-house."

We trust our fair readers will not feel disgusted with us for letting them into the secrets of our cunning manufacturing chemists, but the truth must be told, come what may. If it were not for his aid, such flavourings and perfumes would not come within the reach of a vast number of persons who enjoy them without knowing that they are only imitations of the real thing.

That valuable material, glycerine, now used for so many purposes, was once a waste article, produced in the manufacture of Price's patent candles from palm oil. It was found necessary to abstract this substance, as it caused an unpleasant smell

when the charred end of the wick went out. When their factory was in full work some years since at Vauxhall, this substance was allowed to flow off into the river, and the estimated loss per week was upwards of £400. This, of course, they have only since ascertained; now that they have been able to eliminate it, and its valuable qualities have been ascertained, well may it be said that the by-products of some manufactures are sufficient to produce the profit.

One of the largest manufactures has of recent years grown out of an article which filled the useful but humble office of rubbing out pencil marks—india-rubber. When this article is vulcanized, that is, treated with sulphur, in order to make it useful for the thousand purposes to which it is applied, for a long time the worn-out articles were considered valueless, as they would not remelt, so as to be mixed with the new gum. This, however, is now accomplished, and the old rubber is now mixed with the new, in certain proportions, the products being equal to pure caoutchouc. The old material was worth £18 per ton, and the new £200 per ton. The utilisation in this case enables the manufacturer to materially reduce the price of the manufactured goods. Old rubber, however, independently of its use for mixing, is capable of being utilised by itself. It is steamed, passed between rollers, and so softened; when in this state, it is applied to a strong coarse fabric, and used to stiffen the heels of boots.

When we are told that the unburnt ends of cigars are picked up and sold for the purpose of making cigarettes, we are mightily struck with the deliberate destruction, not to say waste, that goes on day and night in the London Docks; in the very centre of which, we are informed, is an enormous kiln, which has a long chimney, known popularly as the Queen's tobacco-pipe, for the reason that all forfeited tobacco and cigars, and other articles said to be too bad for sale are consigned to it. We are told that cart-loads of the odoriferous weed are carried to the kiln every day to be consumed. Whilst we conserve cigar ends, this seems like straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel. It is impossible to believe that all this tobacco can be worthless. Even if it were sold for manure, it would be better than turning it into ashes. The maw of this furnace is omnivorous. Tobacco is indeed its chief meal, but every perishable article upon which duty has not been paid is consumed. This certainly is nothing less than disgraceful that good food should be so destroyed, whilst the poor people in the neighbourhood are starving; but this of course we may expect from the cruel mercies of a Government department, which was never known to have bowels of compassion for any one. "On one occasion," says Mr. Simmonds, "nine hundred Australian hams were suffered to remain, anticipating the removal of the duty; when it did come off, the customs would not allow them to be removed, and they were allowed to remain until they were so damaged as to be unsaleable." Nevertheless the attendants upon the oven made merry upon the hams, which were cooked ready for their breakfast. Tea, we are told, is not now burnt, because on one occasion a load set the chimney-stack on fire. One would have thought that a chimney-sweeper would have removed this difficulty; but the ways of officials are inscrutable. But what shall we say to the fact that on one occasion the Queen's pipe smoked away thirteen thousand pairs of damaged French gloves? On another occasion a large number of foreign watches, said to be of gold, were consumed as spurious, broken up and burnt. Surely for the purposes of keeping time, a watch in a sham gold case would be useful, and may have been sold for the benefit of the public revenue; but this was not permitted, but what little gold there was upon them was sold with the ashes, which was disposed of for manure. In France the tobacco refuse is used for manure, and making sheep-wash, and in the other docks in London condemned goods are buried until they are partly rotten, when they are dug up and sold as manure. Possibly some one will find out for the Custom-house authorities some more moderate use than the fields, for the wonderful assortment that Her Majesty consumes in her pipe.

Of old the refuse from the rope-making yard at Chatham was burnt as useless, but lately it was discovered by some clever fellow that it could be used in the manufacture of a coarse brown paper. Why should not all the refuse from the Queen's warehouses be put up to auction? If so, we should speedily find plenty of purchasers, and the hill-women speedily sifting and sorting a far more valuable refuse-heap than is gathered from our dust-bins.

Bookbinders' boards are made in the United States from the refuse of the oakum factories, and from tarred ropes. The ropes are cut into small pieces by machinery, ground into a pulp and made into boards, which are

subjected to hydraulic pressure, and dried by steam pipes, and afterwards calendered.

Those who have visited districts where copper-smelting furnaces are at work, are not likely to forget the scene of desolation in the landscape around. In the Vale of Neath, for instance, and the neighbourhood of Swansea, all animal and vegetable life is extinct. Such a miserable desolation is produced by the fumes, that upwards of twenty thousand acres of land are being absolutely destroyed. Sulphuric acid and arsenic float in the atmosphere and destroy the woods, scathe the grass, and render the whole neighbourhood as desolate as if it surrounded a volcano actively at work. The proprietors of land in the neighbourhood, having commenced an action against the copper miners of England, they have agreed to abate the nuisance. Mr. H. Vivian, of the Hofod Work, has adopted a calcining furnace, invented by Mr. Gerstenpoffer, by which at least two-thirds of the sulphurous acid gas given off in the calcining process are converted into sulphuric acid to the amount of a thousand tons a week, which is employed in making super-phosphates. The arsenic is caught in the roasting-flues and collected. We have no doubt that the success of the experiment will induce the other copper smelters to adopt the like furnace, as it cannot be permitted that manufactories should be a curse to agriculture, merely through the ignorance or carelessness of those conducting them

The slag, again, from iron-smelting furnaces, encumber the ground in the neighbourhood of foundries to a very large extent. This slag is now produced to the extent of ten million tons a year. Yet this refuse vitreous product is one of the hardest minerals in existence, vastly exceeding granite. When refined from extraneous products, it will cast in moulds. Indeed, it has been utilised to form the coping stones for walls, and for coping stones its hardness and impermiability to water, renders them very valuable for building in damp places. It only requires that this material should be coloured with some bright tint to render it an invaluable material for building, and one which would last for all time.

Another refuse which has hitherto been produced on an enormous scale, is known as soda waste. Vast quantities of this material are cast out by most alkali works, and when we say that the whole of the sulphur employed in making washing soda is removed in chemical combination as a constituent, the amount of the loss to the manufacturer must be obvious, independently of the nuisance of the heaps to the neighbourhood in which the manufactory happens to be situated, in consequence of the foul gases they give off. Of late years, however, the problem has been solved of recovering the sulphur. This is an important victory for the chemist, inasmuch as a very great nuisance has been turned into a profitable product.

We would now draw the attention of the British farmers to a loss which they sustain to their land in the form of potash. Sheep draw from the pastures in which they graze a considerable quantity of this valuable ingredient of the soil. It was discovered by Chevreul that "suent," a peculiar potash compound, forms no less than one-third of the weight of raw merino wool, whilst it forms fifteen per cent. of ordinary fleeces. The French have utilised this knowledge by extracting the "suent" by immersing the fleeces in cold water, from this the potash is recovered by appropriate treatment. It is said that the wool manufacturers of Rheims, Elbœuf, and Fourmies annually wash the fleeces of 6,750,000 sheep, and the potash, in the form of a carbonate, which these fleeces would yield, if subjected to the same process, would give a value of £80,000. What are our farmers about that they cannot persuade some chemical manufacturer to utilise their "suent?" It would pay them handsomely.

Hitherto we have treated upon the utilisation of waste produced upon a manufacturing scale, but there are very many curious examples in the arts, especially where the precious metals are concerned, in which the greatest care is taken to conserve every particle. Thus in the goldsmith's trade, an old waistcoat will always buy a new one in consequence of the amount of gold dust about it. The leather aprons which are suspended by the working benches are also valuable for the same reason, whilst their sweepings represent pure gold. The same care is taken of the filings and dust of silversmiths' benches. The old lead mines, near Athens, which were worked by the ancients, have heaps of scoriæ around them, which is now being worked for the lead and silver that can be extracted from them. Upwards of nine thousand tons of lead per annum are regained, which contains about ten ounces of silver to the ton. The amount of silver that is recovered from the plating of gold and silver used by the photographers, is something very large. All the washings from the prints

are saved, as are the washings of negatives and the waste developing solutions, old cartes, and waste copies are burnt, and the precious metal is thereby rescued.

But photography has given birth to another form of waste which has also been utilised of late years. The production of albuminised paper consumes a vast number of eggs, of which the whites only are required, consequently the yelks for a considerable time were thrown away. A clever Frenchman some years ago, a maker of "colefichets," those yellow-looking articles of food we meet with in Paris (not knowing whether they are made for man or beast), suddenly secured all the yelks from the principal photographers, and immediately undersold all the manufacturers of his speciality, the reason being that the commodity was principally composed of this portion of the egg. The confectioners, however, soon followed his lead, and cheesecakes should have fallen in price, but they considered, we suppose, that the laws of demand and supply are only to be taken advantage of by themselves.

The inferior metals being of course used universally, the waste from them is necessarily very great, but efforts are being made year by year to lessen it. Mr. Simmonds tells us that "in the manufacture of tin ware, there is a large waste of the raw material in the shape of clippings and pieces, and as this is a waste of two useful metals, iron and tin, attempts have been made from time to time to reclaim each metal separately, with a view to utilising them. The tin, which demands from its great value the highest consideration, is first separated from the iron by an acid, and afterwards, by charcoal means, restored to the metallic state; but the difficulty has hitherto been to keep the restored tin quite free from iron, the presence of which, though in minute quantities, effectually neutralises the most valuable qualities of the tin." The iron being charcoal iron is valuable, and by means of hammers introduced into the furnace itself, the scraps are welded together and are manufactured into bar-iron in the ordinary way. Whilst it is well to observe that we are careful to conserve the scraps at home, we must not forget to mention the fact that for seventeen miles along the coast of the province of Taranaki, New Zealand, there is nothing but a dull beach of a dark hue. This beach is at low water fully half a mile in width. It is of a metallic lustre, and looks, we are told, like fine gunpowder. It is indeed nothing less than steel dust, making excellent steel of a fine quality. On analysis it is found to contain 88·45 per cwt. of peroxide of iron, 11·43 of oxide of potassium with silica, and only 0·12 of waste. This, we are told, is a specimen of miles of sand round the coast, all bearing a very large per cent. of magnetic iron, none of which has yet been extracted on a manufacturing scale. Whilst we are picking up bits of waste manufactured iron, it would seem as though the bounties of nature, with regard to this metal, were almost boundless in this colony, and in a condition most favourable for manufacture.

We have before noted that horse-shoe nails are collected for the purpose of selling to the manufacturers of rifle-gun barrels, the hammering which they get on the stones making them exceedingly tough in its fibre; but we must not forget the fact that the waste of steel-pen factories goes back to be remade into steel. The same may be said of needle factories, both articles being made of the very best steel. Old slop-pails, tea-trays, shovels, &c., are sent to copper streams, where they gather up the copper which would otherwise run to waste. Where, as in the Government and other factories, iron and brass filings are mixed together, the iron is separated from the brass by rotating magnets, which attract the iron filings. By the same process the steel is extracted from the sand in the foreshores of New Zealand.

Have we said enough to excite the wonder of our reader with respect to the exploits of our chemists? Our scientific men by no means coincide with this wonder, but consider that we are only on the threshold of discoveries far more extraordinary, which must arise out of those which have been already accomplished.

ANDREW WYNTER.

HIS HONOUR'S BOUNTY.

A True Story.

"SHURE an' did I niver till ye about his honour's boonty? Well, I'll till ye now.

"Me husband was jist dead, an' o' course the new widder, wi' her three boys, was all the talk o' the place. I jist set wi' me back to the warld an' me ould pipe i' me mouth, and tilled 'em to let me alone. An' they did jist the day he wer buried; but the nixt a lot came rooshin' in an' callin' oot to me—

"'Biddy,' they says all in a breath, 'there'll be somethin' fine for ye now and the daer boys. Lord H—— has sint for ye.'

"I led howld o' the big sarsepin, and filt ivery bit inclined for to break one o' their heads wi' it, jist to disthract me grafe. But thin I thought, is it mesilf wi' the three orphins as shouldn't be coomfitted to hear his honour's sint for me.

"So I jist cleared 'em all oot o' the place, and washed and dressed us all up beautiful. My ildist was jist raching twelve; and three finer boys niver brought tares to a mother's eye.

"I put 'em on the best I had, an' it's beautiful my ildist looked, I can till ye. I'd polished his boots like jet wi' these hands as 'ud a worked to the bone to do his father's mim'ry the laste honour in life. Ah, an' the boy jist did look illigant, too, in his grey ribbed stockin's o' me own knittin', an' his hair brooshed up so prood, an' his father's best coat tied round him aisy, be the slaves.

"I made the best o' mesilf, too, wi' me nate bonnet, an' a cap inside o' it, white as snow, an' a fine black shawl wi' crape a quater yard dape. I till ye I look like a noo four-pinny bit jist dropped out o' the mint.

"Ye should a heard 'em whin oot I marched, sindin' the two yoongest afore me, an' howldin' the ildist be the shouldher.

"'Shure, thin, Biddy,' they says, 'ye'll niver goo like that! His honour 'll niver belave ye're in want, if ye goo like that. Look at her shawl! Look at the childher! Why, Biddy, ye're jist mad. Ye'll niver git a pinny o' his lor'ship.'

"An' I says to 'em, 'Let me alone. I'll goo to the best o' the circumstances as me husband's lift me in; an' if his honour 'll not gi' me anything for bein' respictable, he'll niver gi' me anything for bein' in rags.'

"Whin we got to the town I was towld as Lord H—— was a setting wi' the boord o' guardians in the big town hall, an' I was to goo up to him there.

"'Oh, thank ye,' says I; 'an' I can wait his honour's lasure.'

"'Oh, but it's there he wants to see ye,' says they.

"I had me own thoughts, but I said niver another word, but took up the childher to the town hall.

"Whin I stood there wi' 'em 'fore the boord o' guardians, I thinks to mesilf, 'Whativer's the use o' hanging poor murtherers, an' the like? Shure and ain't it the dith of 'em to be brought up like this, if a court o' justice is anything like a boord o' guardians.'

"I stood an' thrimbled like a lafe. I says to mesilf, 'Is it disgracin' of his blissed mim'ry I am, to stand here and be stared at as if I was the thafe o' the world?'

"Thin I took to coomfortin' mesilf wi' sayin' 'Hoot! hould up yer head like the widder of a dacent man, as nather come here as a thafe nor a beggar.'

"At last one o' the gintlemin says to me something about what had I come up to the boord o' guardians for. For the minute, if ye'll belave me, I could no more find me tongue than if the crature wasn't i' me mouth at all, at all.

"As soon as I could spake, I says, 'I come because his honour, Lord H——, sint for me. Will yer honours kindly till me which o' yer honours is his lor'ship?'

"An' he wasn't very far off on'y jist handy where I was standin', an' says he—

"'Yes, I did send for you, Biddy, when I heard of your loss.'

"'God bless yer honour,' I says, 'for that same attintion to me husband's widder.'

"'Well, Biddy,' says he, 'an' now tell me what it is you stand most in need of.'

"'The grace o' God, yer honour,' I says, 'that's what I stand *most* in need of.'

"An' didn't I spake the thruth? I wasn't going duckin' here and scrapin' there and whining, 'Plaze yer honours, I'm a poor widdy woman as 'll be thankful for anything for me poor starved orphins.' Thrue for ye, not I!

"So his honour gives a pleasant smile round to the other gintlemin, and thin he says—

"'An' what besides, Biddy?'

"An' I says, 'Whoiver has that wants little besides, yer honour.'

"Some gintleman says sharp to me—

"'Thin what are you here for, Biddy?'

"An' I says, 'His honour sint for me.'

"'Yes,' he says, 'an' so I did, Biddy; 'an' now let's come to the point. What can be done for you?'

"'Thruth, yer honour,' says I, 'far be it from me to take the liberty of advisin' your honour.'

"Thin he turns to the gintlemin beside him an' says a word or two, an' thin turns round to me an' says—

"'Well, the fact is, Biddy, I knew your husband well, and knowing how all your circumstances are, I have agreed with the board that you shall be relieved of all expenses for a month. You and your children shall go into the house for that time.'

"I couldn't look at him, an' I couldn't spake. I laid hould o' the daer boy's shouldher, an' me eyes swimmed, an' all the room looked like a big pudd'in', wi' guardians' faces for the plums. I laid hould o' the daer boy wi' both hands, an' spake I couldn't. At last Lord H—— says—

"'Well, Biddy, will that do?'

"I *had* to spake thin, an' I can tell ye I've fitched up many a bucket o' water from a dape well asier than I fitched up ivery word jist thin. For whin I come round a bit I remimbered whin I was a geril seein' how the poor childher an' wives, an' kindhred come to say ther friends for a minit or two at the outside door o' the workus, bringin' bits o' thrates for 'em, an, thin' goin' away agin', an, indade it brought the tares to me eyes agin, jist to think of it, it ded.

"'Yer honour,' I says, 'I'm much obliged to ye for yer kindness, an' I'm graved to deny ye any favour ye may ask me, but I promised me husband on his dyin' bed as I'd niver desart his childher till they was ould enough to earn their own livin', an' be the grace o' God I niver will. So, wi' all thanks to yer honour, I can't go into the house; for lose sight o' these childher, while they is childher, I won't, not a day, yer honour—no, not an hour!'

"I laned on the child, thrimblin' an' pantin', but I *could* spake now, an' look 'em in the face too. Ah, an' wasn't I plazed whin his lordship thumps his fist down on the table, an' says he—

"'Upon my honour, gintlemin,' says he, 'this little Irish widder is a cridit to her counthry. The boord,' says he, 'will sure do such spirit justice, for it's rare indade to mate wi' it.'

"An' he spakes a bit wi' one or two o' the gintlemin, and thin turns round to me an' says—

"'Biddy, the board will allow you two shillings a week for two months, an' longer, if you should require it.'

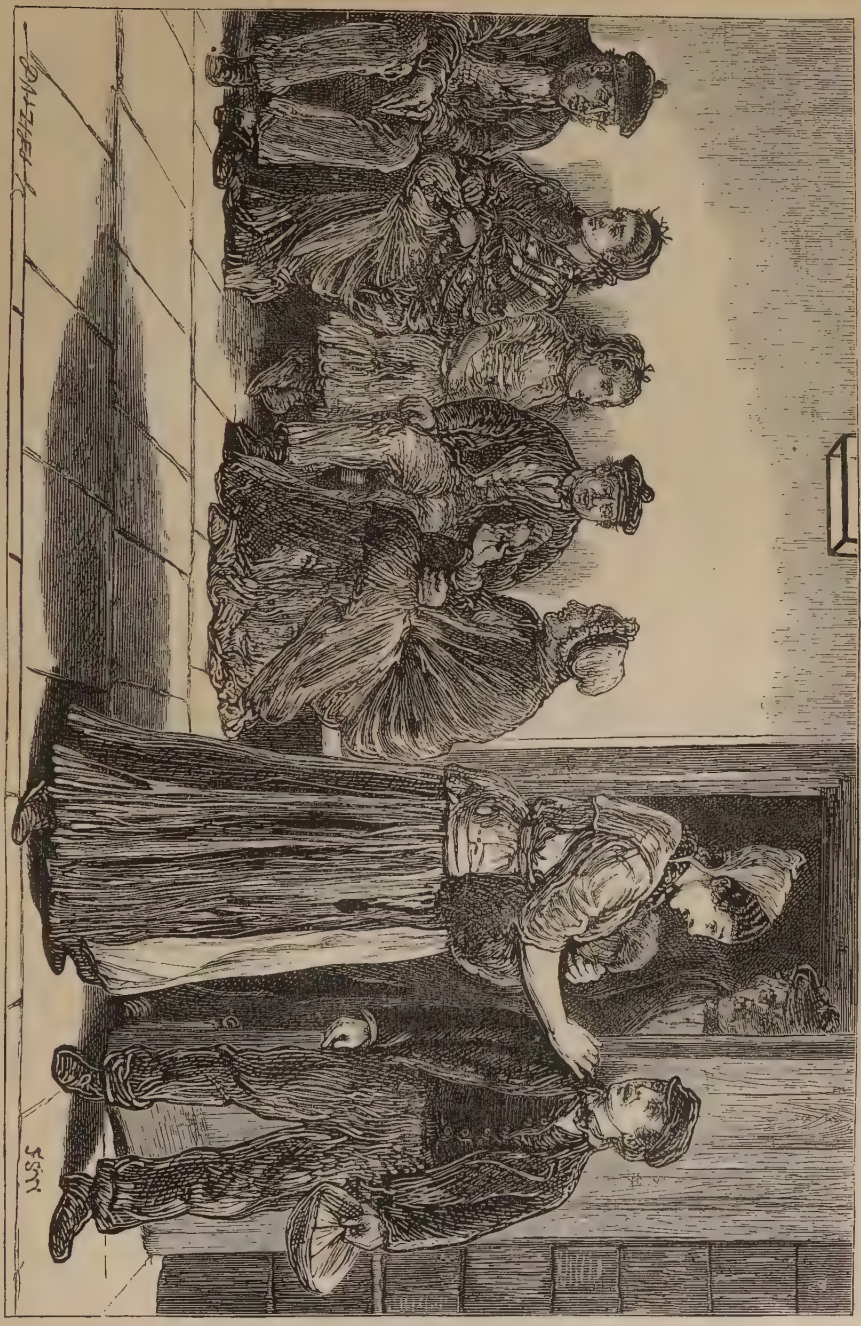
"'I thank yer honour,' I says; 'but, begging yer honour's pardon, I must decline to accipt the boord's kindness.'

"'But now really, Biddy, says he, 'ain't ye rather onreasonable? If ye don't want help, why did ye come?'

"I looked up at him, and says I, 'Yer honour sint for me.'

"'Yes,' he says, 'I did; for any good that I might be able to do you here, Biddy, I wished to do for your husband's sake.'

"Thin says I, 'I thank yer honour for that same wish; but, if I may make bould to spake, I should wish, wi'oot disrispict to the gintlemin o' the boord o' guardians, to remind yer honour as there's some differince between a poor widder, wi' her 'fliction still hivvy on her heart, bein' sint for be a private gintleman as knowed her husband, an' was graved for her loss; there's a differince, yer honour, between that an' bein' called on to appear in public whin her wades is on her for the first time, an' she'd rayther hide her head from iv'ry eye. Yit, yer honour,' I says, 'as I *am* here, figgerin, widder as I am—like a stage-player, or a pauper, or a thafe—let me till ye, wi' all rispict to the gintlemin o' the boord o' guardians an' yer lor'ship, help from the parish is jist the last thing I can take, be rasons I will till ye. Whin me husband met me an' married me, yer honour, I had nayther dacent birth nor beauty, money nor manners. He was not the like of yer honour, but he was a gintleman compared wi' me. His ways was aboove me, an' I could niver, thry as I would, plaze him wi' nothing. Yet he was the best husband as iver lived to me; an' many's the time, yer honour, as I've prayed to the Lord an' the blessed Vargin that the day might come whin I might find some way for me hands to do me heart's wish, an' that's to work wi' all me might for him. But I niver could. I was jist the roughest o' the rough; it was all trying an' pullin' the wrong way, from the first to the last. But now, yer honours, me chance is come, an' though it's come the cruelest way it could come, I'm goin' to use it, and not to grave. I couldn't work as he wanted; that's to make mesilf up to his mark and bring the childher up to it. I couldn't work for rispictibility; but, yer honour, I *can* work for bread, I *can* fade his childher, I can keep 'em indepindint o' every one but



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their own poor widdered mother, an' I will. No boord o' guardians (savin' yer presence) shall come between me an' that wilcome work.'

"An' whin I had said me say—fool that I was—I wint an' busted out a roarin'.

"What d'ye think as his lor'ship done? Down comes his fist on the table agin, an' says he—

"'Upon me honour,' says he, 'I niver see sich a case come before a board o' guardians. Upon me honour,' says he, 'Bridget O'Riley, I will give you two shillin's a week out o' me own pocket as long as I live!'

"An' to the last day of his life he did it. Ah, an' ain't it kept me head above water whin many a time I must gone to the bottom o' trouble but for his honour's boonty. For eighteen years it was sint me rig'lar to the quarter-day. Thin his honour died, an' though me, childher was growed up and married, I filt the diffrince, I can till ye. I got me livin' for four years after that by fieldwork, and sellin' apples an' things in the strate; but it was livin' i' the frown o' the world.

"I have one more thing to till ye, not aboot his honour's silf, but as ought to be tould, as it's jist so much light to his mimery.

"One day I'd been a tillin' Father Malone all as I've jist tilled ye, an' he says to me—

"'Biddy, does the prisent Lord H—— know this?' says he.

"'Ah, yer riv'rince, it matters little,' says I, 'whither he knows it or not. Noo lords ain't like ould lords.'

"But all the same, Father Malone bein' a silf-willed kind o' gintleman, 'sisted on my 'plyin' in the same way for me 'lowance. I laughed i' me slave at mesilf whin I wint to the ould place jist to satisfy his riv'rince.

"Ah, but he had the laugh o' his side, did Father Malone, whin one night I come bustin' in to him wi' a letter in me hand and me quarter's money, an' a promise from the noo lord as I was to have it while I live.

"'There, Biddy,' says his riv'rince, 'you see new lords may be as good as ould. I thought,' says he, 'that there wasn't an end yet of his honour's bounty.'"

KATHERINE SAUNDERS.

MY BROAD DOMAINS.

THE fair domains of Art are infinite.
Beyond the golden shining of the sun
Through realms supernal, yielding new delight,
From universe to universe they run.
All is not gathered Beauty has to give,
Still Proteus works with his transforming power,
Imagination doth for ever live,
And there are charms unsung in every flower.
Thus feel I, as some wide-resounding lay
I con by an immortal master wrought,
When sauntering down a long-forgotten way
Enriched by jewels which no eye has caught,—
I hear strange melodies the bright air ringing
Which long have waited for some poet's singing.

EDWARD CAPERN.

READERS AND READING.

By the "JOURNEYMAN ENGINEER."

IT is a point not to be disputed that the working classes, as a body, are badly educated, whether in the stricter or wider sense of the term. At the same time, however, it is safe to assert that the great bulk of them can read. With considerable numbers the capability is barely mechanical, and from being rarely used, can only be used at all with great difficulty, should a necessity for exercising it arise; but the majority do read —some of them a great deal. If, therefore, the potentially educative power of reading and the state of education actually existing among the working classes are considered in relation to each other, it will naturally be concluded that the reading of the classes in question is of a low, non-instructive, non-refining character—and such, to a great extent, is really the case. The literature which is more especially addressed to or supported by the working-class readers, and which forms the sole reading of the majority, is of the non- or mis-educating type. It is not at all a kind of reading that "maketh a full man," but a kind of which the best that can be said or hoped is, that it finds its readers empty, and leaves them so.

Let us, however, look first at the brighter side of the picture—for it has a brighter side. The modern army of general readers embraces a considerable number of working men within its ranks; men who, solely from being general readers, stand out from the mass of their fellows as markedly intelligent and well-informed; men, moreover, who have about them that indescribable, but at the same time unmistakable air of superiority and power which knowledge gives. These are the men who are to be found in the reading and conversation rooms of mechanics' and literary institutions, and the better class of working-men's clubs, who avail themselves of the opportunities for intellectual improvement and rational pleasure, afforded by free and other easily—that is, cheaply—accessible public libraries, and who, in these days of cheap standard literature, have generally their own little but well-selected home library. A mechanics' institution—a veritable mechanics' institution that is—an institution attached to some large manufacturing establishment, and used exclusively by the "hands" employed in the works, is perhaps the best scene that could be selected for a study of the reading set among the working classes. Such institutions are for the most part mainly supported by the employers, the weekly or other periodical subscriptions of the members being little more than nominal. For this reason, and because it is taken for granted that firms who go to the trouble and expense of establishing such institutions would like their hands to join them, a good number belong to them; but those who use them to any considerable extent are a but too small percentage of the whole, are the reading set. In the reading-room of the institution they keep themselves posted in current criticism on leading questions of the day; as it is to be found in the pages of such publications as the *Quarterly*, *Edinburgh*, and *Fortnightly Reviews; Fraser's* and *Blackwood's Magazines;* the *Saturday Review*, *Spectator*, the *Times*, and *Pall Mall Gazette*. These they read as a means of getting a broad, general, both-sided view of questions that may be agitating public opinion for the time being; and having read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested the criticisms in the reading-room, they will in the conversation-room discuss the subjects to which the criticisms relate, together with the relative merits or impartiality of the criticisms themselves. Many a pleasant and profitable hour have I spent in such a conversation-room, listening to or taking part in friendly-conducted but vigorously-contested debates on such questions as the Darwinian theory of descent, the morality of Jesuitism, the true method of history, the practical possibilities of the co-operative principle, Professor Tyndall's Belfast speech, Mr. Gladstone's Vatican Decrees "expostulation"—questions which, though as familiar as household words in educated and reading circles, and popularly supposed to be "in everybody's mouth," will still be found to be "caviare to the general," so far as the mass of the working classes are concerned. I have mentioned these "heavier" subjects, but they are not the only kind that will be discussed when a number of the reading men find themselves together and i' the vein for conversation. They will go from grave to gay, from lively to severe—from, say, the limits of scientific investigation to a "good thing" in the comic papers or a witty saying of some public man; from the account of a "roars of laughter" exciting breach of

promise trial to the cutting up administered to some vapid novel in a "slashing" article in the *Saturday Review*, or the trenchant satire of the *Pall Mall Gazette* anent some passing example of social hypocrisy or bigotry. And from such modern instances as these, by an easy and natural transition—to men who have a present-day general reader's stock of information to draw upon—to comparisons with the slashing reviewers and trenchant satirists of a past day. With what I once heard a shopmate describe as Macaulay's "skin-'em-alive-o" criticism, as exemplified in his reviews of "Mr. Robert Montgomery's Poems," Crocker's edition of "Boswell's Life of Johnson," Dr. Nare's "Burleigh and his Times," and the "Mémoires de Bertrand Barère," or Swift's trenchant satire in Gulliver and the Directions to Servants.

The reading of the current newspapers and periodicals is of necessity carried on in the reading-rooms of institutions; but the reading of books, the more standard reading, is for the most part home-work—a labour of love in which each man indulges by his ain fireside. As a rule one of the pleasantest pictures to be found within the whole range of the inner life of the working-classes, is the winter evening at home of a working-class family, the head of which is a reading man. He is generally a man of some taste and refinement, who has found for himself a partner in life who shares those feelings. He is steady, and therefore pretty sure of constant work. Reading affords him an intellectual pleasure that is a safeguard to him against less rational, less healthy, and more costly (so-called) pleasures, so that his earnings can be devoted in their entirety to the comfort of his home, his family, and himself. He cannot, it is true, have a study to himself, nor does he want one, any attempt to set up one would be affectation upon his part. His living room is orderly, and bright, and cheerful. When he has washed, finished tea, donned his loose house-coat, and easy slippers, he can sit himself down, book in hand, sure of a pleasant evening. He is a sufficiently earnest reader to be able to so concentrate his attention upon his book, that a little conversation between his wife, and say a daughter who is helping her with her needlework, will not distract him, or make him irritable. At the same time he must not be a selfish, that is, an altogether silent reader, nor is he. As he comes upon them he will read to the others some glowing passage of history, some thrilling piece of poetry, some wise or tender saying, some pathetic episode from a biography, or incident from fiction. Sometimes, indeed, a man will in a course of evening readings, read right through a book to his family, and in this way some of them acquire the rather rare accomplishment of reading well aloud. Sometimes it will happen that a friend or two, of his own inclining in the matter of reading, will drop in to see the man who is spending his evening at home, and in that case the reading usually gives way to a "Friends in Council" sort of discourse upon things in general, the wife occasionally joining in with some shrewd womanly remark.

In these days of novel reading, the better class of fiction, as might naturally be expected, takes a prominent place in the reading of the reading men. The works and heroes of Scott, Thackeray, Dickens, George Elliot, and Miss Muloch are familiar to them. They admire the true nobility and gentlemanhood of Colonel Newcome and John Halifax, can appreciate the wonderful art and power displayed in the delineation of the great "Waverley" gallery of historic portraits, understand and feel the mingled humour and pathos of such a creation as little Paul Dombey, and do homage to the wonderful power exhibited in the portrayal of the Tito of Romola, and the Hetty Sorrel and Mrs. Poyser of "Adam Bede." Poetry, too, is pretty extensively read, and history is a popular subject, the latter-day historians of the picturesque school, headed by Macaulay and Froude, being the favourite authors. Biography is another branch of reading that has great attractions, lives of eminent literary men, and of men of the self-help order being the most run upon.

The argument sometimes put forth to the effect that the present easy accessibility to the whole range of general literature makes the general reader a person of very superficial knowledge, of course applies to working-class as well as other readers. As a matter of fact there is something in it, but whether or to what degree that something is in the nature of an evil, is scarcely worth while inquiring here; since if it be an evil at all it is but a slight one. The reading man of to-day, if more widely, is probably less thoroughly informed as regards a given subject, than the reading man of twenty or five-and-twenty years ago would have been. At present a working man with a taste for reading will in the course of a week glance through a score of papers—not to speak of periodicals—lying on the tables of the "Institution" to which

he belongs, while in the days when literary institutions of any kind were much more few and far between than is the case now, and the penny daily press was as yet among the things to be, he would probably have had to be content with a single weekly paper, for which he would have to pay treble the amount of his weekly subscription to a modern institution. Books were proportionately dear and difficult of access, and a working man's reading being from these causes limited in extent, was, within its range, more thorough than it would have been had the range been wider. For instance, the poetry of Eliza Cook has no warmer or more appreciative admirers than the intelligent and reading section of the working-classes. When her pieces were appearing in the *Weekly Dispatch*, at that time a sixpenny paper, numbers of working men took it in for the sake of her writings, which they read and re-read until they knew the poems by heart, and "The Old Arm Chair," "The Englishman," "The Poor Man's Grave," "The Heart's Charity," and other favourite pieces would in the workshop be recited by reading for the benefit of non-reading men. For the same reason *Eliza Cook's Journal* was in its day a great favourite with working men, and while, as has just been mentioned, the poetry was often got off by heart, the general contents of the paper or journal were also well digested. Nowadays, however, so many fresh fields and pastures new have been opened up in literature, and more particularly of newspaper and periodical literature, that the general reader can no longer be as thorough as of old. If he would keep pace with the times, he can no longer afford time to get a favourite poet off by heart. But he can acquire a knowledge of the general style and scope of an author, and a conception and remembrance of his individual creations or opinions, and when to this is added the advantage—as is usually the case—of being in a situation to at any time obtain a reading of the author's works, the position, intellectually considered, is, upon the whole, a tolerably satisfactory one. If the general reader of to-day has lost anything in point of thoroughness, I think it may safely be said that he has gained to a fully compensating degree in extent and variety. The working man who has a taste for it, has in reading not only a means to self-education, and the knowledge which is power, but also a high and legitimate source of pleasure—a pleasure that places him above the man that has not acquired such a taste, and that tends to make him contented and happy. He has now ample opportunity for gratifying his taste, not only in the matter of obtaining books, but also in the scarcely less important matter of time to read them. Working men have now a very fair amount of leisure at their disposal, and if of that inclining, can get through a goodly quantity of reading, the possibilities on this head being best shown by the wide range of reading that some of them have gone through—a range taking in the best works in nearly every branch of general literature; theology, history, biography, criticism, the standard essayists, dramatists, and novelists, politics, voyages, and travels, and popular science. And while, on the one hand, working men have sufficient time at their own disposal to enable them to make themselves well-read, well-informed members of society, on the other hand the environments of their daily life are such that there can be no danger of their reading causing them to degenerate into mere bookworms, or making them dreamy or impracticable, when called upon to encounter the "stern realities" of life.

Branching, so to speak, from the general reader is the student reader; the man who "goes in" for some particular study or science, setting himself to acquire not only a general, but a special knowledge of it. Here again the range is wide. Numbers, as might naturally be expected, devote themselves to subjects a practical and technical acquaintance with which is calculated to be of service to them in their capacity of skilled workmen. Mathematics, metallurgy, and chemistry are the chief subjects taken up in this connection, though others, such as acoustics, light, heat, and electricity, are also studied. The institution throughout the country of science classes, in connection with the government Science and Art department, has done much to promote and encourage study in this direction, as has also the founding of such scholarships as the Whitworth, and those connected with the School of Mines. Altogether on this head it may be said that out-look is hopeful. There are reasonable grounds for believing that large numbers of the rising generation of artisans will acquire for themselves that technical education which is now admitted on all hands to be one of the things absolutely needful if England's craftsmen are to continue to maintain their proud position as the best in the world. As in many branches of manufacturing industry, English artisan talent

commands large pay in continental countries, modern languages are studied partly with a view to the practical advantages that may be derived from their acquirement, partly for the intellectual gratification of being able to read their literary masterpieces in the original. Of the sciences studied for "the pure love of the thing," geology is nowadays the most popular, botany and zoology coming next. Among the students of theology, too, numbers of working men are to be ranked, some of them being lay preachers of various dissenting bodies.

Finally, in speaking of the reading set among the working classes, it may be mentioned that original literary composition is by no means unknown among them. Some of them are "occasional contributors" to local newspapers, and even to publications having a much greater than local circulation. As one of themselves too, I have often been privileged to see manuscript themes both in prose and verse, which though they had never attained the dignity of type, were as worthy of the honour as a good deal that I have seen in print. And as I have known some of the reading set to write well, so, in debating and mutual improvement societies, in workshop meetings, and on public platforms, I have heard others of them speaking well, having something worth saying to say, and saying it well, and showing both in the method and manner of their speech not only that they were naturally intelligent, but also well-read, and in that sense well-educated persons.

To compare is to contrast, and strongly, the reading and non-reading portions of the working classes; and, thoughtfully considered, the contrast is a sorrowful one, the more especially as the latter portion are by far the most numerous. Contrasted with the reading, the non-reading working man may, figuratively speaking, be said to belong to a less advanced period of human history. For him, so to speak, the world is not so wide, so varied, so pleasant as for the other. The treasures contained in books are buried treasures to him, not so much, in the majority of instances, because he has not the key to them, as because he has not come to understand their inestimable value. He has no acquaintance with "the great of old;" they do *not* rule *his* spirit from their urns. He knows nothing of their noble and ennobling creations. To him knowledge her ample page, rich with the spoils of time, has ne'er unrolled, simply because he has allowed her pages to remain sealed ones to him. He is ignorant of his country and history and of the story of the lives of those whose lives are landmarks in that history; of those who have greatly done, and dared, and suffered. The martyrs, the discoverers, the inventors, the orators who have swayed the councils of a nation or the hearts of a people, the great men who have at once stepped to the forefront, when the great times that have called for such men have come about, the statesmen and soldiers whose names and fame live after them. While he thus lacks knowledge, he is also incapable of entering into the higher intellectual pleasures, and therefore the more readily falls into pleasures (?) which, unintellectual in the beginning, often become vicious in the end. He is the inferior of the educated and informed, and feels himself to be so. Great as is the gulf between rich and poor, it is neither so wide nor impassable—so far as moral feeling is concerned—as the gulf between knowledge and ignorance. A reading and well-read working man can and *does*—speaking in a general way—feel himself equal to any man. He has at command intellectual pleasures which riches alone could not procure him, and he is the conscious superior of any man, however wealthy, who lacks the capacity or taste for those higher and purer pleasures that are to be derived from reading. But the ignorant, unread, uncultivated working man cannot have such a feeling; he is the inferior of the educated of all classes, including his own.

The non-readers may be divided into three types. First come those who are utterly unable to read at all, still a lamentably large number, but happily a constantly diminishing proportion of the working classes at large. They are a dismal type to contemplate. They are so ignorant as to be incapable of realising the extent and intensity of their own ignorance, or the greatness and many-sidedness of their loss. Much of life is necessarily a blank to them, and, debarred from intellectual pleasures, it is no wonder that drunkenness and other vices should abound among them. The second type consists of those who can read, but very seldom do. They have had the advantage of schooling, and, as children, may have been able to read fluently, but from disuse the power has become impaired. As men they read, not fluently or with ease to themselves, but more or less lamely, and with effort. Many of them can just manage to hobble their way through a poster, or the letter-press of the titles to the illustrations to the *Illustrated Police News*, and other such delectable pub-

lications, while others confine their literary exercises to laboriously wading their way through the criminal records of the cheap weekly newspapers. The third type are only non-readers in the sense that they do not read anything worthy of the name of literature—anything from which they can gain either knowledge or taste. They do read, but not books, not what is ordinarily understood as periodicals, but penny weekly journals and "numbers," which, as I have just hinted, cannot by any permissible extension of the term be classed as literature, and which it is certainly no libel to class as trash. These publications consist of "To-be-continued-in-our-next" stories of the most outrageously absurd character. The central line on which they are all constructed is the picturing of what the readers of such rubbish fondly take to be the social and inner life of the aristocracy.

Princes and princesses, dukes and duchesses, lords and ladies—both home and foreign—stalk through their pages, not certainly as "things of life," but as horrid examples of the abortive images that *can* be evolved from the inner consciousness of the sensational novelists of the lower grade when pandering to a foolish taste, and writing without the fear of criticism before their eyes. Magnificent ancestral "seats" and estates figure as prominently and frequently as titled personages. The halls of dazzling light are a stock property, and money, jewels, and gorgeous dress and furniture are scattered about with an Arabian-Nights-like lavishness. The stolen heir, the children changed at nurse, the abducted heiress, the secret drawer and lost will, the scientific poisoner, the hired bravo, the broad-shouldered, black-bearded ha! ha-ing villain who has a "hold" upon the equally villainous but less robust and more aristocratic personage who is in possession of "the ancestral estate"—all these and other creatures who are popularly supposed to have died with the old form of melodrama, are in these tales made to walk again. All is glare and glitter; tall talk, false life, false sentiment, false morality. These publications are supported almost exclusively by the working classes, who buy them by tens and hundreds of thousands. They form the chief reading of the women and girls of those classes, and it is probably to suit this portion of their clients that the authors of the tales throw in the character of "the poor but virtuous maiden," who commences life as a milliner and rises to be a marchioness. Females form a majority of the readers, but the number of male readers is very large, and this is the most wonderful part of the business. That grown and bearded men who can read, and who for the most part have a world before them where to choose in the matter of reading, should be found giving themselves up to the exclusive reading of such worthless, contemptible, enervating trash, is really surprising; but so it is, and pity 'tis, 'tis so.

But undesirable as are the above class of serials as the reading of a people, they may be regarded as highly commendable compared with the style of publications known as "Penny Dreadfuls." Their character is sufficiently indicated in their titles—"Jack Sheppard," "Black Bess, or the Knights of the Road," "Tyburn Tree," "Sixteen-String Jack," "The Boy Highwayman," "The Boy Pirate," "Claude Duval," and the like. Their avowed purpose is to heroize crime, and especially youthful crime. Their direct teaching is, that not honesty, but dishonesty, is the best policy; that to live by crime is better, more noble, more *dashing*, than to live by honest labour; that dissipation is the one true token of manhood; and your reckless thief the one great hero to be admired and imitated. By contents as well as title they appeal especially to boys, and unhappily they constitute the exclusive reading of very large numbers of our boys. That it should be constantly coming out that boys found guilty of till and other robberies are extensive readers of the Penny Dreadfuls, is but what might be expected, the connection is as natural as the relation between cause and effect. When such cases come before magistrates, it is generally stated that these publications are to be found freely and abundantly displayed in every back street. But back streets are not the only ones in which they are exhibited in shop windows, and the back streets of our large towns, it should be remembered, are those in which the working classes most do congregate—those, consequently, in which the display of these illustrated "Dreadfuls" are calculated to do the most harm.

The spread of Penny Dreadful literature has undoubtedly wrought a change for the worse among the boys of the working classes, so far as their taste in reading is concerned. Thousands of boys may now be found who read works of "The Boy Highwayman" type by the score, but who have *not* read any such books as "The Pilgrim's Progress," "Robinson Crusoe," "The Arabian Nights," "Cook's Voyages," "Bruce's Travels,"

"Peter Simple," or "The Last of the Mohicans"— books that were wont to be favourites with working-class boys when copies of them were harder to come by than would now be the case. When, however, such books as these were the popular favourites, the "Penny Dreadful" style of publication, though not unknown, was nothing like the rampant and wide-spread evil it has since become.

There is no law to prohibit the publication of such pernicious trash, and it may very safely be taken for granted that there is no "moral sense" in its authors to which appeal can be made. If it is to be extinguished, it must be conquered in open fight. Literature having its attractiveness of abundant incident and adventure, but inculcating the moral, not that to be a criminal is to be a hero, but that "the good alone are great;" that it is the noble of mind, the brave of heart and deed, the self-sacrificing, and those who, fearless in honesty and integrity, can look the whole world in the face, who are to be admired and emulated—literature of this kind must be made as easily accessible to boys as are the Dreadfuls, if the latter are to be beaten out of the field. And how, it may be asked, is this to be done? To which I would answer, that it *could* in a great measure be accomplished by the establishment of suitable libraries in connection with our public elementary schools; and I may add, that to intelligent working men taking an interest in the educational question, it is matter for astonishment that the School Boards, who have done so much in other respects, have as yet done nothing in this. The value of such an institution must, I think, be self-evident. A school library, consisting of the masterpieces of Bunyan and Defoe, biographies of the "Self Help" order, stories of voyages and travels, and selected works of Walter Scott, Captain Marryat, and Fenimore Cooper, would work an incalculable amount of good. It might be objected by some that a library consisting exclusively of such books would be too light; but we must consider how things stand in the case. All experience proves that boys will have exciting literature. They love to read the stories of those who have done and dared, or those who have battled with and conquered adverse circumstances—the "men who have risen." They delight in records of hair-breadth scapes, and moving accidents by flood and field, whether in real or imaginary life. Such is the only reading they will go to voluntarily, and with pleasure, and if they cannot get it in its better forms, they will take it in its worst.

To create and direct a taste for reading should be a chief aim of working-class education, and to this end school libraries would be the most effective of all instruments. The real education of a working man—the education that informs his mind, or enables him to master the principles of a science—must in a great measure be self-education, and here reading is the one great means. It opens the gateway to all knowledge, makes it potentially possible for a man to become informed or learned to almost any extent or degree. The importance of the creation of a sound taste for reading among the working classes generally cannot be overrated, and such a taste formed in the boy would, by a process of natural selection, extend and discipline itself in the man. School libraries would have peculiar advantages from the formative point of view, but they are, of course, not the only means of affording the working classes opportunities for good and self-improving reading. A good deal may yet be done in the way of the spread of free libraries, working men's clubs, and similar institutions, though at the same time it has to be borne in mind that the working classes, as a body, have not availed themselves of such of those institutions as have hitherto been established, to anything like the extent they might and ought to have done. Had they done so, a well-read, well-informed, and therefore practically well-educated working man would not be the comparatively exceptional being he now is. There are not, however, wanting signs of a disposition to improvement in this respect, and it is to be hoped that the time is not very far distant when the existing contrast in this matter will have ceased to be; when to be educated, and capable of enjoying intellectual pleasures will be the rule, not the exception, among working men.

"IN THE SNOW-DRIFT."

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tion has befallen the loose accumulations of river gravel, sand, and clay that gathered in the valleys before the advent of the Ice Age! All that now remains of these are a few patches preserved here and there underneath the till. The Cheviots can tell us nothing of the kinds of plants and animals that clothed and peopled the country in pre-glacial times. All we learn is that streams and rivers flowed as they flow now, and that by-and-by everything was changed, and the land disappeared underneath a vast covering of snow and ice.

In my concluding paper I will show how this ice period passed away, and how the present condition of things succeeded.

A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY REVIVAL.

THE Anabaptist movement in the first half of the sixteenth century was undoubtedly a real "revival."

If you ask, "Why, then, was it mixed up with so many social extravagances?" I ask you, in turn, to think what the yoke of Rome had been, how it had crushed out all aspiration, nipped in the bud all spiritual life; and therefore, as matter of course, when the yoke was broken, those whom it had kept down knew not what to make of their new liberty. Moreover, though doubtless in the dark ages the Church had stood with the poor against oppression, it had, long before the sixteenth century, become the handmaid of secular tyranny. Its prelates were great nobles; it was wealthy, and anxious to keep and to increase its wealth. For men who had begun to read their Bibles, a more unscriptural personage than a German prince-bishop, who had bought his preferment, if he had not got it by some questionable political intrigue, it is impossible to imagine.

Hence it was, that almost all mediæval sectaries thought the state of society rotten as well as the state of religion; and hence it was that society, as well as the priesthood, was always against them. What blood and tears, what untold misery, went to the putting down of such sects as the *Paterini*, for instance, who, first noticed in Italy, though they came from eastern Europe, spread through France, and over to our own island. With what unction that joker of jokes, Walter of Mapes, who wrote "The Courtiers' Jest-book" (*Nugæ curialium*), tells how the misbelieving wretches, who, he said, worshipped the devil under the form of a big rat (rats were newly come into Western Europe), were turned out of town and village, and left to perish of cold and hunger in the very hard winter of the year of grace, 1272. One thinks of the New Forest Shakers; save that the *Paterini* had no lady to give them £2,000, and not even a barn or a tent to shelter in when priests anathematized them and magistrates drove them forth. It was always the same—Albigenses, followers of Peter Waldo, Bohemian Taborites—the Church always persuaded the State that they were dangerous, and ought to be stamped out. And so it was with the Anabaptists of 1520, and later. At first there was nothing political about them. No doubt they believed the Pope was Antichrist, and the Roman Church the mother of all abominations; and they used of "the world" the phrases which they found ready to their hand in St. John, looking (as the first Christians had looked) for "a new world wherein dwelleth righteousness," and for the doing away with the present godless order of things. But this, they held, was not to be man's work. Had not Christ, in the garden, bidden Peter put up his sword into the sheath? "Society" was doomed, but its destruction would be wrought by God, not by man. A harmless set of men they were, full of wonderful enthusiasm, not content with talking about well-doing, but working with a will at all sorts of good works.

Romanism had stifled the national conscience in every European country. Even Lutheranism was soon found to be tending to become merely formal. The religious houses had been seized, the old clergy had been turned out; and then, after the strain, came a reaction, the people settled down on their lees. "Men are getting so lukewarm," writes Wicel in 1531, "that if a preacher insists on the need of coming back to God, and giving up one's sins, and leading a good life, he is called an Anabaptist." The name had come to be used just as "Methodist" was at one time used among ourselves; and its being so used is a proof that the earnestness of these people did not evaporate in talk. But I am not concerned now to point out the spiritual value of what they taught, or even the wonderful beauty of much that they taught. What I want to show is, how people

who blindly strove to draw nearer to God than the official religions enabled them to do, were then treated. One word might suffice, for they were persecuted by everybody—by Protestants as much as by Romanists; Bucer, and Zwingle, and the Zurich magistrates were hardly less bitter against them than the prince-bishop of Münster himself. Toleration in those days was not even understood. Of course it was natural for Romanists to be intolerant, toleration on their part would have been illogical; but Lutherans and Calvinists were almost as persecuting as their old enemies of the Papacy, though their own existence was based on "the right of private judgment;" claiming it for themselves, they were apt to deny it to others. As Lord Macaulay remarks, in reference to our Commonwealth, "No one at that time thought of practising toleration, or even understood the meaning of the word, *except a few Anabaptists*." They had been persecuted by every party, and in this way the truth that "let be" is the only true rule in matters of opinion, seems to have been brought home to them. It is astonishing how soon the different Protestant communities tacitly acquiesced in the maxim, "Cujus regio ejus religio"—that a man was bound to keep to the established religion of the country in which he was born. Romanism, for instance, was wrong; it would be shocking in a Scotchman or a Hessian to turn Papist, but with a Spaniard the case was different, he was born to it. In such communities Anabaptism was, of course, an offence. For a short while, indeed, during the "Peasants' War," everybody, all Germany over, was free to teach what he pleased. Princes and bishops were too busy struggling for dear life to look into what a few visionary preachers were doing. But when the battles of Frankenhausen and Mühlhausen had ruined the peasants' cause, repression began to be the order of the day. The little towns of Waldshut and Hallau, for instance, on the Swiss frontier, had been practically independent while the struggle was going on, and during their independence they had become almost wholly Anabaptist. When the war was over, they passed again under the house of Austria, and the people had at once to banish their preachers, and either to conform to Romanism, or else to leave their homes and country.

This was no idle threat; if men lingered, they might lose their chance of escape. In the Tyrol, between 1527 and 1531, nearly a thousand Anabaptists were put to death. Seventy-five were executed in less than two months in the little town of Linz, the capital of Upper Austria, on the Danube. Bavaria was even worse than Austria. Duke William ordered every *Anabaptist to be killed;* if he recanted at the last moment, all the favour he got was to have his head cut off; if he was obstinate, he was burnt alive. In Swabia, the sectaries were generally put to death without being tried. Often death was inflicted with the most horrible tortures, for the punishments in those good old times were incredibly cruel, especially in Germany.* For instance, at Rothenburg, on the Neckar, in 1527, Michael Sattler, an Anabaptist teacher, was burnt alive, after having had his tongue pulled out, and his flesh torn away with red-hot pincers. In Protestant states they did not usually torture, they either beheaded the Anabaptists or drowned them. This last was the favourite method in Switzerland. "They insist on total immersion" (said Zwingle), "I'll give them more of it than they'll like." The only prince who treated them with anything like humanity was Philip, the bigamous Landgrave of Hesse, he whom Luther supported in his bigamy. "Persecute them as I do," said the Elector of Saxony. "No," replied he, "I'll treat them just as I did those silly peasants. A few of the worst must go to prison; but, with all, my aim will be to lead them, not to force them, to the truth." Philip was too strong to be put down, so he was allowed to have his way; smaller men who tried to act humanely were compelled to be bigots. Thus, Prince Lichtenstein (the Lichtensteins were sovereign princes till the other day, with the right of coining their own money) had given an asylum on his Moravian estates to the Anabaptists, who had been turned out of Waldshut. There they seemed for some time happily out of sight. Hulmaier, one of their teachers, called Nikolsburg, the little town in which they settled, *Emmaus in Moravia*. Other communities were soon founded at Brünn, Znaim, Austerlitz, and other places in Moravia and Bohemia. But they were not long left unharassed; Archduke Ferdinand said to the prince: "Give up your arch-heretics to me," and Lichtenstein obeyed. Within two years after he had begun preaching at Nikolsburg, Hulmaier, an old professor of Ingolstadt University, was burned alive, showing the

* Cruelty was not of one country or creed, but of all. Witness the incredible tortures which Diedrich Sonoy, Governor of North Holland, inflicted on some suspected of sympathy with Spain—putting a jar full of rats on a man's naked body, and heating the jar, so that the maddened creatures might tear his vitals (see Motley, part iv. ch. iii.)

same indomitable courage and calm resignation which John Huss had already shown. Brödli and Blaurock, two other preachers, were put to death in the same way. Hätzer was beheaded at Constance; and Langenmantel, of a patrician family in Augsburg, was burnt by the Swabian authorities. This is what persecution meant in those days. Even Strasburg, where the Anabaptists were tolerated for a time, at last drove them out. Holland was their only place of refuge in Europe, and even there they did not always get full toleration. No wonder that men who were hunted in this way should grow wild in their views, and desperately fanatical in their teaching. Surely the end must be at hand of a world in which such things were permitted; the "souls under the altar" were crying: "How long, O Lord?" and their cry must be heard. One man, Hut, who was afterwards put to death, fixed the end of the world for Whit-Sunday, 1528. The Lord would come, and would gather together the faithful few, and all the rest of the human race would pass away into destruction. Melchior Hoffmann, a furrier, who had preached a great deal in Livonia, and afterwards in Holland, put forth the same views; he taught that the end of all things was at hand, and found Dutchmen enough of like opinions to form a numerous sect, the Melchiorites, who held by him implicitly. By-and-by he came to Strasburg, was imprisoned by Bucer, and, losing his senses in confinement, gave out that he was Elias, the forerunner of the Christ, who was at once to make his second advent. This wild stuff he preached through his cell window to thousands, who flocked into the moat, eager to catch the inspired prisoner's every word. The authorities tried to keep them away, but they came all the more; and Hoffmann went on preaching till his death, which happened suddenly in the prison. Most of us have heard about the sort of "Christ" who did appear—the Anabaptist tailor, John of Leyden—who for more than a year and a half held the episcopal city of Münster, and set the bishop at defiance. It is hard to tell what Melchior, the messenger of the Christ, would have thought of such a strange Messiah; for this Münster business is a sad story of human folly atoned for by the cruelty with which it was stamped out when the city was taken. But still, on the whole, despite such extravagances, the Anabaptist movement was a "revival" in the true sense of the word; it gave spiritual life to thousands who had been grovelling in brutish ignorance. A creed whose professors met suffering and death as these people did, must have had a good effect on the moral tone of the age. To see men and women mount the scaffold or go to the stake singing hymns and praising God that they were found worthy to suffer for Him, was like going back to the times of primitive Christianity. No wonder that Anabaptists multiplied; as of old, the blood of the martyrs was the seed of the Church. Every congregation kept a list of its martyrs; and these were handed about from town to town, that town being the proudest which could show the longest list. No wonder the lives of many of "the brethren" were marvels of self-devotion and purity; what could one, who might at any moment be seized and hurried out of this world, care for the trifles which make the sum of most of our lives? There must have been a terrible sincerity about these people. Nowadays it is so easy to say that we believe, for saying so costs us just nothing at all, except the occasional use of a few religious phrases; their belief meant giving up everything, and being ready to meet the cruellest of deaths.

Hence there are two points of contrast between the Anabaptist "revival" of the sixteenth century, and that which has lately been going on in England; there could be no mistake about that; a man or woman would not have turned Anabaptist in those days for fashion's sake, or because he or she was carried away by the excitement of a multitude. There was nothing exciting about the life, except its too probable end. Community of goods, adopted as having been the usage of the earliest Christians, was almost forced upon the Anabaptists by the circumstances in which they were compelled to live. The children, for instance, were naturally fed, taught, and clothed at the cost of each "church," for no parent could be sure that before a week was over his family would not for ever be deprived of a father's, perhaps also of a mother's, support. The regulation of marriages followed as matter of course; in times like those, "the church" was better able to judge than the individual, whether in his or her case marriage was desirable, or whether St. Paul's advice to the Corinthians (1 Cor. vii. 29—31) should be acted on; and, if desirable, with whom. Rules like these, interfering more or less with the liberty of the individual, are found in most close religious bodies; the Anabaptist communities, especially those in Moravia, had many points in common with the Shaker communities of America, for instance. That was

the normal state of Anabaptism. Why, at Münster, under this John Bockelsohn, and his lieutenant Kniperdolling, their practices took such a wildly different form, and degenerated into shameful excesses, seems simply due to the fact that elsewhere the sect was persecuted, while at Münster it had for some time not only the upper hand, but the complete control of law and justice and everything. When people believe that "the Law" is solely for "the ungodly," while they are "the godly," there is no knowing into what extravagances they may run, if there is no civil magistrate to check them. How sober German burghers could let a madman (for John of Leyden must have been mad) bring absolute ruin on their town, upsetting every authority, destroying almost every relic of antiquity—among them a priceless library of classical MSS., purchased in Italy by one of the bishops—and outraging all right feeling by the grossest acts of immorality, and the most diabolical cruelty, it is impossible to understand. There is the fact; the success of Mormonism, the final acts of the Paris Commune (though these were propriety and saneness itself compared with Bockelsohn's *saturnalia* at Münster), show that even nowadays the power of delusion is pretty strong. But still we are better than they were; and this is the second point which the story of these Anabaptists teaches. The first was, that theirs was an intensely practical creed, not evaporating in talk, but determined to do something. Here is a contrast with the present day; we tend to be unreal in our revivalism as in most other things; and this is not to our praise, though, as far as revivals go, it perhaps rids us of some of the most crying evils connected with them. The other point of contrast is all in our favour; it is the very different way in which "society" now deals with sects like these Anabaptists. Men cannot be martyrs nowadays if they would. A German Anabaptist, three hundred and fifty years ago, a fifth monarchy man in Cromwell's time, were likely at any moment to suffer for their faith. At this age of the world people do not suffer in that way, not even in Spain or Mexico; public opinion would not stand it; and that, I think, is the one thing on which the modern world may congratulate itself. Some folks are constantly telling us that the world is getting worse and worse; they acquiesce in the deterioration as "a sign of the end." I find it hard to answer them when I think of Emma Mines; of speculators bloated by the ruin of hundreds; of the whole Dowlais district, where such colossal fortunes have been made by the masters, and such untold sums wasted on drink by the men, reported to be without a single hospital, though accidents must have been happening there daily.

It is very true that evil now comes more to the front because everything nowadays is known; light is thrown into all sorts of dark corners which in "the good old days" no one thought of spying into. People then starved and fell ill and rotted away, without anybody troubling himself about it; it was the will of God. When such things happen now there is at once an outcry. That is a happy change, I say to myself, and truly consoling; and when I want more lively comfort, I take up some old story, like that of these German and Swiss Anabaptists, and seeing how differently such folks are treated, and how differently they behave nowadays, I feel sure that real progress towards good has been made. Yes; despite our uncharitableness—sect damning sect—we are more tolerant (no thanks to the sects for that—the magistrate, more truly Christian than the "professors," keeps us in order), and despite our extravagances (and they are great, both among the orthodox and the "spiritualists"), we keep clear of the excesses into which, after the persecutions that I have detailed, these German fanatics fell. We don't try to quench the fires of fanaticism in its own blood, and therefore it takes a mild form, and warms and cheers instead of wasting in wild conflagration. John of Leyden, and Kniperdolling, were the logical outcome of the burnings and beheadings of a dozen years; "the saints" were at last to reign, and they did reign with a vengeance. We escape such horrors by virtue of that one blessed fact: we have learnt to be tolerant—to leave men free in their opinions, provided they don't outrage the usages of society. That "secular arm," which the Church used always to call in to punish the heretics, from being merely an arm to smite, has become also a head to guide. The magistrate is supreme, and not the bigot.

HENRY STUART FAGAN.

THE RAINBOW THE TYPE OF THE COVENANT.

By the Rev. CANON ELLIOTT.

IT has been well said that "the history of Noah, next after the history of Christ, is that which perhaps most forcibly arrests our thoughts, impresses our consciences, and yet revives our hopes."* It is beside our present purpose to discuss the philosophical explanation of the flood, or the extent of the area over which it prevailed. This much is certain, if we receive the account which is contained in the Book of Genesis as history, not as fable, that a more awful judgment was never inflicted upon the earth, that a more striking type was never exhibited of the doom which ultimately awaits it.

It is hard to conceive a more appalling sight than that which presented itself to the eyes of Noah, as he quitted the ark in which he had been immured for upwards of a year, and gazed upon the wreck of a dismantled world. That world which, at the period of its creation, had been pronounced by its Maker to be "very good," had been made, in a signal manner, subject to vanity by reason of the sin of its inhabitants. God's own sermon against that sin had been delivered; and whilst the righteous had "scarcely been saved," the ungodly had miserably perished.

So far as it is permitted us to infer from Noah's acts what was passing in his heart, we should conclude that, mingled with his emotions of gratitude for the signal mercies which he had experienced at the hands of the Lord, his first thoughts as he left the ark were thoughts of the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and of the need of atonement; for immediately after the account of his going forth from the ark, we read that "Noah builded an altar unto the Lord;" and further, that "of every clean beast, and of every clean fowl," which he had preserved with so much costly labour during the preceding year, he "offered burnt-offerings on the altar" (Gen. viii. 20).

But together with deep convictions of the evil of sin and of the long-suffering forbearance and the tender mercies of the Lord, we may scarcely doubt that anxious inquiries would arise within the breast of Noah, whether the world, thus signally consigned to the dominion of death, could ever again teem with life; and that gloomy doubts and fears would disquiet him, lest, even though man and beast should again be multiplied upon the face of the earth, the fountains of the deep might once more be broken up, and not even eight souls escape the universal destruction.

Now it was at this time, and under these circumstances, that that God who ever mingles mercy with judgment, and who "stayeth His rough wind in the day of the east wind," was pleased to impart to Noah and to his family the gracious assurance that He would "establish His covenant" with them and with their seed, and that "all flesh should no more be cut off by the waters of a flood" (Gen. ix. 11). And forasmuch as men are ever more prone to be moved by that which appeals to their senses than by that which is a simple matter of faith, and seeing further that faith is most apt to be shaken when old temptations again assail them, and when past dangers and difficulties again threaten them, it pleased God, in His gracious condescension to human weakness and infirmity, to appoint an outward and visible sign which should serve at once to confirm their faith and to dispel their fears; and to ordain that whilst the gathering storm should serve to remind them of the destruction which overtook the world because of sin, the bow set in the clouds should assure them of the promise given to Noah, that the waters should no more become "a flood to destroy all flesh." "And God said, This is the token of the covenant which I make between me and you, and every living creature that is with you, for perpetual generations; I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth. And it shall come to pass, when I bring a cloud over the earth, that the bow shall be seen in the cloud: and I will remember my covenant which is between me and you and every living creature of all flesh; and the waters shall no more become a flood to destroy all flesh" (Gen. ix. 12—15).

It is needless to adduce any argument in proof that the reference in these verses is to the literal rainbow, and not, as was supposed in early times, to Divine Providence figuratively compared to a bow; sometimes stretched, that its arrows may pierce the adversaries; sometimes loosened, that the long-suffering of God may be accounted salvation. An inquiry of greater interest is, Whether the rainbow was first seen in the

* See "Speaker's Commentary," i. p. 78.

clouds after the Deluge, or whether, having been long visible, it was then first appointed as a sign of God's covenant with man. To this inquiry it does not appear that any positive answer can be returned. We know that in Eden, previously to the fall, "there went up a mist from the earth, and watered the whole face of the earth," or rather of the *ground* (Gen. ii. 6); and it is quite possible, although it does not appear probable, that the moisture required for vegetation continued to be thus supplied, and that it was not until after the Deluge that the material constitution of nature underwent, in this respect, any change. On the other hand, the words of Scripture, when literally rendered, "I *have set* my bow in the cloud," suggest the conclusion, to which other considerations conduce, that the rainbow, already set in the parting cloud, was thenceforth ordained to be the outward sign and token of God's covenant with a renovated world, "the monument of past deliverance, and the pledge of future safety."

Amongst the many deep truths which the early chapters of the Book of Genesis are pre-eminently calculated to enforce, there is none which strikes the thoughtful inquirer more forcibly than does the connection between the disorder occasioned by man's sin and the remedy ordained by the wisdom and the mercy of God. Many a striking illustration of this connection may be gathered from the whole of the account of the fall, and more particularly from the promise of a Deliverer interwoven into the curse pronounced upon the serpent. The same connection may be traced, in a very remarkable manner, in the appointment of the rainbow as a sign and pledge of the covenant which God was pleased to make with Noah as the representative of a renovated world. It is well known that the rainbow is equally dependent for its existence upon the storm and upon the sunshine; and it was therefore marvellously adapted to serve as a type of mercy following upon judgment—in other words, as a sign of the connection between man's sin and God's free and unmerited grace. The appointment, then, of the rainbow as the sign and pledge of the Noachic covenant, was calculated not only to appease those emotions of terror and of apprehension which must have filled the mind of Noah as he gazed upon the spectacle of desolation which surrounded him on every side, but also to connect the gloomy recollections of the past with bright expectations of the future; or in other words, to teach, by anticipation, the great lesson which it was reserved for Christ's gospel fully to reveal, that as sin had abounded, so grace should "much more abound."

And yet further. Not only is the rainbow, as the offspring equally of the storm and of the sunshine, a fitting emblem of the covenant of grace, of which it is one of the distinctive characteristics that it educes good out of evil, and makes man's sin the occasion for the showing forth of God's mercy; it is also a fitting type of that equally distinctive peculiarity of Christ's gospel, that sorrow and suffering have their appointed sphere of exercise both generally, in the providential administration of the world, and individually, in the growth and development of personal holiness. Other religions have enforced the lessons of patience and of submission beneath the pressure of irremediable ill. It is the gospel of Christ Jesus alone which converts sorrow and suffering into instruments for the attainment of higher and more enduring blessings.

It is well known that in the mysterious breastplate of the Jewish high-priest there were four rows of precious stones, on which were engraven the names of the twelve sons of Jacob. And it is a favourite conceit of some of the Jewish expositors that when the high-priest consulted the divine oracles by means of Urim and Thummim a supernatural light was shed upon some of these letters, by means of which the designed response was obtained. Now, in the experience of the Christian, there "ariseth in the darkness" a true light from heaven; and the response which he needs in time of trouble is offered to those who seek it, not as the exclusive privilege of one nation, or family, or individual, but as the universal birthright of each member of that "royal priesthood," which is co-extensive with Christ's universal Church. When the soul of the believer is sorely disquieted within him, and he realises in his own experience the meaning of those words of the prophet in which the condition of the Jewish Church in his own days is described, "O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest, and not comforted," the gracious and consolatory promise, delivered by the mouth of the same prophet, serves to recall to his mind not only Noah's waters of desolation, but also God's unfailing covenant of grace, "For this is as the waters of Noah unto me: for as I have sworn that the waters of Noah should no more go over the earth; so have I sworn that I would not be wroth with thee, nor rebuke thee. For the mountains shall

depart, and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee" (Isa. liv. 9, 10).

It is thus that in all God's dealings with His people, when He brings a cloud upon the earth He still sets His bow in that cloud, insomuch that they cease to fear when they enter into it, by reason of the presence of Him whose glory inhabits it.

The spiritual truth involved in the typical rainbow of Noah, and in the pillar of fire and of cloud which guided the march of the Israelites through the wilderness, receives further illustration from the striking imagery of the prophet Ezekiel. When the "heavens were opened" to the prophet as he sat amongst the captives by the river of Chebar, and "visions of God" were unfolded before his eyes, he "looked," we read, and "behold a whirlwind came out of the north, a great cloud, and a fire infolding itself, and a brightness was about it" (Ezek. i. 4). This vision was pre-eminently calculated to dispel the fond illusions of those who deceived their countrymen by vain hopes of outward prosperity. But whilst it spoke to some only of impending judgment, it spoke to others also of mercy. This promise of mercy after judgment is more clearly exhibited in the sequel. Above the firmament Ezekiel beheld "the likeness of a throne," and "upon the likeness of the throne, the likeness as the appearance of a man." And round about this appearance of a man we read that there was "brightness, as the appearance of the bow that is in the cloud in the day of rain" (ver. 28).

For the full comprehension of the bow, given as a sign of the covenant to Noah, and of the same bow "in the cloud in the day of rain," as beheld in vision by Ezekiel, we must turn from the Old Testament to the New. There, in the account of the visions given to another seer, we read of One whom he beheld in the midst of the throne and of the four living creatures, even "a Lamb as it had been slain" (Apoc. v. 6). Round about this throne, as about that of Ezekiel, "there was a rainbow, in sight like unto an emerald (Apoc. iv. 3). And, in close conjunction with this vision, we must have regard to that of Apoc. x. 1, where a "mighty angel" is beheld by the same seer, "clothed with a cloud, and a rainbow was upon his head." Here we seem to find the explanation which is needed of the close and inseparable connection between the cloud and the rainbow, *i.e.*, between judgment and mercy; between the darkness of the one and the brightness of the other. Here we obtain a key to the determination of the meaning of the prophet Ezekiel when he speaks of a "likeness, as the appearance of a man;" or, as another prophet describes a similar vision, and in the same close connection with impending judgment, "one like the Son of man, coming with the clouds of heaven," and brought near unto "the Ancient of days." (Dan. vii. 13.)

Here, in the person and in the work of the atoning Mediator, we find the only solution of that marvellous combination of judgment and of mercy which is the distinctive characteristic of the whole of the divine economy. Here, as the rainbow spans the vault of the sky and becomes a link between earth and heaven, so in the person and in the work of Christ is beheld the unchangeableness and the perpetuity of that covenant of grace which, like Jacob's mystic ladder, maintains the communication between earth and heaven, and thus, by bringing God very near to man, ushers man into the presence-chamber of God.

There is a necessary imperfection in all earthly types of heavenly things. In nature the rainbow is inseparably connected with the cloud; and although in the appearance of the rainbow *after* the storm—not *during* its continuance—we have a striking type of grace following upon, and inseparably connected with judgment, the continued appearance of the rainbow is dependent upon the continued existence of the cloud; and when the cloud is wholly dispersed, the rainbow disappears. In heaven, the rainbow, like the prints of the passion, will ever continue to point backward to man's fall, and onward to the perpetuity of a covenant which is ordered in all things and sure. But the work of judgment will then be accomplished, and therefore the cloud—inseparable from the condition of the redeemed on earth—will have no more place in heaven. The nations of the saved ones shall walk for ever in the light of the celestial city, and the clouds shall no more "return after the rain."

A LAMENT.

MY mother lies at rest beneath
The daisies and the grass;
I listen to their whispering
And moaning as I pass,—
It seems to me they also sigh,
As I for her, alas!

But when I see the sunshine creep
Along the western wall,
It seemeth then as if her smile
Were gently healing all,
And the grass and flowers repeat, "Rejoice!"
And I hear her low voice call.

"I am content—content," she says,
"Content thou without me;
A little while, and we shall meet
In Heaven's security;
Nothing of earth shall come, my child,
Between my love and thee."

I say,—"I cannot weep, my tears
Are dried, my heart is lead;—
If I could weep, this pain might pass,
And I could pray instead.
I cannot pray, I only moan,
And wish that I were dead.

"Take me away, O thou I love,
From this cold earth of ours;
How can I wander all alone
Among our empty bowers!
This winter time doth only leave
The thorns without the flowers."

And then, methinks, her voice replies,—
"Daughter, I understand:—"
And through the darkness round I feel
The comfort of her hand,
Leaving less impress after it
Than waves upon the sand:—

"My child, be trustful—calm. For lo!
Sorrows in patience borne
Are like earth's briary weeds that spread
Among the ripening corn;
While the Rose of Comfort blooms in Heaven,
A flower without a thorn."

A. C. C.

IN THE SMOKING-ROOM.

THE party at the Castle was a very pleasant one last autumn, and a few of its choicest spirits regularly met in "Tobacco Parliament" every night. The place of meeting was a snug room down-stairs, with a bright fire in the grate, and a lamp hung from the middle of a rather curiously arched roof. Here, towards midnight, one after another strolled in and took his seat, each in his favourite arm-chair. There was always "the chieftain," portly and brave, great at Gaelic and at etching, enveloped in a Mandarin's gown which he had brought home from a recent ramble round the world. There was "the envoy," as we called him, who had served his Queen in divers honourable missions abroad, and who smoked a mild cigarette, and told a good story, or listened to one, with the same mild and courtly nonchalance. In a corner near the fire, generally, sat "the minister," who had come to stay at the Castle while repairs were proceeding at the manse, and who seldom spoke much till he had smoked meditatively a couple of havanas, sent direct to him from Cuba by an old parishioner. Opposite to his was the chair appropriated by the gentleman whom, in virtue of a somewhat hazy lineal connection with a celebrated cattle-lifter of the last century, we called "Rob Roy"—a restless and fluent genius, constantly starting from his seat and declaiming on the hearth-rug, when the subject interested him. These, with myself, formed the permanent committee of the smoking-room. Others went and came; but these, like the three Christian graces, abode.

One evening I had drawn my chair near the table, on the other side of which the chief and the envoy were discussing the name of a Chinaman, of whom they both had heard.

"I assure you," said the envoy, "it ended in a whistle—a kind of double sneeze and then a whistle—so!" and he whistled softly.

The sound came back to me directly from the window, at my own side of the room. "Hallo," said I, "some one hears you outside, and has repeated the signal. I heard a whistle outside the window."

"No, pardon me," said a son of the house, who sat next me, "what you heard was the echo."

"The echo!" said I.

"The echo," he replied. "The room—owing, I suppose, to these arches in the roof—is sometimes full of echoes—a kind of whispering-gallery. It depends on how we are sitting."

And he proceeded to make some experiments which proved the existence of several very odd and unexpected echoes.

"The room must be haunted," I said, "or, at least, it ought to be. There never was one fitter for a ghost story."

"Hush!" said the chief, as the butler came in with a tray. "Don't talk lightly of ghost stories here," he added, as old Cameron retired, "that old gentleman, and every man in the strath, believes in ghosts as firmly as in the Bible."

"Well, I don't know that," interposed the minister; "at least, I shouldn't say the belief was of exactly the same kind. They believe in the Bible, I hope, as a revelation from on high."

"And in ghosts as a revelation from another quarter, possibly?" suggested Rob Roy.

"No," continued the minister placidly, "but as facts, phenomena—call them what you please—which exist, and are known among them to exist just as well as music and dreams, and other phenomena that touch and influence the human spirit are known to exist. And I don't blame them for it," added the minister stoutly. "You may explain the phenomena, or not explain them, but you can't deny them."

"Well," said I, "I never heard what I would call an authentic ghost story yet."

"Pooh! nonsense," cried Rob Roy authoritatively; "I could tell you a dozen, but I won't begin. I have too much regard for your nerves."

"Well, *I* don't mind beginning," said the chief, "and simply telling you what every man, woman, and child in the parish is talking about at this very time; and that is the appearance of old Mr. Brown, the minister who died last year in Glen-Urisk. Mind, I say nothing about my own belief or disbelief, and I offer no explanations. I only tell you what the people believe, and what I was told by more than one person whose word is above suspicion."

"Let us have it," said I, with an air of scepticism, I fear.

"Proceed," said the envoy, lighting a fresh cigarette.

"One evening last month," said the chief, "as the dusk was gathering, about the gloaming, in fact, a very steady, sensible lad, well

known in the parish, dashed violently into a cottage at the foot of the glen, and with the look and voice of a person in desperate terror, asked the people to keep him safe, and not let anything in after him. What on earth should come in after him? he was asked; and when his terror and agitation had a little subsided, he told them that he had been walking quietly down the glen, about a mile away, when he became aware of a dark figure at his side keeping noiseless pace with him,—never looking at him, never speaking. He was startled, but hazarded a remark, thinking, in the dusk, it might be a stranger who had overtaken him, walking softly on the grass. He got no reply. He looked more narrowly at the figure, and knew it for the image, or *eidolon*, or ghost—whichever you please—of Mr. Brown. How he got to the cottage, he never could precisely tell; but this weird companion came with him to the door, pacing along, silent, awful, by his side. The lad was as sober as a judge. It happened a month ago, and he is only now recovering from an illness which ensued, and which, the doctor says, is traceable to a violent mental shock."

"The illness was coming on, I suppose," said I; "some sort of brain-fever, of which this vision was merely the first symptom."

"I can't tell you about that," said the chief, rather drily. "I tell you what I was told, the lad was a healthy and sober lad. He had no special connection with Mr. Brown during his life; but the *locus* of the apparition is close to the manse, and I have since been informed that it is well known in the glen that the old minister *walks*."

"That is very much the ordinary kind of ghost story," remarked the envoy, "in which the apparition may be said to appear to no good purpose. As far as you enable one to judge, I should say nothing was to be gained by giving a respectable young man a fright severe enough to induce brain-fever; and most cases of apparition one hears of are of the same character; but I know of one in which a ghost (I merely use the name for convenience) appeared for a really good and sensible object."

"That is the kind of ghost I should like to hear of," I observed.

"Very well, then," rejoined the envoy, "you shall hear of it, and I pass my word for the truth of what I state. It occurred in a family I know, and was told to me by the man concerned. He had lost his wife, and was left with three young children, all under eight years old. He grew so sick of the house in which his wife had died that he took another—an old house in the country, and removed to it with his children. He had gone over the place himself, but the children had never seen it, and the day they arrived, they were running about, exploring, as children will, while he was in the library, arranging some books and papers. He heard one of them call to the others to 'come down this back stair,' and the patter of their feet died away as they went down; but presently he heard them come hastily back, and they ran into the library, looking rather scared. 'What's the matter?' said he, 'did you fall on the stair?' 'No, no,' said the eldest, a girl, nervously, 'it wasn't that; but when we got down near the bottom of the stair, where it is pretty dark, we saw some one standing at the foot, who told us to go back to you, papa.' 'Some one! Who was it?' he asked. 'It was rather dark,' said the little girl, 'and we did not see very plain, but —O dear, papa!'—and here she began to cry —'it was very like mamma, and the voice was mamma's voice. She held up her hand and said, "Go back, go back to papa:"' and the poor little woman sobbed bitterly, and was much upset. Well, he got a candle, and he went cautiously down the back stair, and at the foot, where they had seen the figure standing, he found a yawning trap-door, which had been closed when he went through the house before, and which covered a well —I don't know how many feet deep, but if the children had gone on, they would have inevitably fallen in and been killed."

"Is that true?" I asked.

"I don't quite know what you mean by asking," replied the envoy, mildly. "I have told the story as it was told to me by a man of perfect honour and veracity. It may possibly be susceptible of scientific explanation, similar to the medical exegesis you offered of the case of Mr. Brown; but that my friend believed the facts to be exactly as he related them to me, and that I have related them, without alteration, to you, is what I cannot admit to be open to question." The envoy spoke with a gentle firmness which, I felt, made any expression of scepticism as to the narrative little better than an outrage. "While I am on my legs," pursued the envoy, who had risen and stood by the fire, "as we used to say in the House, I may as well tell you another story which, though it relates to a dream, carries out a theory of mine as to the possibility and *rationale* of apparitions, which, to put it shortly, comes to this, that the disembodied

spirit retains the power of acting upon those spirits—still in the body—to which it has had relations in life, that it can so act upon them as to produce within the brain—which is their bodily organ—impressions corresponding to the aspect of the material structure within which the disembodied spirit used to have its own being. And if this be so, it naturally follows that we might expect such impressions to be produced at the time at which, and upon the persons to whom, the disembodied spirit would, in all likelihood, desire most to convey the impression of its continued individuality. Thus, we might imagine, in the case of death, unexpected or at a distance, such an impression—the first effort of the disembodied spirit—to be produced on the brain of the person most poignantly affected by the death. However, I don't wish to become didactic, so I shall go on with my story. Last year I was fishing in Norway; it was the 2nd of September, about the last day of my cruise, and I had landed a good way up one of the fiords to spend an hour or two on shore, leaving two men and my servant, Stokes, in the boat. Stokes was a capital fellow, the best servant I ever had; but he didn't know much about fishing, and he couldn't swim. However, after I had left the boat, to pass the time he got out a rod and went ashore to try a cast from a ledge of rock that sloped down into deep water. The men told him to take care, for the ledge was slippery; but he said it was all right, he could keep his feet; and would try if he couldn't catch a fish or two. They pushed off to some little distance, and watched him casting, rather amused at his efforts, which were by no means up to the mark of Izaak Walton, when, suddenly, as he was making a long throw, they saw him slip and fall into the water. They pulled in as hard as they could pull, but were too late. He had sunk in deep water, and they were still searching about for him when I came back. We did not get his body for more than an hour; and we buried him, next day, in a nice little Norwegian churchyard not far off. Well, when I got home, I made inquiry for his relatives, and found, as I had expected, that he had none, and that I must myself, in fact, act as his executor. I knew he had intended to marry, and so I searched among the few papers and boxes he had, for some trace of the name of the fiancée. I couldn't find any, but there was a letter which had come for him, and had been put in his room, and I opened it. It was from the girl, a very affectionate letter, but written in great anxiety, for she told him she had had a bad dream the night before, which had troubled her much, and she hoped he was taking care of himself, and running into no danger in foreign parts. She had seen him, in her dream, coming to her looking very pale and sad, and all dripping with water 'like a drowned man,' that was her very expression. The letter was dated the 3rd of September."

"Strange," said the minister, who had listened with much attention; "and yet I don't know that it is so strange, after all. At any rate, it is not unexampled. What I am going to mention is not unlike your story, and happened long ago, before the railway era, to a cousin of mine, in India. He was a young fellow, then, in the army; and one morning came down to breakfast, looking so gloomy, that his brother officers began to chaff him about it, and badger him to tell them what mischief had befallen him during the night. He wouldn't tell them; but, after breakfast, he asked one of the fellows, who was his particular friend, to come into his bungalow, and then he disclosed what it was that had put him about. 'In the night,' he said, 'I had a very queer and unpleasant dream. I dreamed that I was standing in a park in England, looking at a large house which I never had seen before; and at the door of the house there was a hearse, and behind it half-a-dozen or so of private carriages. I saw the whole thing so plainly that I sketched the house when I awoke—there is the sketch; and I noted down the crest and motto on the panel of the first carriage. While I was looking they brought out a coffin, and put it in the hearse, and drove slowly away; and it was borne in on my mind in my dream, and I awoke with the distinct impression, that it was my father's coffin.' Well, his friend, as usual in such cases, pooh-poohed the whole affair, said he must have been looking at some sketches of English country houses, and writing home-sick letters, and taking too much brandy-pawnee. There were a dozen ways of explaining the dream, in short. His own presentiment about it, however, was not shaken. He marked down the date, and he waited anxiously for the mail of the next date after, from England. When it came, it brought him letters with black edges, which told him the date of his dream was the date of his father's funeral. The old gentleman had been travelling through England, had been thrown from the coach, and carried fatally injured into the

nearest gentleman's house, where he had died, and whence he had been carried to his burial, followed, from a feeling of sympathy and respect, by the neighbouring squires. My cousin wrote home, begging that a sketch of the house might be sent out to him. When he got it, it corresponded exactly to his own. He had already discovered that the crest and motto of the dream were those of the gentleman, who bore a well-known name, under whose roof his father had died."

"These," said the minister, eyeing me severely, "are facts as well known in my family as the fact of our own existence."

"I insinuate nothing to the contrary," said I. "I only say they pass my understanding."

"But are not on *that* account incredible," interjected Rob Roy.

"I don't know much about dreams, myself," added he. "They seem to me generally somewhat phantasmagoric, but with a vein of realism in them too. A dear friend of mine, the wife of a great metaphysician, who was for ever solving the problem of the universe, and imparting his theories to her, used to dream—it was not a solitary dream, but repeated—that she was sitting, entirely undressed, in the midst of empty space, trying to balance a grain of sand on the point of a needle."

"A distressing dream, indeed."

"Yes, but with a traceable relation to her husband's metaphysics, the same sort of relation to mental difficulty that a dream of my own, the other night, had to bodily discomfort. I dreamed that I was the weight of an enormous pendulum swinging between the top of Ben Lomond and the steeple of the Mid Kirk of Greenock. Backwards and forwards I went, top of Ben Lomond, Greenock steeple, just grazing each, till at last I hit the steeple with a tremendous bang that brought it and myself both down; and I awoke on the floor."

We all, of course, laughed at Rob Roy's remarkable "night thoughts."

"But," said the chief, "a lobster salad would account for a thing of that sort—a mere nightmare" ("the only kind of horse I keep," quoth Rob Roy, parenthetically); "but I want to tell you a story of a more unaccountable character, that was told to me last summer, in England, by a man I met at Cheltenham.

"We had made up a picnic and driven over to Tewkesbury, where we went on the river (the Avon) and rowed up three or four miles. He and I pulled one of the boats; and after our ladies had sung some very good songs we took to telling stories. He was a capital hand at it; and I spoil this one, I am afraid, in giving it in my own version, and perhaps may vary a small detail here and there, but the bones of the thing are all there, and are the same."

The chief paused a little and blew a spiral cloud, and seemed to be recalling the pleasant windings of the Avon, and the voices of the ladies of the picnic. Then he went on, while "conticuere omnes intentique ora tenebant."

"In Cornwall, about one hundred years ago, there lived a gentleman, of good position, called John Carlyon. His place was near the river Tamar, and about twelve miles from Launceston. One night he happened to be at a town called Lostwithiel, one of these little Cornish towns, and had to dine and sleep at the inn—too late to get home, or a bad night, or something of that sort. There was only one other guest in the house, 'a commercial kind of gentleman,' the landlord said, who had also ordered dinner; and he (the landlord) could serve them both better if the dinners were combined, if Mr. Carlyon did not object.

"Mr. Carlyon had no objection whatever. The dinners were combined, and the commercial gentleman proved most talkative and agreeable; so much so that Carlyon, who knew the house, insisted on standing a bottle or two of a very special claret which the landlord was not in the habit of producing for commercial gents. The wine was paid for by Carlyon, though entered in the bill, the rest of which they paid equally. The conversation was something like ours to-night, only of a more serious cast, embracing the general question of a spiritual world, and the possibility of supernatural manifestations. Carlyon was disposed to scepticism on this head; the other was a steady believer, and argued his side of the question so well, that Carlyon afterwards noted down some of his points in a notebook which he carried in his pocket, to think them over at leisure.

"Some months after this the assizes were held at Launceston. He rode over to see the court opened, but did not remain long. People were talking about a case of murder; but he had not heard much about it, and did not care to stay, so went home and dined. It was, I think, in October—at any rate when the evenings are shortening. He had gone to his study, and was sitting there, about nine o'clock or so, when he heard the noise

of a horse being led under the window, and then up and down on the gravel before the door. He threw open the window and cried, 'Who's there?' The voice of his own groom replied, 'It's me, sir, with the mare.' 'The mare! Who wants the mare?' 'Why, sir, didn't you send to tell me to bring her round?' 'Not I. I never sent to tell you to bring her round.' 'Well, sir, all I know is that somebody tapped at my window five minutes ago, and said I was to make haste and bring round the mare, for you were going back to the 'sizes at Launceston.' 'Who was it?' 'I didn't see, sir.' 'Well, you would know the voice.' 'Well, sir, now that you speak of it, I did not. It seemed to me a kind of foreigner's voice.' In Cornwall they call a man who doesn't belong to the county a 'foreigner.'

"Well, the upshot of the colloquy was that Carlyon ordered the groom to take the mare back to the stable, as somebody had been playing him a trick; and he shut the window. As he turned from it to sit down his eye fell on his pocket-book, which lay on the table, and in it he saw the notes of his conversation with the 'commercial gentleman' at Lostwithiel. The words his eye caught were to this effect:—'The spiritual may communicate itself visibly or audibly.' A connection between this idea and the arrival of the mare flashed into his mind. He sprang back, threw open the window again, and hallooed to the groom to bring her round. 'I shall go to Launceston, after all,' he said. And he mounted and set off at a round pace. 'It's a fool's errand, I suspect,' he said to himself; 'but we shall see.'

"Now, a few miles from his house he had to get across the Tamar by a ferry, and the boatman lived on the farther side; and at night it was often a difficult and slow business to rouse him out and get him over, and generally involved a good deal of shouting. Well, when Carlyon rode up to the river, there was the boat on the right side and the man waiting. 'I got your message just in time, Mr. Carlyon,' said the man. 'What message?' 'Why, the message that you were coming, and that I was to cross to meet you.' 'Who told you that?' asked Carlyon. 'He must have crossed the river too.' 'Well, if he did, it wasn't in my boat,' said the ferryman; 'but somebody tapped at my window about a quarter of an hour since, and said you were coming to Launceston, and I was to cross for you.' 'Did you know the voice?' 'No. It was a kind of foreign voice,' said the man.

"Carlyon rode off from the ferry faster than before—so fast, in fact, that nobody, unless unusually well mounted, could have kept up with him. He knew that before he entered Launceston he should have to pass a toll-bar kept by surly old 'pike,' who was slow to open his gate, or fumble out his change at night. 'I'll be kept waiting here,' he thought, as he came to it. But no: the old fellow was standing at the gate, holding it open. 'Is that you, Mr. Carlyon?' he said. 'I hope I may shut up for the night now.' 'Were you expecting me?' asked Carlyon. 'To be sure I was, after your message.' And then followed the same explanation—the 'foreign' voice and so on.

The same thing on riding into Launceston. "In those days, I believe, they had to sit till they finished a criminal case at the assizes; and as the murder trial was still dragging on, there was a bit of a crowd round the door of the courthouse. But a man stepped forward and said, 'All right, sir. I'm here for the mare.' He was a groom from the inn, and he too had got the message,—Mr. Carlyon was coming; he was to go over to the courthouse for his horse; and he too quoted the 'foreign' voice again.

"'All this is very queer,' thought Carlyon; 'but I shall see if I can find a clue to it in the courthouse.' He went in, and was at once accosted by the crier of the court (or whoever it is that looks after the witnesses) with 'Come away, Mr. Carlyon, unless you can do something for him, the case is pretty nigh over now. He says he depends on your evidence.' 'My evidence,' said Carlyon. 'I know nothing about it;' and he was proceeding to protest against being implicated in any way, when he was cut short by being summarily ushered into the witness-box and sworn. There was a haggard prisoner at the bar, dimly seen by the smoky candlelights, amidst the crowded court. 'Be so good as look at the prisoner at the bar,' said the prisoner's counsel, 'and tell me if you know him.' Carlyon looked, 'I do not,' he said. 'Look again,' said the prisoner himself. Carlyon started. He seemed to know the voice. He looked again. A candle was held close to the prisoner's face. It was the 'commercial gentleman' he had dined with, at Lostwithiel. 'I do know him,' said Carlyon; 'I remember him now, perfectly.' 'Where did you see him last?' 'At the inn at Lostwithiel.' 'When?' Carlyon could not recall the date. He was asked if he could in any way identify the time. He could not; his notes of the conversation bore no

date. 'Do you recognise that?' said the counsel, handing up a paper. It was the bill for the dinner and the claret. Of course he identified it; and swore that on the day on which that bill was dated, he had dined with the prisoner at the bar, in the inn at Lostwithiel. It was the date of the murder with which the prisoner was charged. 'Let me see the bill,' said the judge; and it was handed to the bench. 'Nothing more is needed,' said the judge. The evidence of *alibi* is complete. Let the prisoner be discharged.'"

The chief ceased.

"Well?" said we all.

"Well," said he, "what would you have more? That is the story."

"But is there no explanation of the voice?"

"Not the slightest."

"Who was the foreigner?"

"Ah! who, indeed? The history adds no more."

"Does it not explain," I asked, "how Carlyon did not know he was to be a witness in the case?"

"Not as I heard it told," replied the chief. "That is a mere question of detail. You must take it as I got it; and according to my informant, it is recorded among the archives of Carlyon's family, in Carlyon's own handwriting and words, and is beyond dispute authentic."

"Well," said I, "don't tell us any more. My belief as to the possible and the impossible, the natural and the supernatural, is getting too much shaken for one night. Prithee forbear."

"Not," said Rob Roy, springing to the hearth-rug, "till you have heard *my* story."

"Is it a very strong one?" I asked.

"You shall hear for yourself," said he, with some solemnity; "but before I begin, let me beg you not to use again the term 'supernatural,' until you are certain that your knowledge embraces every phase and potency in nature; and as to the 'impossible,' allow me to say with Mirabeau, 'Ne me dites jamais ce bête de mot.'"

Rob Roy having thus abolished me, proceeded sonorously, "Some years ago, at the beginning of the long vacation, three young Oxonians were debating where they should go to spend their time. One voted for Wales, another for Scotland, another for a cruise in the Channel. At last, a friend who was with them said, 'I tell you what to do. Go down to Scotland, and put up for a month at my place in Ross-shire. I can't go myself; and it needn't stand empty. You can fish, or shoot, or do what you like. It's a good enough old house, and you can make yourselves very comfortable. I only give you one caution—don't sleep in the haunted room.' The offer was accepted at once: some jokes were cut at the haunted room; and in a day or two the three went north, and duly reached the place in Ross-shire. They found an old man in charge, who showed them over the house, and pointed out three very good bed-rooms, where they were to sleep. 'But where is the haunted room?' said they. 'The haunted room, gentlemen!' said Mackenzie—(that was the ancient's name). 'Oh! there's no haunted room. Who's been telling you stories about haunted rooms? Nobody ever heard tell of such a thing here.' However, they persisted; and after a great deal of finessing, he admitted that he had heard some 'idle clavers' about one of the rooms. He could show them the room, if they liked, but it wasn't fit for a gentleman to sleep in. It was damp, and all out of order, &c. However, he took them to the room—an undeniably dull and disused-looking chamber it was. 'Ye see, gentlemen, it wouldn't do,' said he persuasively. 'But it will do,' was the answer. 'We'll try it for a night, at any rate; so you get it ready, Mackenzie, and no more about it.' And, after many remonstrances, Mackenzie had no alternative but to put in a fire, and 'redd up' the room a little for the night. Between ten and eleven o'clock they all went up to it, and began their vigil. The room, however, was not attractive. The chairs were hard, there was a draught from the window. The smoking-room down-stairs was a gem—as snug as this one. By-and-by, they began to feel rather bored. 'Well, do you know,' said one, 'this is all very well, but I'd rather be in the smoking-room. Let's go down, for a while, at least.' 'All right,' said another; 'this is decidedly slow. I don't believe in sitting up in haunted rooms. Come along.' 'No,' said the third; 'I'm going to sit it out. You two go, if you like; but leave me here.' He was obstinate about it, so the other two agreed to go and leave him alone. 'Sit up in the smoking-room,' he said, 'till two o'clock, and if you hear nothing before that, you can go to bed, and conclude I'm all right.' Down they went, and began to smoke and chat. Twelve o'clock passed; one o'clock passed. 'Hang it,' said one of them yawning, 'I suppose we must wait till two; but I am getting fearfully inclined to go to bed, ghosts or no

ghosts.' Scarcely were the words uttered when 'tingle, lingle, lingle,' a tremendous peal of the bell—of the bell rung frantically, passionately, continuously.

They started to their feet, and stared at each other for a moment 'with a wild surmise,' then rushed up-stairs, the bell pealing till they were half-way up, then an awful silence. The door of the room was shut; they threw it open and sprang in. What they saw was this," and as he spoke, Rob Roy, with a rapid movement, drew his black hair over his forehead, and with eyes wildly staring, crouched down, with his back against the wall, and stretching out quivering hands that pointed to some horror invisible to us, screamed, in a tone of terror that made us all jump, "there it is, there it is; take it away, take it *away*, take it AWAY, u—ugh!"

Then resuming his natural position and voice, he added gravely, as he stepped forward and laid his hand impressively on the table,—"A raging maniac. *A raging maniac.* And, what is more, that man is to this day and hour, a raging maniac, in a lunatic asylum."

We were all rather startled. Rob Roy told and acted the whole thing so dramatically, that it impressed us as a reality.

"I have heard that story before," said the minister, "and it is a true one; but the horror of it is its indefiniteness. It leaves so much to the imagination. You keep picturing to yourself what it could be that he saw."

"Yes," said I, "but might he not have so excited himself by anticipating some horror that at last his brain played him a trick?"

"Oh, he might possibly," said Rob Roy, rather derisively. "It is open to any explanation you please. I am only responsible for the facts, not for the interpretation."

"Allons donc," said the envoy, "it is now 1.30, and I wish to get some sleep. I don't think, after that narrative, that I am likely to get much, but I must try to get some, so let us go up-stairs. "I think," he added, suggestively, "we all go the same way;" and I confess I felt rather pleased that I had not to thread any of the dark passages alone.

S.

A CASE OF CAMEOS.

AGATE.

FIRST, on an Agate-stone, a Centaur strong,
With square man-breasts and hide of dapple-dun,
His brown arms bound behind him with a thong,
Strove, on strained croup, to free himself from one,—
A better rider than Bellerophon.*
For, on his back, by some strange power of art,
There sat a laughing Boy with bow and dart,
Who drove him where he would, and driving him,
With that barbed toy would make him rear and start.
To this was writ "World-victor" on the rim.

CHALCEDONY.

The next in legend bid—"Beware of show!"
'Twas graven this on white Chalcedony.
Here great APOLLO, with unbended bow,—
His quiver hard by on a laurel-tree,—
For some new theft was rating MERCURY.
Who stood with downcast eyes and feigned distress,
As daring not for utter guiltiness
To meet that angry voice and aspect joined.
His very heel-wings drooped; but yet, not less,
His backward hand the Sun-God's shafts purloined.

* "Eques ipso melior Bellerophonte."—HOR. iii. 12.

SARDONYX.

Then, on a Sardonyx, the man of Thrace,—
The VOICE supreme that through Hell's portals stole,—
With carved white lyre, and glorious song-lit face,
(Too soon, alas! on Hebrus' wave to roll!)
Played to the beasts, from a great elm-tree bole.
And lo! with half-shut eyes the leopard spread
His lissome length; and deer with gentle tread
Came through the trees; and, from a nearer spring,
The prick-eared rabbit paused; while overhead
The stock-dove drifted downward, fluttering.

AMETHYST.

Next came an Amethyst,—the grape in hue.
On a mock throne, by fresh excess disgraced,
With heavy head, and thyrsus held askew,
The Youths, in scorn, had dull SILENUS placed,
And o'er him "King of Topers" they had traced.
Yet, but a King of Sleep he seemed at best,
With wine-bag cheeks that bulged upon his breast,
And vat-like paunch distent from his carouse.
Therenigh, his ass, by no respect repressed,
Munched at the wreath upon her Master's brows.

EMERALD.

Lastly with "Pleasure" was an Emerald graven,
Dark-hued,—divine. Thereon the SIRENS sung.
What time, beneath, by rough rock-bases caven,
And jaw-like rifts where many a green bone clung,
The full flood-tide, in-rushing, coiled and swung.
Then,—in the offing,—on the lift of the sea,
A strong ship drawing shoreward, helplessly.
For, from the prow, e'en now the rowers leap
Headlong, nor call on any deity—
Ah me, those Woman-witches of the Deep!

AUSTIN DOBSON.

PHILANTHROPIC WORK IN BIRMINGHAM.

SOME time since the present writer was in a little company which contained a few ministers of the Gospel, and in the course of conversation the subject of late coming to morning service chanced to be alluded to. All had observed how inveterate the habit was and how difficult to overcome. One recommended this thing, another that; but to each some objection was started, and at length it was agreed that the best that could be done to minimise the evil was rigorously to close the doors and admit late comers only between the earlier parts of the service, when a short interval might be allowed for the finding of seats. As an illustration of the way in which rooted habits might be overcome by strong inducements, a gentleman present afterwards told how, being in Birmingham and having occasion to go from one part of the town to another between seven and eight on a Sunday morning, he was surprised, on reaching a certain street,

tion has befallen the loose accumulations of river gravel, sand, and clay that gathered in the valleys before the advent of the Ice Age! All that now remains of these are a few patches preserved here and there underneath the till. The Cheviots can tell us nothing of the kinds of plants and animals that clothed and peopled the country in pre-glacial times. All we learn is that streams and rivers flowed as they flow now, and that by-and-by everything was changed, and the land disappeared underneath a vast covering of snow and ice.

In my concluding paper I will show how this ice period passed away, and how the present condition of things succeeded.

A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY REVIVAL.

THE Anabaptist movement in the first half of the sixteenth century was undoubtedly a real "revival."

If you ask, "Why, then, was it mixed up with so many social extravagances?" I ask you, in turn, to think what the yoke of Rome had been, how it had crushed out all aspiration, nipped in the bud all spiritual life; and therefore, as matter of course, when the yoke was broken, those whom it had kept down knew not what to make of their new liberty. Moreover, though doubtless in the dark ages the Church had stood with the poor against oppression, it had, long before the sixteenth century, become the handmaid of secular tyranny. Its prelates were great nobles; it was wealthy, and anxious to keep and to increase its wealth. For men who had begun to read their Bibles, a more unscriptural personage than a German prince-bishop, who had bought his preferment, if he had not got it by some questionable political intrigue, it is impossible to imagine.

Hence it was, that almost all mediæval sectaries thought the state of society rotten as well as the state of religion; and hence it was that society, as well as the priesthood, was always against them. What blood and tears, what untold misery, went to the putting down of such sects as the *Paterini*, for instance, who, first noticed in Italy, though they came from eastern Europe, spread through France, and over to our own island. With what unction that joker of jokes, Walter of Mapes, who wrote "The Courtiers' Jest-book" (*Nugæ curialium*), tells how the misbelieving wretches, who, he said, worshipped the devil under the form of a big rat (rats were newly come into Western Europe), were turned out of town and village, and left to perish of cold and hunger in the very hard winter of the year of grace, 1272. One thinks of the New Forest Shakers; save that the *Paterini* had no lady to give them £2,000, and not even a barn or a tent to shelter in when priests anathematized them and magistrates drove them forth. It was always the same—Albigenses, followers of Peter Waldo, Bohemian Taborites—the Church always persuaded the State that they were dangerous, and ought to be stamped out. And so it was with the Anabaptists of 1520, and later. At first there was nothing political about them. No doubt they believed the Pope was Antichrist, and the Roman Church the mother of all abominations; and they used of "the world" the phrases which they found ready to their hand in St. John, looking (as the first Christians had looked) for "a new world wherein dwelleth righteousness," and for the doing away with the present godless order of things. But this, they held, was not to be man's work. Had not Christ, in the garden, bidden Peter put up his sword into the sheath? "Society" was doomed, but its destruction would be wrought by God, not by man. A harmless set of men they were, full of wonderful enthusiasm, not content with talking about well-doing, but working with a will at all sorts of good works.

Romanism had stifled the national conscience in every European country. Even Lutheranism was soon found to be tending to become merely formal. The religious houses had been seized, the old clergy had been turned out; and then, after the strain, came a reaction, the people settled down on their lees. "Men are getting so lukewarm," writes Wicel in 1531, "that if a preacher insists on the need of coming back to God, and giving up one's sins, and leading a good life, he is called an Anabaptist." The name had come to be used just as "Methodist" was at one time used among ourselves; and its being so used is a proof that the earnestness of these people did not evaporate in talk. But I am not concerned now to point out the spiritual value of what they taught, or even the wonderful beauty of much that they taught. What I want to show is, how people

who blindly strove to draw nearer to God than the official religions enabled them to do, were then treated. One word might suffice, for they were persecuted by everybody—by Protestants as much as by Romanists; Bucer, and Zwingle, and the Zurich magistrates were hardly less bitter against them than the prince-bishop of Münster himself. Toleration in those days was not even understood. Of course it was natural for Romanists to be intolerant, toleration on their part would have been illogical; but Lutherans and Calvinists were almost as persecuting as their old enemies of the Papacy, though their own existence was based on "the right of private judgment;" claiming it for themselves, they were apt to deny it to others. As Lord Macaulay remarks, in reference to our Commonwealth, "No one at that time thought of practising toleration, or even understood the meaning of the word, *except a few Anabaptists*." They had been persecuted by every party, and in this way the truth that "let be" is the only true rule in matters of opinion, seems to have been brought home to them. It is astonishing how soon the different Protestant communities tacitly acquiesced in the maxim, "Cujus regio ejus religio"—that a man was bound to keep to the established religion of the country in which he was born. Romanism, for instance, was wrong; it would be shocking in a Scotchman or a Hessian to turn Papist, but with a Spaniard the case was different, he was born to it. In such communities Anabaptism was, of course, an offence. For a short while, indeed, during the "Peasants' War," everybody, all Germany over, was free to teach what he pleased. Princes and bishops were too busy struggling for dear life to look into what a few visionary preachers were doing. But when the battles of Frankenhausen and Mühlhausen had ruined the peasants' cause, repression began to be the order of the day. The little towns of Waldshut and Hallau, for instance, on the Swiss frontier, had been practically independent while the struggle was going on, and during their independence they had become almost wholly Anabaptist. When the war was over, they passed again under the house of Austria, and the people had at once to banish their preachers, and either to conform to Romanism, or else to leave their homes and country.

This was no idle threat; if men lingered, they might lose their chance of escape. In the Tyrol, between 1527 and 1531, nearly a thousand Anabaptists were put to death. Seventy-five were executed in less than two months in the little town of Linz, the capital of Upper Austria, on the Danube. Bavaria was even worse than Austria. Duke William ordered every *Anabaptist to be killed;* if he recanted at the last moment, all the favour he got was to have his head cut off; if he was obstinate, he was burnt alive. In Swabia, the sectaries were generally put to death without being tried. Often death was inflicted with the most horrible tortures, for the punishments in those good old times were incredibly cruel, especially in Germany.* For instance, at Rothenburg, on the Neckar, in 1527, Michael Sattler, an Anabaptist teacher, was burnt alive, after having had his tongue pulled out, and his flesh torn away with red-hot pincers. In Protestant states they did not usually torture, they either beheaded the Anabaptists or drowned them. This last was the favourite method in Switzerland. "They insist on total immersion" (said Zwingle), "I'll give them more of it than they'll like." The only prince who treated them with anything like humanity was Philip, the bigamous Landgrave of Hesse, he whom Luther supported in his bigamy. "Persecute them as I do," said the Elector of Saxony. "No," replied he, "I'll treat them just as I did those silly peasants. A few of the worst must go to prison; but, with all, my aim will be to lead them, not to force them, to the truth." Philip was too strong to be put down, so he was allowed to have his way; smaller men who tried to act humanely were compelled to be bigots. Thus, Prince Lichtenstein (the Lichtensteins were sovereign princes till the other day, with the right of coining their own money) had given an asylum on his Moravian estates to the Anabaptists, who had been turned out of Waldshut. There they seemed for some time happily out of sight. Hulmaier, one of their teachers, called Nikolsburg, the little town in which they settled, *Emmaus in Moravia*. Other communities were soon founded at Brünn, Znaim, Austerlitz, and other places in Moravia and Bohemia. But they were not long left unharassed; Archduke Ferdinand said to the prince: "Give up your arch-heretics to me," and Lichtenstein obeyed. Within two years after he had begun preaching at Nikolsburg, Hulmaier, an old professor of Ingolstadt University, was burned alive, showing the

* Cruelty was not of one country or creed, but of all. Witness the incredible tortures which Diedrich Sonoy, Governor of North Holland, inflicted on some suspected of sympathy with Spain—putting a jar full of rats on a man's naked body, and heating the jar, so that the maddened creatures might tear his vitals (see Motley, part iv. ch. iii.)

same indomitable courage and calm resignation which John Huss had already shown. Brödli and Blaurock, two other preachers, were put to death in the same way. Hätzer was beheaded at Constance; and Langenmantel, of a patrician family in Augsburg, was burnt by the Swabian authorities. This is what persecution meant in those days. Even Strasburg, where the Anabaptists were tolerated for a time, at last drove them out. Holland was their only place of refuge in Europe, and even there they did not always get full toleration. No wonder that men who were hunted in this way should grow wild in their views, and desperately fanatical in their teaching. Surely the end must be at hand of a world in which such things were permitted; the "souls under the altar" were crying: "How long, O Lord?" and their cry must be heard. One man, Hut, who was afterwards put to death, fixed the end of the world for Whit-Sunday, 1528. The Lord would come, and would gather together the faithful few, and all the rest of the human race would pass away into destruction. Melchior Hoffmann, a furrier, who had preached a great deal in Livonia, and afterwards in Holland, put forth the same views; he taught that the end of all things was at hand, and found Dutchmen enough of like opinions to form a numerous sect, the Melchiorites, who held by him implicitly. By-and-by he came to Strasburg, was imprisoned by Bucer, and, losing his senses in confinement, gave out that he was Elias, the forerunner of the Christ, who was at once to make his second advent. This wild stuff he preached through his cell window to thousands, who flocked into the moat, eager to catch the inspired prisoner's every word. The authorities tried to keep them away, but they came all the more; and Hoffmann went on preaching till his death, which happened suddenly in the prison. Most of us have heard about the sort of "Christ" who did appear—the Anabaptist tailor, John of Leyden—who for more than a year and a half held the episcopal city of Münster, and set the bishop at defiance. It is hard to tell what Melchior, the messenger of the Christ, would have thought of such a strange Messiah; for this Münster business is a sad story of human folly atoned for by the cruelty with which it was stamped out when the city was taken. But still, on the whole, despite such extravagances, the Anabaptist movement was a "revival" in the true sense of the word; it gave spiritual life to thousands who had been grovelling in brutish ignorance. A creed whose professors met suffering and death as these people did, must have had a good effect on the moral tone of the age. To see men and women mount the scaffold or go to the stake singing hymns and praising God that they were found worthy to suffer for Him, was like going back to the times of primitive Christianity. No wonder that Anabaptists multiplied; as of old, the blood of the martyrs was the seed of the Church. Every congregation kept a list of its martyrs; and these were handed about from town to town, that town being the proudest which could show the longest list. No wonder the lives of many of "the brethren" were marvels of self-devotion and purity; what could one, who might at any moment be seized and hurried out of this world, care for the trifles which make the sum of most of our lives? There must have been a terrible sincerity about these people. Nowadays it is so easy to say that we believe, for saying so costs us just nothing at all, except the occasional use of a few religious phrases; their belief meant giving up everything, and being ready to meet the cruellest of deaths.

Hence there are two points of contrast between the Anabaptist "revival" of the sixteenth century, and that which has lately been going on in England; there could be no mistake about that; a man or woman would not have turned Anabaptist in those days for fashion's sake, or because he or she was carried away by the excitement of a multitude. There was nothing exciting about the life, except its too probable end. Community of goods, adopted as having been the usage of the earliest Christians, was almost forced upon the Anabaptists by the circumstances in which they were compelled to live. The children, for instance, were naturally fed, taught, and clothed at the cost of each "church," for no parent could be sure that before a week was over his family would not for ever be deprived of a father's, perhaps also of a mother's, support. The regulation of marriages followed as matter of course; in times like those, "the church" was better able to judge than the individual, whether in his or her case marriage was desirable, or whether St. Paul's advice to the Corinthians (1 Cor. vii. 29—31) should be acted on; and, if desirable, with whom. Rules like these, interfering more or less with the liberty of the individual, are found in most close religious bodies; the Anabaptist communities, especially those in Moravia, had many points in common with the Shaker communities of America, for instance. That was

the normal state of Anabaptism. Why, at Münster, under this John Bockelsohn, and his lieutenant Kniperdolling, their practices took such a wildly different form, and degenerated into shameful excesses, seems simply due to the fact that elsewhere the sect was persecuted, while at Münster it had for some time not only the upper hand, but the complete control of law and justice and everything. When people believe that "the Law" is solely for "the ungodly," while they are "the godly," there is no knowing into what extravagances they may run, if there is no civil magistrate to check them. How sober German burghers could let a madman (for John of Leyden must have been mad) bring absolute ruin on their town, upsetting every authority, destroying almost every relic of antiquity—among them a priceless library of classical MSS., purchased in Italy by one of the bishops—and outraging all right feeling by the grossest acts of immorality, and the most diabolical cruelty, it is impossible to understand. There is the fact; the success of Mormonism, the final acts of the Paris Commune (though these were propriety and saneness itself compared with Bockelsohn's *saturnalia* at Münster), show that even nowadays the power of delusion is pretty strong. But still we are better than they were; and this is the second point which the story of these Anabaptists teaches. The first was, that theirs was an intensely practical creed, not evaporating in talk, but determined to do something. Here is a contrast with the present day; we tend to be unreal in our revivalism as in most other things; and this is not to our praise, though, as far as revivals go, it perhaps rids us of some of the most crying evils connected with them. The other point of contrast is all in our favour; it is the very different way in which "society" now deals with sects like these Anabaptists. Men cannot be martyrs nowadays if they would. A German Anabaptist, three hundred and fifty years ago, a fifth monarchy man in Cromwell's time, were likely at any moment to suffer for their faith. At this age of the world people do not suffer in that way, not even in Spain or Mexico; public opinion would not stand it; and that, I think, is the one thing on which the modern world may congratulate itself. Some folks are constantly telling us that the world is getting worse and worse; they acquiesce in the deterioration as "a sign of the end." I find it hard to answer them when I think of Emma Mines; of speculators bloated by the ruin of hundreds; of the whole Dowlais district, where such colossal fortunes have been made by the masters, and such untold sums wasted on drink by the men, reported to be without a single hospital, though accidents must have been happening there daily.

It is very true that evil now comes more to the front because everything nowadays is known; light is thrown into all sorts of dark corners which in "the good old days" no one thought of spying into. People then starved and fell ill and rotted away, without anybody troubling himself about it; it was the will of God. When such things happen now there is at once an outcry. That is a happy change, I say to myself, and truly consoling; and when I want more lively comfort, I take up some old story, like that of these German and Swiss Anabaptists, and seeing how differently such folks are treated, and how differently they behave nowadays, I feel sure that real progress towards good has been made. Yes; despite our uncharitableness—sect damning sect—we are more tolerant (no thanks to the sects for that—the magistrate, more truly Christian than the "professors," keeps us in order), and despite our extravagances (and they are great, both among the orthodox and the "spiritualists"), we keep clear of the excesses into which, after the persecutions that I have detailed, these German fanatics fell. We don't try to quench the fires of fanaticism in its own blood, and therefore it takes a mild form, and warms and cheers instead of wasting in wild conflagration. John of Leyden, and Kniperdolling, were the logical outcome of the burnings and beheadings of a dozen years; "the saints" were at last to reign, and they did reign with a vengeance. We escape such horrors by virtue of that one blessed fact: we have learnt to be tolerant—to leave men free in their opinions, provided they don't outrage the usages of society. That "secular arm," which the Church used always to call in to punish the heretics, from being merely an arm to smite, has become also a head to guide. The magistrate is supreme, and not the bigot.

HENRY STUART FAGAN.

THE RAINBOW THE TYPE OF THE COVENANT.

By the Rev. CANON ELLIOTT.

IT has been well said that "the history of Noah, next after the history of Christ, is that which perhaps most forcibly arrests our thoughts, impresses our consciences, and yet revives our hopes."* It is beside our present purpose to discuss the philosophical explanation of the flood, or the extent of the area over which it prevailed. This much is certain, if we receive the account which is contained in the Book of Genesis as history, not as fable, that a more awful judgment was never inflicted upon the earth, that a more striking type was never exhibited of the doom which ultimately awaits it.

It is hard to conceive a more appalling sight than that which presented itself to the eyes of Noah, as he quitted the ark in which he had been immured for upwards of a year, and gazed upon the wreck of a dismantled world. That world which, at the period of its creation, had been pronounced by its Maker to be "very good," had been made, in a signal manner, subject to vanity by reason of the sin of its inhabitants. God's own sermon against that sin had been delivered; and whilst the righteous had "scarcely been saved," the ungodly had miserably perished.

So far as it is permitted us to infer from Noah's acts what was passing in his heart, we should conclude that, mingled with his emotions of gratitude for the signal mercies which he had experienced at the hands of the Lord, his first thoughts as he left the ark were thoughts of the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and of the need of atonement; for immediately after the account of his going forth from the ark, we read that "Noah builded an altar unto the Lord;" and further, that "of every clean beast, and of every clean fowl," which he had preserved with so much costly labour during the preceding year, he "offered burnt-offerings on the altar" (Gen. viii. 20).

But together with deep convictions of the evil of sin and of the long-suffering forbearance and the tender mercies of the Lord, we may scarcely doubt that anxious inquiries would arise within the breast of Noah, whether the world, thus signally consigned to the dominion of death, could ever again teem with life; and that gloomy doubts and fears would disquiet him, lest, even though man and beast should again be multiplied upon the face of the earth, the fountains of the deep might once more be broken up, and not even eight souls escape the universal destruction.

Now it was at this time, and under these circumstances, that that God who ever mingles mercy with judgment, and who "stayeth His rough wind in the day of the east wind," was pleased to impart to Noah and to his family the gracious assurance that He would "establish His covenant" with them and with their seed, and that "all flesh should no more be cut off by the waters of a flood" (Gen. ix. 11). And forasmuch as men are ever more prone to be moved by that which appeals to their senses than by that which is a simple matter of faith, and seeing further that faith is most apt to be shaken when old temptations again assail them, and when past dangers and difficulties again threaten them, it pleased God, in His gracious condescension to human weakness and infirmity, to appoint an outward and visible sign which should serve at once to confirm their faith and to dispel their fears; and to ordain that whilst the gathering storm should serve to remind them of the destruction which overtook the world because of sin, the bow set in the clouds should assure them of the promise given to Noah, that the waters should no more become "a flood to destroy all flesh." "And God said, This is the token of the covenant which I make between me and you, and every living creature that is with you, for perpetual generations; I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth. And it shall come to pass, when I bring a cloud over the earth, that the bow shall be seen in the cloud: and I will remember my covenant which is between me and you and every living creature of all flesh; and the waters shall no more become a flood to destroy all flesh" (Gen. ix. 12—15).

It is needless to adduce any argument in proof that the reference in these verses is to the literal rainbow, and not, as was supposed in early times, to Divine Providence figuratively compared to a bow; sometimes stretched, that its arrows may pierce the adversaries; sometimes loosened, that the long-suffering of God may be accounted salvation. An inquiry of greater interest is, Whether the rainbow was first seen in the

* See "Speaker's Commentary," i. p. 78.

clouds after the Deluge, or whether, having been long visible, it was then first appointed as a sign of God's covenant with man. To this inquiry it does not appear that any positive answer can be returned. We know that in Eden, previously to the fall, "there went up a mist from the earth, and watered the whole face of the earth," or rather of the *ground* (Gen. ii. 6); and it is quite possible, although it does not appear probable, that the moisture required for vegetation continued to be thus supplied, and that it was not until after the Deluge that the material constitution of nature underwent, in this respect, any change. On the other hand, the words of Scripture, when literally rendered, "I *have set* my bow in the cloud," suggest the conclusion, to which other considerations conduce, that the rainbow, already set in the parting cloud, was thenceforth ordained to be the outward sign and token of God's covenant with a renovated world, "the monument of past deliverance, and the pledge of future safety."

Amongst the many deep truths which the early chapters of the Book of Genesis are pre-eminently calculated to enforce, there is none which strikes the thoughtful inquirer more forcibly than does the connection between the disorder occasioned by man's sin and the remedy ordained by the wisdom and the mercy of God. Many a striking illustration of this connection may be gathered from the whole of the account of the fall, and more particularly from the promise of a Deliverer interwoven into the curse pronounced upon the serpent. The same connection may be traced, in a very remarkable manner, in the appointment of the rainbow as a sign and pledge of the covenant which God was pleased to make with Noah as the representative of a renovated world. It is well known that the rainbow is equally dependent for its existence upon the storm and upon the sunshine; and it was therefore marvellously adapted to serve as a type of mercy following upon judgment—in other words, as a sign of the connection between man's sin and God's free and unmerited grace. The appointment, then, of the rainbow as the sign and pledge of the Noachic covenant, was calculated not only to appease those emotions of terror and of apprehension which must have filled the mind of Noah as he gazed upon the spectacle of desolation which surrounded him on every side, but also to connect the gloomy recollections of the past with bright expectations of the future; or in other words, to teach, by anticipation, the great lesson which it was reserved for Christ's gospel fully to reveal, that as sin had abounded, so grace should "much more abound."

And yet further. Not only is the rainbow, as the offspring equally of the storm and of the sunshine, a fitting emblem of the covenant of grace, of which it is one of the distinctive characteristics that it educes good out of evil, and makes man's sin the occasion for the showing forth of God's mercy; it is also a fitting type of that equally distinctive peculiarity of Christ's gospel, that sorrow and suffering have their appointed sphere of exercise both generally, in the providential administration of the world, and individually, in the growth and development of personal holiness. Other religions have enforced the lessons of patience and of submission beneath the pressure of irremediable ill. It is the gospel of Christ Jesus alone which converts sorrow and suffering into instruments for the attainment of higher and more enduring blessings.

It is well known that in the mysterious breastplate of the Jewish high-priest there were four rows of precious stones, on which were engraven the names of the twelve sons of Jacob. And it is a favourite conceit of some of the Jewish expositors that when the high-priest consulted the divine oracles by means of Urim and Thummim a supernatural light was shed upon some of these letters, by means of which the designed response was obtained. Now, in the experience of the Christian, there "ariseth in the darkness" a true light from heaven; and the response which he needs in time of trouble is offered to those who seek it, not as the exclusive privilege of one nation, or family, or individual, but as the universal birthright of each member of that "royal priesthood," which is co-extensive with Christ's universal Church. When the soul of the believer is sorely disquieted within him, and he realises in his own experience the meaning of those words of the prophet in which the condition of the Jewish Church in his own days is described, "O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest, and not comforted," the gracious and consolatory promise, delivered by the mouth of the same prophet, serves to recall to his mind not only Noah's waters of desolation, but also God's unfailing covenant of grace, "For this is as the waters of Noah unto me: for as I have sworn that the waters of Noah should no more go over the earth; so have I sworn that I would not be wroth with thee, nor rebuke thee. For the mountains shall

depart, and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee" (Isa. liv. 9, 10).

It is thus that in all God's dealings with His people, when He brings a cloud upon the earth He still sets His bow in that cloud, insomuch that they cease to fear when they enter into it, by reason of the presence of Him whose glory inhabits it.

The spiritual truth involved in the typical rainbow of Noah, and in the pillar of fire and of cloud which guided the march of the Israelites through the wilderness, receives further illustration from the striking imagery of the prophet Ezekiel. When the "heavens were opened" to the prophet as he sat amongst the captives by the river of Chebar, and "visions of God" were unfolded before his eyes, he "looked," we read, and "behold a whirlwind came out of the north, a great cloud, and a fire infolding itself, and a brightness was about it" (Ezek. i. 4). This vision was pre-eminently calculated to dispel the fond illusions of those who deceived their countrymen by vain hopes of outward prosperity. But whilst it spoke to some only of impending judgment, it spoke to others also of mercy. This promise of mercy after judgment is more clearly exhibited in the sequel. Above the firmament Ezekiel beheld "the likeness of a throne," and "upon the likeness of the throne, the likeness as the appearance of a man." And round about this appearance of a man we read that there was "brightness, as the appearance of the bow that is in the cloud in the day of rain" (ver. 28).

For the full comprehension of the bow, given as a sign of the covenant to Noah, and of the same bow "in the cloud in the day of rain," as beheld in vision by Ezekiel, we must turn from the Old Testament to the New. There, in the account of the visions given to another seer, we read of One whom he beheld in the midst of the throne and of the four living creatures, even "a Lamb as it had been slain" (Apoc. v. 6). Round about this throne, as about that of Ezekiel, "there was a rainbow, in sight like unto an emerald (Apoc. iv. 3). And, in close conjunction with this vision, we must have regard to that of Apoc. x. 1, where a "mighty angel" is beheld by the same seer, "clothed with a cloud, and a rainbow was upon his head." Here we seem to find the explanation which is needed of the close and inseparable connection between the cloud and the rainbow, *i.e.*, between judgment and mercy; between the darkness of the one and the brightness of the other. Here we obtain a key to the determination of the meaning of the prophet Ezekiel when he speaks of a "likeness, as the appearance of a man;" or, as another prophet describes a similar vision, and in the same close connection with impending judgment, "one like the Son of man, coming with the clouds of heaven," and brought near unto "the Ancient of days." (Dan. vii. 13.)

Here, in the person and in the work of the atoning Mediator, we find the only solution of that marvellous combination of judgment and of mercy which is the distinctive characteristic of the whole of the divine economy. Here, as the rainbow spans the vault of the sky and becomes a link between earth and heaven, so in the person and in the work of Christ is beheld the unchangeableness and the perpetuity of that covenant of grace which, like Jacob's mystic ladder, maintains the communication between earth and heaven, and thus, by bringing God very near to man, ushers man into the presence-chamber of God.

There is a necessary imperfection in all earthly types of heavenly things. In nature the rainbow is inseparably connected with the cloud; and although in the appearance of the rainbow *after* the storm—not *during* its continuance—we have a striking type of grace following upon, and inseparably connected with judgment, the continued appearance of the rainbow is dependent upon the continued existence of the cloud; and when the cloud is wholly dispersed, the rainbow disappears. In heaven, the rainbow, like the prints of the passion, will ever continue to point backward to man's fall, and onward to the perpetuity of a covenant which is ordered in all things and sure. But the work of judgment will then be accomplished, and therefore the cloud—inseparable from the condition of the redeemed on earth—will have no more place in heaven. The nations of the saved ones shall walk for ever in the light of the celestial city, and the clouds shall no more "return after the rain."

A LAMENT.

MY mother lies at rest beneath
The daisies and the grass;
I listen to their whispering
And moaning as I pass,—
It seems to me they also sigh,
As I for her, alas!

But when I see the sunshine creep
Along the western wall,
It seemeth then as if her smile
Were gently healing all,
And the grass and flowers repeat, "Rejoice!"
And I hear her low voice call.

"I am content—content," she says,
"Content thou without me;
A little while, and we shall meet
In Heaven's security;
Nothing of earth shall come, my child,
Between my love and thee."

I say,—"I cannot weep, my tears
Are dried, my heart is lead;—
If I could weep, this pain might pass,
And I could pray instead.
I cannot pray, I only moan,
And wish that I were dead.

"Take me away, O thou Love,
From this cold earth of ours;
How can I wander all alone
Among our empty bowers!
This winter time doth only leave
The thorns without the flowers."

And then, methinks, her voice replies,—
"Daughter, I understand:—"
And through the darkness round I feel
The comfort of her hand,
Leaving less impress after it
Than waves upon the sand:—

"My child, be trustful—calm. For lo!
Sorrows in patience borne
Are like earth's briary weeds that spread
Among the ripening corn;
While the Rose of Comfort blooms in Heaven,
A flower without a thorn."

A. C. C.

IN THE SMOKING-ROOM.

THE party at the Castle was a very pleasant one last autumn, and a few of its choicest spirits regularly met in "Tobacco Parliament" every night. The place of meeting was a snug room down-stairs, with a bright fire in the grate, and a lamp hung from the middle of a rather curiously arched roof. Here, towards midnight, one after another strolled in and took his seat, each in his favourite arm-chair. There was always "the chieftain," portly and brave, great at Gaelic and at etching, enveloped in a Mandarin's gown which he had brought home from a recent ramble round the world. There was "the envoy," as we called him, who had served his Queen in divers honourable missions abroad, and who smoked a mild cigarette, and told a good story, or listened to one, with the same mild and courtly nonchalance. In a corner near the fire, generally, sat "the minister," who had come to stay at the Castle while repairs were proceeding at the manse, and who seldom spoke much till he had smoked meditatively a couple of havanas, sent direct to him from Cuba by an old parishioner. Opposite to his was the chair appropriated by the gentleman whom, in virtue of a somewhat hazy lineal connection with a celebrated cattle-lifter of the last century, we called "Rob Roy"—a restless and fluent genius, constantly starting from his seat and declaiming on the hearth-rug, when the subject interested him. These, with myself, formed the permanent committee of the smoking-room. Others went and came; but these, like the three Christian graces, abode.

One evening I had drawn my chair near the table, on the other side of which the chief and the envoy were discussing the name of a Chinaman, of whom they both had heard.

"I assure you," said the envoy, "it ended in a whistle—a kind of double sneeze and then a whistle—so!" and he whistled softly.

The sound came back to me directly from the window, at my own side of the room. "Hallo," said I, "some one hears you outside, and has repeated the signal. I heard a whistle outside the window."

"No, pardon me," said a son of the house, who sat next me, "what you heard was the echo."

"The echo!" said I.

"The echo," he replied. "The room—owing, I suppose, to these arches in the roof—is sometimes full of echoes—a kind of whispering-gallery. It depends on how we are sitting."

And he proceeded to make some experiments which proved the existence of several very odd and unexpected echoes.

"The room must be haunted," I said, "or, at least, it ought to be. There never was one fitter for a ghost story."

"Hush!" said the chief, as the butler came in with a tray. "Don't talk lightly of ghost stories here," he added, as old Cameron retired, "that old gentleman, and every man in the strath, believes in ghosts as firmly as in the Bible."

"Well, I don't know that," interposed the minister; "at least, I shouldn't say the belief was of exactly the same kind. They believe in the Bible, I hope, as a revelation from on high."

"And in ghosts as a revelation from another quarter, possibly?" suggested Rob Roy.

"No," continued the minister placidly, "but as facts, phenomena—call them what you please—which exist, and are known among them to exist just as well as music and dreams, and other phenomena that touch and influence the human spirit are known to exist. And I don't blame them for it," added the minister stoutly. "You may explain the phenomena, or not explain them, but you can't deny them."

"Well," said I, "I never heard what I would call an authentic ghost story yet."

"Pooh! nonsense," cried Rob Roy authoritatively; "I could tell you a dozen, but I won't begin. I have too much regard for your nerves."

"Well, *I* don't mind beginning," said the chief, "and simply telling you what every man, woman, and child in the parish is talking about at this very time; and that is the appearance of old Mr. Brown, the minister who died last year in Glen-Urisk. Mind, I say nothing about my own belief or disbelief, and I offer no explanations. I only tell you what the people believe, and what I was told by more than one person whose word is above suspicion."

"Let us have it," said I, with an air of scepticism, I fear.

"Proceed," said the envoy, lighting a fresh cigarette.

"One evening last month," said the chief, "as the dusk was gathering, about the gloaming, in fact, a very steady, sensible lad, well

known in the parish, dashed violently into a cottage at the foot of the glen, and with the look and voice of a person in desperate terror, asked the people to keep him safe, and not let anything in after him. What on earth should come in after him? he was asked; and when his terror and agitation had a little subsided, he told them that he had been walking quietly down the glen, about a mile away, when he became aware of a dark figure at his side keeping noiseless pace with him,—never looking at him, never speaking. He was startled, but hazarded a remark, thinking, in the dusk, it might be a stranger who had overtaken him, walking softly on the grass. He got no reply. He looked more narrowly at the figure, and knew it for the image, or *eidolon*, or ghost—whichever you please—of Mr. Brown. How he got to the cottage, he never could precisely tell; but this weird companion came with him to the door, pacing along, silent, awful, by his side. The lad was as sober as a judge. It happened a month ago, and he is only now recovering from an illness which ensued, and which, the doctor says, is traceable to a violent mental shock."

"The illness was coming on, I suppose," said I; "some sort of brain-fever, of which this vision was merely the first symptom."

"I can't tell you about that," said the chief, rather drily. "I tell you what I was told, the lad was a healthy and sober lad. He had no special connection with Mr. Brown during his life; but the *locus* of the apparition is close to the manse, and I have since been informed that it is well known in the glen that the old minister *walks*."

"That is very much the ordinary kind of ghost story," remarked the envoy, "in which the apparition may be said to appear to no good purpose. As far as you enable one to judge, I should say nothing was to be gained by giving a respectable young man a fright severe enough to induce brain-fever; and most cases of apparition one hears of are of the same character; but I know of one in which a ghost (I merely use the name for convenience) appeared for a really good and sensible object."

"That is the kind of ghost I should like to hear of," I observed.

"Very well, then," rejoined the envoy, "you shall hear of it, and I pass my word for the truth of what I state. It occurred in a family I know, and was told to me by the man concerned. He had lost his wife, and was left with three young children, all under eight years old. He grew so sick of the house in which his wife had died that he took another—an old house in the country, and removed to it with his children. He had gone over the place himself, but the children had never seen it, and the day they arrived, they were running about, exploring, as children will, while he was in the library, arranging some books and papers. He heard one of them call to the others to 'come down this back stair,' and the patter of their feet died away as they went down; but presently he heard them come hastily back, and they ran into the library, looking rather scared. 'What's the matter?' said he, 'did you fall on the stair?' 'No, no,' said the eldest, a girl, nervously, 'it wasn't that; but when we got down near the bottom of the stair, where it is pretty dark, we saw some one standing at the foot, who told us to go back to you, papa.' 'Some one! Who was it?' he asked. 'It was rather dark,' said the little girl, 'and we did not see very plain, but —O dear, papa!'—and here she began to cry —'it was very like mamma, and the voice was mamma's voice. She held up her hand and said, "Go back, go back to papa:"' and the poor little woman sobbed bitterly, and was much upset. Well, he got a candle, and he went cautiously down the back stair, and at the foot, where they had seen the figure standing, he found a yawning trap-door, which had been closed when he went through the house before, and which covered a well —I don't know how many feet deep, but if the children had gone on, they would have inevitably fallen in and been killed."

"Is that true?" I asked.

"I don't quite know what you mean by asking," replied the envoy, mildly. "I have told the story as it was told to me by a man of perfect honour and veracity. It may possibly be susceptible of scientific explanation, similar to the medical exegesis you offered of the case of Mr. Brown; but that my friend believed the facts to be exactly as he related them to me, and that I have related them, without alteration, to you, is what I cannot admit to be open to question." The envoy spoke with a gentle firmness which, I felt, made any expression of scepticism as to the narrative little better than an outrage. "While I am on my legs," pursued the envoy, who had risen and stood by the fire, "as we used to say in the House, I may as well tell you another story which, though it relates to a dream, carries out a theory of mine as to the possibility and *rationale* of apparitions, which, to put it shortly, comes to this, that the disembodied

spirit retains the power of acting upon those spirits—still in the body—to which it has had relations in life, that it can so act upon them as to produce within the brain—which is their bodily organ—impressions corresponding to the aspect of the material structure within which the disembodied spirit used to have its own being. And if this be so, it naturally follows that we might expect such impressions to be produced at the time at which, and upon the persons to whom, the disembodied spirit would, in all likelihood, desire most to convey the impression of its continued individuality. Thus, we might imagine, in the case of death, unexpected or at a distance, such an impression—the first effort of the disembodied spirit—to be produced on the brain of the person most poignantly affected by the death. However, I don't wish to become didactic, so I shall go on with my story. Last year I was fishing in Norway; it was the 2nd of September, about the last day of my cruise, and I had landed a good way up one of the fiords to spend an hour or two on shore, leaving two men and my servant, Stokes, in the boat. Stokes was a capital fellow, the best servant I ever had; but he didn't know much about fishing, and he couldn't swim. However, after I had left the boat, to pass the time he got out a rod and went ashore to try a cast from a ledge of rock that sloped down into deep water. The men told him to take care, for the ledge was slippery; but he said it was all right, he could keep his feet; and would try if he couldn't catch a fish or two. They pushed off to some little distance, and watched him casting, rather amused at his efforts, which were by no means up to the mark of Izaak Walton, when, suddenly, as he was making a long throw, they saw him slip and fall into the water. They pulled in as hard as they could pull, but were too late. He had sunk in deep water, and they were still searching about for him when I came back. We did not get his body for more than an hour; and we buried him, next day, in a nice little Norwegian churchyard not far off. Well, when I got home, I made inquiry for his relatives, and found, as I had expected, that he had none, and that I must myself, in fact, act as his executor. I knew he had intended to marry, and so I searched among the few papers and boxes he had, for some trace of the name of the fiancée. I couldn't find any, but there was a letter which had come for him, and had been put in his room, and I opened it. It was from the girl, a very affectionate letter, but written in great anxiety, for she told him she had had a bad dream the night before, which had troubled her much, and she hoped he was taking care of himself, and running into no danger in foreign parts. She had seen him, in her dream, coming to her looking very pale and sad, and all dripping with water 'like a drowned man,' that was her very expression. The letter was dated the 3rd of September."

"Strange," said the minister, who had listened with much attention; "and yet I don't know that it is so strange, after all. At any rate, it is not unexampled. What I am going to mention is not unlike your story, and happened long ago, before the railway era, to a cousin of mine, in India. He was a young fellow, then, in the army; and one morning came down to breakfast, looking so gloomy, that his brother officers began to chaff him about it, and badger him to tell them what mischief had befallen him during the night. He wouldn't tell them; but, after breakfast, he asked one of the fellows, who was his particular friend, to come into his bungalow, and then he disclosed what it was that had put him about. 'In the night,' he said, 'I had a very queer and unpleasant dream. I dreamed that I was standing in a park in England, looking at a large house which I never had seen before; and at the door of the house there was a hearse, and behind it half-a-dozen or so of private carriages. I saw the whole thing so plainly that I sketched the house when I awoke—there is the sketch; and I noted down the crest and motto on the panel of the first carriage. While I was looking they brought out a coffin, and put it in the hearse, and drove slowly away; and it was borne in on my mind in my dream, and I awoke with the distinct impression, that it was my father's coffin.' Well, his friend, as usual in such cases, pooh-poohed the whole affair, said he must have been looking at some sketches of English country houses, and writing home-sick letters, and taking too much brandy-pawnee. There were a dozen ways of explaining the dream, in short. His own presentiment about it, however, was not shaken. He marked down the date, and he waited anxiously for the mail of the next date after, from England. When it came, it brought him letters with black edges, which told him the date of his dream was the date of his father's funeral. The old gentleman had been travelling through England, had been thrown from the coach, and carried fatally injured into the

nearest gentleman's house, where he had died, and whence he had been carried to his burial, followed, from a feeling of sympathy and respect, by the neighbouring squires. My cousin wrote home, begging that a sketch of the house might be sent out to him. When he got it, it corresponded exactly to his own. He had already discovered that the crest and motto of the dream were those of the gentleman, who bore a well-known name, under whose roof his father had died."

"These," said the minister, eyeing me severely, "are facts as well known in my family as the fact of our own existence."

"I insinuate nothing to the contrary," said I. "I only say they pass my understanding."

"But are not on *that* account incredible," interjected Rob Roy.

"I don't know much about dreams, myself," added he. "They seem to me generally somewhat phantasmagoric, but with a vein of realism in them too. A dear friend of mine, the wife of a great metaphysician, who was for ever solving the problem of the universe, and imparting his theories to her, used to dream—it was not a solitary dream, but repeated—that she was sitting, entirely undressed, in the midst of empty space, trying to balance a grain of sand on the point of a needle."

"A distressing dream, indeed."

"Yes, but with a traceable relation to her husband's metaphysics, the same sort of relation to mental difficulty that a dream of my own, the other night, had to bodily discomfort. I dreamed that I was the weight of an enormous pendulum swinging between the top of Ben Lomond and the steeple of the Mid Kirk of Greenock. Backwards and forwards I went, top of Ben Lomond, Greenock steeple, just grazing each, till at last I hit the steeple with a tremendous bang that brought it and myself both down; and I awoke on the floor."

We all, of course, laughed at Rob Roy's remarkable "night thoughts."

"But," said the chief, "a lobster salad would account for a thing of that sort—a mere nightmare" ("the only kind of horse I keep," quoth Rob Roy, parenthetically); "but I want to tell you a story of a more unaccountable character, that was told to me last summer, in England, by a man I met at Cheltenham.

"We had made up a picnic and driven over to Tewkesbury, where we went on the river (the Avon) and rowed up three or four miles. He and I pulled one of the boats; and after our ladies had sung some very good songs we took to telling stories. He was a capital hand at it; and I spoil this one, I am afraid, in giving it in my own version, and perhaps may vary a small detail here and there, but the bones of the thing are all there, and are the same."

The chief paused a little and blew a spiral cloud, and seemed to be recalling the pleasant windings of the Avon, and the voices of the ladies of the picnic. Then he went on, while "conticuere omnes intentique ora tenebant."

"In Cornwall, about one hundred years ago, there lived a gentleman, of good position, called John Carlyon. His place was near the river Tamar, and about twelve miles from Launceston. One night he happened to be at a town called Lostwithiel, one of these little Cornish towns, and had to dine and sleep at the inn—too late to get home, or a bad night, or something of that sort. There was only one other guest in the house, 'a commercial kind of gentleman,' the landlord said, who had also ordered dinner; and he (the landlord) could serve them both better if the dinners were combined, if Mr. Carlyon did not object.

"Mr. Carlyon had no objection whatever. The dinners were combined, and the commercial gentleman proved most talkative and agreeable; so much so that Carlyon, who knew the house, insisted on standing a bottle or two of a very special claret which the landlord was not in the habit of producing for commercial gents. The wine was paid for by Carlyon, though entered in the bill, the rest of which they paid equally. The conversation was something like ours to-night, only of a more serious cast, embracing the general question of a spiritual world, and the possibility of supernatural manifestations. Carlyon was disposed to scepticism on this head; the other was a steady believer, and argued his side of the question so well, that Carlyon afterwards noted down some of his points in a notebook which he carried in his pocket, to think them over at leisure.

"Some months after this the assizes were held at Launceston. He rode over to see the court opened, but did not remain long. People were talking about a case of murder; but he had not heard much about it, and did not care to stay, so went home and dined. It was, I think, in October—at any rate when the evenings are shortening. He had gone to his study, and was sitting there, about nine o'clock or so, when he heard the noise

of a horse being led under the window, and then up and down on the gravel before the door. He threw open the window and cried, 'Who's there?' The voice of his own groom replied, 'It's me, sir, with the mare.' 'The mare! Who wants the mare?' 'Why, sir, didn't you send to tell me to bring her round?' 'Not I. I never sent to tell you to bring her round.' 'Well, sir, all I know is that somebody tapped at my window five minutes ago, and said I was to make haste and bring round the mare, for you were going back to the 'sizes at Launceston.' 'Who was it?' 'I didn't see, sir.' 'Well, you would know the voice.' 'Well, sir, now that you speak of it, I did not. It seemed to me a kind of foreigner's voice.' In Cornwall they call a man who doesn't belong to the county a 'foreigner.'

"Well, the upshot of the colloquy was that Carlyon ordered the groom to take the mare back to the stable, as somebody had been playing him a trick; and he shut the window. As he turned from it to sit down his eye fell on his pocket-book, which lay on the table, and in it he saw the notes of his conversation with the 'commercial gentleman' at Lostwithiel. The words his eye caught were to this effect:—'The spiritual may communicate itself visibly or audibly.' A connection between this idea and the arrival of the mare flashed into his mind. He sprang back, threw open the window again, and hallooed to the groom to bring her round. 'I shall go to Launceston, after all,' he said. And he mounted and set off at a round pace. 'It's a fool's errand, I suspect,' he said to himself; 'but we shall see.'

"Now, a few miles from his house he had to get across the Tamar by a ferry, and the boatman lived on the farther side; and at night it was often a difficult and slow business to rouse him out and get him over, and generally involved a good deal of shouting. Well, when Carlyon rode up to the river, there was the boat on the right side and the man waiting. 'I got your message just in time, Mr. Carlyon,' said the man. 'What message?' 'Why, the message that you were coming, and that I was to cross to meet you.' 'Who told you that?' asked Carlyon. 'He must have crossed the river too.' 'Well, if he did, it wasn't in my boat,' said the ferryman; 'but somebody tapped at my window about a quarter of an hour since, and said you were coming to Launceston, and I was to cross for you.' 'Did you know the voice?' 'No. It was a kind of foreign voice,' said the man.

"Carlyon rode off from the ferry faster than before—so fast, in fact, that nobody, unless unusually well mounted, could have kept up with him. He knew that before he entered Launceston he should have to pass a toll-bar kept by surly old 'pike,' who was slow to open his gate, or fumble out his change at night. 'I'll be kept waiting here,' he thought, as he came to it. But no: the old fellow was standing at the gate, holding it open. 'Is that you, Mr. Carlyon?' he said. 'I hope I may shut up for the night now.' 'Were you expecting me?' asked Carlyon. 'To be sure I was, after your message.' And then followed the same explanation—the 'foreign' voice and so on.

The same thing on riding into Launceston. "In those days, I believe, they had to sit till they finished a criminal case at the assizes; and as the murder trial was still dragging on, there was a bit of a crowd round the door of the courthouse. But a man stepped forward and said, 'All right, sir. I'm here for the mare.' He was a groom from the inn, and he too had got the message,—Mr. Carlyon was coming; he was to go over to the courthouse for his horse; and he too quoted the 'foreign' voice again.

"'All this is very queer,' thought Carlyon; 'but I shall see if I can find a clue to it in the courthouse.' He went in, and was at once accosted by the crier of the court (or whoever it is that looks after the witnesses) with 'Come away, Mr. Carlyon, unless you can do something for him, the case is pretty nigh over now. He says he depends on your evidence.' 'My evidence,' said Carlyon. 'I know nothing about it;' and he was proceeding to protest against being implicated in any way, when he was cut short by being summarily ushered into the witness-box and sworn. There was a haggard prisoner at the bar, dimly seen by the smoky candlelights, amidst the crowded court. 'Be so good as look at the prisoner at the bar,' said the prisoner's counsel, 'and tell me if you know him.' Carlyon looked, 'I do not,' he said. 'Look again,' said the prisoner himself. Carlyon started. He seemed to know the voice. He looked again. A candle was held close to the prisoner's face. It was the 'commercial gentleman' he had dined with, at Lostwithiel. 'I do know him,' said Carlyon; 'I remember him now, perfectly.' 'Where did you see him last?' 'At the inn at Lostwithiel.' 'When?' Carlyon could not recall the date. He was asked if he could in any way identify the time. He could not; his notes of the conversation bore no

date. 'Do you recognise that?' said the counsel, handing up a paper. It was the bill for the dinner and the claret. Of course he identified it; and swore that on the day on which that bill was dated, he had dined with the prisoner at the bar, in the inn at Lostwithiel. It was the date of the murder with which the prisoner was charged. "Let me see the bill,' said the judge; and it was handed to the bench. 'Nothing more is needed,' said the judge. The evidence of *alibi* is complete. Let the prisoner be discharged.'"

The chief ceased.

"Well?" said we all.

"Well," said he, "what would you have more? That is the story."

"But is there no explanation of the voice?"

"Not the slightest."

"Who was the foreigner?"

"Ah! who, indeed? The history adds no more."

"Does it not explain," I asked, "how Carlyon did not know he was to be a witness in the case?"

"Not as I heard it told," replied the chief. "That is a mere question of detail. You must take it as I got it; and according to my informant, it is recorded among the archives of Carlyon's family, in Carlyon's own handwriting and words, and is beyond dispute authentic."

"Well," said I, "don't tell us any more. My belief as to the possible and the impossible, the natural and the supernatural, is getting too much shaken for one night. Prithee forbear."

"Not," said Rob Roy, springing to the hearth-rug, "till you have heard *my* story."

"Is it a very strong one?" I asked.

"You shall hear for yourself," said he, with some solemnity; "but before I begin, let me beg you not to use again the term 'supernatural,' until you are certain that your knowledge embraces every phase and potency in nature; and as to the 'impossible,' allow me to say with Mirabeau, 'Ne me dites jamais ce bête de mot.'"

Rob Roy having thus abolished me, proceeded sonorously, "Some years ago, at the beginning of the long vacation, three young Oxonians were debating where they should go to spend their time. One voted for Wales, another for Scotland, another for a cruise in the Channel. At last, a friend who was with them said, 'I tell you what to do. Go down to Scotland, and put up for a month at my place in Ross-shire. I can't go myself; and it needn't stand empty. You can fish, or shoot, or do what you like. It's a good enough old house, and you can make yourselves very comfortable. I only give you one caution—don't sleep in the haunted room.' The offer was accepted at once: some jokes were cut at the haunted room; and in a day or two the three went north, and duly reached the place in Ross-shire. They found an old man in charge, who showed them over the house, and pointed out three very good bed-rooms, where they were to sleep. 'But where is the haunted room?' said they. 'The haunted room, gentlemen!' said Mackenzie—(that was the ancient's name). 'Oh! there's no haunted room. Who's been telling you stories about haunted rooms? Nobody ever heard tell of such a thing here.' However, they persisted; and after a great deal of finessing, he admitted that he had heard some 'idle clavers' about one of the rooms. He could show them the room, if they liked, but it wasn't fit for a gentleman to sleep in. It was damp, and all out of order, &c. However, he took them to the room—an undeniably dull and disused-looking chamber it was. 'Ye see, gentlemen, it wouldn't do,' said he persuasively. 'But it will do,' was the answer. 'We'll try it for a night, at any rate; so you get it ready, Mackenzie, and no more about it.' And, after many remonstrances, Mackenzie had no alternative but to put in a fire, and 'redd up' the room a little for the night. Between ten and eleven o'clock they all went up to it, and began their vigil. The room, however, was not attractive. The chairs were hard, there was a draught from the window. The smoking-room down-stairs was a gem—as snug as this one. By-and-by, they began to feel rather bored. 'Well, do you know,' said one, 'this is all very well, but I'd rather be in the smoking-room. Let's go down, for a while, at least.' 'All right,' said another; 'this is decidedly slow. I don't believe in sitting up in haunted rooms. Come along.' 'No,' said the third; 'I'm going to sit it out. You two go, if you like; but leave me here.' He was obstinate about it, so the other two agreed to go and leave him alone. 'Sit up in the smoking-room,' he said, 'till two o'clock, and if you hear nothing before that, you can go to bed, and conclude I'm all right.' Down they went, and began to smoke and chat. Twelve o'clock passed; one o'clock passed. 'Hang it,' said one of them yawning, 'I suppose we must wait till two; but I am getting fearfully inclined to go to bed, ghosts or no

ghosts.' Scarcely were the words uttered when 'tingle, lingle, lingle,' a tremendous peal of the bell—of the bell rung frantically, passionately, continuously.

They started to their feet, and stared at each other for a moment 'with a wild surmise,' then rushed up-stairs, the bell pealing till they were half-way up, then an awful silence. The door of the room was shut; they threw it open and sprang in. What they saw was this," and as he spoke, Rob Roy, with a rapid movement, drew his black hair over his forehead, and with eyes wildly staring, crouched down, with his back against the wall, and stretching out quivering hands that pointed to some horror invisible to us, screamed, in a tone of terror that made us all jump, "there it is, there it is; take it away, take it *away*, take it AWAY, u—ugh!"

Then resuming his natural position and voice, he added gravely, as he stepped forward and laid his hand impressively on the table,—"A raging maniac. *A raging maniac.* And, what is more, that man is to this day and hour, a raging maniac, in a lunatic asylum."

We were all rather startled. Rob Roy told and acted the whole thing so dramatically, that it impressed us as a reality.

"I have heard that story before," said the minister, "and it is a true one; but the horror of it is its indefiniteness. It leaves so much to the imagination. You keep picturing to yourself what it could be that he saw."

"Yes," said I, "but might he not have so excited himself by anticipating some horror that at last his brain played him a trick?"

"Oh, he might possibly," said Rob Roy, rather derisively. "It is open to any explanation you please. I am only responsible for the facts, not for the interpretation."

"Allons donc," said the envoy, "it is now 1.30, and I wish to get some sleep. I don't think, after that narrative, that I am likely to get much, but I must try to get some, so let us go up-stairs. "I think," he added, suggestively, "we all go the same way;" and I confess I felt rather pleased that I had not to thread any of the dark passages alone.

S.

A CASE OF CAMEOS.

AGATE.

FIRST, on an Agate-stone, a Centaur strong,
With square man-breasts and hide of dapple-dun,
His brown arms bound behind him with a thong,
Strove, on strained croup, to free himself from one,—
A better rider than Bellerophon.*
For, on his back, by some strange power of art,
There sat a laughing BOY with bow and dart,
Who drove him where he would, and driving him,
With that barbed toy would make him rear and start.
To this was writ "World-victor" on the rim.

CHALCEDONY.

The next in legend bid—"Beware of show!"
'Twas graven this on white Chalcedony.
Here great APOLLO, with unbended bow,—
His quiver hard by on a laurel-tree,—
For some new theft was rating MERCURY.
Who stood with downcast eyes and feigned distress,
As daring not for utter guiltiness
To meet that angry voice and aspect joined.
His very heel-wings drooped; but yet, not less,
His backward hand the Sun-God's shafts purloined.

* "Eques ipso melior Bellerophonte."—HOR. iii. 12.

SARDONYX.

Then, on a Sardonyx, the man of Thrace,—
The VOICE supreme that through Hell's portals stole,—
With carved white lyre, and glorious song-lit face,
(Too soon, alas! on Hebrus' wave to roll!)
Played to the beasts, from a great elm-tree bole.
And lo! with half-shut eyes the leopard spread
His lissome length; and deer with gentle tread
Came through the trees; and, from a nearer spring,
The prick-eared rabbit paused; while overhead
The stock-dove drifted downward, fluttering.

AMETHYST.

Next came an Amethyst,—the grape in hue.
On a mock throne, by fresh excess disgraced,
With heavy head, and thyrsus held askew,
The Youths, in scorn, had dull SILENUS placed,
And o'er him "King of Topers" they had traced.
Yet, but a King of Sleep he seemed at best,
With wine-bag cheeks that bulged upon his breast,
And vat-like paunch distent from his carouse.
Therenigh, his ass, by no respect repressed,
Munched at the wreath upon her Master's brows.

EMERALD.

Lastly with "Pleasure" was an Emerald graven,
Dark-hued,—divine. Thereon the SIRENS sung.
What time, beneath, by rough rock-bases caven,
And jaw-like rifts where many a green bone clung,
The full flood-tide, in-rushing, coiled and swung.
Then,—in the offing,—on the lift of the sea,
A strong ship drawing shoreward, helplessly.
For, from the prow, e'en now the rowers leap
Headlong, nor call on any deity—
Ah me, those Woman-witches of the Deep!

AUSTIN DOBSON.

PHILANTHROPIC WORK IN BIRMINGHAM.

SOME time since the present writer was in a little company which contained a few ministers of the Gospel, and in the course of conversation the subject of late coming to morning service chanced to be alluded to. All had observed how inveterate the habit was and how difficult to overcome. One recommended this thing, another that; but to each some objection was started, and at length it was agreed that the best that could be done to minimise the evil was rigorously to close the doors and admit late comers only between the earlier parts of the service, when a short interval might be allowed for the finding of seats. As an illustration of the way in which rooted habits might be overcome by strong inducements, a gentleman present afterwards told how, being in Birmingham and having occasion to go from one part of the town to another between seven and eight on a Sunday morning, he was surprised, on reaching a certain street,

to find that it was not like the others, dull and silent; but that group on group of men, clearly working men, were making their way quickly towards one point. His curiosity was excited, and he asked the reason. He was told that these men were the scholars going to the Quaker's First-Day Schools at Severn Street, that many hundreds of men attended them, and for this purpose, in spite of the strong temptation to lie in bed, arose almost as early on Sundays as on week-days, in winter as in summer. The gentleman made further inquiries and had got possession of certain facts regarding the schools—the hearing of which was sufficient to make the writer form a resolution to see this work for himself at the earliest opportunity. From various causes a visit to Birmingham was deferred month by month; but on a Sunday in April last, he was able to realise his wish, and is now desirous to give the readers of GOOD WORDS a general idea of what he saw in Severn Street.

The morning was sharp and cold, and the district through which the larger part of his route lay was not inviting. Outward appearance told too plainly the prevailing habits of the classes dwelling there—dingy narrowish streets, with many alleys leading off them, and the peculiar damp stale odours inseparable from the close herding of human beings. But here too public-houses looked brilliant, even before the shutters were removed. It was a relief when the writer found himself in a little room with a cheerful company seated round narrow tables at tea. These were the Severn Street teachers, numbering over thirty, some of whom for a quarter of a century have never breakfasted elsewhere on Sunday morning unless absent from home or confined to bed. Here any topic of more than ordinary interest relating to the schools is talked over, and we may depend upon it that this little weekly social meeting promotes unity and brotherliness in a high degree. A chapter of Scripture read and a blessing asked on the work about to be entered on, close this meeting; and then we are asked to follow one of the teachers to the First Class. We are caught in a living stream as we go. Some of the men are in Sunday clothes, others in clean working clothes, and many carry books. The sound of their march is like the tramp of a regiment. We soon find ourselves in a large well-built room, with two rows of tables running from end to end, the men seated on forms round each, and free passage-way between. The walls are painted and slightly ornamented, and here and there are inscribed such scripture texts as "Let brotherly love continue." At one end is a portrait, of the faithfulness of which we can judge by the living face at our side. It was subscribed for by the scholars; and the room itself, we are told, was furnished by them at a cost of about £120. In all, there are over two hundred and fifty men in this class.

We observe that those on the one side are getting a reading lesson from the Bible, and those on the other are engaged in writing, their copies being invariably a text of scripture or a few lines from a hymn. The classes are divided into central and elementary. The central are those which are so advanced as to require a really educated teacher, and occupy the space to either side of the raised reading-desk in the middle opposite the door; the elementary are those to which a more advanced scholar can be drafted as a teacher. We walk round the room in the company of one who was himself a scholar here, and who gives us a very concise and interesting account of the place, with many references to his own experience. We find, of course, some of the men in the central sections considerably advanced: they write well and freely, and read with great correctness, and with much of that deliberate enunciation characteristic of their teachers. Others there are in the elementary department who are but beginners, and to whom as yet the exercise is only labour, but who have heart kept in them by the knowledge of what others have done and the kindly patience of their teachers. Some, though they have been at the school for years, are still cramped and constrained and write with difficulty, for they are dull in brain and the one hour's practice in the week is too little. But, once engaged, they manfully struggle on. It is indeed touching to hear how the attachments to the school grow and deepen. Several of the men told us, with a glad twinkle of the eye, that they could not give up Severn Street. You might as well ask them to give up their "daily food,"—it was just as necessary to them now as that was. One man, who charges himself with the giving out and taking in of the library books for one of the classes, said, "We would feel like fish out of water all the week, if we didn't come to Severn Street on Sunday; wouldn't we, Bill?" he urged, referring to a companion. "We are rough fellows; but Severn Street rubs down our angles and gives us a facing, and I hope," he went on, with an access of seriousness, "it prepares us for the duty of this life and gives us hope of another."

The school lasts for two hours—from half past seven to half past nine. At half past eight the sections exchange places, those who have been writing now begin to read, and those who have been reading begin to write—a passage of Scripture having been read after the change of places. The same general order applies to the other classes—some of which meet in a larger but older and more irregular building, containing above three hundred men. Over the superintendent's raised desk in this room is a portrait of Joseph Sturge—full of benevolent wisdom and calm peace, and underneath are the words :—

"This Memorial was raised by the
Voluntary Contributions
of the scholars in the Adult Division of
SEVERN STREET FIRST-DAY SCHOOL,
in affectionate remembrance of their esteemed friend
and benefactor,
JOSEPH STURGE.
January, 1861."

As a companion there is another portrait on the other side, and under it we read :—

"This portrait of
JOSEPH CLARK
was subscribed for by the scholars of
Severn Street School,
as a token of their esteem and high appreciation of
his valued labours as Superintendent during
a period of nearly twenty years.
May, 1864."

We go on from hall to hall, all crowded—very much interested in one room devoted to the juniors, lads under seventeen years of age, where a great and most interesting work is being done. To each of the classes is attached a library consisting of the best class of books—not all strictly religious, but all having a pure and elevating tendency—such as Hugh Miller's writings, Livingstone's travels, Tennyson's poems, and the better style of fiction and magazines. Each man may subscribe *3d.* a month for library and dispensary ticket, but this is not in any way made a condition of entering the school, or of continuing in it, though it is pleasant to know that with rare exceptions the men do all voluntarily subscribe.

The schools have now extended so that several of the classes meet at a little distance from the original station. A very large building has been erected at Priory Lane for a girls' school, where we saw nearly five hundred scholars assembled, divided into classes as in the case of the men. It was one of the most impressive sights we have ever seen—the [illegible] quietness and attention of the pupils, and the marked ability and tact of the teachers all claiming notice. Here, however, there is more of the Bible-class element, as it is found quite practicable to give the girls their writing instruction in classes on the Monday evenings in the same place.

As we walked through the various class-rooms we observed that in every point the organization was so complete that a vast amount of work was done in a manner almost unnoticed. For example, we saw men step forward, and insert little slips in boxes hung near the door in each room. These boxes are somewhat like what are used in offices for letters for post and delivery, but with many divisions numbered by figures. The slips were the reports of those who had visited absentees from the school. By this system a man who has once been entered at Severn Street Schools is not lost sight of. He is waited on, and if it should be found that he is sick, and if his circumstances are such as to demand it, he is, on the report of the visitor, relieved from the Benevolent Fund, and in such a way that the fact is only known to a small committee. If, on the other hand, it should happen that he absents himself, as has sometimes been the case, because he is hopeless of getting on, or because he has become tired of it, or has got once more among old companions, he is quietly reasoned with, and generally, from the considerate and brotherly way in which he is treated, a fresh tie is formed between him and the school. In not a few cases the influence of the visitor has been added to that of the man's wife in its favour; for we should not forget to state that wives and children very soon come to appreciate Severn Street, because they soon share in its benefits. In order to get up early on the Sunday morning, Saturday night must be spent in a quiet and rational manner; and we can easily believe what we have been told, that very soon Severn Street scholars begin to find that they can be comfortable, and still save a little out of earnings which used to be absorbed before they were earned. Hence we find that the treasurer of the savings-bank—a most important part of the work—is present, Sunday morning though it be, to take the money which the scholars have brought with them to deposit in his hands; and we have no doubt that our readers will be as surprised as we were to learn that from the 1,400 attending these classes he has at present some £7,000, and that there are members of the classes who have amounts at their

credit varying from £100 to £500. There are few, we understood, who had not something deposited in his hands.

And it should not for a moment be imagined that these men are generally, or even to a large extent, skilled workmen earning big wages. There may be a sprinkling of these; but the bulk are unskilled workers, whose earnings are not large. Nay, there is a proportion of these scholars, now so clean and eager at their lessons, who were distinctly of the dangerous classes. Some of them were professional pugilists, others dog-fighters and dog-fanciers, some, again, were pigeon-fliers and incorrigible idlers, if not worse; and many were notorious drunkards. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that a Temperance Society and a Band of Hope is a much-encourged branch of the work. Men who are now in good positions, employing many hands, and not only looked up to by their fellow citizens, but entrusted with their suffrages, are pleased and proud to acknowledge that all they have and all they are they owe to the Severn Street Schools. It is precisely the kind of work which makes one eager to know its origin and history; and we shall now try to satisfy a natural curiosity on that head.

The late Mr. Joseph Sturge, moved to his very heart at seeing so many men hanging idle about the corners of the streets on the first day of the week, dirty, unkempt, and often more or less drunk, asked himself whether it was not possible to do something for them—to take them and teach them something. He mentioned the matter to some friends: the proposal was heartily taken up, and the men were asked to come to a room on the Sunday afternoon. At first (in the end of 1845) only a few could be tempted by the bait of being taught; but Mr. Sturge knew that if he could only get a few to come and to carry away the benefits even of an elementary education, they would soon proclaim the advantages of the school, and bring crowds of scholars. He stood firm in his purpose, in face of many discouragements; he went out and begged the men to come in; and at last the result justified his decision. The following table shows the rate of progress :—

		Teachers.	Scholars.
Average attendance during	1846	13	39
,, ,,	1855	24	251
,, ,,	1865	32	481
,, ,,	1875	44	1,249
,, ,,	1876	45	1,400

When, for several reasons, the hour was in 1847 changed from the afternoon to early morning, it was feared by some that the attendance would fall off. Instead of that, it has gone on steadily increasing; and its effect in stimulating the activity of other churches in the same direction has, year by year, become more marked. There is scarcely a church in Birmingham which has not now its adult school,—a large one being in connection with Mr. Dale's congregation at Carr's Lane—Mr. Thornton, the late Bishop of Ballarat, having made an earnest effort to introduce it in the Church of England. And it is a most remarkable fact that no sooner have the men made a fair start at Severn Street than they become so eager to make progress, that in many cases their afternoon is also devoted to the same purpose at one or other of the schools which meet then—the Farm-Street Bible-classes, with their three hundred scholars, including many such.

We are well aware that the very thing which we may assume to have chiefly ensured this great success is precisely that to which not a few good men and women might be inclined to take exception. We mean the aspect of secularity which is presented at the first view. The Severn Street Schools are not ostensibly religious schools. The first object is professedly to teach poor ignorant men to read and write. There is no preaching, nor is there any effort at hard-and-fast doctrinal commentary, though the only book used for reading is the Bible. But there is often a great deal in an atmosphere; and the atmosphere of Severn Street is religious in the highest sense. The men soon feel that one interest alone sustains the teachers in their work, and that is, an earnest desire for their welfare. Nothing acts on men of the working class like this. It is doubtful indeed if the same religious work could have been done if the religious end had been distinctly thrust forward at the outset, or if the original plan had been in any way departed from. It is by a spirit of constant self-denial and of tender consideration for those taught by them, that the teachers of Severn Street have gained their large and deepening influence; and if they have not found it desirable to place a distinctly religious purpose in the forefront of their work, we may be sure of this, that only the deepest religious convictions could have sustained them in it. It is perhaps only a good illustration of that "becoming all things to all men to gain some" which was the characteristic attainment of the Apostle of the Gentiles;

and we have at hand ready proofs that if the work is to be judged by its fruits, they have not failed in this, the highest aspect in which such work can be viewed. As we walked along from the main schoolrooms to one of those at a little distance, our guide told us of one out of many most striking cases confirmatory of this position, though he had mainly in view its pathos and sentiment. A man who had at one time been a confirmed evil-doer, who trained dogs for fighting purposes, and wished nothing for his children but to follow in his footsteps, was in the most unexpected way brought into contact with one of the teachers at Severn Street. He was prevailed on to go to school, and afterwards attended regularly. He sought stated work after a time, and by-and-by began to be exercised about the question of keeping some dogs he had reared. One of these was a bull-dog, for which he could at any moment have got a good price. The dog had been a great pet; and he was unwilling to part with it. But the stronger the attraction of Severn Street became, the more distressing the conflict that raged in his breast. At length, he came to a conclusion. One Sunday morning he called his son—whom before he had aimed only at training to his own evil ways—and said to him, "Tom, I can't keep the bull-dog and go to school at the same time; and I can't see as it would be right for me to sell it, to be used by others for what I see now is wrong, and what I wouldn't do myself. So you come to the pump and I'll hold him under the water, and we'll be done with it." And so, at a time when the money would have been a decided prize, he sacrificed the dog; and one can well imagine the conflict of his feelings as he did it for duty's sake. But it was done. He fell ill some months afterwards, and died in peace before the year was out. His two sons are now teachers in Severn Street.

Another little anecdote learned from the lips of one of the teachers may be given :—

"About twenty years ago three or four men were sitting in a public-house smoking their pipes, when one of them said,—

"'I wish I knew how to write a bit better, our gaffer would have give me five shillings a week more because he wants me to keep account of the work give out to the other men; I'd give a shilling a week to anybody as would teach me to write.'

"'Oh, I can tell you where you can learn to write for nothing,' said another, 'the Quakers have got a school at Severn Street, of a Sunday morning, and anybody as likes can go.'

"'Ah, that's the shop for me. What time is it held?'

"'Pretty early, I think—seven or half-past.'

"'Ah, I couldn't stand that of a Sunday morning. I like to lay a bed a bit later then.'

"'And yet you said you wanted to learn to write. Now I say, let's all go for the lark of the thing.'

"'So we will,' all replied.

"They were accordingly admitted, and continued to attend regularly. Two of them were induced to deposit money in the savings' fund, their houses improved, and the wives, as usual, spoke highly of the good effects of the school. One of them getting a little irregular in his attendance, was visited by his teacher. He made various excuses which the teacher felt were not the real reasons. At last, he said,—

"'Well, the fact is, you pitches it so precious religious at your school. I didn't go to learn religion, only writing.'

"The teacher, a little taken aback, replied,—

"'Well, we don't profess to be very clever hands at teaching anything, but we try to do our best; but let me ask, do you think anything we teach would be likely to do harm to any man? Would it make him a worse husband, or father, or neighbour? Would it make him less sober, or hurt him in his daily work, or make wages any lower?'

"'Oh, no, of course not; for the matter of that, if we was to mind more what you told us, we should all be the better for it.'

"After a little more talk the man said,—

"'I think I shall come again, regular.'

"He did so, and is now a prosperous manufacturer, employing many hands."

One or two further quotations from the records of Severn Street Schools may be welcome. These are extracts from letters or speeches of scholars :—

"If I were to try to name all the good I have got from attending school, I should certainly fill a great quantity of paper. One great benefit I will name is—the early time at which the school is held, which does not shorten the day for other duties, and which has led me and others into better habits than lazy lie-a-bed ways in which so many used to spend their sabbath. It was through my coming to school I was led to attend regularly at a place of worship—as before I came to school I seldom or never did, and I have since been admitted into a Christian church, and try to help some less favoured than myself to learn to read God's Holy Word." . . .

"I used to think the Quakers, as we call them, was a queer outlandish sort of people, and uncommon fond of money, but who didn't trouble their heads about other people much. But, I think different now. You'll be saying, dear teacher, that we must not thank the clouds for rain; but these clouds, the Friends, have rained so much good into me, through Severn Street, that I can't help thanking them. Our teachers don't set theirselves up like some do—but they come down to us and try and pick us up out of the dirt and mire of sin. You know what deep mire I have come up out of, and I pray every day to feel quite firm on the Rock, Christ Jesus. . . . It seems a strange thing to me to write about religion, but I really do feel a little of it in my heart, and it is out of the heart the mouth speaks, and the pen writes." . . .

"It is wonderful to me to be able to write a letter to my dear teacher; but I am able in some sort of

way. What a glorious place Severn Street First-Day School has been to me, and a many beside. To think that any poor chap, however far gone in what is bad, may come to that school and find friends to welcome him—and not mind how poor he is—and stick to him till they have helped him to mend his ways. So every day my wife and me are talking about the school, and saying it's the grandest thing in Birmingham for work; it don't turn them into paupers when they go there, but very often into gentlemen, compared with what they were before; and when they have learned to profit from the beautiful lessons out of the Bible, there is no saying how far in good a man may go, by the blessing of God."

"If I don't get up, dear fellow-scholars, and just say a few words about the good I have got from coming to school, my missus will, for she's been elbowing me a good bit. If ever anybody has reason to speak good of coming to school—it's me. Me and my wife was never so happy and comfortable in our lives. I mean to persevere in coming, for I want to learn to read my Bible. It seems such a thing for a man with children about him to hear them reading it, and their father not be able. It's the drink, friends, more than anything else, that keeps men down. Since I've give it up, I seem to have better thoughts and better feelings, and it's my desire that God Almighty may bless our school and all belonging to it." . . .

"Soon after I came to school, I found there was a good many things to do in this world that I had never thought of before. One thing I saw very plain, was, that if I meant to stop in the school I must give up the drink. It was a hardish job at first, but by the blessing of God I overcame. One Sunday, as I was going along the street, I met some of my old companions. Now I had never been ashamed to be seen going into a public-house with them, but I did feel a little ashamed now, for I was going to chapel; when they called out for me to go with them in some spree or other; and, thinks I to myself, now is my time, or never, to show which side I'm on. Here goes! and with that, I run up the steps and into the chapel, and when I was inside the door, I felt safe and happy. I'm always thinking about the school, and it's about the best day's work I ever done to come to it, and one I shall never repent of as long as I live." . . .

The Schools are supported by the subscriptions of Friends, some of the rooms are the ordinary schoolrooms of the British Society; but the room in which the First Class meets has been built for the purpose, and also the Priory Street Girls' School, at an expense of nearly £3,000—almost all raised by members of the Society. In the last Report of the Schools we read:—

"We are glad that the Central Committee of the First-day School Association has appealed to the members of our Society, through the quarterly meetings, to consider whether a further extension of First-day Schools may not be attempted. We believe that, under the Divine blessing, associations of this kind, where those who attend are banded together for mutual improvement, have been instrumental in strengthening that which is good and true, and in repressing that which is vicious and false. . . . There is no obstacle, we believe, to prevent all the board schoolrooms being utilised in a similar manner on First-day mornings."

Is it not possible that in so good a cause, and one which has been proved so practicable in the right hands, something in the same direction could be done in other large towns to utilise the Board Schoolrooms on Sunday mornings, now waiting for such a purpose? We do earnestly hope that adult schools may soon spring up in many places.

Another enterprise of a somewhat different kind, but also aimed chiefly at the elevation of the working classes, claimed our attention before leaving Birmingham. As most readers are no doubt aware, Birmingham has gained, next after Manchester, the credit for wise and effective working of the Free Libraries Act. Any one stepping into the handsome, elevated, well-lighted building, beside the town-hall, which is devoted to this purpose, would be likely to feel at once that such credit must be well deserved. Here we find a lower reading-room, well stocked with daily and weekly newspapers and magazines, the lofty walls clothed with volumes forming a lending library, and a free space round in front of a counter where books are given out; then, right above that, up a wide flight of stairs, is another reading-room, with the more select newspapers and reviews; the side space being used precisely as below, for the purposes of a reference library. From nine in the morning till ten at night a ceaseless stream is to be seen going out and in, the greatest flow taking place at dinner-time, and shortly after the closing hour of factories and works in the evening. Though the bulk of those we see here are clearly working men, the reading-room at a first-class club could not be more quiet and orderly. On asking one of the Librarians whether newspapers or magazines were ever stolen, he said very seldom, perhaps half-a-dozen papers in the course of the year, and two or three magazines. And he went on to tell us, what at first might appear odd, but on second thoughts will only be regarded as natural, that generally, it is on a Saturday night that magazines disappear, and that in most instances they are replaced on the Monday. The closing moment comes, and the attraction of some striking incident, or curiosity in the fate of some character, proves too strong. The magazine goes into the coat pocket that the story may be finished at home quietly. The *Cornhill*, *Good Words*, the *Sunday Magazine*,

and the *Argosy*, have all undergone this exposure, or say rather have reached this honour. Even in the few cases where magazines have not been returned the librarian would attribute this rather to the circumstance just noted, than to any thievish propensity; the offenders having found it out of their power to make restitution in time.

To procure the right of reading from the lending library all that is required is a form filled up by a burgess of the town: the books of the reference library must, of course, be used in the room. We found here in every respect, a fine and useful collection, including many rare works such as are now seldom to be bought, and are warmly competed for when they are offered for sale. Especially were we attracted by a whole Cervantes Library, presented by Mr. Bragge a year ago, containing every edition of the Spanish classic ever issued in any language. In some instances these more valuable books have been purchased, and in others presented, as the Cervantes library was.

Besides this central library, there are in the neighbourhood of Birmingham four branches; and the number of volumes in the central and reference library, at the end of 1874 was 51,884, while the branch libraries had 22,102 volumes. As to circulation, the Report of 1874 says:—

"Taking all the issues of books together, in the central and the branch libraries, the increase in the total as compared with the total for 1873 is only small, the aggregate number of issues being 542,887 in 1874, as against 539,822 in 1873. It is very satisfactory, however, to note that in the issues of books to readers in the Reference Library, there has been a marked increase, thus indicating the growing use of a higher class of works than are deposited in the lending libraries, and showing that the free-library system is bearing fruit in raising the standard of taste and cultivation amongst readers. The whole number of issues in the Reference Library in 1874 was 211,023, as against 187,044 in 1873. The Committee regard this magnificent total—the issue of more than half a million of books during one year—as a convincing proof of the wisdom of establishing the free-library system in Birmingham, and of the appreciation in which this great educational benefit is held by the inhabitants. In no other way could such vast stores of literature have been rendered accessible to all classes of the population, even to the humblest; by no other means could such a taste for reading have been developed among the many thousands who use the libraries, not as a matter of charity or favour, but with the sense of possession and ownership which grows out of their entirely free and public management and character."

In all this immense circulation, we find that in the course of 1874 only 39 volumes were lost, which is not much beyond the casualties which may be anticipated in the conduct of a subscription library of like extent. The art galleries in connection with the libraries are good, and must exercise an elevating and refining effect of the most marked kind. Indeed we cannot conceive of men making a habit of spending much of their spare time in these buildings, and not very soon becoming impatient of that which is coarse, not to say degrading and brutal. The penny rate must before very long have repaid itself, and the generosity which accepted the Free Libraries Act have proved economical. Why is it that so many large towns still decline to accept the powers which the Act would confer upon them to raise and to cultivate the inhabitants? The good result is no longer theory, but ascertained fact, as Manchester and Birmingham abundantly prove, not to speak of the rapidly-spreading free libraries in smaller towns. Round Birmingham alone, Bilston, Coventry, Kidderminster, Leamington, Lichfield, Walsall, Warwick, Willenhall, West Bromwich, and Wolverhampton have their free libraries; but even London waits. In how many districts—in Marylebone, in Hackney, in Islington, in Bethnal Green, and others—would such a room supply what is lacking to many a working man—a quiet corner to read his paper, the want of which too often sends him to the public-house, the end of it being that his wife and children are neglected. We agree entirely with what Mr. J. D. Mullins has so well said on this head in his little tract on free libraries:—

"Adopt any of the systems of primary education which have been so much discussed of late, and a generation must pass before their effect can be realised. In the work of Free Libraries you may both sow and live to reap. The lower classes do manage to read to themselves and to one another to a far greater extent than is supposed. It is not uncommon to see one man reading very laboriously and very badly to another man who cannot read at all. Go into the lowest quarters of any great town, and see the number of shops that exist for the sale of cheap periodical literature. These are proof enough of the demand, of the hunger and thirst for information. But what about the supply? Here you have the "Mysteries of London" and, the like, tales of villainy and seduction, thrilling romances, always being continued in our next. Here you have the great weekly Murdermonger, four-and-twenty columns of crime and filth for one penny. Here you have the Halfpenny Demagogue, the largest paper in the world, and all on one side. And the people feed on these for want of knowing better. Turn a pure language upon them, give them a wholesome and pleasant literature, and the statistics of existing Free Libraries prove that they will both use and value it. Visit the homes of the labouring classes; the men come home soon after six at night, get a wash and their tea. They cannot be expected always to stay at home and nurse the child—where shall they spend their few spare hours pleasantly? If there are Free

Newsrooms they go to them; if not, probably to the public-house; and who can fairly blame them?"

Another form of philanthropic work is sure to be named to the visitor before he has proceeded far. This is Sir Josiah Mason's Orphanage. When started at first it was intended for only fifty boys, and for a time it was carried on in a building near to the station at Erdington. But now a splendid edifice has been reared a little further out, in a commanding situation, and the original orphanage has been turned into almshouses, where, for a very small sum per week, between twenty and thirty old women are supplied with all that they want. A portion of the house is set apart for the reception of girls who have been reared in the orphanage, and who may be out of place for a time, or requiring rest. In this arrangement, the founder's care for his protégées is well seen. The new orphanage is certainly one of the most complete and beautiful structures we have examined. It has been built and endowed at an outlay of £260,000, and certainly no detail has been overlooked. Everything is solid, neat, and finished—sober in colouring and without extraneous ornament. There are some three hundred girls in the institution and one hundred boys. They are admirably taught, the boys being encouraged in every way to study drawing and other useful advanced branches; while the girls, who will mostly become domestic servants, are drafted by turns to do the work of the house, in kitchen, laundry, &c. The chapel, the schoolrooms, the officers' rooms are all exceedingly simple and tasteful, and the dormitories, though large, are clean and well ventilated. Ventilation, indeed, seems to have been specially in the mind of the architect; and if visitors should be as fortunate as we were in meeting Sir Josiah Mason in the institution—(still nimble in limb and clear-headed in his eighty-second year)—and in walking round and talking with him freely on the orphanage and its work, they will learn that he was to a great extent his own architect in building this home, as he was in building up his own fortune, and will be pleased at the pleasure with which the aged philanthropist looks on the result of his original contrivances in the way of kitchen-ranges, dough-workers, and bakers' ovens wherein fires have never been burned. With the liking of age to fight its "battles o'er again," he tells us as he goes along, how he never had any schooling, how he tried many things—was a baker's boy, but was determined to be something else, and never has felt richer than when he was able to purchase a donkey and cart; and how proud he was when he found himself, at thirty years of age, ready to start on something more ambitious still, with five-and-twenty pounds in his pocket. And ever and anon he pauses to tell how both early and late, though a firm believer in self-help, he was compelled back on the belief that self-help can fully prevail only through God's help. "When I have done everything that can be done, and see no way to the end of it, then I just say, 'God, I have brought out all my judgment, my brain can do no more in this thing, yet I believe that it is a right thing, so may it please thee to give me a push.' And I get the push; for as sure as I have asked for help, help comes—some fresh idea, some new plan, and the thing gets done." And this, Sir Josiah assures us, has been his habit in his business, as it is now in his philanthropic work—in which he finds a daily blessing and gladness. The words and the work, brought vividly before the mind at one moment, have impressed us so that we are not likely soon to forget them.

Very different in some respects is another work of christian charity, with which we made acquaintance during our short stay in Birmingham. We had already visited some similar works in London; but in none of them did we see more of the personal element. This is the emigration homes of Mr. J. T. Middlemore, one for boys and one for girls. Here, we meet with abounding signs of the descent of bad qualities, of neglect, of ill-usage, and exposure to alien influences in childhood. Some of the children who have reached their ninth or tenth year are stunted and look *shrimp*ish indeed, others are lame, bad-sighted, sickly; yet it is astonishing how soon they gain spirits, and jump about the playground in hearty enjoyment, falling sometimes into games of judge and jury which too closely recall former experiences to be permitted by the officers to proceed.

Mr. Middlemore who has entirely devoted himself to this work and persevered in it notwithstanding great weakness of health, is certainly in his sphere. His tact in management, his consideration for the children and his winning patience with them, have enabled him to succeed where not a few would have failed. Struck by the numbers of children who either had bad parents or had no home and roamed about the streets, and slept frequently under railway arches, or, by means not always honest, managed to secure a corner in some low twopenny lodging

house, he succeeded in 1872, in establishing two homes, with the view of training the children and transporting them to Canada; a "Reception and Distributing Home" having been instituted in London, Ontario. In spite of the large number of such children which a certain set of conditions constantly produce in every great town, they are not always easily got at, and Mr. Middlemore and his assistants have experienced to the full all the difficulties which others with the same ends in view have encountered in other towns. The lowest districts are visited: John Street, Thomas Street, the Inkleys the Gullets and such like; and, after no little trouble in many cases, the suitable subjects are searched out. Conveyed to the Home, the first thing is to teach them the common decencies of life,—to be cleanly, to eat in a proper manner, and to submit to wear clean, well-made clothes. In some cases this cannot be done at once or soon; but kindliness and perseverance at last succeed. The boy or girl comes to feel at home, to recognise that all is meant in kindness, and begins to co-operate. As this is merely a preparation home, and the children are generally but a few months in it,—very seldom more than six or eight—no effort is made to introduce industrial training, but the time is occupied in teaching them to read and write. Bible training and singing form a part, the latter a most important and helpful part, of the course. To see Mr. Middlemore, with his "big family" round him—the little ones in smaller curves in front—is a sight to be remembered. He has already transported three groups to Canada, where he has managed to settle them, and, judging from portraits and letters, of which we saw many, most of them must be well settled. Not a few of the younger ones have been adopted, and certainly look anything but like what "might-have-been." There are at present nearly fifty inmates in the Boys' Home, and between sixty and seventy in the Girls'—the bulk of whom will be taken out to Canada, their much-longed-for land of promise, in a month or so from our time of writing. Nearly one hundred children pass through the Homes every year —a larger number than that discharged from all the Birmingham Reformatories and Industrial Schools put together, and with a success they have no claim to. Out of two hundred in Canada only four have relapsed.

We have often heard objections raised to these emigration schemes. Of course, on details, there may be in some cases room for improvement; but as to the principle of the thing, few thinking men surely would object. What are the chances for such children at home—children of drunkards, thieves, and vile men and women? All their associations are against them, and Mr. Middlemore, amongst many other claims to notice, deserves praise in this respect, that he has tried the experiment of settling lads at home, and has had cause deeply to regret it. This is one case which he has given—a very conclusive one:—

"Some time ago a boy named J——, a thief, living in John Street, was received into the Home. To estrange him from his predatory habits was found a desperate task. The Home seemed to furnish him only with a new scene for his thievish practices. Accidentally he disclosed a genius for drawing: the opportunity was seized, and the whole bent of his life was changed. From drawing he advanced to painting, entered the School of Design, and passed with wonderful rapidity from class to class. It seemed a shame to deprive Birmingham of such genius, and Mr. Middlemore resolved to apprentice him to one of the best firms of draughtsmen in the town. His employers were no less astonished at his ability than his benefactors had been. His eye was so quick and accurate, that in copying manuscript he would instinctively imitate the handwriting. One of the firm made him his special *protégé*, Mr. Middlemore's father kept him well supplied with the best materials for his private practice, and, above all, he was associated in the office with youths and men of worth and respectability. Could any chances have been more favourable? Yet, on an evil day, he met an old companion. The early instinct, scotched, not killed, seized him afresh: he robbed a boy on two occasions of a shilling, and meanly induced his victim to screen him by falsely confessing his own carelessness. He rushed back to his old haunts, and became not only a thief and criminal himself, but a maker of thieves and criminals, and he is now in the workhouse, prostrate with a loathsome disease. Such is the end of, perhaps, the most promising lad whom the Home has had within its walls—an end which would, without doubt, have been quite different had he emigrated to Canada."

The children, if let loose in this country are certain, sooner or later, to drift back. All experience agrees in this. Emigration is the best preventative, and it is an unspeakable gain that it has been taken up by such men as Mr. Middlemore. We could well have wished we could have given more space to Birmingham; we have done what we could to present a bird's-eye view of the most notable movements which came under our own notice, and we do trust that neither in point of interest nor in practical result, may our time and space prove to have been wasted, the more that we believe in some things London itself may learn a lesson from Birmingham.

H. A. PAGE.

"WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH."

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WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH.

By the AUTHOR of "Lady Bell," etc.

CHAPTER XIX.—RIDING FOR THE ROCKETS.

BUT there was one man—and that was Joel Wray—in the crowd who was as ignorant as the shipwrecked men of the fatal nature of the impediments to any attempts at deliverance, and who, within ear-short of explanations freely vouchsafed to him, flatly refused to be convinced. He kept thrusting himself into the front rank, and calling for a boat, declaring any money would be given for a boat, and volunteering to get afloat himself, while he summoned a crew to join him, in the name of God and Christ and all manhood.

As he urged and entreated, standing there in his labouring-man's clothes among sailors and fishers and those whom Long Dick considered gentlefolks to the like of him, Joel Wray's pleasant brown face seemed ennobled by the workings of disinterested emotion, while his dark eyes were shining, and his whole figure was instinct with energy and daring.

The Cheam crowd, under the pressure of the circumstance to which they themselves rose, bore better than might have been expected Joel Wray's forward and uncalled-for interposition. It was not an unheard-of thing for men, especially young men, to lose their heads before such a spectacle as that which presented itself on the Beacon Rock. It truly did in a manner level all distinctions of rank and calling, and make strangers and natives equal, before the calamity they regarded with common sorrow, and were alike powerless to prevent.

"Thee knowest nowt about it, lad." "Thee mayest trust us, the thing ain't to be done, not for love nor money." "Ay, ay, neither for God's love, nor for good money." "Go afloat with you! It's liker we'll lay violent hands on you for a young madman of a ploughman, or a cowman—as has had no traffic with the water beyond the horse-ponds—and hold you back by main force, from castin' your life away, and makin' some mother, maybe, lose her bread-winner, and yon furriners not a straw-breadth farrer removed from the watery grave as is appointed for them, and what is we that we can stay the appointment? We didn't make the Beacon Rock and the Gannet Bay, as is impassible for boats in a storm, no more than we made the winds and the waves."

These protests, seasoned by an oath or two, where the men were roughest, were the worst remonstrances that Joel encountered.

It was Long Dick that was specially scandalised by his fellow's unreasonable, "owdacious" conduct. "Stand still, man, and dunno behave like a Jack fool, or a woman," he said grimly; "'ould you 'a a score more widders and orphans—and them near at home—than need be? D'you think nobody has a heart in 's breast, or blood in 's body cept yoursen? D'you think the worsen on us 'ouldn't do as much for yon poor perishin wretches as you did for me in the Broad, if we seed the least chance, which there ain't? You may know summat about fresh water, but them's owd sea-men and fishers to right and left on you, and I 'a took a voyage in my time. When we bide still, and can't lift a finger like this, you may 'a the grace to allow that the time 'a come for you to set your teeth and be quiet, and look at what God A'mighty 'a ordained and man cannot hinder, athout makin' a din like a 'oman, or a chile, or a bull o' Bashan, as can do nowt but holler and squeal and fight with the air—not that Pleasance behaves as comes to thatten; see what a brave lady she is."

Pleasance was standing wedged in among the crowd, stock-still and pale, with her fingers tightly interlaced, but uttering neither moan nor murmur. Yet she took in everything, from the raging gulph which yawned beneath the frail ship, held there thrust through, and

grating on the rock, to the devouring concern and agony of Joel Wray.

"This be no pleasure sight for you, Pleasance, and you may get your dead on cowd stan'in' there," said Long Dick to her. "Will I take you back to Granny's, sin I can do nowt, and there be nowt to be done, but wait for the ship partin' midships, and her hands bein' washed in a minent out of sight, till their corpses come up on the beach, in a week or ten days' time, wind and weather permittin'."

"Oh no," said Pleasance, with a little gasp and shudder; "I could not go and seek shelter for myself, and leave fellow-creatures hanging there; I ain't cold to speak of, I must watch with the rest."

Joel had forgotten her, but she did not mind that; it seemed only natural and right that he should forget her at such a moment, though she could not lose sight of him with his glistening eyes, and quivering lips; his desperate longing to peril himself to the utmost, so that something—the most desperate thing—were tried for those in great jeopardy.

"Rockets!" cried Joel suddenly, with a loud voice, and the proposal did not fall to the ground, like that for the boat, but was taken up and canvassed quickly in various tones by many voices.

It was just possible that by means of rockets a rope might be thrown to the vessel. They had not been thought of sooner, because none was to be had at Cheam, or nearer than at Dene-Fleet, a coastguard station six miles off.

It was certainly worth while, in the horrible inaction that was forced upon the people, to go in search of the rockets; but the probability was that the ship would not last till the return of a messenger. The jagged rocks in Gannet Bay did their work as speedily as surely. The tide was coming in; some weather judges held that the storm had not even yet reached its worst, and it was not likely to abate before the turn of the tide. Ere then a ship of twice the tons burden of this Norwegian brig would, in its position, according to precedent, split asunder, and be dashed rib from rib, and spar from spar. If a single foothold could have been of much matter in such a sea, not one would be left for frozen and cramped feet and hands to stay themselves by, and cling to with the last tenacity of life in death.

"I'll get a horse from the nearest inn, and ride like mad," said Joel, preparing to start off on the instant, and only Long Dick contradicted him this time.

"My lad, let me go; the nearest stabling is at the Ship A-hoy. Landlord be acquent with me, not with you; he'll trust me with his beast when he may stickle at givin' en to you, even on sich an errand."

The argument was incontrovertible, yet Joel hesitated; but he was put down and compelled to stay, chafing, where he was. Long Dick hurried away, followed by an escort of boys anxious to see him ride off post-haste, with the flints flying from his horse's feet.

The interval between his going and coming again, was trying to those who stood in the blast and watched and keenly measured every change on the labouring ship—from the snapping like a twig of her bowsprit, to the straining of her mainmast—and calculated with beating hearts how long she would hold out. It seemed to give the bystanders a faint idea of how the time passed with the little group of men—the people on the shore counted five men and a boy—who still kept together at the stern, and still raised from time to time that piercing cry, growing bitter with the foretaste of death, of "Boat, boat!" to those whom the sufferers might judge inhumanly indifferent to the fate of their fellows, or basely careful of their own welfare.

"Men, an' we could on'y tell en that they need not fault us, as does all we can—we does, when we stands here and waits for the rockets, ready to run out in the surf and fling en with all our might! They might trust and forgive we with their last breath," complained an old boatman, wiping the sweat from his brow.

Pleasance, in her large and tender heart, freely forgave Joel Wray for his complete neglect of her. Nay, she turned to comfort him, where he stood in his misery of suspense, with his hands clenched and his back turned for the moment upon the spectacle. She managed to push her way to him, and put her hand half timidly on his arm.

"Long Dick will soon be back, Joel," she said softly.

He looked round on her with a faint, absent smile, took her hand and drew it within his arm, but dropped it the next moment and sprang forward to hail Long Dick, who came clattering down the rough road by which carts were wont to drive from the country round to the Dene and the sands for loads of sea-weed.

But a second glance showed that Dick

came empty-handed. The coast-guardsman at Dene-Fleet in whose charge the rockets were kept had been absent, and his subordinate, a prey to official etiquette, had refused to give them to Dick, unless he were furnished with a letter from the harbour-master—who bustled forward, too late, at the mention of his name, or from some other person in authority at Cheam.

"And did you not ride to the next justice or clergyman, and compel the rockets to be given up?" demanded Joel Wray anxiously.

Long Dick dismounted, and looked hurt at the reproach. "I 'a not thought on it," he said; "ought I to 'a done it? Squire and passon might 'a not had the power, or not trusted to me, no more than coast-guardsman did. I thought it bessen to ride back fust thing.

Joel Wray was not listening to him; he was tightening the girths of the smoking horse. "He is good for the six miles back to Dene-Fleet," he said, "and I shall get a fresh horse there."

And before Dick Blennerhasset could guess what Joel Wray was about, he had snatched the whip from Dick's hand, leapt on the horse, and was taking it back by the way it had come, considerably faster than Dick had ridden it.

Dick ran some steps, calling, "Stop en, stop en; he'll break 's neck and Muster Bennet's beastes's knees. What 'll Muster Bennet say? and the drownded men not saved when all is done. Joel Wray ain't the man, sure-ly, what 'll get the rock-yets, as were refused to me."

Joel Wray was beyond recall. Some of the bystanders said he was a daredevil, and some that he was a chap of spirit and resource, who might succeed. A better-dressed man came out of the crowd, the tanner to whom the unfortunate ship *Christian*, of Bergen, was due, and said that he would make good any loss to the landlord of the "Ship A-hoy" by the overriding of his horse. And the harbour-master tore a leaf from his pocket-book, and wrote a line with a pencil on the crown of his hat, his grey hair fluttering wildly in the wind, as he performed the feat, to be dispatched by a third messenger, sent after Joel to confirm his appeal.

No doubt it was a boon to those who were reduced to be mere spectators, to do even so little; and Pleasance followed Joel's headlong course with a passionate hope and prayer, not for his safety—she never doubted that—but that he might be permitted to prevail, and change destiny itself.

In the meantime the raging storm knew no slackening; the battered, bruised ship began to sway where before it had been held as by a vice, and to heel over more and more on its beam-ends, while its hull was perceptibly lower in the fierce strife of the water.

If Joel rode like the wind—no slower, he might be back in time.

Pleasance heard experienced men say, under their breath, that the very minutes of the ship were numbered. She was aware that the lamentations and cries of horror which had greeted the ship's striking, but which had died out in the long watch, were beginning to rise again, hoarse and shrill, in anticipation of the crisis.

The minutes ceased to lag; they seemed rather to flash past like lightning, and but a few more were gone, when the mainmast of the brig was seen to part clean from the deck, and go over the side, raising such a whirl and spout of water, that for a second the gazers believed that the brig itself had broken up, and sunk bodily.

"Her's gone, it is all over," was the involuntary hushed cry, as when a human creature dies, and a portion of the crowd, consisting mostly of women, hardly knowing what they did, but unable to bear the desolation that they anticipated, broke off from the crowd, turned their backs and began to flee from the sight, which they had braved the morning's exposure to witness.

But not only did the vessel still remain, her crew, of whom only one man had been crushed and washed overboard by the fall of the mast, still clinging, huddled together to the sinking stern, were keenly alive, in their misery, to what passed on the partially-revealed shore, to which they looked in vain for salvation. They marked what seemed the dispersion of the crowd, and there arose again that cry of "Boat! boat!" in such a wail of despairing anguish, as those who heard it never forgot, and which caused many of the people present to cover their ears to shut out the sound.

It was the last effort of the foreign sailors; within another minute, when a bigger wave broke over the pitiable wreck, it disappeared as in the twinkling of an eye, without another cry to ring its knell, save from the strange men and women on the shore. All that was left of the ship had been carried back in the trough of the wave, leaving nothing but the water more fiercely

churned than before, and here and there a black speck of a floating yard, as the sole vestige of beams and rigging—the sole token where a ship had sailed the sea and carried on board of her human hearts with their freight of hopes and fears. Not a man was there clinging to plank or spar—the men's strength had been worn out by the long and fruitless struggle, their spirit had been broken by the denial of their prayer—in the incidents of the final moment, no so-called happy accident had flung one man of them within reach of a stay, however slight, the bitterness of death was past, and the last conflict was brief.

Pleasance was too sick at heart to indulge in that "good cry" taken by the other women who had stayed to see the end of the *Christian* of Bergen, or to moralise with them on those "Noroway" women, whose men had perished before their English eyes, those women who would have so little knowledge at this moment, in the comfort and cheerfulness of their homes, of the terrible evil that had befallen them.

Still Pleasance resisted being taken back to Granny's, when almost everybody was going away, and was fain to stay with the few who lingered in the dreary scene, and share, if she could not solace, what would be Joel Wray's sore disappointment and regret, when he should arrive and find that even though he had been successful, all his exertions were too late.

When Joel did come, he looked at first as if he took the trial more quietly than might have been expected from his previous conduct. He had been aware of the extinction of the last chance, before he had got to the Dene he had seen from the road that the ship had vanished, and his pain might have been partly spent. Anyway, though he alighted in silence, and the tears came into his eyes as he laid down the box of rockets which he had brought with him, and although he quickly and decidedly refused the offer of reward which was pressed upon him both by the harbour-master and the tanner who had an interest in the lost brig, Joel arranged calmly enough to take the strange horse, which he had got somehow, to the stable of the "Ship A-hoy," and to assure the landlord of the safety of his horse at Dene-Fleet, and of the transfer of the respective beasts in the course of the afternoon. Then Joel agreed to follow Pleasance and Long Dick to Granny's, whence the party must take their way, in the course of the afternoon, back to the Manor farm.

CHAPTER XX.—THE GROUND SWELL IN THE SEA AND IN THE SOUL.

But when Joel Wray appeared at Granny's, it was clear that the composure which he had assumed at the Dene had been the result of self-restraint, and that he was upset and wretched because of the calamity which he had failed to avert.

He sat with his elbows on the table and his head in his hands, mutely declining the viands to which Granny, notwithstanding her preoccupation, had added a fresh store, and which she could not conceive that any man in his senses, now that the wreck was over, and no more was to be seen, could reject.

"Thee's earned thee's meal, lad," she even said, patronisingly, to one who, as she had been told, had contributed creditably, for a landsman, to the day's great doings. "Thee mun be nation hungry, after assistin' at sich a wreck as ain't to be seen often in them days, though they was plenty as blackberries when I were young; fall to thee's victuals, and cut a figure at them, as thee'st cut at thee's first wreck."

But Joel cut no figure either in eating or conversation, and joined in no proposal to make the best of all that was left of the holiday, which had been planned so auspiciously, but the greater part of which had been claimed perforce from the holiday makers, by the misery at their door.

The storm, as if it had stayed only to wreak its worst on the wrecked ship, and the drowned men, had began to sink as suddenly as it had risen, growling in exhaustion.

It would soon be possible even for Lizzie to venture abroad, and see what was to be seen in the town and on the shore, but nobody had any heart left for the excursion. Lizzie had kept the house patiently enough, though in trembling solicitude, lest the chimney should fall—lest Long Dick, who was so strong and venturesome, should think of going afloat, though Granny said it could not be done. She was too thankful to have them all back, safe and sound, with Long Dick, towering in the midst of them, the safest and soundest of all; she was too content to listen open-mouthed to the dismal account of the wreck, and to Dick's somewhat heavy reflections upon the same, to wish for any fresh movement on her account. And those who should have been the life and soul of the holiday, Pleasance and Joel, were not themselves that afternoon to take double joy out of the fragments, as arrears of what had been lost to them.

Joel was pale, troubled, almost distraught, as it seemed, and Pleasance's heart was swelling with pity for him.

"They be past pain now," said Long Dick, with an enviable assurance that he was giving comfort to himself and all around by the unanswerable statement. "The thing be done and ended, and no more at present," went on Dick, vaguely, as if he were finishing a letter, "it beant no better than crying over spilt milk, as well as cryin' out agin Providence to get down in the mouth or go into the dumps and that;" and here he looked hard at Joel's strange disorder, "along on what can't be mended."

"The next thing," said Granny, briskly, "will be the corpses bein' washed ashore; if so be, they beant carried away eastward, norard, or sudard out of our wash. There beant no sharkses in our waters like as I 'a heard my owd man tell on sharkses in furrin seas; but the Gannet Bay rocks are wors'n sharkses. Howsomever, the corpses, what's left on them, 'll be laid out clean and purpose in the lock-up, or sich like, though you don't be here to see, till so be passon find time to bury em."

Joel writhed and looked up hastily, as if he were going to speak, but said nothing.

"Wool," said Long Dick, still taking the most agreeable view of things under the circumstances, "the poor chaps 'll sleep as sound in the graveyard here at Cheam as in their ownst; and as for murners, why they'll 'a murners enough as is their own people, in time, when the news travels. They ain't friends of ourn, that we should murn for en," ended Dick with a strong sense of the mingled liberty taken and impropriety committed by such extraneous, uncalled for mourning.

Still Joel Wray, usually so quick, would not take the hint, and still Pleasance was weighed down with his sorrow.

"I'm thinkin we mun be steppin'," said Long Dick at last, tired of his unusual office of being spokesman to so unresponsive an assembly—unless Granny, who went far beyond him in her philosophy, and Lizzie, who was apt to count for nothing with Dick, if she did not disgust him by her unvarying admiration, except when he specially wanted sympathy or solace. "Pouney be fresh, no doubt, but the wind is scrowgin' yet and weather none to boast on; there be fourn on us, and one, leastways, well grown, and we be six good miles from Manor farm; and Missus Balls—her can't abide lateness—do'ee hear, Pleasance?"

Yes, Pleasance heard; and though she was inclined to have infinite patience with this mood of Joel Wray's, this malady of vicarious suffering on his part, yet for Joel's own sake, she was driven to welcome along with Long Dick the necessary diversion.

When all the preparations were made, Joel started up from his absorption. "I ain't going back with you," he said, hurriedly, "I could not bear it—not to night, I mean. I shall stop a few days behind here, and then—" he caught Pleasance's wondering, distressed, beseeching look, and seemed to change the end of his sentence; "well, then, I may turn up again at Manor farm, if any one cares to have me there."

"The lad, he be in a creel," said Granny, putting her word in, and using an old fish-wife's phrase, "what 'ould take thee to stop here for? We han't wrecks every day, and thee be'st full owd to take to the sea for a livin' after seeing it the master to-day."

Even Granny, with her passion for the sea, was puzzled by its conquest on this occasion.

"Not take the cart home, lad!" said Long Dick in unfeigned bewilderment, while he was far too simple and honest himself to catch at the suggestion of getting rid of Joel and his favoured suit, by his own queer extravagant thinskinnedness, his liability to moping, or whatever it was that was tending to produce in him this waywardness and fickleness. "To stop here 'ould belong to expense, and how could you get back again?"

"Leave the expense to me," said Joel pettishly, in his pain; "and as for the road, it is a little bit to tramp it, as I tramped before; I have walked as far as that many a time before breakfast."

"But why d' you go for to stop?" argued Long Dick, impelled to protest still farther, since it was evident to everybody that Joel was in misery. "You are a day's-man, and may bide away for a day or a week, and be taken on again if bailiff please; but there were no word on stoppen behind when we started. It sounds contrairy in you to be arter stoppin at this time o' day; you can't be so mad as to think t' sea will give up what 'a been swallowed right down all alive and kickin', so as it will be of any use for you to stop and lend a hand? Come, Joel, you be mighty fond on lendin' a hand, I know that, and thank you for it, as my own debt, but there's nowt to be done here; you 'a done your best, bor, more'n was called for, when you rid Muster Bennet's horse twice over. Let a-be what ain't to be betterned, and come with us. Why we

'ould 'a no peace to ride home and go to beds and to works to-morrer a-leaving you dazed and strook, and takin' the wreck to heart like this."

"I have not done my best," said Joel Wray, standing at bay, passionately, "but you know nothing about it. I may have done wrong from the first; there seemed no good in retracting just then—and who would have believed me? Never mind me, Long Dick, or you, Pleasance. I can take care of myself. I shall do very well. Leave me alone, like good souls. I shall come to you again when I have got over this shock, or whatever you like to call it."

The last words were spoken more like Joel, though they were clearly wrung from him by the exigencies of the moment, as he stood there pale, with the chill of exposure to the storm not thrown off, depressed, tormented by the appropriation to himself of blame and punishment in the disaster which had happened, and which, to the others, was far removed from him and them, except in their common humanity with the sufferers. It constituted a mystery they could not by any means comprehend.

There was nothing for it save for them to go without him, dispirited in their turn, and perplexed by his desertion.

"Joel Wray's heart d' be in the right place," said Long Dick as they drove away, "but there be a want on ballast in the lad."

But Pleasance could not think too tenderly of the generous sensitiveness and self-accusation which had come between and separated her and Joel Wray for the time.

CHAPTER XXI.—THE DEAD BURIED AND THE LIVING COMFORTED.

Joel Wray's dejection was talked of like everything else at Saxford.

Long Dick felt and confessed, not without rue—because Joel had saved his life, but with candid emphasis, that, when he came to think of it, he could be reconciled to his deliverer's staying away altogether, and never turning up again. Mrs. Balls said openly and loudly, out of Pleasance's hearing, for Pleasance must please herself, that it was an ill wind which blew nobody good, and that she for one would not complain of the storm which had disturbed the thatch on the newly-taken-in stacks, half unroofed the pigeon-house, and wrought greater devastation still on the coast of Cheam, if it had blown Joel Wray clean away from Manor farm.

But when Clem Blennerhasset went over to Cheam within the fortnight, he brought back word that Joel Wray was coming home—he had used the expression himself—next day. Clem added the information that the bodies of the drowned Norwegian seamen had come ashore and had been buried, and that Joel had been at their funeral.

Long Dick said nothing farther. Joel Wray was free to come and go; Long Dick would have admitted that at the worst, and Joel was entitled to more than freedom—to a welcome from the man whose preserver he had been. Besides, Joel had established an amnesty between them, even in that nearest matter which went to Long Dick's very heart, and smote it with untold pangs. Mrs. Balls and Joe, natural opponents as they might be, were both right, Pleasance Hatton should please herself, a free field and no favour was all that an honest man could ask.

Long Dick had been accustomed to pride himself on his honesty. He knew, as well as another, that though big and strong as Saul among the people, and shrewd and wise enough in country matters, so as to be respected and prospering, he was also slow and dull in what he called "book know" and in manners—not only compared to Pleasance, but to this slip of a stuck mechanic and day's-man. Moreover Dick was keenly conscious, ever since he had been a humble worshipper of Pleasance Hatton's, that he was liable to disgrace and degrade himself by going "on the spree," even though it were, in some measure, she who unwittingly and unwillingly drove him to it. But he thought he was honest; he was willing to stand or fall upon his honesty.

Neither was Dick altogether without hope to encourage him in his honesty, and in his moderation and forbearance. He had been first on the field; his friendship with Pleasance was an old-established fact; her evident, undisguised, while quite maidenly, liking for Joel Wray, with his novelty, his attractions which charmed most women, and his eager homage to herself, might be but a passing fancy, all the more superficial that it was so openly displayed.

Long Dick would not let go his lingering hope. He would not realise defeat with the great purpose of his life frustrated, and only an echoing blank, which might grow hideous, left behind, while a single thread of the strand remained.

Mrs. Balls, being a woman, saw farther. She received the news of Joel Wray's return with a rebellious groan, and with the angry comment that "it would take

long ort' devil he were found dead along on the wall."

Pleasance, however puzzled and disturbed, had never lost her perfect trust in Joel Wray. Kind, generous, manly Joel in his labourer's jacket, whose spirit was stirred within him by the woes of others, who had been outwardly gruff and impatient because he was inwardly so gentle, and who had stayed behind to pay the last honour in reverence and tenderness to the stranger dead.

Pleasance had always known absolutely in her own mind that he would reappear presently at the Manor farm, as he had reappeared in summer after his first advent in spring. What she felt on hearing that he was soon coming again was not a wild throb of reactionary joy, as intense as the tension of grief and fear which had preceded it, but a soft, all-pervading pleasure, with a longing that was almost painful in its exceeding sweetness, to go forth to meet him, and comfort and praise him.

It was Indian summer weather that had settled down on the east country, after the first tempest-blast of autumn. It promised an interregnum of sunshine and mellow warmth—all the more acceptable that it was crisped with a tinge of frost in the mornings and evenings—before the regular gales of the early winter should sweep the fields, which wanted wood to make them brown, and which were as yet only white after harvest with a cold blueness creeping into the grass green of the meadows, and meeting the greying russet of the hedges. But it was not November yet—it was no more than the first of October. The flood of golden light which bathed the bare fields, glowed copper-colour in the ditches, and flung an orange glory on the purple moorland, and against which the gaunt arms and white sails of the windmills, and the umber sails of the barges, stood out in bold relief, was met by an earth still unblighted, and with a bloom in its bareness, having fruit—wild haws, and blackberries, and domestic apples and pears, where flowers had been, and a few flowers still, silverweed and mallow by the road-side, and marigolds and convolvuluses in the cottage gardens.

Pleasance had gone out in the unbroken, unshaded sunset splendour which was harmless and undazzling, to look through the stream of slanting beams at the cows coming lowing home from the stubble, where they were finding the last and richest clover crop. She was standing thus, with the yellow gables and olive thatch of the Manor-house behind her, by the side of the field-path which joined the road to the village—the very field-path where Joel Wray had first seen Pleasance, as she rode up sitting on the unsaddled back of the cart-horse Punch, with Long Dick walking by her side, and Miles and Phillis Plum following behind — when she encountered Joel on his way back from Cheam.

He looked grave, and a little worn still, as if he had come through some trouble, and been having a trying time of it; but he smiled to see her, and stopped at once, calling her attention to the beauty of the evening, and saying that he could not have enough of it, and was loth to go in, for he was not wearied by his walk, and he was not wanting his supper yet. He should prefer to loiter about and see the last of this unclouded sunset, one of the most simply gorgeous in its peace that he had ever beheld. Would she stroll with him to the first ridge of the moorland? It was not above ten minutes' walk from where they stood, and the prospect there, though more confined, would be even finer in its way, and then he could tell her all that he had been doing in the recovery of the bodies of the poor lost foreign fellows, and the laying them in the earth.

Pleasance complied at once, colouring a little with that rich radiant colour of hers which made her, while it lasted, so beautiful a woman.

Joel Wray did not say much as they went —beyond a passing question about how things had been going on at the farm in his absence, and an observation on the partridges they startled in the turnip-field and on the rooks which were going home to roost.

He was languid, if no longer oppressed, and sought quiet and a soothing influence, which he had an instinct that he would find on the moorland ridge in such companionship.

"Ah! now I can speak to you about it all," he said, half wearily, half in pleased anticipation of an outlet to his pent-up feelings, as he threw himself down on a flat stone and clasped his hands above his head. "Will you sit down beside me, Pleasance, and listen; but first tell me, ain't you fond of this spot?"

There was at this time a curious blending of boyishness and manliness in Joel, and in that lay a part of his charm, especially to such a woman as Pleasance Hatton, in whose nature undeveloped motherliness was a strong element, and whose

love would always crave to give as well as to take protection along with every other benefit. Sometimes this boyishness of Joel Wray's had a strain in it of imperiousness and refractoriness, belonging to the spoiledness of which he had once spoken to Long Dick. But at the present moment it was the wholly winning boyishness of a manly nature, essentially youthful in its manliness, and which was recovering from a blow or check, and looking round ready and willing to take, without any churlishness, whatever good things should be granted to it in compensation.

Pleasance could tell him that she was very fond of the spot where they were resting.

It was, as he had said, not more than ten minutes' walk from Manor farm, in the opposite direction from the village; but it had such an atmosphere of solitude—with exceptions which only tended to make the solitude in other respects more felt—that it might have been a nook among the everlasting hills hundreds of miles away from the flat, tame, bullock-feeding, and milk-producing east country.

The high level of the land rose here from pasture to moorland, and being broken into a dip between a greater and less heather and furze-crowned summit, it shut the spectator into a purple and golden hollow, from which nothing could be seen of cultivation or civilisation save the swinging arms of one of the unfailing windmills, and the gliding sails of an equally unfailing barge on one of the slow rivers which flowed through the moor as through the pasture-land.

Pleasance had been wont to come here at rare leisure times, to find herself alone, except for the windmill, and it might be a barge, with the heather, the furze, and the sky; to fancy herself away in a northern wilderness; to look for plovers' and moorhens' nests; to listen to the crow of the moorcock; to gather little tufts of blue and pink liverwort, yellow rock-rose, and white grass of Parnassus, in addition to heather-bells when they were in season.

But whether the shoulder of the moor lay in the clear light of the morning, or dappled by the great cloud-shadows of noon, or in the tempered serenity of the afternoon sun, or as now under the burning gold, passing into rose and crimson and purple, and wavering and waning away again in its glory, into pink and lilac, amber and buff, and the intermediate dim sea-green that terminated in the deepest blue, and in which the first star or the new moon hung themselves, she was satisfied that her bit of moor was nearest perfection at sunset.

Joel began to speak at last—with an effort even yet, and in an undertone, while he leant on one elbow and plucked the heather with the other hand—of the men for whose loss he, a passing stranger, had grieved as it seemed beyond bounds.

"Yes, they are laid at rest; we have been able to do that for them," he said, with a face that contracted and a voice that grew stern, and sunk into a smothered groan, as if recollection had brought back upon him the mental burden which had been hardly lifted off.

"But why should you, of all men, reproach yourself, Joel?" Pleasance could not refrain from asking in remonstrance; "you who strove to the utmost to avert the poor sailors' fate."

"You do not understand—none of you understand," he kept saying, half impatiently, half wearily. "I am not so clear about there having been no possibility of putting out a boat; but it may have been as they said; Gannet Bay may be such ground that no boat could have lived there, and to send out one would only have been to destruction; and the boatmen might have known that so thoroughly, that, rightly enough, neither money nor influence, nor anything else, could have urged them to the rash deed. But look here, Pleasance: if I had ridden first to Dene-Fleet, I should have got the rockets at once; the lost time would have been saved; the rockets would have come in time; a line might have reached the vessel, and these five men and the boy who are now (all that are left of them) stark and still in Cheam grave-yard might have been as hale and hearty as we are this night, returning to comfort their wives and mothers, to get fresh ships, and go on new ventures until they were grown old and grey, and—escaping the sea at last—might have died in their beds with their children and grandchildren about them."

"But it seemed most expedient that Long Dick should go," argued Pleasance, divided between feeling half hurt for Long Dick—who, she was certain, had done his best—and experiencing the most genuine compassion for the pain told by the voice at her elbow. "You might have failed, to begin with, as he did, and then——" And she hesitated, and spoke again as if impelled to speak, in low tones of earnestness and awe. "It is God's will, though it is a mystery to us why He should not have saved them. The men

were in his hands all the while. Their time had come. He suffered them to die thus. It is very sad; but if it be his will, it cannot be altogether wrong and miserable, can it?"

"I should not have failed," Joel insisted, perversely going back to the first count in her speech; "there might have been delay, but it would not have been for long. I happened to know better than the rest of you. You women always lay hold on devout consolations. Well, I am far from objecting to them, when one can take refuge in them. I believe in God and his providence, and in the Lord who once walked on the sea; but to be fit to take that comfort a fellow must have done his best. I have not done mine, as all you innocent people credit me with doing. I have held myself bound by an

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obligation which, whether foolish or not, was of my own imposing, when I should have broken loose from it. It is useless to speak of it now," he ended, with a deep sigh; "I shall never cease to reflect upon myself for not doing all I could to hinder these poor fellows' melancholy end. And think what it was for me to see them," he ended with a shudder, "when the sea gave them up at last, all mangled, with the very stamp of humanity beaten out of them by the rocks. But I shan't inflict the miserable description on you; I shall only tell you about the little lad. He could not have been more than twelve years old. His body had been carried far out beyond the bay, and was floated in upon the soft sands, and there was not a bruise or cut upon him. Except for the

blue whiteness of his lips, his draggled hair, and his eyes staring sightless at the sky, he might have been sleeping. And, Pleasance, his pockets were stuffed with toys—such little jumping-jacks and dolls as a boy of twelve would hold in utter contempt. I suppose he had bought them the last time he was on shore to carry home to his little brothers and sisters. I remember buying the like when I was a boy, at fairs, for my sister Jane."

He stopped abruptly with a break in his voice, for which, even in the middle of his desperate compunction, he was ashamed and angry with himself.

Pleasance looked away from him, not to appear to see how moved he was, and because she was crying herself very quietly; but as she turned aside her head, she put her warm hand into his. He held her hand fast, and then, as he continued to clasp it, a flush came into his brown face, and a new light into his eyes.

"I know that I am not worth very much," he said, with his voice more unsteady than before, but with a world of different meaning, of entirely changed ideas and partially repressed eagerness and longing in its faltering, "I know that better than ever, at this moment; but if you were content to stand by me always, Pleasance, I think you might make something of me; and come what like, I shall seek you for my wife, because I love you dearly."

She did not answer him at first; there seemed no need of answer when she sat with her hand in his, which drew her nearer to him still. Her face was hidden on his shoulder. And then it flashed upon her that he had come to Manor farm the poorest wanderer, that he was not considered by those who granted her the working woman's independence in pleasing herself, a fit match for her, and that she was better born than her fellows, and had her little patrimony. So she took heart, and lifted up her face, and said fairly,—

"And I love you, Joel; I think I have loved you from the moment that we first saw each other—ever since you loved me."

He kissed her fondly after that word, and they walked back to the Manor farm together, plighted man and wife, before the day which had brought them so much, was quite done, while its radiance was still bright in the west.

CHAPTER XXII.—THE TALK IN THE GARDEN.

Not even Mrs. Balls knew that night of the engagement which had taken place. Pleasance wished to keep it to herself till she could realise it as a fact—the greatest, most blessed fact of her life—accomplished so suddenly, almost inadvertently, but never to be set aside, or undone, or forgotten, while she lived and retained thought and feeling and memory of happiness.

She wished, too, to enter on some arrangement with Joel Wray, that should make the news which they had to give sound less improbable and daring, perhaps even less foolish and imprudent. The couple must occasion disappointment and give pain; there was no help for it, Pleasance told herself, with pitiful regret intruding upon and subduing the exultation of her natural pride and joy; but not she herself would feel such tender concern for the dreams that they would disperse, the hopes they would extinguish, and the wounds they would inflict, as would Joel Wray. Pleasance even wept to think of the generosity and gentle kindness of the brave lad who had set his love upon her, and told herself that in place of his not being worthy of her—as in his modesty and propensity to self-depreciation he had asserted—she was not worthy of him.

Pleasance had not much care for the utter unworldliness of the marriage she was about to make. She had identified herself with that class, who being so low that they need fear no fall, can afford to be unworldly; and she believed that they two could command between them such qualities and faculties, in addition to a little fund of ready money to begin upon, as should enable them to start in life without debt, and to go on with a fair prospect of a reasonable amount of prosperity in their station.

Joel Wray had shown himself, as far as he was known, perfectly sober and well-principled. He had placed himself in the debatable position of a young man who had chosen to abandon his original calling, and was a working man on the tramp, doing odd jobs, and hiring himself here and there; nevertheless, he was active, industrious, and wonderfully capable in work that was strange to him. The instability or eccentricity which had caused a young working man—who had been so worthily ambitious that he must have spent every spare hour on self-improvement, in order to get the culture which he had won—to frustrate his own aims and spoil his future, by giving way to fancifulness, had stopped short of doing him farther injury.

And this eccentricity, as Pleasance preferred to call it, had a certain sweet fasci-

nation for her, belonging, as it seemed to do, to the unworldly chivalrous side of his nature. Joel Wray worked to help; he did not care so much for the particular nature of the work, or for the wages. Like the god Apollo, he would be an assistant all over the world.

There might be a little conceit, as Pleasance was fain to admit (indeed, the curious compound in Joel Wray of boyish conceit and manly humility was very manifest), in this desultoriness; but it was a gracious conceit, and how could Pleasance be angry or even vexed with the eccentricity which had brought Joel from being a thriving mechanic in a town, to be a day-labourer, hoeing wheat and cutting corn, and electrifying her with his knowledge and grace and learning, to love her at Manor farm?

The bulk of Pleasance's little inheritance, of which the deposit receipt had reached her in due time, and which at her own request had been transferred to one of the Cheam banks, was there to defray the extra expenses of setting up in life and enable the couple to begin housekeeping, while retaining a modest reserve for a rainy day.

Pleasance had from the first got good out of her money; but in her power and inclination to maintain herself by her own industry, she had never till now known what a great personal boon it might be to have a little money at her disposal, to smooth difficulties, to make matters easy, and to render safe steps which might have been dangerous. She began for the first time to be grateful on her own account to her father for having spared this money for his children, and to reflect wistfully on the scraps of information which had reached her of his having laboured in his voluntary expatriation, though without success, to increase their store. Poor father! he had known something of life; he had been aware that what was enough for Pleasance in her present low estate, would have by no means served both her and Anne in a higher station.

It was such delight to Pleasance to think that she could give this help to Joel Wray in bringing about their marriage, and she was sure that Joel in his simplicity, and in the sincerity of his love, would not be too proud to take from her what she could give, in the spirit in which she would give it; but, on the contrary, that he would rejoice with her in receiving what, in other circumstances, he would as gladly have bestowed.

Pleasance had the undoubting happiness of a child in that unbounded trust in Joel Wray's disinterestedness, which was only partly justified by appearances; because a man may be lavish of his gifts, and even recklessly generous, after a fashion, and for that very reason may possess himself of his neighbour's gifts as if they were his by right, and may squander them still more freely than he has spent his own.

Pleasance could not tell and did not ask what hostage Joel would give for his working steadily, and earning sufficient wages to keep both himself and her in the future.

She was ready to do as he wished, but for her own part she would prefer that they should sacrifice a good deal by remaining in the country. She shrank a little, though she would meet anything for Joel's sake—share anything with Joel, from encountering the portion of working people in a great city—the mean quarters, the limited crowded accommodation, the close, foul air—above all, the strange, it might be evil, associations; though Pleasance knew better than to think for a moment that the low, any more than the high, must be the vicious. But like most healthy, simple constitutions, and most sensitive, imaginative natures, she clung to the country with its space and freedom, its pure air, and sweet sights and sounds, which were open to all.

Then Pleasance must have Mrs. Balls with her, to care for and cheer her kind old cousin's last years. Joel, who had so much consideration and tenderness for others, would not say nay to that; and he would soon cause Mrs. Balls to forget poor Long Dick, even so far as making a pet and idol of him, Joel Wray, was concerned; for Joel had nice son's ways to old women, as Pleasance had seen and admired in his behaviour to Phillis Plum.

For Mrs. Balls's content it would be well if the united family could continue where Pleasance had made her second beginning in life, and had grown up in it till she was fain to think of Manor farm and Saxford—their familiar rusticities and rudenesses, their friendliness and enmity, their comforts and troubles, with the fond forbearance, kindly regard, and faithful pride that a true heart feels for its native place. Joel seemed to have taken to the neighbourhood, and might get work, whether as carpenter or farm-labourer, there as elsewhere, and she would certainly be more secure of work in her turn where she was known and respected, as Pleasance felt with honest satisfaction.

But Joel should settle all those particulars.

Joel was not slow to claim his title to enter into the preliminary arrangements. He came the next day at the mid-day unyoking—for the autumn ploughing was begun, and he was doing his best to work a pair of horses—straight to the Manor-house and asked, with a smile on his lips and a little colour in his brown cheek, but without any faltering or equivocating, to speak with Pleasance.

It was the first moment that he was at liberty, but it was an inconvenient moment. It cost him his dinner, to Phillis Plum's chagrin, and it interrupted Pleasance at her own meal, to Mrs. Balls's indignation. Notwithstanding Pleasance might please herself about her dinner as about her lover, since the lower men and women descend in the social scale the more they are privileged to dwell in a Liberty Hall, until the savage's licence of eating when he is hungry and drinking when he is thirsty is within sight.

Joel Wray cared little for his empty stomach provided he could get Pleasance to himself for an hour among the brown-podded sweet peas and green-seeded candy-tuft, and the russet bushy walnut-trees, which remained as a relic of the long-fled dignity of the Manor. The autumn sun was shining as yet, though a shower was threatening to fall. But what cared the couple, at the height of their bliss, for anything so merely mundane in its damping as rain-drops? It was not possible to damp the two in their perfect confidence, entire agreement, and true love.

"I have come to see what I am to do, Pleasance," he said gaily; "you know something must be done immediately."

"But we cannot marry right out of hand, Joel," said Pleasance, with a little coy laugh, while pleased in her heart that her lover should desire to strike when the iron was hot—should propose to conduct one of those short, sharp wooings which the old adage pronounces pre-eminently happy. "I have not even spoken to Mrs. Balls."

"Then speak to her, darling, or let me speak to her, at once. I am not going to be put off a moment longer than I can help. I have more reason than most men to press for a speedy marriage." He gave a little conscious laugh in his turn, but there was an excited restlessness in the laugh and in his joy that was not in Pleasance's happiness. She judged it might be the difference between man and woman which in his ardour thus panted for the attainment of an end.

Pleasance's knowledge of life, whether derived from personal experience or books, had not been of the increasingly artificial, egotistical kind of the present day. She had not seen and read much of the exceeding wariness, well-nigh reluctance, with which a large proportion of intending bridegrooms are understood to approach the altar while deceitfully soliciting the company of their chosen brides as to a triumph, not to a sacrifice, a feast, not to a fast. Had it been otherwise she would have been still more struck with and flattered by Joel's eagerness for the fulfilment of their promise. Joel Wray—whether because of his humble origin, which, although it had not deprived him of intelligence or prevented him from acquiring knowledge, might have delivered him from the burden of over-estimation of his own merits and chances—whether from an innate peculiarity in the young fellow, was wild to marry Pleasance Hatton with as little probation as possible.

"We have nothing to keep us waiting," Joel urged, "after consulting our own happiness. To stay to consult others would only be a needless waste of time and peace, for you know that friends never agree upon the marriage of fellows or girls in whom they are interested. It is the one point on which the most devoted of friends cannot be trusted; in fact, it does seem that the more they are devoted, the less they can be trusted. I suppose that is the reason why the Bible bids a man leave father and mother, and cleave to his wife. When will you be my wife, Pleasance, my very own wife, for life and death? Will you be ready in a week? No? Surely you are not going to take a month, when you are perfection where you stand, and don't require the splendours of a fine lady's trousseau to make you fairer, or dearer, or happier?"

"You must allow time for the banns to be put up," said Pleasance jestingly.

"Oh, yes, the banns to be sure, but that is all we want, isn't it, Pleasance? It is good to want so little; to be all in all to each other, when we are to walk through the rest of life, up hill and down dale, side by side. Do you know, Pleasance, it seems to me the very poetry of marriage to take each other thus simply, while it is for better for worse, till death do us part, and beyond death, if God will!"

"I heard once of a marriage that would suit your fancy," Pleasance told him. "It happened away in the hop country, where strangers come for the hop harvest. The banns were published on successive Sundays

for two of these strangers whom nobody knew, and when the time came for the marriage, the couple (they were an elderly pair, worn with toil and care), with a friend to give away the bride, simply left the field where they had been working, and went into the church in their working-clothes, coarse and soiled, and so were married."

"That was grand in its way," said Joel enthusiastically.

"Yes," assented Pleasance, with a flush of pleasure at his sympathy with her own sentiment. "I think that must have been a very real marriage. I mean that it was stripped of all mere glitter, even in pretty fancies, and that the couple took each other at their poorest and plainest. But if they loved each other, what did it matter? They had all that was worth caring for in marriage when they had each other and their love. Gold is gold still, and cannot be rendered dross, though it may have been subjected to hard usage, and left dull and dinted."

"I am altogether with you, Pleasance," said Joel, with a fond appreciation of what was heroic in her standard of truth. "But now tell me your views for me in our marriage."

"But you are not to be at my bidding," objected Pleasance; "I am to be at yours."

"Yes, yes; I am to be lord and master, don't fear. I am not going to resign my rule," said Joel, looking, as he often did, decidedly younger than Pleasance, though the greater youthfulness was not in years, and lay rather in lack of experience than in weakness of character. "Only when I can do it with a good conscience, I am to lay my rule at your feet, and at all times you are to reign as my queen consort. Do you hear that, Pleasance?"

"I hear and believe it," said Pleasance; "but it would sound funny to most people to hear you and me, a working man and woman, speaking of being kings and queens. I am afraid it is a little high-flown."

"No, it ain't," protested Joel seriously. "Veritable kings and queens have to go back in their ancestors to the times

'When Adam delved and Eve span.'"

"And there was the first gentleman in the first working-man," chimed in Pleasance brightly.

"No doubt, dear; and you are a lady in a working woman, a true lady because you are not in the least ashamed of being a working woman."

"No, I am not ashamed," said Pleasance quietly; "I chose it so far. I must tell you all about that some day. I like working people best."

"Do you mean that you would not have cared for me, if I had been a gentleman?" asked Joel curiously, picking up a fallen walnut and beginning to peel off its split green husk assiduously, with his eyes fixed on the operation.

"I hardly think I should," she answered candidly. "If you had been—not one of the gentlemen and ladies that we have just been speaking of—not Adam's sort; but a gentleman in outward circumstances, idle, luxurious, effeminate."

"But gentlemen in outward circumstances need not be idle, luxurious, or effeminate," said Joel Wray in gentle remonstrance.

"I know they need not. I know many of them work harder with their heads than we work with our hands; but they are the exception in their class, and we are the rule in ours; and I like to see and think of you, Joel, as hard at work. I think that working men look then as if they were conquering the material world. I don't wonder at some ladies forgetting themselves, as it is called, and leaving their station to marry working men. No, I don't like ladies and gentlemen," ended Pleasance, shaking her head. "That is, I don't care for them so as to wish to belong to them."

"Then you would not like to be a lady—a lady out and out?" he continued to press the question.

"Oh, no," she said emphatically, "I should wear my heart out as a lady—not only have I no desire for it, but I would not be it for any consideration. I know I should make a very sorry lady. I was in process of being made one when I was a girl at a ladies' school, and in spite of my dear Miss Cayley, who was a very good schoolmistress, in spite of my own sister Anne, who was a thorough little lady, not only inwardly but outwardly, my friends were kept in constant anxiety about me because I showed every symptom of proving a very odd specimen of ladyhood."

When Pleasance stopped speaking, Joel Wray remained silent, and she had an impression that she had vexed him somehow. Was it by the supposition that in other circumstances she would not have come to care for him?

Pleasance was no coquette where coquetry is ungenerous, and she hastened to remove the impression.

"It is idle guessing what I should have done if you had been a gentleman, for we should never have met in that case; but it would have been my great misfortune then, for you would still have been Joel."

"And what is Joel?" he asked quickly.

"Why, you know very well Joel is Joel," said Pleasance a little impatiently, and twisting her fingers together with a bashfulness tending to awkwardness, which was unusual in her. "Of course, no other person could be Joel—there could not be another man like Joel to me in the world. I never saw any one like him, and though I have not lived very long till I have had the good fortune to find him—I know I could not find another like him—mind, to me, for I don't wish to make him vain, though I lived to the age of a hundred."

"That is my Pleasance, my jewel among women, whatever the setting," cried Joel ecstatically, putting his arm round her and showing himself altogether mollified. "But we are coming to no resolution how we are to proceed, and we must not lose time."

Then she told him with shy pride, and at the same time with instinctive care that he should not feel the obligation, of her few hundred pounds which she had inherited from her father, who had married beneath him.

He listened with great interest to the origin of her fortune, and questioned her with animation as to what she knew of her father's antecedents, saying that she would grace any name—and Hatton was a good name; but he would not have been surprised to find her well born on both sides of the house.

She saw that he was pleased to hear of her gentle descent, and was not sure that it was not a little weakness in him to be so pleased; but it was an innocent weakness, and if it gave him pleasure, what then? She was not going to marry an impossible monster of perfection, besides the fact that she was far from perfection herself. It was more than enough for her that Joel was true and brave, and oh! how tender of the woes of his fellows, and clever and bright! He might be crotchety as well as versatile, and innocently vain into the bargain—these were very pardonable spots on the sun. Moreover, she had read, though she had never felt it in her own experience—indeed, she had been driven to the opposite extremity by the catastrophe which had early befallen her—that to some, and those among the most poetic, if not the most powerful minds, rank and station, with their dignity and harmony, offer a strong attraction. She had never suspected Joel Wray of a hankering after gentility; but it might be there for aught she knew—only of this she was certain, that it was a very harmless hankering, not at all affecting his simplicity and integrity—witness the philosophy with which he accommodated himself to the hardships of his day's-man life, his opinion coinciding with her own on what constituted a true marriage, and his positive indifference to the close of her tale.

For Joel had not only listened with perfect composure to her intended employment of her riches—of the existence of which he might have known previously—for their joint benefit, his coolness had approached to carelessness.

Pleasance was even slightly taken aback by this sublimity of indifference on Joel's part. He seemed to care as little for her having the money which she was so glad to give him, as she cared for the rain-drops which had begun to patter through the leaves of the dusky green walnut-tree.

It was not that he looked put out again, but simply that after delaying her narrative for the small matter of her father's having happened to be one of the gentlefolks about whom they had differed, he had hurried her on over the more important portion of her story.

Large-hearted as Pleasance was, she was a shade mortified in her turn. It was not that she exaggerated her slender amount of property, or made much of herself on account of it, but she had already conned and reconned the advantage that it was to be to her and Joel at the present epoch of their lives, with the delight of her having it in her power to confer this advantage and the glory to her of transferring the power. And that he should receive the communication with worse than the stolidity of Long Dick—with an apparent thoughtlessness that savoured of frivolity, was trying to Pleasance.

She had prided herself on Joel's disinterestedness, but this seemed disinterestedness appertaining to folly.

At last he gave her some explanation of his manner.

"Did you mean that your hundreds were all to go towards setting us up?" he said, rousing himself. "That was a great deal too good of you, dear. You must let me contribute my share. Did you not know that I had savings? To be sure, I have savings."

Certainly it was to Joel's credit that, day's-man as he was living, he had held savings in the background. When Pleasance had time to reflect upon the matter, she would be rationally pleased with and grateful for the unlooked-for, off-hand announcement. It was like him, too, to have been silent on so important a particular, and to refer to it at last incidentally in this easy fashion.

But at the moment, the allusion which ought to have been welcome, came upon Pleasance with the effect of a disturbing element, overturning her programme, and well-nigh disconcerting her who was nearly as unworldly as her lover.

However, Joel Wray was not only captivated with Pleasance Hatton, he was enamoured of her with the whole force of a nature that was both passionate and stubborn in its crude impulsiveness and rashness, only he had not a woman's eyes, and he did not perceive as she might have perceived, that his divided attention and inclination to pass on with their conversation disappointed her.

"Pleasance," he said suddenly, throwing off the abstraction which had stolen over him, "have you thought that while you are willing to trust me with your means, and what, had they been ten thousand times larger, would still have been ten thousand times better worth—yourself, you have never asked a single word about me farther than I have chosen to tell you? Have you not considered that there may be points—about my people, for instance, and my rearing—which you will not like?"

"It is you yourself, Joel, that I am going to marry," said Pleasance firmly and tenderly, "and I know you to be what I can trust. Of course I should care to hear all about you. I think that I should never weary of hearing what you did when you were a boy, during your short schooling and your first apprenticeship, and how manful you were as an apprentice. Oh! I know all about it," she continued, fondly and proudly, "about the first money you saved to buy a book—second-hand and at a book-stall, I daresay, I have read of such good beginnings—before you were old enough to join a mechanic's institute. I hardly require you to tell me, I see all the outlines for myself," she finished with shining eyes; "I only want you to fill them in."

"But if it should all have been different from what you suppose?" he said wistfully.

"It could not have been very different," she said confidently, "unless you had more difficulties to struggle with than I have imagined; and then I should but love you more dearly for your courage and perseverance. As for your mother and sister, Joel—I think you have only a mother and sister, at least you have never referred to any other relation—I shall be too pleased to hear all about them. I hope they will like me, as I shall love them well for your sake, if they will let me. But, don't you see, it must be for your sake to begin with, and therefore I can wait till such time as you choose to make us friends even by hearsay. I have always thought that it was one of the good things of working people that, however united in other respects, each man and woman stood in a sense apart, and in all the great events of their lives could act singly and independently. You said a little while ago that it made marriage simple and true. It is as if working for himself and herself made a man and a woman of a lad and a girl, and fitted them to choose their own roads in life, and their own companions on those roads, with none to call in question their right of judgment."

"That is all right, but I must admit this to you," he confessed with some agitation, "that I am not on terms with my mother and sister at present. They took offence at the first hint of my coming into the country as I have done. We had a dispute, and parted on the dispute. I started without a word."

"But you could work as you pleased," said Pleasance, swift to resent for him the undue interference of his mother and sister.

"Oh! yes, I was of age, and my own master, and all that sort of thing," answered he quickly.

"Joel," cried Pleasance, "how differently you London workpeople speak from us country folks! We never hear of coming of age here unless for lords' or squires' sons, at least."

"In town we ape our betters," said Joel promptly. "But about my people, they will come round in time. Indeed, I could make my sister Jane come round any day. She is a dear little thing, and was always fond of me; only she swears by my mother, which is but right and natural in an only daughter. As for the old lady—oh! dear, no, she is not very old,"—he corrected himself, and laughing with recovered cheerfulness in response to the expression of Pleasance's face; "she is not more than six-and-forty, I am glad to say, but she is old to us, you know, and she has her prejudices, as

we have ours, I daresay, though you are the wisest, as well as the best and dearest woman in the world. But these prejudices must and will give way, and all will come right in the end. I thought I had better mention the difference with my family, to explain why I could not make you acquainted with them, or have them here for our wedding," he said frankly, with the relieved air of a person who had discharged an unpleasant obligation, and was happy in proportion.

"I did not suppose they could be here," said Pleasance, opening her eyes, "because of the expense. Some day, when we are all relations and friends, we may go and see them; it would be better for us to bear the inconvenience and cost. It is well to speak of railways having made travelling easy, but travelling is never easy for working people." And then she wondered within herself whether it was mean of her to feel pleased that she should have her young husband all to herself at first. "I am speaking," continued Pleasance, with an effort after lightness and with a heightened colour which showed how much she had the wish at heart, "as if it were fixed that we should live in the country, and hereabouts."

"Look here, should you like that very much to begin with, Pleasance?" he asked.

"Oh yes, I should," she owned.

"Then you shall have your wish," he said, in a low, loving tone; "and perhaps it will help to reconcile you to changes that may have to come afterwards."

"I shall not want to be reconciled to anything when I am with you, Joel," she said softly, fearing that she had been too eager in her wish, and grieved if he should think for a moment that she could be captious and exacting to him, who was consulting her in everything, who was so mindful of what was due to her, and so caressingly kind.

"So you think just now; but we shall see," he answered smilingly. "Not that I think you will want anything that I can give you, or that you will be unreasonable in asking me to do for you what I cannot do. You will be pleased to hear that Martin—the carpenter, you know, in the village—has offered me a job or two when I have looked in upon him, and I can fall back on that if Long Dick will not have me working here. Poor Long Dick! have you thought of him?"

"He will get over it," said Pleasance, with determined hopefulness; "he is not suffering so great a loss; he will do better for himself. If I was made for you, I could not have been made for him. There is his cousin, Lizzie Blennerhasset; if he would only think of her in that way. She loves him—it is no secret—as—"

"As you love me," suggested Joel, laughing softly.

"No," denied Pleasance honestly. "It is little to say that I am willing to give you myself and all I have; and it is needless to vow, as lovers vow in books, that I would die for you, since I am not likely to be called upon to prove my words, though I think I might; and surely I am going to do more when I mean to live for you. Yet in spite of all, I am certain it is not in me to sink my identity in another's, and be content to be his servant and slave, to follow him like a dog, as Lizzie Blennerhasset follows Long Dick."

"I am quite satisfied with what you are and what you give," he swore roundly.

"And about Mrs. Balls, Joel?" she was emboldened to say, with a sweet beseeching tone in her boldness. "It is better that we should understand each other thoroughly; it would not be fair otherwise, and I cannot abide unfairness. She has been such a faithful cousin to me and mine; she was kind to my mother; she took Anne and me in when we were homeless. Anne died at the Manor house, and I have lived here ever since, a burden on Mrs. Balls's kindness for many a day. I could not bear to leave her now that I am independent, and can be of use to her, when she is getting old; and I fear that she has been breaking up fast this last summer, for she is not quite like herself. I know that she has been unjust to you, but she set her heart on my marrying Long Dick, and she has been thwarted. If you would bear with her——"

"Say no more, Pleasance," he interrupted her: "Mrs. Balls is your cousin, and was your guardian—that is enough. You do not think that I cannot find room and forbearance for my wife's oldest and best friend?" he demanded, with something like reproach in his tone.

At that moment Mrs. Balls's voice, grown sour and querulous, reached them from one of the many little Manor-house windows, in which her face, dragged and paled from its old comely roundness, appeared framed.

"I dunno, Pleasance, if I be called on to let you please yourself a-stayin' in the garden and a-gettin' on your dead of cold in the wet, with the good ribs on mutton and taties a-spoilin' all the time. As for anybody as is so left to hisself as to keep you a-gossipin' in

sich a shower, I can tell him Long Dick d' be past with the hosses, he do, them ten minents agone; and for as heady as my gen'leman is, he had better take heed to thatten."

CHAPTER XXIII.—CLEM BLENNERHASSET FINDS A PATRON.

THAT evening Joel Wray was in the village of Saxford, getting rid of his leisure as he best might. Pleasance had not wished him to be present at the ebullition of poor Mrs. Balls's disappointment when she should hear that what she had dreaded had actually taken place, and that the end had come summarily to Long Dick's protracted suit. An audacious interloper had stepped in lightly and won, in a twinkling, the prize, while Long Dick, in the view of its very value, was still but humming and hawing. Anxiety and hope for him and his ally were alike over for ever.

Joel felt of his own accord, with intuitive delicacy, that he could not, having regard for Mrs. Balls's feelings, be made—as Pleasance's accepted lover, and soon to be her bridegroom—free of the Manor-house at once, on this very first evening. He had as clear a comprehension that there would be no use in trying to decoy Pleasance from her difficult duty of breaking the news to her kinswoman, and striving to reconcile the old woman to what was inevitable. To do him justice, he had only a passing inclination—subdued quickly by his strong, if warped, sense of honour, as well as by his abundant generosity—to wile Pleasance from her mission, in order to bear him company that he might bask in the sunshine of her presence, and forget everything which he was fain to forget in his vivid rejoicing consciousness of what he considered a singular and unsurpassable combination of perfections warranting any struggle and sacrifice. He summed up these perfections in his lover's folly as strength and sweetness, beauty and goodness, simplicity and knowledge, spirit and gentleness.

Joel could not have his natural and chosen companion, and yet he was in the humour for company. He was so happy, and at the same time so restless and excited, that he had difficulty in containing himself. He wanted to have some one to tell indirectly how happy he was, and thus to meet man's first and last need of sympathy.

If Joel's happiness had owned any other source, he would have sought Long Dick and poured out to him—overwhelmingly, while it was still in a vague and figurative form, till Pleasance should remove the padlock from his lips—his supreme, intoxicating delight.

In spite of his mercurial and somewhat fantastical and passionate disposition, the lad's liking for the rude, strong, sometimes grossly erring man who had been moulded by that nature, with which he came into closest contact, was altogether sincere. Joel Wray's friendship for Long Dick was so real and friendly, that though Dick was far removed from Joel spiritually, yet Joel was pleased and proud to think that a cherished experiment of his where Long Dick was concerned had signally prospered. The two had not only met on common ground: they had made a paction together, and Joel had achieved a conquest of Long Dick, and disarmed him by disarming himself chivalrously, when the men's interests had clashed on the tenderest point. But all the more Joel shrunk from being himself the bearer of the earliest tidings of that triumph which, however softened in the telling, must be next to a death-blow to Long Dick. Long Dick would not be flesh and blood if his immediate impulse did not prove more or less bitter. Yet it was not the resentment from which Joel recoiled: it was the misery under the resentment, which the lad could not think of and preserve his own elation, and which seemed to give Long Dick a lasting claim on his more fortunate comrade.

In the circumstances, and the dire dearth of all other companionship, Joel suddenly bethought himself of Pleasance's friend Lizzie Blennerhasset's hobble-de-hoy brother Clem and his musical gift, of which Joel had been certified by more than hearsay, having come across the boy and his music occasionally. He recalled a half-formed intention which he had entertained in reference to the rustic genius. The better day the better deed, and Joel was prone to mark this happiest day by some special act of kindness to one of those fellow-creatures for whom he entertained so warm a good-will. The notion did not proceed from his having any decided musical faculty, though he had a smattering of musical as of many other kinds of knowledge. The inclination to exert himself on Clem's behalf was rather the result of a peculiar inclination on Joel's part at this period of his life, and probably to be modified at a later date, by the disenchantments and disappointments of experience, to play the onerous *rôle* of a little providence to the dwellers in any world in which he happened to be moving.

Pleasance Hatton, on the first receipt of the information that she would succeed to a little money, had betrayed a similar inclination, showing the fellow-feeling in this, as in other respects, between the young people. But Pleasance's was an extremely modest and tame version of the malady, compared to the aggravated form under which Joel Wray laboured.

In the course of the showery evening, which in his present frame of mind was so balmy in its showeriness, Joel wended his way to Saxford, and to those central strongholds of the village, smith Blennerhasset's forge and the Brown Cow.

The rain did not prevent the usual lounging evening visiting of Saxford, and as he passed the shed with the forge and the open door of the smith's house and family room he looked in and saw that on this occasion the Blennerhassets' premises formed the great gathering-ground. Knots of men in smocks and aprons stood round the brawny smith on the glowing smithy. The house-place had also its circle of frowsy matrons, with clutching children, and slovenly young women—whose sole finery at the present moment was resplendent brassy earrings flashing with bits of coloured glass—met about long, lank, chattering Mrs. Blennerhasset and her bouncing, buxom elder daughters.

The discussions in either case were so engrossing that Joel passed without notice, and entered the Brown Cow, where he found that host Morse and his hostess were absent attending the two evening assemblies next door.

For a like reason the bar was tenantless, save for a yawning, dawdling girl, who had not even the old lame potboy to cheer her. The appearance of the smart, saucy day's man up at the Manor, "as was puttin' out Long Dick with Madam," afforded an agreeable diversion, though Joel did nothing to justify the sensation beyond asking the girl in his pleasant way to call out Clem Blennerhasset and his fiddle, if they were next door, and ask if he would come and sup with Joel Wray, and play him a tune afterwards.

Clem, who was less than nobody in his father's house, was soon forthcoming, and very ready for the supper, though it was limited to a rasher of bacon and a glass of ale, to which Joel sat down with his appetite taken away from him by sheer happiness. When the two were left alone, by the girl's withdrawing after clearing away the relics, Clem was ready to play on his beloved fiddle to a young man who formed an attentive and appreciative listener, after the audiences to which Clem was accustomed. These were domineeringly patronising and fault-finding, but largely indifferent, roaring out their conversation in the very act of beating time more obstreperously than when they were fairly dancing, and caring only for a thrumming din and for familiar country airs, the salient points of which were often guiltless alike of melody and harmony.

"What 'ould you 'a?" Clem questioned, expecting, however, that Joel would say, as on former occasions, "Whatever you like," while Clem proceeded with his tuning, which Joel—so benevolent was his frame of mind—gulped down without so much as a hasty injunction to bring it to a speedy termination.

As Clem spoke and tried his fiddle, his pitted, purple, puffy cheeks shook with intentness, and his small piggish eyes began to glow—caught away as he was for the moment from all his other attributes and surroundings, and raised to a height to which neither Long Dick nor Joel Wray nor Pleasance could climb.

The lad was dimly conscious of the transforming power, and cherished the consciousness in the silent drudging life which he led as his father's assistant, of the reality of his gift, and his loyalty to it. "Nowt but a fiddler," smith Blennerhasset and his wife would tell each other in angry mortification at their son and heir's degeneracy. "He 'ont be nobry at the forge, he 'ont, and he might 'a been sich another strapper as Long Dick. We done nothing to 'a stunted mites and odds and ends on children. As for poor Liz, it were the Lor' and the fire as done it, and no more to be said. Her hev done her best for her livin', if her were not sich a main love-sick fool along on Long Dick, as it could never be thought would cast an eye on a poor limpin' sparrer like our Liz, more by token he's boun' hand and foot to Pleasance Hatton up at t' Manor. But Clem, he d' be as broad as he is long, and he might 'a cultiwated the strength on his arm and the cuteness on his eye, and been summat on a man. But, tell'ee what, master" (or "missus," as it chanced to be the smith or his wife who was lamenting), "he'll be nowt but a fiddler, as will fiddle at marriages and bean-feasts, and if his sight fail, as seems the way on fiddlers, he will be led through the country at the tail on a dawg."

This was the most cheerful prognostication that Clem ever heard from his friends of his future career, if he would be so infatuated

as stick to his fiddle, which they did not forbid, nevertheless, because, being a working man's son, he had a young working man's early emancipation and responsibility with regard to his lot, and Clem stuck to his fiddle, while in the very sticking the evil prognostication lost much of its terror.

"I wish you to play something melting and joyous at the same time," enjoined Joel, "something that will dissolve a man's soul within him, but dissolve it in bliss, you understand, Clem."

"Bor!" exclaimed the lad, staring, "I thought as you were riled along on those drownded sailors at Cheam."

In fact, Clem's impression had been that he was called, as David had been called to Saul, to drive out of Joel a dark spirit, of whose existence Clem had been further convinced by Joel's saying little—for him—and eating less.

"So I was, Clem," said Joel, passing his hand across his face, "but something else has come to me. Moods change, as you musicians should know."

"I know," said Clem, volunteering an elucidation of the subject in question, "as how the bands on the sojers what go playin' at a funeral the 'Dead March in Saul,' arter grave is dug and volley fired, turn their fifes and drums to 'See the Conkerin' Hero Comes,' and sich like."

"Just so," said Joel, "now fire away, Clem."

"Somethin' as is meltin'," repeated Clem, half aloud to himself, and tucking his fiddle under his chin, he drew his bow to the air of the "Maid of Allan Water."

Joel listened to it, lying back in his chair, crossing his arms and half closing his bright black eyes. But he had a grave fault to find. "That is very sweet, I don't deny it; but it is profoundly sad, you young shaver, in place of being cheery as the day. It is like a night instead of a morning song. Ain't the words doleful, too? Don't they run somewhat in this fashion:—

'But the summer grief hath brought her,
And the soldier false was he?'

No, no, that is not the thing at all. Try again, and succeed better this time, else you will crack your credit with me."

Clem's faculties were all concentrated in his musical gift. Apart from it, he was a slow as well as an uncouth, though not a silly boy; but when the appeal was made to him through his peculiar genius, he ended by responding to it. A queer, comical sparkle of intelligence lighted up his ordinarily plain, dull face. "I weren't told it 'ud come to thatten, but will this suit you?" and he struck up the wildly jovial strains of the Scotch air, "Fye, let us a' to the bridal."

Joel laughed gaily, though he still shook his head. "That is a great deal better, but still that is not the thing, my boy. Can't you combine the feelings of the two? If you could play Mendelssohn's 'Wedding March,' now that is about it."

"I 'a heerd tell on Mendel—you knows what, it d' be a foreign fangled name," apologized Clem, with quiet confidence. "Owd Stenhouse, as learned me, he could play summat as he said, Mendel—dang the rest, made for the wiolin to be played by one David—there be a sensibler name as any man can say."

"Ah! that reminds me not to forget your business in my pleasure. Should you like to be a real musician, Clem? I mean, should you care to cut the forge, and give yourself up to your fiddle practising, and to master it so as to be able to make your bread by it, and to play it as well as Stenhouse, who taught you? Do you care for it enough to give yourself up to it like that?"

Clem had no difficulty in following Joel Wray here. A mixture of eagerness and fearfulness came into the lad's face, while he pushed nearer to his companion, nervously fingering the fiddle-strings with his thick, but in this instance flexible, fingers.

"Mor'er and far'er both say I'll end by bein' nowt 'sept a fiddler, and think to fright me with the lowness and the hardships afore me in that line. But I'm none frighted or even worrited when they nag so. I s'pose I do be low and that; for, bor, d' know, Joel, I'm most sure I 'ud like it, if I were let play my heart out and do nowt but fiddle, though I 'ud 'a to pay for it by makin' my arm flee and my ears buz, and them a roarin' at bean-feasts, and though I were to go blin' in the end and be dragged by a dawg. Tell'ee, man, I 'ud choice it afore I 'ud be the most strappin'est, flourishin'est smith, like far'er, if so be I 'ud to buy my rise by givin' up my fiddle. There!" And the boy panted and glared defiantly at Joel as if he had been driven into making the most audacious and dreadful declaration on record.

"But that was not in the least what I meant, Clem," said Joel, stroking the down on his own upper lip encouragingly. "I meant that you might so learn the fiddle, and come to play it, perhaps to teach it in your turn, as to earn a fair maintenance, and occupy

an honourable position, certainly quite as honourable as that of the stoutest smith who ever shod horse or struck hot iron. You are not singular in your love of music. There are well-paid musicians, and those who are thorough gentlemen, such as your friend 'Mendel-dang-the-rest' was in his days. There are schools for music—not so many as there ought to be, and will be, but still a few, as there are schools of art, medical schools, and mining schools—where young musicians are reared and trained."

"I 'a no stomach to be a gen'leman," pronounced Clem decisively. "I ain't fit, nor never will be."

"That's the second time that I have heard the same sentiment in one day from two very different sources," thought Joel, meditatively. "I wonder if the world is getting wiser, and the plebeian is ceasing to envy the patrician, nay, if in his superior simplicity and philosophy the pleb has come to the conclusion that he has got the best of it? I wonder if Ruskin's Arcadia is about to have a trial, and if so, shall I have graduated for a post in it?"

"I 'ud leave the gen'leman business to a smart town-bred chap like you, Joel, as is part gen'leman a'ready," concluded Clem.

"Thanks." Joel acknowledged the compliment sedately.

"But about them schools," pursued Clem, roused out of his stolidity, and keen on the idea which had been suggested to him. "Stenhouse, he said nowt about 'em, but they mightn't 'a been in his day. Be there smith's work ever wanted there, as a feller could do in exchange like?"

"I fear not, Clem, unless it were such delicate mechanical work in relation to musical instruments as you could not attempt."

"Not messagin', nor cleanin' on knives and shoes, nor nowt as I could turn my hand to for my keep, and just a lesson nows and thens?" besought Clem, with the painful urgency of a man whose hopes have been raised only to have them dashed to the ground.

"No, I am not aware that they have an equivalent for the old university servitor in the modern musical academies," said Joel, speaking out his own thoughts rather than setting himself to enlighten Clem. "But cheer up, young one, don't look so blank, I'll engage that you'll find a way. The thing would be for you to go up to London and stand an examination, and if you passed, and were approved of, I have a friend that has something to say in an academy of music, and that could give you a lift so that you might be taken on free till you had accomplished your curriculum, or whatever they call it. Do you take me, Clem."

"Free sich as in our 'ospital?" suggested Clem.

"All right," said Joel.

"But far'er 'ud never give me money to go up on sich a wild-goose chase to Lunon," said Clem, beginning to sink back into despair. "And mo'rer 'ouldn't hold at he, as she do when the mawthers do want help for an outin'. I might run off and beg my way, but I could never ask as a beggar—not so much as a bit on rosin to make the bow go—when I were a little chap, and just beginnin' to play. It would be mortal hard to ask now, with the sight and 'athout the dawg, yet—even for the fiddle."

"Here you are, Clem. I'll lend you the small sum necessary, from my wages, or rather from my savings," offered the lavish Joel.

"I'm a Dutchman!" exclaimed Clem, with unceremonious abruptness and incredulity, and he proceeded to inquire with an equal absence of hypocrisy, "Dev you 'a savings? I thought—we 'a all thought, you was a hand-to-mouth buffer."

"You have all thought wrong, then," said Joel composedly.

"Wunno you need your savin's then?" Clem continued to ask anxiously, still perplexed as well as dazzled by the splendour of the offer, and showing commendable consideration for the welfare of his rash friend, "if so be that you and Pleasance—wunno our Liz be mad as Long Dick is thrown over, though it d' be grist to her own mill—make a marriage atween you?"

"Never fear," said Joel. "But I have never said anything of making a marriage with any lass. Mind, I have not said it, Clem."

"But you a looked as if your heels were uppermost," said Clem, with unlooked-for severity of satire. "Sittin' a grinnin' there from ear to ear, kinder-like a snake, and as if you were swallered up with pride; and you d' be a thrustin' your shillin's right and left on a wumblin' lad as be'nt a drop's blood to you, and as 'a on'y knowed you slight, to nod to and play a tune to, till this blessed night."

"You are a deep one yourself, Clem, deeper than I took your for. But have you never heard of 'village Hampdens,' and 'mute inglorious Miltons' (Handels and Haydns would be more appropriate in this

case), and of folk being so possessed as to desire to draw out the compulsory dumb, and win for them speech, hearing, and a reward?"

"If you mean a reward on fiddlin'," said Clem, scratching his head, "all the reward on it as a not come from its own guts, that I 'a found, were worritin', and when I were younger, and not like to keep my own head wallopin'."

"There's a good time coming," said Joel, rising to go.

IN TOWN.

(*Pantoum.*)

"The blue fly sings in the pane."—TENNYSON.

GRINDING in town now is "horrid,"
(There is that woman again!)
Sun beating down on one's forehead,
Thought gets dry in the brain.

There is that woman again:
"Strawberries! fourpence a pottle!"
Thought gets dry in the brain;
Ink gets dry in the bottle.

"Strawberries! fourpence a pottle!"
O for the green of a lane!
Ink gets dry in the bottle;
"Buzz" goes a fly in the pane!

O for the green of a lane!
O to lie down and be lazy!
"Buzz" goes a fly in the pane;
Bluebottles drive me crazy!

O to lie down and be lazy!
Careless of town and all in it!
Bluebottles drive me crazy:
I shall go mad in a minute!

Careless of town and all in it,
With some one to soothe and to still you;
I shall go mad in a minute.
Bluebottle, then I shall kill you!

With some one to soothe and to still you,
As only one's feminine kin do;
Bluebottle, then I shall kill you:
There! I have broken the window!

As only one's feminine kin do,—
Some MABEL, or ETHEL, or GRACIE!
There! I have broken the window!
Bluebottle! *abi in pace!*

Some MABEL, or ETHEL, or GRACIE
To dash one with eau de Cologne;
Bluebottle! *abi in pace!*
And why should I stay here alone!

To dash one with eau de Cologne,
All over one's talented forehead!
And why should I stay here alone!
Grinding in town now is "horrid!"

AUSTIN DOBSON.

ON SOME SPECULATIVE PERPLEXITIES.

BY THE EDITOR.

IT has become so trite an observation to speak of the time in which we live as a period when all received creeds are put on their trial, when each man is supposed to think for himself, when every authority must expect to be challenged by stripling as well as savant, that it need not be repeated here, except for the purpose of leading to something more practical than a superficial description of the spirit of the age.

But however trite the observation I have quoted, however much it has become a sort of cant in some lips, it nevertheless expresses a fact of profoundest interest. No thoughtful man can contemplate the present condition of things without intense anxiety. We are in the midst of one of those formative epochs in the religious history of the world, out of which we may expect great good to come, but at present it is intellectual chaos. Men refuse to be guided by the old landmarks, and many of the cherished beliefs of the last generation are classified among baseless prejudices or sheer mistakes. The universal ferment of opinion is acting as a solvent upon every species of authority.

Yet we ought to remember that there have been many similar epochs in the history of thought and of religion, and experience may teach us hopefulness in regard to the final issue. Of such a nature was the period of the breaking up of the Roman empire, and the conflict between the forces that were gradually retreating from the field and the creed which was soon to spread over Europe. The time of the Reformation was another era of confusion and warfare, out of which grew progress and enlightenment. The deistical controversies of the eighteenth century, ending with the French Revolution and the universal turmoil of political and religious opinion which was its immediate consequence, was also an age fruitful in blessing, but which at the time seemed alarming and perilous. And if there is in the present day a deeper and wider movement than can be

paralleled for centuries, yet let us thank God there is also prevalent a healthier spirit of truthfulness and reverence in those who profess to be the leaders of new thought.

All these discussions have naturally an unhappy effect on certain minds. There are many people too busy to study out for themselves the questions of the day, but who cannot help catching what I may call the infectious spirit of uncertainty. Whether they can give a reason for it or not, they experience a sense of uneasiness and insecurity. They cannot read the daily papers without finding assertions made on this subject and on that, by men of influence and acknowledged scholarship, which clash with many sacred beliefs. Scientist contradicts scientist, critic contradicts critic, new theories of creation are propounded one day, to be overthrown the next. The impression alone remains decided, that a great part of the thinking world is at sea upon some of the most important questions. What, then, are men of the ordinary type to do? Life is too short, and they are too busy to study out a new theory of the universe; and yet they cannot afford to be in darkness. That would be too miserable! How are they to act? Are they to remain in suspense respecting matters which have the closest, most intimate relation to their affections, their hopes, their very being, until the nature of atoms or of protoplasm has been determined? Must they be in doubt regarding immortality, be uncertain whether their dear ones are alive or have perished, hesitate between heathen darkness and Christian light, until they have formed, each for himself, a conclusion respecting the authenticity of the Gospel of St. John, and sifted all the attempts that have been made to show that it is the production of an age which has certainly left nothing even approximating to it in majesty? If not, what then are they to do? Where are they to begin, or where find a satisfactory basis for their position?

Now, far be it from any Christian teacher to look with suspicion on the labours of those who are seeking truth, and who have already added so much solid and reliable ground to the region of knowledge. What has already been accomplished has widened enormously our horizon, and cast new light upon the character of the material world and the manner in which it has assumed its present condition. There may be in the ferment of ideas which novelty stimulates much that is fanciful, even ridiculous; but what remains of substantial truth is undoubtedly exceedingly suggestive, and inspires the hope that science will render powerful assistance in understanding the scope and meaning of holy Scripture.

The question I now propose has no reference to the truth or falsehood of the attacks so frequently made on certain familiar beliefs. Let us take the case of a man of ordinary intelligence, who is too busy with the practical affairs of life to go deep into the problems that are puzzling the age; who hears the sounds of battle raging around positions he has been accustomed to regard as unassailable; and as he learns that some outwork, built long ago, round the citadel has been abandoned, begins to feel insecure, and asks for a position which may assure him some legitimate peace until the war is over and the lines again become definitely settled. Where, then, is such a man to begin? What is he to do?

This is not only a very wide question, but I am persuaded it is a very pressing one; and among many other replies which might be made to it, there are two distinctions by the observance of which some help may be found towards its practical solution.

1. The distinction between theology and religion.* Every man ought to be religious, but every man need not, nay, as things are, cannot, be a theologian. No man is therefore compelled to wait till all theological dogmas have been settled before becoming religious. If religion is to be the common property of man, possible for the peasant as well as the philosopher, its essence must be looked for in what is simple, not complex, in the practical rather than the theoretical. However important theology may be, its position in reference to religion is very much that of chemistry or physiology in relation to the practical enjoyment of physical health. A man does not require to know the nature of oxygen in order to breathe the air of heaven, nor does he need to study physiology before eating his daily food. There are natural tastes, appetites, experiences, which together form a sufficient and easy ground for guidance, so that every sane man can act without hesitation in these common matters, without waiting for the instruction of science, or the establishment of some theory of life. In like manner there are moral affinities and spiritual desires, a sense of duty and of right and wrong, a perception of the beauty of holiness, an instinctive feeling of responsibility, and of

* See a suggestive sermon on this subject by Principal Tulloch, "Religion and Theology," Messrs. Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh.

dependence upon God, which form a sufficient basis on which to construct a truly religious life. It is not necessary to master the arguments for Theism before believing in the existence of a God to whom we are responsible. Our nature is so constituted that the consciousness of God is one of our first instincts. The statement of sin and guilt, the assertion of moral confusion, of the strength of passion, and of the misery of evil; the message of a Father's love, of His readiness to pardon; the picture of the beauty of holiness and the promise of help for its attainment—these things appeal freshly, with a self-evidencing and convincing power which overleaps the scientific methods of theology, and goes at once home to the heart and conscience of humanity. The man who lives under the power of these influences, whose conscience is open to the dictates of righteousness, whose heart responds to the love of God in Christ, whose desires go forth towards the things that are "true" and "lovely" and of "good report," who recognises himself as an immortal and responsible being, and who takes his place as a child towards his Father in heaven, and as a brother towards his fellow-man on earth—the man who so feels and endeavours, is a religious man, although numberless questions, in themselves full of deepest interest and importance, may long remain for him not only unsolved, but without the problems they involve having ever once suggested a difficulty to his mind. It is well, therefore, to distinguish between the religious life which is incumbent on all men, and the scientific or theological information which must necessarily belong to the comparative few.

2. Another principle, the observance of which may be of some use to those who are disturbed by the agitation of opinion in regard to many familiar beliefs, may be thus familiarly expressed:—*Begin at the centre, and not at the circumference.* There are a thousand intricate questions lying round about central truth, questions that are not vital, but which have been so much associated with vital truth that their discussion is sometimes made to wear a far more portentous aspect than really belongs to them. For example, many minds have been so trained under traditional teaching as to imagine that the truth of Scripture is involved in the theory of verbal inspiration. They have been so drilled by the pulpit to regard every word of Scripture, whether it be the genealogy of a priest or a numeral in Chronicles or Kings, as given by direct inspiration—dictated, in short, by the Holy Spirit—that they fancy revelation itself is imperilled when a Colenso shows some arithmetical inconsistency, or when a Strauss proves the existence of verbal discrepancy.

In like manner there is a large class among those who read modern literature who fancy the Christian religion itself is being imperilled when science challenges the historical accuracy of the Mosaic account of the creation. They fancy the glory of the Gospels must vanish and Christ cease to be true, except we believe the world created in six literal days, or in six epochs, or by means of sudden cataclysms and repeated manifestations of fresh creative energy. They see an antagonism so direct between any theory of development and Scripture statement, that, to their imagination, all religion must totter to its fall should Darwinism be proved true.

Now without discussing—far less conceding the statements of Scripture on such matters, it is sufficient for our present purpose to notice that all such questions lie at the circumference, and far away from the purpose of divine revelation.

Once upon a time the Church, in its great blindness of heart, its prejudice and ignorance, deemed that the very existence of the faith depended on such poetic and popular statements in Scripture as seemed to indicate that the sun rose and sank, that it revolved round the earth, while the earth abode continually, firmly established upon the floods. We now, without any effort, perceive how far such questions are removed from the real centre of religious belief, and with what safety and freedom they can be handled without any danger accruing to Christian life. In like manner we need stand in no terror of any light which modern inquiry may throw on the conditions,—the length of time, or the process of development,—under which the material world and the varieties of vegetable and animal life may have possibly reached their present state. We must not identify the authority which belongs to the Sermon on the Mount with such questions of criticism as whether Moses wrote the Pentateuch, whether the book of Job is a history or a drama, whether the account of the Garden of Eden is meant to represent actual fact or is an allegory, or whether the massacres perpetrated by the Israelites are in accordance with the Gospel. In whatever way such questions as these are finally determined, I believe it is absolutely necessary for us, in the meantime, to recognise their

true position, as lying wholly at the circumference, and as connected only in a secondary manner with the truth or falsehood of the Christian religion. Once we get a firm hold of the centre, once we are securely anchored to the eternal verities, then we may not only with safety, but with profit, deal freely, frankly, gratefully with minor matters of criticism, or with the interesting discoveries of scientific research.

What, then, is the centre? I answer without hesitation, Jesus Christ—or, in other words, "the light of the glory of God shining on the face of Jesus Christ." That is the true point at which every man calling himself Christian ought to begin. Numberless problems may continue to exercise the minds of men as the horizon of knowledge becomes widened, and as God reveals the order, the greatness, the beauty of His works in a measure far exceeding anything given to ancient prophet or historian. But there is one revelation, supreme, central, and, as regards our spiritual condition, decisive in its issues; and that is, the goodness, the divine truth and excellence of Jesus Christ. It is here we must begin, as it is here we derive the most convincing evidence for Christianity. Whatever theories may be devised as to the origin of physical life, they cannot affect the impression we receive of the eternal fitness and truth of what Jesus Christ was and did. As we stand in His presence, or follow His footsteps and trace that sinless life of His, passing without stain through every human experience, or when we listen to the gracious words that proceed out of His mouth, as He invites the weary and the heavy laden to come to Him for rest, or tells us of a Father who loves us and seeks our good—there is a world opened up of spiritual glory which shines with its own light, and is its own best evidence. That which has really convinced the world has not been the arguments derived from the circumference into which the scriptural history extends. That which filled the hearts of Apostles and Martyrs with their holy enthusiasm; that which has nerved the hearts of feeble women with a heroism which defied death and torture; that which has shed peace on troubled consciences, which has been the comfort of the sad, the allurement of longing souls, the satisfaction, the life, the all-in-all, of the Church in every age, has been Jesus Christ Himself in His truth, His love, His holiness, His ministry of healing, His sufferings and death and resurrection. We do not need to go through an intricate theological education; we do not require to determine the nature of protoplasm or the merit of some theory of evolution, before we can confess the truth of Christ's parables or the glory of His cross and passion. Wherever there is a true spiritual eye, it is enough simply to look there and see. The light shines, and the spirit of man, unless utterly blind, is bound to confess its glory. Let critics discuss the extent of inspiration; let theologians philosophize regarding many important mysteries of the faith; let geologists examine the age of the earth's crust; let physicists reverently trace the manner in which organized life has been developed; but the man who with true heart reads the Gospels, does not need to wait the result of such controversies. Such a man feels that Christ speaks as no mere man could speak; that, whatever inspiration means, verily He has the words of eternal life; that, however the Athanasian Creed may be attacked, Christ was in the most awful sense divine; and that, whatever explanation may be given of atonement, he cannot look at Gethsemane and the Cross without receiving such a sense of the love of God, of the evil of sin, of the fulness of forgiveness and mercy to the utmost, which nothing else can convey, and which no arguments from the outside can shake.

And so would I, in conclusion, address those who are often perplexed by the speculations, the assertions, the confusions of the time, and say, Do not confound religion with theology, do not begin at the circumference instead of the centre. Begin with Jesus Christ, your Friend and Brother. Hear what He says about sin and redemption, about death and life. "O taste and see that the Lord is good." Try to live the life, possess the truth, accept the love of God in Christ. Acquaint yourselves with His mind, His ways, His righteousness and tenderness unspeakable; and you will in your own experience possess an evidence which no merely external objections can reach. You will have a witness in yourselves so independent of other testimony, that you can address theologians and scientists with the old words of the Samaritans, "Now we believe, not because of your saying; for we have heard Him ourselves, and know that this is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world."

TO HIS MISTRESS.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.)

WHAT do the violets ail,
So wan, so shy?
Why are the roses pale?
Oh why? Oh why?

The lark sad music makes
To sullen skies;
From yonder flowery brakes
Dead odours rise.

Why is the sun's new birth
A dawn of gloom?
Oh why is this fair earth
My joyless tomb?

I wait apart and sigh,
I call to thee;—
Why, heart's beloved, why
Did'st thou leave me?

FREDERICK LOCKER.

NATIONAL HEALTH.

CHAPTER I.—AN OPENING PAGE.

MOVE with me. I will not pretend to avoid details which some may consider uninviting when they are first named; but I will do my best to make details as little wearisome as possible. And this shall be common to them all, that they shall relate to the best and dearest interests of those who read. This essay refers to the subject of the national health, and thereby to the national life, and, again, thereby to the national prosperity, for national health is national wealth. We, an insular people, take a just pride in that national property, the navy. Our grandparents learned, from one of the popular school catechisms of their day, that the founders of the English nation, "cut off by sea from the rest of the world, became mariners, at first from necessity; but what at first appeared an inconvenience, turned out in the end so much to their advantage, that they at last were acknowleged by all nations to be the indisputed lords of the ocean." One of our powerful morning papers has lately in other words repeated the same. "Were we to publish every morning the declaration that the very existence of Great Britain depends upon her fleets, it would be the iteration of a truism, but the most useful one that could be got by heart."

For my part I think, with all respect to the ancient and the modern writer, that there is another national interest which has, or ought to have, precedence even over that which attaches to the fleets. I mean the life that yields the force of the fleet. Of what use is it to give outward protection to the island, to surround every inch of it with walls of iron, unless the inner, the force of life—the force of life which lies behind these bulwarks of the sea—be carefully and effectively preserved? Our national strength is vital; it is in our homes before it reaches our ships; it is in ourselves, not in our cannon, which are but the thunderous mouth-pieces of it. If it be not maintained, all external protection will be of little ultimate value in the face of opposing nations that shall learn to combine, with the acquirement of civilised progress, an advance in healthiness and productiveness of life in human forms. Before such developing prowess, mental and physical, all dead resistance, whatever its weight, whatever its bulk, will be of poor avail unless it be vitalised in proportion to its weight and bulk. A whale with a harpoon in its back, giving up its mighty strength to half-a-dozen men in a cockle-boat, whom it could lift into the air with a frisk of its tail if its vitality were intact, would be the simile.

Our present condition and position as a nation depend entirely on our national health, and on the endurance and progressive force of our national vitality. Weak communities, criminal communities, beget their like; strong communities, moral communities, beget their like; and weaker and wickeder, or stronger and better, are the steps onward, according to the direction primarily taken. Health is necessary, in short, to make health. This is the first principle in the primer of the physician.

To have health we must first make it. It comes, we say, by nature; it departs also by the same channel. It is correct to say that it comes naturally from the observance and application of certain rules which we have learned; but it also goes naturally whenever those rules are broken or disobeyed. If a man eat animal food that is free of animal parasites, it is natural that the food should build up his muscles, and help to sustain his life. If a man eat animal food infested with parasites, it is natural not only that the food should build up his muscles and sustain his life, but that the parasite he has taken into him should develop and increase within him, should live on his vital organs, and kill him outright. Ergo, he who would subsist on animal food and preserve his health must learn something beyond the experience that animal food will sustain him. He must learn, in addition, to avoid food containing parasites. He must, also, by continuance of the same acquirement of precepts of health and other rules of pure art derived from human experience, learn many other truths; but the example I have given will suffice at this moment for the argument.

I employ this illustration and the argument it is intended to enforce because I want at once to impress on the mind that health, national and individual, is something to be acquired by learning, and that it does not come to man by any royal road, as a gift that asks no labour before it is bestowed. The poets have, I know, put before us their visions of Saturnian reigns; of universal health

and happiness in some favoured regions; of richness, peace, and splendour now unknown. Such poetic visions I am the last to despise. They are the expressed and beautiful associations of finely-attuned souls, whose wishes were fathers to their thoughts, and whose faiths in human progress were the wings of their wise and beneficent desires. But the hard facts in the history of human life on the planet, as they have been passed down to us in reliable readings, offer no evidence of the mortal elysium of the poet. The chapter of the life of the universal man, as it is so far written, is the picture of the man fighting with the elements, and being slain by them, yet having wisdom to conquer them when he has learned wisdom. A picture of a fight with difficulties for dear life; of a fight to learn how to win; of a fight in which the knowledge of to-day has been torn down by the ignorance of to-morrow; of a fight, followed by long waitings for new men and new lights; of a fight with ebb and flow of success from century to century.

Such has been the struggle of the world of life towards knowledge of life. Such, with diminishing tension, must the struggle still remain until all the world is vanquished by knowledge and that application of it which we call wisdom. With a few exceptions, which indeed hardly amount to exceptions, and which if they did would duly prove the rule, the rule has been that in the transition of man from the savage into the civilised state his health and strength and power have become developed and improved. He has gained experience and knowledge, and he has learned to apply his knowledge with advantage to the progress of his physical existence. The surest and soundest proof of this is that the civilised secondary man has everywhere conquered the savage primitive man. He has conquered because he has possessed more power, more skill, more means. In other words, because he has been physically greater, mentally greater, socially greater, all of which influences indicate that the conquering man is healthier than the conquered. The standard of comparison may be rude or refined, but it is present in some one or other degree.

Owing to the contact of knowledge and wisdom with ignorance and superstition, owing to the fact that knowledge and wisdom, commencing in small centres, have had to conquer all the world,—so far as they have conquered,—and lastly, owing to the fact that knowledge and wisdom have themselves been reached by devious ways, sometimes combined, and even then very feeble, often alone, and then all but extinguished, it has followed that the science of preserving health, through art, has been slowly perfected, has not indeed until our own time been worthy the name of a science. We may with some profit trace it in its irregular yet onward course from its origin.

THE MEDICAL PART.

From wounds inflicted on man, in his battles with the elements and forces of nature surrounding him, and in his battles with his fellows or with the lower orders of creation, the means for the saving of life first assumed practical form. In the earliest stage of the contest, the men who, in their might, fell from disease, were smitten. They were felled by an unseen hand. The catastrophe was a mystery which could only be penetrated by mysterious learning. Thus arose those learned men who, entrusted with the ministrations of the art and mystery of healing, became the ministers of health. Thus appear the primitive healers who seek not to arrest the hidden hand that struck the mysterious blow, but to cure the injury the blow has inflicted. They enter into secret communion with nature, φυσις, for means of cure, and they invent the art, the φυσικη, the physic. In time they are the physicians.

For many ages the physician remains as he originated, the would-be repairer of the rents and scars of the accident disease. Of necessity he learns much that is useful, much that is beyond all praise; and in the inspired sentiment of ancient Greek art,—the same art virtually as that which gave us the all but speaking figures of stone and marble,—he is sublimed into immortal form, and "because he cultivates a rude and as yet vulgar science with a little more subtlety, is received into the number of the gods."

The physician in this character of the curer is indeed a useful servant of mankind. He is the learned historian of disease, and in unbroken line hands down priceless records of the course of disease. He is the expounder of the scholastic readings of his brotherhood. He observes and writes down the details of different diseases with a care that has no perfect parallel. He seeks amongst all the recesses of nature for remedies against the diseases he has witnessed. He finds a few remedies, in the finding lights upon things he was not looking for, and founds new sciences. Those element[illegible] plants he touches have prop[illegible] qualities which perforce arrest hi[illegible]

He submits them to fire for purification; they yield him products that are entirely new. He subjects them to gentler heat for sublimation; they yield him in condensation other new products which were not before extant in nature. He is a true necromancer now; a professor of the *kimia* or concealed art; and he gives chemistry to the sciences. Those plants in which he seeks for hidden healing virtues cannot pass long before his eyes, nor pass often through his hands without telling him that they have relationships towards each other which look something like the relationships of families, of men, or of animals. Therefore he begins to classify the plants, and the general name of the plant *βοτανη* becomes the name of a science. A bit of the substance we now call amber, picked up on the sea shore, when it is subjected to friction, attracts light bodies, like straw, if they are brought near to it. A bit of iron ore, dug up near the town in Turkey in Asia that is now called Manisa, once the town of Magnesia, attracts iron and confers its own power to other iron. Our physician looks into these mysterious phenomena. The properties of the substance on the sea shore, *ηλεκτρον* (*electron*) as it was originally called, he studies, with the result of finding that the same properties extend to glass and other bodies which being rubbed attract in like manner. To all these substances he applies the original name; he calls them, after electron, electrics; he classifies the phenomena altogether under the term electrical; and, generalising upon the whole, uses the term electricity. The wonderful iron stone, called from the place whence it was derived, Magnes, becomes in his hands a specific instrument, a magnet, and from the study of the magnet springs the science of magnetism.

In dealing with the delicate organs of the body he has to manipulate those parts which lie directly under the hand, so chirurgery,—*χειρ*, the hand, *εργον*, work,—surgery is added to his labour. He invents skilful instruments for this handicraft, and refines the mechanical arts. He dissects the bodies of the dead to learn the animal organism; unclothes the body to the skeleton; reconstructs the bony framework; founds anatomy; and when the time comes for finding in deep chambers of the earth the preserved skeleton remains of animals long since dead or even extinct, he has prepared the way for another [illegible] indeed he originates, the science [illegible] living things, paleontology. His [illegible] to the heavenly bodies to discover, as in a book mysteriously opened to him, the destinies of men. Anon, he begins to read the motions of the wandering fires, and his aid is brought to the cultivation of the astronomy of the learned world. In a later day he endeavours to comprehend the functions of living organs in men and animals, to determine the relationships of man to his lower life-mates, of man to man, of life to life, and straightway biology is raised into a special place in scientific systems of thought. Later still he strives to grasp the organic changes which the body undergoes in disease, and in this direction collects a library of facts which, yet unarranged, wait for a reading that shall yield a rich harvest of knowledge to the generations which are to follow our own.

It would, indeed, be hard to magnify the skill and learning of the healer, rendered, as both have been in such great and varied ways, through the ages that have run their course; but he has been the healer purely, and not until these last days, almost our days, the preserver of health. The omission has been his misfortune rather than his fault. He has moved with the world in which he has lived, influenced by its views, guided by its discoveries, fulfilling its requirements.

Men altogether have only recently commenced to look at themselves in their national as distinct from their individual characters; men altogether have but recently commenced to look at anything antecedent to the actual phenomena presented to their senses; so in respect to health they have thought only of their own particular sufferings, and in respect to disease they have considered only the symptoms they have been obliged to witness. To perceive the fact that the national interests cover the individual, and that he who is striving to improve the health of all his brethren is doing the wisest thing to improve his own: to perceive the fact that whenever disease appears it has come into appearance through a well-defined series of causes, many of which are recognisable and removable:—these are the modern perceptions of a few minds, which have to be communicated to the many.

The physician, whom I have traced from his origin, trying to cure diseases with one hand and inventing new sciences with the other, has had enough to do to keep on his laborious way. He might be pardoned if he had been led, rather than had been the leader, in the science of prevention of disease, and in teaching the national aspect of the question of sanitation; for professions,

like persons, are greatly influenced by professed habitudes of thought. It is the business of the physician to cure the evils which the world has inherited or acquired. Why should he go into the questions of cause? The questions raised may be political. Is he to be a politician? They may be social. Is he to interfere with the daily life of his patients, turn their homes upside down, criticize their eating and drinking, find fault with their clothing, instruct them in their working, and guide them in their amusements? Far better were his hands employed in curing diseases with one hand and inventing new and different sciences with the other, as in the olden time. This is the self-interested argument, cutting like a two-edged sword, one edge for the fortune, the other for the art of the healer; a fortune that may be moderately envied, an art in the cultivation of which there is much that is fascinating to the inventive, courageous, and, above all, ambitious mind. All profit, all honour, to him who, having a disease under his care, cures or seems to cure it! No fortune, no honour, to him who waits to cure a disease which science, forestalling herself, has said shall not exist to be cured.

I rejoice to state that the physician, descending through the long line of history I have, by so light a stroke of the pen, indicated, has been true to the greater interests of the world in which he has been cast, and that so soon as the advancement of learning and popular prejudice gave to him liberty of action he began to study the national as well as the individual health; to look at causes of disease; to balance the value of vitality against mortality; to dare to tell his fellows, "You would not want me to cure you if you would learn how, by a few rules,—simple when they are learned, and sources of unknown happiness when they are practised,—to keep yourselves well."

This is the message of the physician as he now stands on the stage of the world to the men and women and children before him.

It would be difficult to say who amongst the healers was first to begin to write the letters of this message. Some of the inspired amongst them of all ages have, like Virgil, sung of the grand days of universal health and happiness that were to come. Others of them have taught, by example, a perfect regimen. Of these the illustrious Galen was the great example. Galen, who in his youth was feeble, but who lived to a good old age, learned, early in life, so to govern himself that he allowed nothing to disturb the serenity of his mind, and never raised a hand to correct a slave. He carefully studied what aliments and exercises best suited himself and adhered to these; he taught his followers never to degrade themselves to the level of the brute creation by eating and drinking whatever pleased them, or by indulging in sensual appetites; and, he tried to teach all persons he knew, whether they were wise on the subject of physic or ignorant of it, how they might, by the careful management and purity of their lives, so live that physicians and remedies would be to them alike unnecessary. In later days the Arabian schools of physic had their teachers of regimen; and since the revival of letters there have arisen at intervals such men as Arbuthnott, Hoffman, Hufeland, Haygarth of Chester, and Cheyne, who, following the thought of Plato, have entertained the belief that the very existence of physicians in a republic is a proof of the vice of the people.

One other idea has also filled the minds of all these advanced scholars and masters,—an idea in which they and many others not less eminent have joined with one accord,—viz., that health and happiness are synonymous terms: that he who fears to limit himself to those wants and methods which keep his body in perfect order, lest by so limiting his desires he should lose some pleasure in which he thinks his happiness is involved, is a deluded man: that he who trusts to the health of his body, and thereby of his mind, for his serenity of life, and for the full development of the pleasures that are to be found in life, is the wisest of the wise and the happiest of the happy.

Step by step the mind of the healer thus became opened to new thoughts, and as the change occurred new views offered themselves to his comprehension which led him into details as decidedly practical as any that related to the older subject of cure. An enlightened Italian physician,—and it is wonderful how indebted the world is to the Italian schools of physic,—one Ramazzini, commenced a century and a half ago, nay, nearer two centuries ago, to study the effects of the labour of artizans on the health and vital value of the labourer. He specially studied the kind of labour that is carried on in flax working, and defined the evils of that occupation with a degree of accuracy which has not been surpassed. He was followed by many more in the same line of research, and in the present century, through the further exertions of Thackrah, and other

observers, we have arrived at a very clear idea of the influence of industrial labour on health and life. The knowledge that has thus been brought forth has culminated during the present year in the production of a series of statistical facts, collected under the direction of Dr. William Farr, from which the relative values of life in sixty-nine well-defined occupations have been compared by a certain standard of general life, and results have been obtained which are unexampled of their kind. I shall have occasion to draw special attention to these results in a future chapter. From the same Italian physician of whom I have spoken,—Ramazzini,—there dates largely another advance in this project of preventive medicine. To him we owe an early suggestion for making observations on the relation of weather and season in connection with diseases, and particularly with diseases which take the epidemic or spreading type. Before the time of Ramazzini, other men had touched on this subject. Hippocrates himself must be credited with much that is ingenious and useful, and our own English physician, Sydenham, who flourished in the time of the Commonwealth, must be remembered. But Ramazzini gave the direction to progressive thought, and even organized a society for securing the continuance of his design. In the past fifty years the Ramazzinian mode of investigation has been marvellously developed. Learned societies, such as the Epidemiological and Meteorological Societies,—both groaning under viciously hard names, by the way,—have been founded, and a varied number of useful truths have been elicited. Three examples of these are sufficiently curious and important to be noticed. It has been discovered that the body of the living man begins to lose in weight at a certain season of the year, and begins to gain in weight at another season. It has been discovered that certain diseases show a maximum or minimum of mortality at particular seasons. It has been discovered that with a given fall of temperature of the air, a proportionate number of persons die according to the period of their ages, the deaths doubling in number, under the same degree of exposure, with each addition of nine years of life amongst those who have passed thirty-nine years of age.

The progress of the preventive system of meeting diseases has been advanced by yet another medical means. I refer to the *accidental* observation and application of observation by men of genius and courage, who have been educated in the ranks of medicine.

Among these men of genius, who have thus accidentally learned, the first place must be given to Jenner. He observed that the process of vaccination prevented the communication, and therefore the spread, of small-pox. We in this day are, happily, quite unable to estimate the value of Jenner's discovery directly or indirectly. It stayed directly the ravages of the most loathsome disease that was ever known. It stayed indirectly, in proportion as it stayed the disease itself, all the many and terrible secondary consequences which follow small-pox, such as deafness, blindness, affections of the bones and joints by which the body was crippled, eruptive diseases of the skin and fearful disfigurements of feature and form, with, in some instances, development of those organic and fatal changes to which the names of struma and consumption are applied. In countries where vaccination has been thoroughly carried out the disease, small-pox, may be said to have become all but unknown; and it is to be hoped that in time the disease may be entirely abolished, and that the preventive measure which has so singularly controlled it may pass, if not out of memory, out of practice.

In the study of other great pestilences such as typhoid fever and cholera, physicians of modern times have made many advances towards arriving at preventive means; but for none has so happy a discovery been elicited as that of vaccination for small-pox.

From another branch of study started within the ranks of physicians has been derived the statistical method of research which of late has yielded important results. The brilliant Arbuthnott, the accomplished friend and companion of Swift, Hogarth, Pope, and other members of the galaxy of wit and wisdom of the reign of Anne, he to whom Pope wrote, "You are fitter to live or to die than any man I know,"—he in the earlier part of his career wrote to the Royal Society an essay, entitled, "An Argument for Divine Providence, taken from the constant Regularity observed in the Births of both Sexes." In this paper Arbuthnott showed that there is nearly an equality in the births of the two sexes, but that as the mortality of males is greater than that of females, so in a slight degree more males than females are born into the world. To illustrate his point, this learned author included in his paper a table of the births of both sexes occurring in London from the years 1629 to 1710.

From the research thus established by Arbuthnott dates properly a method of

numerical calculation which has largely influenced the modern scholar in his studies of the values of life and of the mortalities which accrue from particular forms of disease. I may say that the science of vital statistics dates from this communication, and we shall see as we progress what an important part this science plays, and has yet to play in the course of sanitary work and in the study of the national health.

When once the intellectual powers of a class of men are directed to a given object, they turn in so many directions it is difficult to thread the history of them without entering into such minuteness of description as would be out of place here. It is impossible for me to relate what the physicians, departing from their primitive work, have done towards conserving the national life by their exposure of the dangers arising from overfilled graveyards; from over-crowded gaols, workhouses, and asylums; from bad ventilation; from diseased foods and impure water; from imperfect drainage; from introduction of poisons into food, air, and clothing, and from sundry other causes. Suffice it if I have conveyed a fair idea of the important primary part which the early communers with nature, the physicians, have played in the study of the national health, and of the general mode by which their minds have been directed towards one of the latest of the useful triumphs of practical science.

THE PHILOSOPHICAL PART.

To the precepts of the wise professors of the healing art must, in justice, be added those of some other men, who are called, *par excellence*, the philosophers. All the philosophers are in some degree worthy of recognition as promoters of national health. Æsop's fable of the belly and the members is an admirable sanitary lesson. Seneca is rich in wisdom on the subject of health, and I could fill a number of GOOD WORDS with good precepts, of a similar kind, from Plato. But I must rest content by referring now to two other of the wisest health philosophers, both of whom belong to our own country, and both of whom have helped materially to constitute the modern English mind. These are Sir Thomas More and Lord Bacon. The Utopia of Sir Thomas More is charged with splendid precepts for the maintenance of the universal health, and Bacon is so clear in his methods of research and rules that if his designs had been carried out, the foundations of sanitary science had been safely built upon three hundred years ago. Bacon teaches that in respect to health there are three distinct offices. 1. The preservation of health. 2. The cure of diseases. 3. The prolongation of life. He dwells on diseases that are peculiar to seasons; on epidemic diseases; and on the different inquiries that ought to be instituted touching the length and shortness of life, and the conditions under which the life of man is rendered long or short, collectively and individually.

THE POLITICAL PART.

Some circumstances of a purely political character, have helped on the study of the subject of national health. Previous to the last great revolution, which dethroned James II., and put William and Mary on the throne, there existed a tax called the hearth-tax. Every hearth in the kingdom had to be paid for. Severe as this impost seemed to be, it had one good effect indirectly; it led to the collection of correct information as to the housing and numbering of the people. Two shillings had to be paid on every hearth. How many hearths were there, and how many houses? The "hearth books" became important documents. In 1685, Dr. Davenant computed from these books that at Michaelmas of that year the number of houses in all England and Wales was one million three hundred thousand, of which five hundred and fifty-four thousand six hundred and thirty-one were houses of one hearth and chimney. The average of persons to each house was computed at five persons, and an estimate was thus made of the number of the people. The population of England and Wales then was not quite double the population of present London. The enumeration was crude, and the object of it at the time irrelevant to the subject of health; but it had this value, that it set afoot the system of national stock-taking, which has eventuated in those wonderful returns of population, house accommodation, births, marriages, deaths, and occupations, which to the modern student of health are so invaluable as bases for all the work on which he is engaged.

In late times the unnecessary risks and losses to which our men of arms have been exposed during active service, have forced on the attention of statesmen the necessity of considering the best means of preserving the health of the soldier. The experiences of the Crimean campaign; the experiences of the destruction of troops from residence in India, irrespective altogether of the vicissitudes of war; the disclosures of the great fatality from the disease pulmonary con-

sumption in men pent up in close barracks at home;—these, and many similar lessons, have led to increased attention, on the part of politicians, to the health of the communities which make up our fighting populations in time of war.

The outbreak of devastating epidemics and the occurrences of such catastrophes as gaol fever, Irish famine fever, and cholera, have demanded and at last obtained a degree of political attention which has been without parallel. Cholera, it is true, is not rendered impossible in this nation, but famine fever can hardly occur any more in the United Kingdom; while our gaols, which in the days of Howard were the foci of fever and pestilence, are now, by a strange change in events, the health spots of the land. Could any one have told Howard that within ninety years of his death the gaols,—in which he saw sacrifice of life to ignorance in the highest development that was possible to his observation,—would be the places where the tests of lowest mortality were being proved, what would have been his wonder, or his satisfaction?

Yet it is a fact, as demonstrable as any fact that was ever written, that if we could bring the mortality of the whole community to the degree of mortality that now exists in English gaols, we should reduce the death-rate almost to a natural standard, and make the common term of life a hundred years.

In yet one other direction political necessity has led to improvement in the national health. At the latter part of last century our factory system, which by that time had become of primary importance to us as a commercial country, was in as bad a sanitary form as bad could be. Men, women, and children were sacrificed ruthlessly to the greed of the trader, who spun his wares from their lives. In 1802, therefore, an act was passed for the better regulation of factories,—a first factory act, which called in the aid of medical men, and which was intended to produce, and did produce, an improvement in the health of operatives of both sexes, old and young. Since the passing of the said Act many more have followed, and although up to the present time much that requires to be done is left undone, we, as a nation, have the credit of being first in the field in endeavouring to relieve factory labour of its sickly burdens. "England," says a recent Belgian writer, "taking precedence of all other peoples on the road to industrial progress, was the first to know the evils of it, and consequently to endeavour to do away with them." From an initiative commenced three parts of a century ago, other nations have followed in train, and a good example in political, like a good example in private life, has spread beyond its home to carry with it humane and profitable service.

THE ECONOMICAL PART.

With the political aid that has been rendered to the study of the national health there must also be taken into account economical science in its public applications to the value of money, of property, and of life. The learned Dr. Price, who a hundred years back may be said to have laid the foundation of method for computing the values of lives, and to have invented political arithmetic, very clearly traces this economical arithmetical science and its results to the origin of the national debt. The statement may strike many minds as peculiar, but it is nevertheless true. The national debt was the fruit of the last great revolution. It began with a debt of a few millions. In 1700, Price says, it was only sixteen millions; in 1715 it was fifty-five millions; from 1715 to 1740 it sank to forty-six millions; it then rose to seventy-eight millions, sank to seventy-five, and rose again, in 1775, to one hundred and forty-six; was afterwards reduced to one hundred and thirty-six millions; and, rising once more, had, in 1783, exceeded two hundred millions, "with an example of expense," adds Price, "now going on which will probably make this kingdom the wonder and terror of future ages."

I may leave the modern scholar, who knows as much about the national debt as I do, to reflect on Dr. Price's prophecy. I only refer to the matter to point out that from the calculations made upon the values of the lives of those who first invested in the national funds there sprang into fuller activity than had ever before existed, the method of estimating life by its value in the money market. The "London Annuity Society," the "Laudable Society for the benefit of Widows," the "Society for Equitable Assurances on Lives and Survivorships," — these and other societies became great undertakings, for the conduct of which various new calculations on vitality were required, calculations that should be accurate and even refined in their accuracy. The demand for information was supplied, and with the supply there was found to be included much useful matter that related to the national health, the conditions under which health is conserved, and

the conditions under which it is impaired. In a letter to the illustrious Benjamin Franklin, whose own writings and proverbs teem with sound maxims on health, the author I have named above, Richard Price, D.D., F.R.S., dealt on expectations of lives; the increase of mankind; the number of inhabitants in London, and on the influence of great towns on health and population. In a masterly way he thus laid many bases of fact and suggestion. From his labours we may date the origin of the methods by which in this day, with vastly improved resource and learning, we calculate births against deaths, averages of mortalities in different localities, and averages of mortalities at different periods of human life.

As I have written this opening page I have been tempted to enlarge on each point upon which I have ventured to dwell. I have been obliged from limitation of space to resist the temptation, because my object was merely to indicate to the general reader, as in a diagram on a lecture board, the lines of progressive work which have brought us in England to our present state of knowledge on national health, and to that appreciation of the subject which is beginning to manifest itself.

Let the reader remember the pre-actors in this work, and their parts; the physician or nature-man; the philosopher, in his way a nature-man also; the politician; the economist. He will then, in the after chapters of this essay, the more easily continue to move with me.

BENJAMIN W. RICHARDSON.

THE LAUREL BUSH.

An Old-fashioned Love Story.

By the AUTHOR of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

PART I.

IT was a very ugly bush indeed; that is, so far as anything in nature can be really ugly. It was lop-sided—having on the one hand a stunted stump or two, while on the other a huge heavy branch swept down to the gravel walk. It had a crooked gnarled trunk or stem, hollow enough to entice any weak-minded bird to build a nest there—only it was so near to the ground, and also to the garden gate. Besides, the owners of the garden, evidently of practical mind, had made use of it to place between a fork in its branches a sort of letter-box—not the government regulation one, for twenty years ago this had not been thought of, but a rough receptacle, where, the house being a good way off, letters might be deposited, instead of, as hitherto, in a hole in the trunk; near the foot of the tree, and under shelter of its mass of evergreen leaves.

This letter-box, made by the boys of the family at the instigation and with the assistance of their tutor, had proved so attractive to some exceedingly incautious sparrow, that during the intervals of the post she had begun a nest there, which was found by the boys. Exceedingly wild boys they were, and a great trouble to their old grandmother, with whom they were staying the summer, and their young governess —"Misfortune," as they called her, her real name being Miss Williams—Fortune Williams. The nickname was a little too near the truth, as a keener observer than mischievous boys would have read in her quiet, sometimes sad face; and it had been stopped rather severely by the tutor of the elder boys, a young man whom the grandmother had been forced to get, to "keep them in order." He was a Mr. Robert Roy, once a student, now a teacher of the "humanities," from the neighbouring town—I beg its pardon—city; and a lovely old city it is!—of St. Andrews. Thence he was in the habit of coming to them three and often four days in the week, teaching of mornings and walking of afternoons. They had expected him this afternoon, but their grandmother had carried them off on some pleasure excursion; and being a lady of inexact habits, one, too, to whom tutors were tutors and nothing more, she had merely said to Miss Williams, as the carriage drove away, "When Mr. Roy comes, tell him he is not wanted till to-morrow."

And so Miss Williams had waited at the gate, not wishing him to have the additional trouble of walking up to the house, for she knew every minute of his time was precious. The poor and the hardworking can understand and sympathize with one

another. Only a tutor and only a governess: Mrs. Dalziel drove away and never thought of them again. They were mere machines—servants to whom she paid their wages, and so that they did sufficient service to deserve these wages, she never interfered with them, nor indeed wasted a moment's consideration upon them or their concerns.

Consequently they were in the somewhat rare and peculiar position of a young man and young woman—perhaps Mrs. Dalziel would have taken exception to the words "young lady and young gentleman"—thrown together day after day, week after week; nay, it had now become month after month; to all intents and purposes quite alone, except for the children. They taught together, there being but one school-room; walked out together, for the two younger boys refused to be separated from their elder brothers; and, in short, spent two-thirds of their existence together, without let or hindrance, comment or observation, from any mortal soul.

I do not wish to make any mystery in this story. A young woman of twenty-five, and a young man of thirty, both perfectly alone in the world—orphans, without brother or sister—having to earn their own bread, and earn it hardly, and being placed in circumstances where they had every opportunity of intimate friendship, sympathy, whatever you like to call it—who could doubt what would happen? The more so, as there was no one to suggest that it might happen; no one to watch them or warn them, or waken them with worldly-minded hints; or else to rise up, after the fashion of so many wise parents and guardians and well-intentioned friends, and indignantly shut the stable-door *after* the steed is stolen.

No. That something which was so sure to happen, had happened; you might have seen it in their eyes, have heard it in the very tone of their voices, though they still talked in a very commonplace way, and still called each other "Miss Williams" and "Mr. Roy." In fact, their whole demeanour to one another was characterized by the grave and even formal decorum which was natural to very reserved people, just trembling on the verge of that discovery which will unlock the heart of each to the other, and annihilate reserve for ever between the two whom heaven has designed and meant to become one; a completed existence. If by any mischance this does not come about, each may lead a very creditable and not unhappy life; but it will be a locked-up life, one to which no third person is ever likely to find the key.

Whether such natures are to be envied or pitied is more than I can say; but at least they are more to be respected than the people who wear their hearts upon their sleeves for daws to peck at, and very often are all the prouder the more they are pecked at, and the more elegantly they bleed; which was not likely to be the case with either of these young folks, young as they were.

They were young, and youth is always interesting and even comely; but beyond that there was nothing remarkable about either. He was Scotch; she English, or rather Welsh. She had the clear blue Welsh eye, the funny *retroussé* Welsh nose; but with the prettiest little mouth underneath it, firm, close, and sweet; full of sensitiveness, but a sensitiveness that was controlled and guided by that best possession to either man or woman, a good strong will. No one could doubt that the young governess had, what was a very useful thing to a governess, "a will of her own;" but not a domineering or obnoxious will, which indeed is seldom will at all, but merely obstinacy.

For the rest, Miss Williams was a little woman, or gave the impression of being so, from her slight figure and delicate hands and feet. I doubt if any one would have called her pretty, until he or she had learnt to love her. For there are two distinct kinds of love, one in which the eye instructs the heart, and the other in which the heart informs and guides the eye. There have been men who, seeing an unknown beautiful face, have felt sure it implied the most beautiful soul in the world, pursued it, worshipped it, wooed and won it, found the fancy true, and loved the woman for ever. Other men there are who would simply say, "I don't know if such an one is handsome or not; I only know she is herself—and mine." Both loves are good; nay, it is difficult to say which is best. But the latter would be the most likely to any one who became attached to Fortune Williams.

Also, perhaps, to Robert Roy, though no one expects good looks in his sex; indeed, they are mostly rather objectionable. Women do not usually care for a very handsome man; and men are prone to set him down as conceited. No one could lay either charge to Mr. Roy. He was only an honest-looking Scotchman, tall, and strong, and manly. Not "red," in spite of his name, but dark-skinned and dark-haired; in no way resembling his great namesake, Rob Roy Macgregor, as the boys sometimes called him behind his back—never to his face. Gentle as the young man was, there was something

about him which effectually prevented any one's taking the smallest liberty with him. Though he had been a teacher of boys ever since he was seventeen—and I have heard one of the fraternity confess that it is almost impossible to be a schoolmaster for ten years without becoming a tyrant—still it was a pleasant and sweet-tempered face. Very far from a weak face, though: when Mr. Roy said a thing must be done, every one of his boys knew it *must* be done, and there was no use saying any more about it.

He had unquestionably that rare gift, the power of authority; though this did not necessarily imply self-control; for some people can rule everybody except themselves. But Robert Roy's clear, calm, rather sad eye, and a certain patient expression about the mouth, implied that he too had had enough of the hard training of life to be able to govern himself. And that is more difficult to a man than to a woman.

"All thy passions matched with mine
Are as moonlight unto sunlight, or as water unto wine."

A truth, which even Fortune's tender heart did not fully take in, deep as was her sympathy for him; for his toilsome, lonely life, lived more in shadow than in sunshine, and with every temptation to the selfishness which is so apt to follow self-dependence, and the bitterness that to a proud spirit so often makes the sting of poverty. Yet he was neither selfish nor bitter; only a little reserved, silent, and—except with children—rather grave.

She stood watching him now, for she could see him a long way off across the level Links, and noticed that he stopped more than once to look at the golf-players. He was a capital golfer himself, but had never any time to play. Between his own studies and the teaching by which he earned the money to prosecute them, every hour was filled up. So he turned his back on the pleasant pastime, which seems to have such an extraordinary fascination for those who pursue it, and came on to his daily work, with that resolute deliberate step, bent on going direct to his point and turning aside for nothing.

Fortune knew it well by this time; had learnt to distinguish it from all others in the world. There are some footsteps, which by a pardonable poetical license we say "we should hear in our graves;" and though this girl did not think of that, for death looked far off, and she was scarcely a poetical person, still, many a morning, when, sitting at her school-room window, she heard Mr. Roy coming steadily down the gravel walk, she was conscious of—something which people cannot feel twice in a life-time.

And now, when he approached, with that kind smile of his, which brightened into double pleasure when he saw who was waiting for him, she was aware of a wild heart-beat, a sense of exceeding joy, and then of relief and rest. He was "comfortable" to her. She could express it in no other way. At sight of his face and at sound of his voice all worldly cares and troubles, of which she had a good many, seemed to fall off. To be with him was like having an arm to lean on, a light to walk by; and she had walked alone so long.

"Good afternoon, Miss Williams."

"Good afternoon, Mr. Roy."

They said no more than that, but the stupidest person in the world might have seen that they were glad to meet, glad to be together. Though neither they nor any one else could have explained the mysterious fact, the foundation of all love-stories, in books or in life—and which the present author owns, after having written many books and seen a great deal of life, is to her also as great a mystery as ever—Why do certain people like to be together? What is the inexplicable attraction which makes them seek one another, suit one another, put up with one another's weaknesses, condone one another's faults (when neither are too great to lessen love), and to the last day of life find a charm in one another's society which extends to no other human being? Happy love, or lost love—a full world, or an empty world—life with joy, or life without it—that is all the difference. Which some people think very small, and that it does not matter; and perhaps it does not; to many people. But it does to some, and I incline to put among that category Miss Williams and Mr. Roy.

They stood by the laurel bush, having just shaken hands, rather more hastily than they usually did; but the absence of the children, and the very unusual fact of their being quite alone, gave to both a certain shyness, and she had drawn her hand away, saying with a slight blush,—

"Mrs. Dalziel desired me to meet you and tell you that you might have a holiday to-day. She has taken the boys with her to Elie. I dare say you will not be sorry to gain an hour or two for yourself; though I am sorry you should have the trouble of the walk for nothing."

"For nothing?" with the least shadow of a smile; not of annoyance certainly.

"Indeed, I would have let you know if I

could, but she decided at the very last minute; and if I had proposed that a messenger should have been sent to stop you, I am afraid—it would not have answered."

"Of course not," and they interchanged an amused look—these fellow victims to the well-known ways of the household—which, however, neither grumbled at; it was merely an outside thing, this treatment of both as mere tutor and governess. After all (as he sometimes said, when some special rudeness, not to himself but to her, vexed him), they were tutor and governess; but they were something else beside; something which, the instant their chains were lifted off, made them feel free, and young, and strong; and comforted them with a comfort unspeakable.

"She bade me apologize. No, I am afraid, if I tell the absolute truth, she did *not* bid me, but I do apologize."

"What for, Miss Williams?"

"For your having been brought out all this way just to go back again."

"I do not mind it, I assure you."

"And as for the lost lesson——"

"The boys will not mourn over it, I dare say. In fact, their term with me is so soon coming to an end, that it does not signify much. They told me they are going back to England, to school, next week. Do you go back too?"

"Not just yet, not till next Christmas. Mrs. Dalziel talks of wintering in London, but she is so vague in her plans that I am never sure from one week to another what she will do."

"And what are your plans? *You* always know what you intend to do?"

"Yes, I think so," answered Miss Williams, smiling. "One of the few things I remember of my mother, was hearing her say of me, that 'her little girl was a little girl who always knew her own mind.' I think I do. I may not be always able to carry it out, but I think I know it."

"Of course," said Mr. Roy absently and somewhat vaguely, as he stood beside the laurel bush, pulling one of its shiny leaves to pieces, and looking right ahead, across the sunshiny Links, the long shore of yellow sands, where the mermaids might well delight to come and "take hands,"—to the smooth, dazzling, far-away sea. No sea is more beautiful than that at St. Andrews.

Its sleepy glitter seemed to have lulled Robert Roy into a sudden meditation, from which no word of his companion came to rouse him. In truth, she, never given much to talking, simply stood, as she often did, silently beside him; quite satisfied with the mere comfort of his presence.

I am afraid this Fortune Williams will be considered a very weak-minded young woman. She was not a bit of a coquette, she had not the slightest wish to flirt with any man. Nor was she a proud beauty desirous to subjugate the other sex, and drag them triumphantly at her chariot-wheels. She did not see the credit, or the use, or the pleasure, of any such proceeding. She was a self-contained, self-dependent woman. Thoroughly a woman; not indifferent at all to womanhood's best blessing; still, she could live without it if necessary, as she could have lived without anything which it had pleased God to deny her. She was not a creature likely to die for love, or do wrong for love, which some people think the only test of love's strength, instead of being its utmost weakness; but that she was capable of love, for all her composure and quietness, capable of it, and ready for it, in its intensest, most passionate, and most enduring form, the God who made her knew, if no one else did.

Her time would come; indeed, had come already. She had too much self-respect to let him guess it, but I am afraid she was very fond of—or, it that is a foolish phrase, deeply attached to, Robert Roy. He had been so good to her, at once strong and tender, chivalrous, respectful, and kind; and she had no father, no brother, no other man at all to judge him by, except the accidental men whom she had met in society, creatures on two legs who wore coats and trousers, who had been civil to her, as she to them, but who had never interested her in the smallest degree, perhaps because she knew so little of them. But no, it would have been just the same had she known them a thousand years. She was not "a man's woman," that is, one of those women who feel interested in anything in the shape of a man, and make men interested in them accordingly, for the root of much masculine affection is pure vanity. That celebrated Scotch song,—

> "Come deaf, or come blind, or come cripple,
> O come, ony ane o' them a'!
> Far better be married to something,
> Than no to be married ava,"

was a rhyme that would never have touched the stony heart of Fortune Williams. And yet, let me own it once more, she was very very fond of Robert Roy. He had never spoken to her one word of love, actual love, no more than he spoke now, as they stood

side by side, looking with the same eyes upon the same scene. I say the same eyes, for they were exceedingly alike in their tastes. There was no need ever to go into long explanations about this or that; a glance sufficed, or a word, to show each what the other enjoyed; and both had the quiet conviction that they were enjoying it together. Now as that sweet, still, sunshiny view met their mutual gaze, they fell into no poetical raptures, but just stood and looked, taking it all in with exceeding pleasure, as they had done many and many a time, but never, it seemed, so perfectly as now.

"What a lovely afternoon!" she said at last.

"Yes. It is a pity to waste it. Have you anything special to do? What did you mean to employ yourself with, now your birds are flown?"

"Oh, I can always find something to do."

"But need you find it? We both work so hard. If we could only now and then have a little bit of pleasure!"

He put it so simply, yet almost with a sigh. This poor girl's heart responded to it suddenly, wildly. She was only twenty-five, yet sometimes she felt quite old, or rather as if she had never been young. The constant teaching, teaching of rough boys too—for she had had the whole four till Mr. Roy took the two elder off her hands—the necessity of grinding hard out of school hours, to keep herself up in Latin, Euclid, and other branches which do not usually form part of a feminine education, only having a great natural love of work, she had taught herself — all these things combined to make her life a dull life, a hard life, till Robert Roy came into it. And sometimes even now, the desperate craving to enjoy—not only to endure, but to enjoy—to take a little of the natural pleasures of her age—came to the poor governess very sorely, especially on days such as this, when all the outward world looked so gay, so idle, and she worked so hard.

So did Robert Roy. Life was not easier to him than to herself; she knew that; and when he said, half joking, as if he wanted to feel his way, "Let us imitate our boys, and take a half holiday," she only laughed, but did not refuse.

How could she refuse? There were the long smooth sands on either side the Eden, stretching away into indefinite distance, with not a human being upon them to break their loneliness, or if there was, he or she looked mere dots, not human at all. Even if these two had been afraid of being seen walking together—which they hardly were, being too unimportant for any one to care whether they were friends or lovers, or what not—there was nobody to see them, except in the character of two black dots on the yellow sands.

"It is low water; suppose we go and look for sea anemones. One of my pupils wants some, and I promised to try and find one the first spare hour I had."

"But we shall not find anemones on the sands."

"Shells, then, you practical woman! We'll gather shells. It will be all the same to that poor invalid boy—and to me," added he, with that involuntary sigh which she had noticed more than once, and which had begun to strike on her ears not quite painfully. Sighs, when we are young, mean differently to what they do in after years. "I don't care very much where I go, or what I do; I only want—well, to be happy for an hour, if Providence will let me."

"Why should not Providence let you?" said Fortune gently. "Few people deserve it more."

"You are kind to think so, but you are always kind to everybody."

By this time they had left their position by the laurel bush, and were walking along side by side, according as he had suggested. This silent, instinctive acquiescence in what he wished done—it had happened once or twice before, startling her a little at herself; for, as I have said, Miss Williams was not at all the kind of person to do everything that everybody asked her, without considering whether it was right or wrong. She could obey, but it would depend entirely upon whom she had to obey; which, indeed, makes the sole difference between loving disciples and slavish fools.

It was a lovely day, one of those serene autumn days peculiar to Scotland—I was going to say to St. Andrews; and any one who knows the ancient city will know exactly how it looks in the still, strongly-spiritualised light of such an afternoon, with the ruins, the castle, cathedral, and St. Regulus's tower standing out sharply against the intensely blue sky, and on the other side—on both sides—the yellow sweep of sand curving away into distance, and melting into the sunshiny sea.

Many a time, in their prescribed walks with their young tribe, Miss Williams and Mr. Roy had taken this stroll across the Links and round by the sands to the mouth

of the Eden, leaving behind them a long and sinuous track of many footsteps, little and large; but now there were only two lines—"footprints on the sands of Time," as he jestingly called them, turning round and pointing to the marks of the dainty feet that walked so steadily and straightly beside his own.

"They seem made to go together, those two tracks," said he.

Why did he say it? Was he the kind of man to talk thus without meaning it? If so, alas! she was not exactly the woman to be thus talked to. Nothing fell on her lightly. Perhaps it was her misfortune, perhaps even her fault, but so it was.

Robert Roy did not "make love;" not at all. Possibly he never could have done it, in the ordinary way. Sweet things, polite things, were very difficult to him, either to do or to say. Even the tenderness that was in him came out as if by accident; but oh how infinitely tender he could be! Enough to make any one who loved him die easily, quietly, contentedly, if only just holding his hand.

There is an incident in Dickens's touching "Tale of Two Cities," where a young man going innocent to the guillotine, and riding on the death-cart with a young girl whom he had never before seen, is able to sustain and comfort her, even to the last awful moment, by the look of his face and the clasp of his hand. That man, I have often thought, must have been something not unlike Robert Roy.

Such men are rare, but they do exist; and it was Fortune's lot, or she believed it was, to have found one. That was enough. She went along the shining sands in a dream of perfect content, perfect happiness, thinking—and was it strange or wrong that she should so think?—that if it were God's will she should thus walk through life, the thorniest path would seem smooth, the hardest road easy. She had no fear of life, if lived beside him; or of death—love is stronger than death; at least this sort of love, of which only strong natures are capable, and out of which are made, not the lyrics perhaps, but the epics, the psalms, or the tragedies of our mortal existence.

I have explained thus much about these two friends—lovers that may be, or might have been—because they never would have done it themselves. Neither was given to much speaking. Indeed I fear their conversation this day, if recorded, would have been of the most feeble kind—brief, fragmentary, mere comments on the things about them, or abstract remarks not particularly clever or brilliant. They were neither of them what you would call brilliant people; yet they were happy, and the hours flew by like a few minutes, until they found themselves back again beside the laurel bush at the gate, when Mr. Roy suddenly said,—

"Do not go in yet. I mean, need you go in? It is scarcely past sunset; the boys will not be home for an hour; they don't want you, and I—I want you so. In your English sense," he added with a laugh, referring to one of their many arguments, scholastic or otherwise, wherein she had insisted that to want meant, *Anglicè*, to wish, or to crave, whereas in Scotland it was always used like the French *manquer*, to miss, or to need.

"Shall we begin that fight over again?" asked she smiling; for everything, even fighting, seemed pleasant to-day.

"No, I have no wish to fight; I want to consult you, seriously, on a purely personal matter, if you would not mind taking that trouble."

Fortune looked sorry. That was one of the bad things in him (the best men alive have their bad things), the pride which apes humility, the self-distrust which often wounds another so keenly. Her answer was given with a grave and simple sincerity that ought to have been reproach enough.

"Mr. Roy, I would not mind any amount of trouble if I could be of use to you; you know that."

"Forgive me! Yes, I do know it. I believe in you and your goodness to the very bottom of my heart."

She tried to say "Thank you," but her lips refused to utter a word. It was so difficult to go on talking like ordinary friends, when she knew, and he must know she knew, that one word more would make them—not friends at all—something infinitely better, closer, dearer; but that word was his to speak, not hers. There are women who will "help a man on"—propose to him, marry him indeed—while he is under the pleasing delusion that he does it all himself; but Fortune Williams was not one of these. She remained silent and passive, waiting for the next thing he should say. It came: something the shock of which she never forgot as long as she lived; and he said it with his eyes on her face, so that if it killed her she must keep quiet and composed, as she did.

"You know the boys' lessons end next

week. The week after I go—that is, I have almost decided to go, to India."

"To India!"

"Yes. For which no doubt you think me very changeable, having said so often that I meant to keep to a scholar's life, and be a professor one day perhaps, if by any means I could get salt to my porridge. Well, now I am not satisfied with salt to my porridge; I wish to get rich."

She did not say "Why?" She thought she had not looked it; but he answered, "Never mind why. I do wish it, and I will be rich yet, if I can. Are you very much surprised?"

Surprised she certainly was, but she answered honestly, "Indeed you are the last person I should suspect of being worldly-minded."

"Thank you; that is kind. No, just; merely just. One ought to have faith in people; it does one good. I am afraid my own deficiency is want of faith. It takes so much to make me believe for a moment that any one cares for me."

How hard it was to be silent—harder still to speak! But she did speak.

"I can understand that; I have often felt the same. It is the natural consequence of a very lonely life. If you and I had had fathers and mothers and brothers and sisters, we might have been different."

"Perhaps so. But about India. For a long time—that is, for many weeks—I have been casting about in my mind how to change my way of life—to look out for something that would help me to earn money, and quickly; but there seemed no chance whatever. Until suddenly, one has opened."

And then he explained how the father of one of his pupils, grateful for certain benefits, which Mr. Roy did not specify, and noticing certain business qualities in him—"which I suppose I have, though I didn't know it," added he with a smile—had offered him a situation in a merchant's office at Calcutta: a position of great trust and responsibility, for three years certain, with the option of then giving it up or continuing it.

"And continuing means making a fortune. Even three years means making something, with my 'stingy' habits. Only I must go at once. Nor is there any time left me for my decision; it must be yes or no. Which shall it be?"

The sudden appeal—made, too, as if he thought it was nothing—that terrible yes or no, which to her made all the difference of living or only half living, of feeling the sun in or out of the world. What could she answer? Trembling violently, she yet answered in a steady voice. "You must decide for yourself. A woman cannot understand a man."

"Nor a man a woman, thoroughly. There is only one thing which helps both to comprehend one another."

One thing! she knew what it was. Surely so did he. But that strange distrustfulness of which he had spoken, or the hesitation which the strongest and bravest men have at times, came between.

> "Oh, the little more, and how much it is!
> Oh, the little less, and what worlds away!"

If, instead of looking vaguely out upon the sea, he had looked into this poor girl's face; if, instead of keeping silence, he had only spoken one word! But he neither looked nor spoke, and the moment passed by. And there are moments which people would sometimes give a whole lifetime to recall, and use differently; but in vain.

"My engagement is only for three years," he resumed; "and then, if alive, I mean to come back. Dead or alive, I was going to say, but you would not care to see my ghost, I presume? I beg your pardon, I ought not to make a joke of such serious things."

"No, you ought not."

She felt herself almost speechless, that in another minute she might burst into sobs. He saw it—at least he saw a very little of it, and misinterpreted the rest.

"I have tired you. Take my arm. You will soon be at home now." Then, after a pause, "You will not be displeased at anything I have said? We part friends? No, we do not part; I shall see you every day for a week, and be able to tell you all particulars of my journey, if you care to hear."

"Thank you, yes—I do care."

They stood together, arm-in-arm. The dews were falling; a sweet, soft, lilac haze had begun to creep over the sea—the solemn far-away sea, that he was so soon to cross. Involuntarily, she clung to his arm. So near, yet so apart! Why must it be? She could have borne his going away, if it was for his good, if he wished it; and something whispered to her that this sudden desire to get rich was not for himself alone. But oh, if he would only speak! One word—one little word! After that, anything might come—the separation of life, the bitterness of death. To the two hearts that had once opened

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each to each, in the full recognition of mutual love, there could never more be any real parting.

But that one word he did not say. He only took the little hand that lay on his arm, pressed it, and held it—years after, the feeling of that clasp was as fresh on her fingers as yesterday—then, hearing the foot of some accidental passer-by, he let it go, and did not take it again.

Just at this moment, the sound of distant carriage-wheels was heard.

"That must be Mrs. Dalziel and the boys."

"Then I had better go. Good-bye."

The day-dream was over. It had all come back again—the forlorn, dreary, hard-working world.

"Good-bye, Mr. Roy." And they shook hands.

"One word," he said hastily: "I shall write to you—you will allow me?—and I shall see you several times, a good many times, before I go?"

"I hope so."

"Then, for the present, good-bye. That means," he added earnestly, "'God be with you!' And I know He always will."

In another minute Fortune found herself standing beside the laurel bush, alone, listening to the sound of Mr. Roy's footsteps down the road—listening, listening, as if, with the exceeding tension, her brain would burst.

The carriage came, passed; it was not Mrs. Dalziel's, after all. She thought he might discover this, and come back again; so she waited a little—five minutes, ten—beside the laurel bush. But he did not come. No footstep, no voice; nothing but the faint, far-away sound of the long waves washing in upon the sands.

It was not the brain that felt like to burst now, but the heart. She clasped her hands above her head. It did not matter; there was no creature to see or hear that appeal—was it to man, or God?—that wild, broken sob, so contrary to her usual self-controlled and self-contained nature. And then she leaned her forehead against the gate, just where Robert Roy had accidentally laid his hand in opening it, and wept bitterly.

CHURCH MUSIC.

SOFT, through the rich illumined panes,
All down the aisle the sunlight rains,
And sets in red and purple stains.

And mid this glory from the skies,
We hear the organ-voice arise.
Its wings the waking spirit tries:

It flutters, but it cannot soar.
Oh! heavenly music, let us pour
Our woes, our joys, in thee once more.

All wilt thou take. Thou mak'st no choice.
Hearts that complain, hearts that rejoice,
Find thee their all-revealing voice.

All, all the soul's unuttered things
Thou bearest on thy mighty wings
Up, up until the arched roof rings:

Now soft—as when, for Israel's King,
Young David swept his sweet harp-string;
Now loud—as angels antheming.

Oh! tell what myriad heads are bent.
Oh! tell what myriad hearts repent.
HE will look down: HE will relent.

It dies. The last low strain departs.
With deep "Amen" the warm tear starts.
The peace of Eden fills our hearts.

KATHERINE SAUNDERS.

A DAY WITH THE GERMAN-AUSTRIAN ALPINE CLUB.

AT half-past ten on the morning of the 5th of September, I was enjoying the delicious sleep which rewards the labours of a long Alpine day, with visions of impossible ice-slopes, continuous hewing of steps, and descents over loose and crumbling rocks amid showers of falling stones, floating in happy vagueness before my mind, when I became dimly conscious at intervals of a loud and continuous knocking, kept up uninterruptedly in the close vicinity of my head. Now, when a man travelling in the Alps hears a knocking in his sleep, the first idea which naturally occurs to him is, that he is being wakened at some unnaturally early hour of the night or morning to start upon an excursion; and there rises up before his consciousness the whole usual train of incidents which so painfully cloud the opening of even the most successful day: he has been called an hour too late, and the rest of the party are railing at him, or have possibly started without him; the weather looks grey and overcast, or if fine the wind is in the wrong quarter; the *portier* has omitted to grease his boots; the descent in the dark to the *salle à manger*, down long passages and over innumerable sets of high heels and heavy hobnails, is the most dangerous of the day, and scarcely accomplished when he finds he has forgotten two or three essential articles, and must return to fetch them; the breakfast, ordered with so much care and precision from the *Fräulein* herself the night before, is represented by nothing but a long table and an array of empty coffee cups; and the *Kellner*, with difficulty extracted from his bed, learns with unfeigned surprise that you want anything to eat at so unseasonable an hour. Then a whole series of difficulties will arise about the provisions, or *Proviant*, as they are usually termed, the ordering of which, after much discussion, was entrusted yesterday to one of the party, "an old hand;" the guides inform you that four more bottles of wine are absolutely necessary, that no spirits have been provided, and that the dirty-looking plug of matter which stands for meat, and which you know, when it comes to the point, you will be unable to masticate, is very small to be divided among so large a party. When all is packed and ready, Jones suggests that the butter has been forgotten, and it is discovered that Brown, who was so strong on the necessity of an early start, has never put in an appearance, and is probably still fast asleep. Finally, when, all difficulties surmounted, you have started some hour and a half late, and trudged some distance on your way, you discover from a long-continued jabber of mutual recrimination among the guides that the knapsack containing all or the greater part of the provisions has been left behind altogether.

Such being some of the *contretemps* which invariably beset the start upon a snow excursion in the Alps, it is not to be wondered at that the experienced traveller should catch the first sounds of such a supposed réveillé with at least qualified pleasure, and experience a sweet sense of relief as the sun, high up in the heavens, and a dim recollection of the labours of yesterday, assure him that he cannot be bound upon an excursion which demands an early start to-day; and this delightful sense of reprieve I began to experience as I slowly opened my eyes and looked out from a narrow German bed, half covered with still narrower sheets, within which I had been in vain endeavouring to confine my person throughout the night, upon the bare floor and gaily-coloured ceiling of my simple upper room at the Sulden inn, into which the glorious morning sun was streaming through the open casement like a sea of gold. No; I was evidently not being called for an early start; but what was that knocking all about? Finding further sleep impossible, I jumped up, and poking my head out of the window, discovered that the whole front of the house was being decorated in the most jaunty manner with flags, flowers, leaves, and mottoes, and all the paraphernalia of a German *Feiertag;* the host, his daughters, and even guests, were one and all lending a hand, and from the general feeling of stir and bustle in the air, it was evident that the day was to be a day of no common order. Seeing further signs of decoration in the direction of the simple white mountain chapel on the further side of the valley, I concluded naturally that it was some church festival or saint's day, and racked my brains without success, while I was dressing, to divine what incident in the biography of the Virgin might be fitly celebrated on the 5th of September.

Descending leisurely to my breakfast, which a long experience of the inns in the German Alps had led me to order the first moment I was out of bed, I found excitement everywhere. The miscellaneous horde

of women who are always bustling about a Tyrolese kitchen, and whose united efforts can on a pinch supply the weary mountaineer with a basin of watery soup, and a dubious dish of dark-coloured thrice-cooked *Braten* in about an hour and a half, were bustling about more actively than ever; and the look of mingled pity and contempt with which the *Wirth* received my simple query, "Was there anything particular going on there to-day?" warned me that my character must suffer by any display of ignorance on the subject. A fussy little gentleman, in a Tyrolese hunting-coat and spectacles, was spasmodically running in great excitement up and down the stairs between the *Gaststube* and a balcony above; and while mine host, with an indignant "Anything going on? Look there!" directed my attention to a huge placard posted on the wall, the fussy little gentleman gave me to understand, with much gesticulation and an air of mystery, that in a short time certain preparations of his would be completed, and that if I would swallow my coffee with all speed, he would then be able to enlighten me about the whole affair. So, on a given signal up I went to the balcony: here nothing was to be seen but a small telescope, fastened by a screw in an almost vertical position to the ladder which was being used for hanging up the decorations. I applied my eye to the sight, and at last, after repeated inquiries from my friend, "Don't you see it now? Don't you see the flag waving to the left of it?" descried the object of all this hubbub. There, at a height of some four to five thousand feet above us, almost directly over our heads as it seemed, nestled in a sly corner on the edge of a precipitous cliff, far above the last straggling pine, and close to the line of perpetual snow, peeped out a slope of white woodwork like the sarking of a roof, and underneath it a tiny bit of undeniable masonry, looking like a doll's house in the distance, window and all complete. "That's it! that's the *Payer-hütte!* more than halfway up the Ortler, and it's to be inaugurated to-morrow! Here are all the particulars," he continued, and, turning once more to the placard below, I read an announcement with the following heading, printed in huge capitals:—

"Einladung zur feierlichen Einweihung u. Eröffnung der 'Payerhutte' auf dem Tabarettakamm (9700')!"

My German friend then further explained to me that the hut had been erected by the exertions of the Prag section of the German-Austrian Alpine Club, that it was to be called the Payer-hütte in honour of Lieutenant Julius Payer, of the Austrian service, who had done so much for the exploration of the Ortler district by his expeditions, his maps, and communications to their Alpine journals; that Lieutenant Payer himself was to be there, with the President of the Prag section, and that invitations had been issued to every part of Austria and Germany, to Italy, France, and every mountaineering country (he did not mention England), begging the presence of all interested in Alpine exploration, on the occasion of the inauguration of the highest habitable dwelling on German soil, within three hours of the summit of the monarch of German mountains. What might be the effect of a promiscuous acceptance of this comprehensive invitation on the very limited resources of the inns at Sulden and Trafoi, the only inns within reach of the sphere of operations (to say nothing of the hut itself), I forbore to inquire; but I was assured alike by our host and by my friend, who proved to be the secretary of the Munich section of the club, that there would be "eine furchtbare Menge Menschen" trooping into the two valleys that day; that the roads over the Stelvio, up the Adige and over the Finstermünz would be crowded with the gathering mountaineers, and that the idea of getting beds at Trafoi for myself and the three friends who were coming over the Stelvio that day, was altogether out of the question. Moved by these representations, I thought it best before advancing further to secure my communications in the rear; and leaving behind just as many of my least necessary articles as I thought would establish a lien upon my room at Sulden in case of need, I threw the remainder into my *Rück-sack* and set off for Trafoi, determined to make the most of my chances at both inns for myself and friends.

Before starting, I had sounded the Munich secretary as to whether there was any chance of my being permitted to join the expedition, as the proceedings seemed likely to be amusing and characteristic, and I should have an opportunity, under favourable circumstances, of comparing the mountaineering qualities and ways of German mountaineers, with those of my various friends of the English Alpine Club. He had assured me that as the invitation had been so general, he had no doubt I should be welcome, and as there were sure to be, as it was, far more people at the gathering than the hut could possibly

accommodate, there could be no difficulty in finding at least as good accommodation for one or two more. I should find the President himself at Trafoi, and should apply to him.

I had long desired to ascend the Ortler Spitze. I had been captivated by the beauty of the peak just ten years ago, when on reaching the summit of the Stelvio Pass from the Bormio side, I first caught sight of its lovely outline—the culminating point of the noblest view to be seen from any high-road in the Alps. Beyond all question, the Stelvio is the finest of all the great alpine carriage passes. In height, in audacity, in the difficulties it has to overcome, as well as in the grandeur and variety of the scenery through which it passes, and, above all, the surprises which it affords, the Stelvio road stands unrivalled. For six hours the traveller has been mounting from the Italian side through rock scenery of the sternest kind, the magnificently engineered road holding the even tenour of its way by endless zigzags up the steepest and loosest of shingle slopes, burrowing through precipices, protecting itself by frequent pent-houses against avalanches of snow or stones, and flying torrents without number; no vegetation in view for hours, scarce even a glimpse of snow high up upon the southern heights. In a moment, without warning, the traveller finds himself above the limit of perpetual snow, at a height of 9,213 feet above the sea, one glacier at his side almost reaching to the road; in front, the ground descends so rapidly that it seems cut away altogether; right opposite is the magnificent Madatsh glacier, plunging down thousands of feet into the deep pine-clothed cleft of the Trafoi valley; above, a complete semicircle of snowy peaks tossing up their heads like vast wave-crests in every variety of pyramidal form, while supreme above them all in an overpowering mass rises the stainless white of the Ortler, undisputed monarch of the entire group. On no other pass does a road lead so completely into the heart of the untrodden snows: in no other group is the highest peak to be found so near to its outer edge.

It is impossible to have the glory of this view stretched before one without longing to make the ascent of the Ortler; and on the occasion of my crossing the pass in 1865, my desires had been fired by hearing of the new route to the top which had been struck out the year before by those famous *Bergsteigers* of our Alpine Club, Messrs. Tuckett and Buxton. On the present occasion, my friends found the whole pass from the Austrian frontier onwards alive with expectancy; nothing was talked about at the inns on the way but the approaching *Fest;* bunting and green-stuff were being mounted everywhere, the road was dotted with pedestrians, trudging along in every variety of garb and gaiter, the accoutrements of no two of them agreeing in any single particular except (to an English eye) their absolute unadaptability to their purpose; and the expectation of my friends that they would find beds anywhere in the two valleys that night was universally and unanimously pronounced absurd. Meanwhile I had pushed on down the Suldenthal, more than once stopped on my way by a friendly remonstrance from a native at my leaving the valley on such a day: "Sie gehen nicht heute fort? Heute ist ein grosse Feiertag!" and gaining the Stelvio road at the Austrian fort of Gomagoi, reached Trafoi just in time to anticipate the diligence and the *avant-garde* of the straggling column of pedestrians. If Sulden was alive with expectation, Trafoi was in a state of roaring revelry. Triumphal arches bearing triumphant mottoes spanned the road; flags waved from every window, the whole of the eighty inhabitants of the place were collected in knots before the inn; a brass band as motley as multitudinous, composed partly of very fat men and partly of very small boys, was in vain attempting to get into tune in the intervals between frequent draughts of red Tyroler wine which were incessantly being brought out to them by the young ladies of the inn; while the less-favoured many packed the ground-floor rooms of the house in a dense mass of shirt-sleeves, knee-breeches, and embroidered braces, smoking, drinking, card-playing, and bursting into snatches of wild chorus, which would rise every now and then into the dignity of a prolonged and unanimous jödel.

Beds promptly secured, my next thought was to seek out the Herr Präsident of the Prag section, whose name was in everybody's mouth, and who was the hero of the hour, as the supreme *arbiter bibendi*, and commander-in-chief of the expedition. I sent up my card, and on his entering the *Speise-saal*, a few moments afterwards, preferred my request for myself and friend. He received me in the most gracious manner, and drawing himself up in the first position, commenced a series of forward movements with the upper portions of his body, and, laying his left hand on his heart, executed a corresponding series of horizontal movements

with his right, hat and all; assuring me in the most rounded periods, "that it would give himself the greatest pleasure, and the whole company the greatest joy, if we would give them the honour of our company on this most interesting occasion—the festal inauguration of the highest refuge for travellers, at an elevation of nearly ten thousand feet above the sea, to assist in the ascent of the highest mountain of the Alps: I mean," he continued, as he noticed a slight look of incredulity on my face, "the highest upon German soil." I mumbled out, English-fashion, my thanks. "Would I not be thought to be taking a liberty in joining the party uninvited?" "Uninvited!" exclaimed the Herr Präsident with energy. "No one is uninvited! The whole world has been invited! ('Die ganze Welt ist eingeladen!') The one thing needed to crown the success of our assemblage of all nations at the inauguration of the Payer-hütte would be that some representatives of the English people should do us the high honour of being present at the ceremony," &c., &c.

The peroration of this speech, which took some minutes in delivery, was abruptly cut short by a deafening explosion. The leaders of the diligence had just been espied turning the corner of the last zigzag down the pass, and the discharge of the first great salvo of the local artillery had been reserved for its triumphal entry into the village, bearing, as was expected, some portion of the world-gathering to the scene of action. The firing of the eight maroons which were to constitute this *feu de joie*, and which had been carefully masked in battery upon the edge of the road, was judiciously reserved till the horses were within thirty yards of the spot; partly, no doubt, to render the surprise more complete; partly with a view to quieting the nerves of the two old ladies in the interior, who had been in one spasm of terror (small blame to them) the whole way down the zigzags, and who would now feel with Agag that life had no more terrors left for them. Off thundered the maroons, just in time; the horses, who looked as if they had no spare energies to be daunted by imaginary fears, charged into a sea of smoke; the last of the maroons leapt back in recoil across the road just in time to avoid the nose of the first leader; such portion of the band as had completed their last round of liquor, struck up the Austrian National Hymn, and for the next quarter of an hour the general enthusiasm, for that day, reached its height. Introductions, greetings (kisses not excepted), and bowings without number, were exchanged between the new arrivals and those waiting to receive them; and before long the Herr Präsident set off at the head of the greater portion of his followers, amid a second discharge of artillery, and fresh triumphal music from the band, to march to Sulden, from which place the greater number of the party were to make the ascent to the hut next day. The signs of festivity, nevertheless, were kept up at Trafoi during the entire afternoon and night with unabated vigour; explosions from one, two, or more of the maroons were perpetually taking place without the smallest provocation, and at the most unexpected moments; the band kept fitfully bursting out into waltzes, polkas, and triumphal marches, and the general hubbub of drinking, playing, dancing, and singing within the inn never flagged, though I am bound to state, so far as I could see, it did not culminate in a single case of drunkenness; thanks, partly to the extremely non-alcoholic character of the Tyroler wine, partly to that nicely-regulated slowness of imbibition by which the German preserves himself from excess, taking care never to keep on board, at one time, enough liquor to make him drunk. In drinking, as in other things, it is the pace that kills.

The programme for the next day, as I had ascertained from the Präsident, was to be as follows:—two parties were to ascend to the hut, one from Sulden, and one from Trafoi. The Sulden party were to start at eleven o'clock, the Trafoi party, having an hour's more ascent before them, at ten, so that both parties might arrive together. At four P.M. the solemn inauguration of the hut was to take place, after which, those who had no appetite for the Ortler Spitze were to descend, the remainder were to pass the night at the hut, and ascend the mountain on the following morning, and on the descent of this last party to Trafoi the same evening, the festivities were to reach their climax. The success of the whole thing would depend upon the weather; many and anxious were the looks cast up to the sky, over which clouds were beginning to gather, and, as is invariably the case on such occasions, neither wind nor glass could be pronounced entirely satisfactory.

The morning, however, belied the expectation of the prophets of evil; the sky was brilliant, if not cloudless, and as sleep was rendered impossible from an early hour by a continual discharge of the maroons, we were down in good time, and had all our preparations complete for the start at ten.

To our surprise, however, we found the house stripped of all the mountaineers of the night before; the wary Germans, some of whom were not of the age, and few of whom were of the proportions, best suited to rapid climbing, had crept off in detachments at an early hour, so as to have the whole morning for the ascent; so that when we started with our porter, and a couple of unattached amateurs, at the prescribed hour of ten, we found ourselves the last of the party, and enjoyed all the honours of the official *feu de joie* to ourselves.

Our path led us for half-a-mile in the direction of the beautiful spot at the Heiligen Drei Brunnen, above Trafoi. We then crossed the stream, and for an hour and a half ascended the very steep slope which faces the lower reaches of the Stelvio Road. The path had evidently been newly made for the occasion, and for the strangers' benefit was marked at every turn by a broad streak of red paint on tree, rock, or ground. Straight up it led us, under a burning sun, through thick pines and arolla bushes, up some awkward water-courses and narrow ledges, till it landed us, about half-way to our destination, on a dreary plateau of stone *débris*, from which we had a magnificent view of the Stelvio Road, winding up its apparently impossible slopes, full in front of us. We could here fully appreciate the marvellous audacity of the project to carry a road over such a barrier; it cannot be called a pass, in the ordinary sense of the word. The road does not, as in most other passes, ascend a long valley to its head, and then pass imperceptibly over a watershed; from the very outset, at Trafoi, it takes to the wild mountain side, and climbs straight up, across slopes of the most formidable steepness and looseness, to the very summit of the range. There is scarcely a visible depression at the top for the road to traverse; and in fact, as we all agreed, it should be classed as a peak rather than as a pass.

Pushing onwards, a few minutes more brought us within sight of the hut right above us, and we could just distinguish a number of figures clustered like bees upon a rock in front of it. The flag of the German-Austrian Alpine Club, with its vertical stripes of red and white, could be seen waving from the top; while, to our great amusement, in curious incongruity with all the elements of the scene, there was wafted down to us a confused jumble of sound from our old friends of the brass band. A hot, thirsty climb of near two hours more up a waste of loose stones, without a vestige of shade or a drop of water, brought us to the edge of the rocky ridge which divides the Sulden valley from that of Trafoi. A few minutes more up the ridge, and we found ourselves in the midst of a crowd of nearly one hundred persons peeping down into the mouth of the hut, which was so buried between protecting rocks on either side as to look rather like a cave than a human habitation.

The hut we found substantially built of solid masonry, with a coating of cement; a window with stout double-glass panes at either end, the one eye peering down to Sulden, the other to Trafoi; in the centre a tablet with an inscription stating that the Payer-hütte had been built by the Prag section of the Alpine Club, 1875; while over the door were printed, large letters, the following verses:—

"Willkommen! Herz und Hand zum Grusz
Auf steiler Tabaretta Wand
An Höcster Warte stolzem Fusz
Im schönen Deutschen Alpenland!
Hier stählt der Payer-hütte Hort
Zur Ortler-fahrt die Glieder;
Mit trunknem Auge schaut Ihr dort
Auf's Land Tirol hernieder!"

We were conducted most courteously by the President into the hut, which was packed as full as it could hold, and a large dish of excellent hot broth, with a tumbler full of wine, was placed before each of us. Building and fittings appeared to be of the most perfect character; the building only too well finished, as, except through the door, no particle of air could find its way into the room. Its size might be some twenty to twenty-four feet by fifteen. On the left, the entire length was taken up by a long sleeping shelf, covered with small mattrasses, coverlets, and pillows, containing in all ten complete berths side by side. At the head of each was a square hole lined with wood, in the thickness of the wall, in which the occupants might place their valuables, and each containing a pair of nice straw slippers. At the far end stood a roomy stove, with several large pots comfortably hissing upon it; in the centre of the right hand wall was a deep cupboard, containing a complete set of cooking utensils, crockery, glass, cutlery, silver, &c., all of the neatest and most substantial kind; large crocks labelled *Zucker*, *Salz*, *Café*, *Wasser*, &c., with every small article which could by any possibility be required by future occupants. Even a rope and ice-axe had not been forgotten among the properties of the hut; the side-walls bristled with pegs; substantial chairs, tables, and benches occupied the available space on the floor. Nothing could be more perfect and inviting than the whole appearance of the room and fittings.

Every type of German, every profession, seemed to be represented in the group around us; but, with the exception of two Italians and ourselves, none but Germans had responded to the President's liberal invitation to "die ganze Welt." Before long, the whole party was summoned out to be photographed, and nearly an hour was spent in vain efforts to dot about in natural groups, upon the narrow ridge of rock, the eighty-six persons present. No sooner was one little knot posed to perfection, than it was discovered that it totally eclipsed another knot behind; and when all seemed ready, it was found that about one-half of the people would be out of the picture altogether. At length we were all squeezed into a dense mass, with heads at least protruding in the line of fire; and as no one but my friend and self saw a tinge of comic in the posing of such a medley group on such a spot, the whole party sat on with an unbroken gravity which must have rejoiced the photographer's heart, and the photograph was pronounced a complete success.

This over, the real business of the day commenced. The Herr Präsident mounted upon a plank, and summoning all around him, delivered the inauguration speech. He began by giving a complete history of the undertaking; how, years ago, a committee from various sections of the club had been appointed, and had done nothing (it was most satisfactory to an English ear to hear that even in Germany a committee might be appointed, and nothing come of it); how many meetings had been held, and in how many different places; how at length the section Prag had taken the matter up, collected subscriptions from the other sections, and itself undertaken to carry out and complete the work. He described the various difficulties which had to be contended with in its execution; and in justification of the name of the hut, passed a glowing eulogium on the services rendered in the exploration of the district by Lieutenant Payer, who had expected himself to be present on the occasion. He then described in earnest and impassioned language the glory of having erected at such a height and in such a region, an asylum from the storm, a refuge for the weary, an assistance to the weak, in reaching through the perils of eternal snow the highest summit of the Vaterland; and in the most solemn manner formally handed over the hut, its equipment and its keeping, to the charge of the two innkeepers of the Sulden and Trafoi Valleys, of the Herr Curé of Sulden—himself the proprietor of an inn—and of the guides of the district. Having expatiated on the responsibilities involved in the charge, he concluded by expressing his thanks to every single person who had assisted in the work, to the various sections of the club, their committees and their subscribers; to the planners and superintenders of the work; to the masons, carpenters, and painters employed upon it; to all the members of the club, and all strangers there present; and finally, to the brass band, which had in so *liebenswürdig* a manner contributed to the success of the day. A glass of wine was handed up to him; at word of command three precise, regular, and loud "Hochs!" were roared out by the eighty-six, and the band struck up once more the Austrian national hymn. Then followed speaker after speaker, all eloquent on the same theme: the perils of the snow, the delight and the security of such an asylum (*asil*); above all, the energy and liberality of the Prag section and Herr Präsident Stüdl. The Munich section, the Wurtemberg section, the Vienna section, and many sections more, each had its innings of eloquence, and proposed its peculiar toast: and to each the company replied with a thrice-repeated well-drilled "Hoch!" One speaker alone, an Italian, representative of the Sondrio section of the Italian Alpine Club, worked up his hearers beyond the height of a measured enthusiasm by a vein of sentiment pitched in a higher key: "His feelings were too deep for words, the feelings of every one present, he could see, were too deep for words also;" and, after exhausting the vocabulary of sentiment to describe the glory of the mountains and the efforts made by man to overcome their perils, he rose to the crowning glory of the Payerhütte: "On such a spot every noble feeling of the heart rose to its highest power, every ignoble one sank to its lowest; all barriers of race, creed, and station between man and man were cast down in the sense of a common humanity; and the soul, freed from every taint of sin, was lost in the love of purity, of freedom, and of man (*Menschheit*)!!"

At this a murmur of "Bravos!" rose to the lips of the audience, for once disturbed from its gravity; and at the end of the speech the whole assembly responded, though with some astonishment, to our British "One cheer more!" More speeches followed, all in the same strain of earnest business; the President declared the hut open, and the official proceedings were at a close.

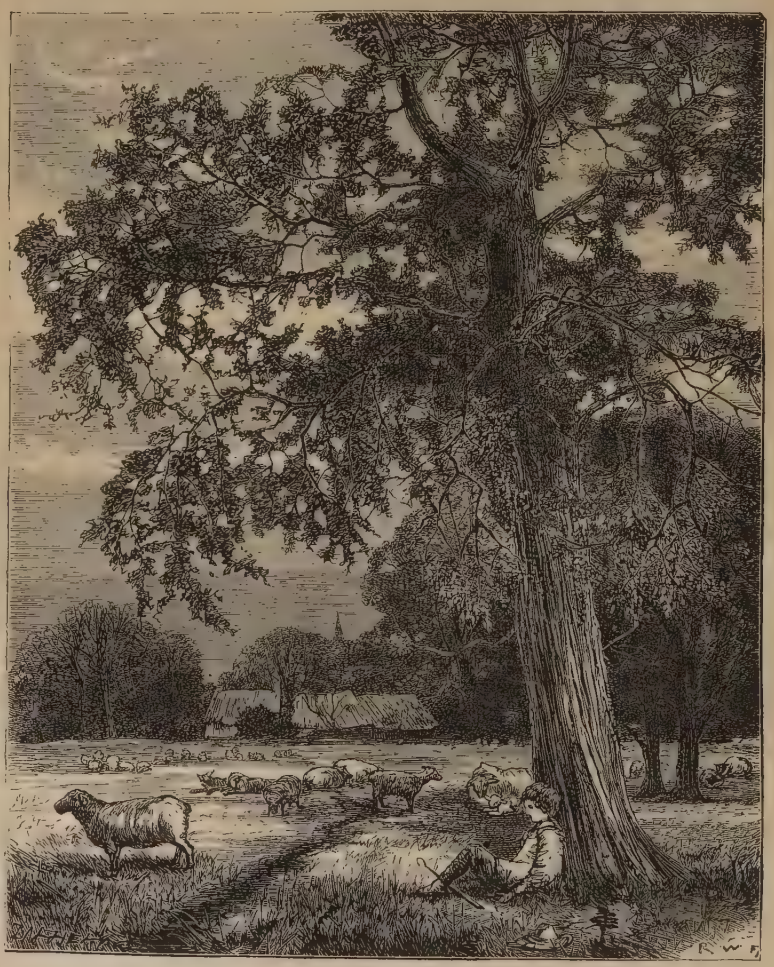
G. G. RAMSAY.

(*To be concluded in next Part.*)

SUMMER.

THE shepherd-boy is singing,
His sheep are resting still;
The lark is upward winging,
The sun is on the hill.

Deep hidden in the distance,
The thrush throws out his strain;
The cuckoo, with insistance,
Repeats the old refrain.



The linnet, crested rover,
Sings sweet from yonder tree;
And now and then flies over
A humming honey-bee.

The mingling choir of voices
Is like a pleasant song,
When every one rejoices,
And would the joy prolong.

Sweet the artless unison,
And sweet the breezy blue,
And sweet the grass to look upon,
With daisies peeping through.

E. CONDER GRAY.

THE SERVICE OF STEAM.

I.—THE POWER OF MACHINERY.

By JOHN BOURNE, C.E.

MECHANICAL power is pressure acting through space. Mere pressure does not constitute or create power. There must also be motion, and the amount of the power is determinable by the amount of the pressure multiplied by the space through which the pressure acts. A mountain, a house, or any other heavy object resting on the surface of the earth does not generate power. But if a heavy weight, such as a ton of any material, be suspended by a rope, and allowed to descend towards the earth, it will generate power during the descent. One ton descending through one foot, will generate the same amount of power as half a ton descending through two feet, and so of all other proportions of motion and pressure or weight. The cylinder of a steam-engine, with an area of piston of one square foot, and with a stroke of one foot, will generate just the same amount of power per stroke as a cylinder with an area of piston of half a square foot, and with a stroke of two feet. This is tantamount to saying that with any given pressure of steam, cylinders of equal capacities, whatever their relative proportions of length and diameter, will generate equal powers during each stroke; and this is a fact well known to engineers. Whatever the machine may be, whether a steam-engine, a water-wheel, a roasting-jack driven by a weight, or any other mechanism, the general law holds good that the pressure or weight multiplied by the space through which it acts represents the power. Power is therefore measurable by foot-pounds just as ordinary matter is measurable by weight and bulk.

It will be obvious to even the most cursory inquirer, that machines of whatever kind divide themselves into two great classes. In one of these power is generated, and such machines are consequently termed prime movers. In the other class, the power already existing is only transformed, distributed, or applied. Steam-engines, water-wheels, windmills, electro-motive engines, solar engines, and all other instruments for the production of power, fall under the first class; while spinning and weaving machinery, wood-working machinery, hydraulic presses, tools, pumps, and instruments and apparatus of whatever kind that are driven by power, fall under the second class.

And here it is proper to remark that, although for the sake of convenience we talk of machines which generate power, to distinguish them from those which only transmit or consume power, the definition is in reality an incorrect one, as no species of machine can generate power out of nothing; and all that the machines called prime movers really do, is to intercept and utilise some part of the mechanical power which is circulating through the universe. So far as we can at present see, the whole of the power which we can render subservient to our uses, comes or came originally from the sun. Ericsson has lately constructed a solar engine, which is the practical realisation of an old idea, whereby the concentration of the sun's rays upon some fluid, causing its expansion, was to generate power. Water-wheels are driven by streams fed by rain, which was exhaled as vapour from the ocean by the sun's heat; and windmills derive their motion from currents of air set in motion either directly or indirectly by the sun. The mechanical power developed by animals is derived from the food they consume, which was grown and ripened by the action of the sun; and even steam-engines derive their power from the same source. The steam-engine is merely an instrument for obtaining power from the steam in the boiler, which power has been derived from the heat produced by the coal. But the coal is merely the legacy of primeval forests in which a structure of carbon was built up by the dissociating effect of the sun's rays, which decomposed the carbonic acid of the atmosphere, and separated it with an expenditure of mechanical power into its constituent portions of oxygen and carbon. The mechanical power expended in effecting this separation, is recovered when the two substances recombine; and the power now said to be generated by our steam-engines is merely the consumption of the power accumulated by the sun in primeval times when coal is used, or in modern times when wood is used. Coal, like gunpowder, is virtually a spring under tension, which in being let down generates power; and to reproduce the tension, as much power must be consumed as was obtained by the relaxation. This spring, however, is being perpetually wound

up for us by the sun; and all that the machines called prime movers do, is to convert this potential energy into actual energy or mechanical power. The influence of the sun upon our planet probably extends further than has been hitherto suspected. We know that the attraction of cohesion may be dissolved by heat, as solids when subjected to a high temperature assume the liquid or vaporous form. Cohesion, therefore, is not an essential property of matter; and there are good grounds for believing, that the same may be said of gravity. The force of gravity varies inversely as the square of the distance, and follows the same laws in this respect as light or sound. Two hundred years ago, Robert Hooke demonstrated experimentally, that an attraction resembling that of gravitation may be produced by creating a vibration in the particles of bodies; and gravity may be the result of such a vibration in the matter composing the earth produced by the light of the sun.

In the application of machinery to the uses of life there are two main indications to be fulfilled. The first is to generate the power with the least waste or the most economy, and the second is to apply the power so generated to the work which has to be done in the simplest and most efficient manner possible. Water-power, where accessible, is probably the best and most equable motor; but, in general, water-power is liable to interruption during droughts; it is often only to be obtained in inconvenient situations; and on the whole a preference is now very generally given to steam-power, even in cases to which either power is equally applicable. For railways and steam navigation, for draining mines, aiding the operations of agriculture, and for the multifarious uses to which motive power has now to be applied, the steam-engine is, in the present state of our knowledge, the only available motor; for although gas-engines, electro-motive engines, and a few other kinds of motive-power machines, have been employed in some cases where a very small amount of power was sufficient, these contrivances have not obtained any such wide introduction as to be commercially important, or to require further notice here. It is the steam-engine which is the great source of motive power in modern times, and it is to its improvement that the efforts of engineers are therefore mainly directed.

It has long been known that one of the most effective expedients of economy in steam-engines was to use steam of a considerable pressure expansively in the engine. In other words, steam of a high tension is maintained in the boiler; but instead of allowing it to flow into the cylinder during the whole of the stroke, it is shut off by a proper valve after a small part of the stroke has been performed, say one-tenth, leaving the rest of the stroke to be performed by the expanding steam. Only one-tenth of the steam is thus consumed in performing a stroke, but there will be a good deal more than one-tenth of the power generated; and the difference goes in favour of this system, which is consequently now very generally adopted. It has also been found advantageous to keep the cylinder hot, by surrounding it by another cylinder containing steam; and to superheat the steam somewhat by imparting to it a rather higher temperature than that due to its elasticity, by the contact of hot flues or pipes applied for this purpose. All these expedients of economy are, however, only applicable within a limited range. A very high pressure of steam involves the necessity of a very strong and costly boiler, and a very strong and costly engine. If the expansion of the steam be more than ten times, not much economy is obtained from the higher grades, and a very large and costly engine becomes necessary to generate the power. If the steam be heated to a temperature much over 350° Fahr., the oil in the cylinder is carbonised, the hemp packing of the stuffing-boxes is burnt out, the faces of the slide-valve become rough, and so many practical inconveniences are encountered, that the attempt to employ higher temperatures has had to be abandoned. In the present practice of the best engineers, the considerations which weigh upon one side and the other of this question have been brought to a balance, and the consumption of coal has been brought down to about two pounds per actual or indicated horse-power per hour in the best condensing engines.

And here it may be convenient to explain that there are at present two kinds of steam-engines in common use, one, the high-pressure engine in which the steam, after having pressed the piston to the end of the cylinder, is dismissed into atmosphere, and the other, the condensing engine, in which the steam, after having pressed the piston to the end of the cylinder, escapes into the condenser, where, meeting with a shower of cold water, it is condensed, and forms a vacuum, which sucks the piston on the one side, while the steam presses it on the other.

By the intervention of the slide valve, which is moved by the engine, the pressure is alternately thrown on one side of the piston, and on the other, thus producing motion to and fro, which by the crank gives a rotatory motion to the shaft by which the power is imparted to the machines to be driven. Locomotive engines are necessarily high-pressure engines, and the spent steam is discharged from them in a series of puffs. Steamboat engines are almost uniformly condensing, and the water which accomplishes the condensation is discharged overboard as a stream of hot water. The large class of pumping and factory engines are generally condensing, while the bulk of small engines are of the high-pressure variety. High-pressure engines are less economical than condensing, as they lose the benefit of the vacuum which is got without any extra expense of steam or coal; but they are cheaper in construction, and may be introduced in many cases where condensing engines could not be applied. On railways, for example, it would be impossible to carry the large quantity of cold water required for condensation.

In all cases in which power is produced by heat, there must be two temperatures, and in the condensing steam-engine the boiler represents one of these temperatures, while the condenser represents the other, and the engine stands at the middle of the train. And just as heat may be made to generate power, so power may be made to generate heat. The bearings of steam-engines, if screwed too tightly down, become hot by friction, and the heat generated is the equivalent of the power which disappears. Rumford made water boil by the heat generated by a blunt borer when employed to bore a cannon; and in every case in which power disappears, heat is generated, or electricity, or some other form of power, which power is the equivalent of the mechanical power expended. Whatever has been predicated about the eternity of matter, may be also predicated about the eternity of power or force, and matter itself may only be a form of force. It has been ascertained by careful experiment that the power expended when a weight of one pound descends through seven hundred and seventy-two feet, or, what is the same thing, when a weight of seven hundred and seventy-two pounds descends through one foot, will generate heat enough, rightly utilised, to raise one pound of water one degree Fahr. in temperature. When, therefore, the water discharged by a waterfall seven hundred and seventy-two feet high is precipitated into the abyss, the mechanical power which might be obtained if the water had been employed to turn water-wheels or other hydraulic motors is not annihilated, but is transformed into heat, and raises the water one degree in temperature.

The discovery of the exact numerical equivalence of heat and power enables us to determine the mechanical efficacy of the steam-engine as a thermo-dynamic machine. For as each seven hundred and seventy-two pounds lifted one foot is equivalent to the raising of one pound of water one degree in temperature, the total power of the engine, if employed to generate heat, will, if the engine is a perfect one, reproduce the heat, as measured by the evaporation of water or otherwise, which was originally expended in the production of the power. When a heavy weight is lifted by a lever, there is no gain of power by the operation, but only a transformation of power. If the two parts of the lever be in the proportion of ten to one, then ten times the weight may be lifted by the hand with the aid of the lever that can be lifted unassisted. But the weight will only be moved through one-tenth of the distance that the hand moves; and the force or weight multiplied by the space passed through remains in all cases a constant quantity. So, also, if, by the aid of a crane, a weight be raised by one man, which could otherwise be only lifted by ten men, there will be no gain in power by the use of the crane, as the loss in speed will be in the exact proportion of the increase of raising force; and ten separate men, each with his crane, would only do the same amount of work in a given time that the ten men would do if conjointly employed to lift the weight direct. In all machines by which power is transmitted or transformed, whether a crane, screw, hydraulic press, or any other apparatus, there is neither gain nor loss of power, but merely such a modification of it as will make it more conveniently applicable to the purpose in hand—just as a cubic foot of iron may be beaten into a plate or into a bar or other form proper for a special purpose, though in point of quantity it remains a cubic foot of iron as before. While, however, this is theoretically true, there is in all machines a loss of effect from friction and other similar causes; so that in every transformation of power the exact amount originally expended will not be reproduced; but there will be a certain loss which will

represent the mechanical imperfection of the machine. In the steam-engine the same law holds. The exact equivalence of heat and power being known, it becomes easy to tell how much heat the power known to be exerted by a steam-engine should produce, if employed for that purpose, and that amount of heat ought to reproduce the power if the engine were a perfect one. But in practice it is found that the very best engines require ten times the quantity of heat to generate a given power that is theoretically shown to be necessary, on the supposition that there was no loss, and the conclusion is thus forced upon us that the steam-engine, even in its best modern form, is a very wasteful machine. The main cause of this waste is the low temperature of the steam in the boiler. Power is generated in thermo-dynamic engines by the subsidence of temperature from one point to another—just as power is generated in a water-wheel by the subsidence of the water from one level to another. The further removed these points are, the larger the amount of power generated will be. But in a steam-engine, while the temperature of the furnace is 3,000° Fahr., the temperature of the boiler is probably only 300° Fahr., and this stands at one end of the thermo-dynamic chain, while the condenser, with a temperature of 100°, stands at the other end. The effective fall is therefore only 200°; and power is wasted in much the same way in which the power of a waterfall would be wasted if only a tenth of the fall were utilised in the production of power, instead of the whole amount. In a perfect engine no heat should pass away from the machine, either in the form of hot water or of waste steam; but the whole of the heat should be converted into power. Electro-motive engines are found to be much less wasteful machines than steam-engines. In other words, a certain quantity of mechanical power in the form of electricity can be transformed into useful work with much less loss in an electro-motive engine than the equivalent of heat can be transformed into useful work in a steam-engine. There is no cheap and convenient source of electricity, however, at present known, and so the steam-engine maintains its position as the accepted motor. Hereafter thermo-electric engines may be contrived, which will work with much less coal than any existing steam-engine, or a carbon battery may be discovered, or thermo-dynamic engines may be contrived, which make the furnace instead of the boiler the top of the thermal range; but in steam-engines using a cylinder which imposes a limitation on the temperature, there is no probability that any material reduction in the consumption of fuel now necessary in the best engines will be obtained.

In the most improved modern engines, whether high or low pressure, the steam is uniformly used expansively, the cylinder is kept hot by a casing of steam called the steam-jacket, and the steam is superheated as far as can be conveniently done. But another improvement has also latterly been introduced, which affects the first cost of engines as well as their working economy: they are run at a far higher speed than was formerly attempted. In Watt's engines the maximum speed of the piston was about two hundred and twenty feet per minute; and with this speed, and with the moderate pressures of steam formerly subsisting, a very large engine was necessary to produce a moderate amount of power. Now steam-engines of the best class are run at six, seven, or eight hundred feet per minute, or even more; and the power generated, the pressure remaining the same, is in the simple ratio of the acceleration. To produce a given amount of effective power, therefore, a much smaller engine now suffices than was necessary some years ago, and the cost of an engine to do a specific amount of work is smaller. This reduction of the cost, without reduction in the quality of engines, is rapidly extending their use, especially as high-speed engines are not only cheaper than common engines, but also more equable in their action, and more economical in fuel. In slow engines there is a deposition of moisture on the interior of the cylinder, and a re-evaporation of this moisture at every stroke, which causes a waste of heat; whereas in high-speed engines there is no time given for this action to be carried on to any injurious degree. Then just in the proportion to the number of rotations of the crank in a given time is the action of the engine made more uniform and equable. In cotton-mills, water power was long preferred to steam power, as it was less subject to fluctuations in the velocity of the motion; and what was called "water twist" commanded a higher price in the market than thread spun by steam, in which, from the fluctuations of velocity at different parts of the stroke, there were appreciable irregularities. To amend this evil, very heavy fly-wheels were employed; but the best remedy consists in driving the engine faster, which moreover produces

several collateral advantages. The ultimate velocity required to be given to the machines of a cotton-mill, and to a very large proportion of all kinds of machines, is a high one; and when such machines have to be driven by a slow engine a great deal of intermediate gearing has to be employed to bring up the speed to that degree of velocity with which it is necessary the shafting should revolve. Such gearing is not only costly and liable to derangement, but it absorbs no inconsiderable proportion of the power. It has been reckoned that in a cotton-mill of the old kind about nine-tenths of the total power of the engine is absorbed in giving motion to the machinery, only about one-tenth being consumed in doing useful work; and any expedient which reduces the amount of intermediate gearing is consequently important. The best expedient, in every way, is to employ a swift engine. By its aid geared wheels may be wholly discarded, and the entire machinery may be driven by noiseless belts. In factories of every kind, this is the course of improvement which is now being carried out.

To fit an engine, however, for working at high speeds, various precautions have to be observed in its construction, as if an engine of the old type were to be driven at a high speed the bearings would heat and wear quickly out, the parts would shake loose from the shock and jolting, and the engine would probably break down. The indications which must be observed in the construction of a high-speed engine are as follows:—

All the rubbing surfaces, and especially the bearings of the shaft and crank pin, must be made very large, as the wear will be slow in the proportion of the wearing area. If the engine be a condensing one, the valves of the air pump must not be of metal, else they will hammer themselves too violently, but the valves must be made of india-rubber; the whole of the rubbing surfaces must be efficiently lubricated, and finally the weight of the moving parts must be made as small as possible, and their momentum must be balanced by counterweights. An unbalanced engine, however perfect otherwise, will necessarily work with jolt and tremor, as the piston and its connections being brought to rest at the end of every stroke, will necessarily discharge their momentum on the crank pin, and through it on the shaft, whereby the engine bed will be pushed to and fro. But if weights equal to that of the piston and its reciprocating connections be fixed upon the crank, on the opposite side from the crank pin, the momentum of these weights will exactly balance the momentum of the reciprocating parts of the engine, and there will be no tendency to move or rock the engine bed at all. High-speed engines, therefore, must be properly constructed for their intended work, and if not so constructed they will give perpetual trouble. But when properly made, they offer many advantages, as they are cheaper than common engines, consume less coal, are more equable in their motion, and are lighter, more compact, and more portable, while they enable much costly and cumbrous gear to be discarded.

So much for prime movers. With regard to moved machines, instruments, or apparatus, it is plain that without their aid, mankind could never have emerged from barbarism, as it was by the saving in labour effected by their use that it became possible to do something beyond providing for the physical wants of the passing day. The primitive flour-mills still to be met with in eastern countries were a great improvement upon the pestle and mortar or two stones of earlier times. The early loom was a great advance upon the darning needle, and the spindle and distaff an advance upon the methods which preceded them. The plough and the saw, both of them devices dating from a remote antiquity, were valuable chiefly as labour-saving machines; and the spinning-wheel, producing one thread at a time, was the immediate progenitor of the spinning jenny. All these contrivances, whether they derived their motion from the power of men or animals, were of signal value to mankind. But the benefit was greatly increased when the motive power was derived from the inanimate forces of nature, such as wind, water, or steam. For many ages, Holland was saved from being drowned out by the use of windmills, which worked pumps and archimedian screws, by which the water which would otherwise have spread over the land was lifted into the rivers. Windmills, which had been used from time immemorial in the East, were, it is believed, first brought to the knowledge of western nations by the Crusaders. But water-mills were known to the Greeks and Romans. It is in modern times, however, that machinery has received its great development; and in all the arts, it is every day being more extensively employed. It is plain that railways and steam navigation could not have had existence, but for the antecedent improvements in the steam-engine, which

rendered them possible; and it is difficult to conceive how modern nations could be fed or clothed without the aid of that machinery by which the operation is at present performed. The scale of comfort has been raised, the evils of climate have been redressed, and famine has been shorn of its terrors, by the wide introduction of machinery; for by its aid commodities have been so cheapened, that the luxuries of one age have become the necessaries of its successor, and are brought within the reach even of the indigent classes; while locomotion has been so much facilitated, and wealth has been so much increased, that the produce of all countries is brought to our doors and placed within our means of acquisition. Machinery has been the true philosopher's stone of the world, as it has enormously increased the productive power of labour, and has thereby added to the rewards which labour earns. The military art, like most other arts, has been revolutionised by machinery. Our iron-clads are its offspring. How without its aid could great iron plates two feet thick be rolled out like dough by the hand of the baker? How without the steam hammer could the great coils of iron be welded up which are used to form our hundred-ton guns? Our breech-loading rifles are made by special machinery, not merely with an accuracy, but with a cheapness unknown to former times. As an illustration of the great saving of cost, which appropriate machinery will accomplish, even in such an article as rifles, it may be stated that, whereas some of the early examples of our modern military rifles made without special tools but with the usual implements employed by the best private gunsmiths a few years ago, cost the maker £63 each, when produced as individual samples, the same weapons are now made in quantity by special tools at a cost of £3 each. Such is a specimen of the saving in cost which machinery can achieve!

One of the arts to which machinery has only yet been very partially applied is agriculture. And here its benefits promise to be very great. At present, most of our farms are badly adapted for the application of machinery, being split up by hedges and ditches, into a number of small and irregularly shaped fields; whereas for the beneficial application of steam machinery, a farm should consist of only a few large fields, with an appointed rotation of crops. Gradually, however, hedges and ditches are being removed, and the land is being laid out so that steam machinery may be conveniently introduced. In such countries as India, where the heat of the sun renders physical labour oppressive, and where much of the land consists of vast alluvial plains hundreds of miles in extent, the steam-plough and steam-reaper promise to be specially valuable, the more so as the fertility of the soil can also be aided by steam irrigation. In tropical climates water is the most essential condition of fertility; and even in the best districts the productiveness of the soil can be increased threefold by irrigation. To mine water in the tropics is consequently a more profitable operation than to mine gold in Australia; and yet in this great field the introduction of steam machinery has scarcely yet been begun. More and more the tendency is for England to become one great city drawing the agricultural produce she requires from India and from the colonies, sending manufactures in return; and this interchange of commodities is rendered easier every day by the improvement in the means of transport which the steam-engine has brought about, or still promises to achieve.

CHARLES KINGSLEY'S CHARTISM.

THERE is no duty more incumbent than to try to understand those who have benefited us. If we should fancy that we have found a dark or a doubtful point in their character or career, it is at once unwise and unjust to isolate and to dwell upon that; but it is perhaps even more so to ignore it as though it must be implicitly taken for granted in its darkest guise without examination. Now, we have convinced ourselves that this last is the position too largely held with respect to what has been called the "Chartist" period in Charles Kingsley's life; and with the recent biographic sketch by Mr. Thomas Hughes* in our hand, we are anxious to give our impressions on the matter, because we believe that Charles

* "Alton Locke." New edition, with a Prefatory Memoir By Thomas Hughes, Esq., Q.C., author of "Tom Brown's Schooldays," &c. Macmillan & Co., 1876.

Kingsley was more self-consistent than is commonly supposed. If we said boldly that, instead of being a Radical he was by nature a Conservative, we should but speak truth, though we might give rise to as great a misapprehension as that we are fain to remove. The words have taken on a strictly political reference; and Kingsley was not a politician. His immediate sympathies wholly determined his interests in respect of social and political questions, and the prominent position which he took at a very critical period was precisely the position which we should have expected him to take in such a crisis at any time. He was readily moved by the story of suffering, and having investigated matters and satisfied himself that the sufferings of 1847—50 were very real, he was soon convinced that political disabilities which were conceived to produce, or even to intensify such sufferings in the case of whole classes, could not possibly be in the interests of order. He very probably did not reason the matter out in any set scheme; it was enough for him that the structure of English society was threatened. He had too deep an affection for the old forms of our national life—too fine historical instincts, in fact—to be easily moved to favour new constructions; but the modifications that he sought were believed by him to amount to the saving of the whole fabric. It was not for the Chartists alone that he devoted himself to days and nights of earnest labour, it was for all classes alike as he believed; and if he put himself into extreme positions, or fell into extreme statements now and then, it was due mainly to the fact that he regarded the upper classes generally as failing at once in sympathy and in foresight. His intensely English sentiment in favour of fair-play also came in to help towards this result. He believed that the poor men had real wrongs to complain of, and that their petition had not received courteous treatment. He therefore rejoiced in showing that a clergyman could separate himself from the bulk of his class for the sake of seeing fair-play. And his position he justified even by reference to the Bible. He tells his working-men friends, "It is mainly the fault of us parsons that you have followed a bad 'Reformer's Guide.' They have never told you that the true 'Reformer's Guide' is the Bible, the true poor man's book. The Bible demands for the poor as much, and more, than they demand for themselves; it expresses the deepest yearnings of the poor man's heart far more nobly, more searchingly, more daringly, more eloquently than any modern orator has done."

While, therefore, he was bent on conciliating the Chartists, as a means to bring them to that reasonable self-respect which would issue in a better form of union or association among themselves, he never omitted to emphasise the fact that political reforms would soon prove futile unless preceded or accompanied by reforms personal and social. So distinct are his enunciations on this head conveyed in his so-called "Chartist" speeches and letters, that we have been beyond measure struck by their correspondence to what he has said in his later writings, on which no suspicion has ever rested.

This is from one of his letters—the very letter which contained that sentence which, misread, brought down upon him vials of obloquy, which are hardly even yet exhausted :—

> "I want to see you *free*, but I do not see that what you ask for will give you what you want. I think you have fallen into just the same mistake as the rich, of whom you complain—the very mistake which has been our curse and our nightmare. I mean the mistake of fancying that *legislative* reform is *social* reform, or that men's hearts can be changed by Act of Parliament. If any one will tell me of a country where a charter made the rogues honest, or the idle industrious, I will alter my opinion of the charter, but not till then. It disappointed me bitterly when I read it. It seemed a harmless cry enough, but a poor bald constitution-mongering cry as ever I heard. The French cry of 'organization of labour' is worth a thousand of it, but yet that does not go to the bottom of the matter by many a mile."

And then, after telling how he went to buy a number of the Chartist newspaper, and found it in a shop which sold "flash songsters," the "Swell's Guide," and "dirty milksop French novels," and that these publications, and a work called "The Devil's Pulpit," were puffed in its columns, he goes on to say,—

> "These are strange times. I thought the devil used to befriend tyrants and oppressors, but he seems to have profited by Burns's advice to 'tak' a thought and mend.' I thought the struggling freeman's watchword was, 'God sees my wrongs.' 'He hath taken the matter into His own hands.' 'The poor committeth himself unto Him, for He is the helper of the friendless.' But now the devil seems all at once to have turned philanthropist and patriot, and to intend himself to fight the good cause, against which he has been fighting ever since Adam's time. I don't deny, my friends, that it is much cheaper to be reformed by the devil than by God; for God will only reform society on the condition of our reforming every man his own self, while the devil is quite ready to help us to mend the laws and the parliament, earth and heaven, without ever starting such an impertinent

and 'personal request,' as that a man should mend himself."

Before he finishes that same letter, he goes on to say :—

"I say honestly, whomsoever I may offend, the more I read of your convention speeches and newspaper articles, the more I am convinced that too many of you are trying to do God's work with the devil's tools. What is the use of brilliant language about peace, and universal love, when it runs in the same train with ferocity, railing, mad, one-eyed excitement, talking itself into a passion like a street woman? . . . . I denounce the weapons which you have been deluded into employing to gain you your rights, and the indecency and profligacy which you are letting be mixed up with them. Will you strengthen and justify your enemies? Will you disgust and cripple your friends? Will you go out of your way to do wrong? When you can be free by fair means, will you try foul? When you might keep the name of Liberty as spotless as the heaven from which she came, will you defile her with blasphemy, beastliness, and blood? When the cause of the poor is the cause of Almighty God, will you take it out of His hands to entrust it to the devil? These are bitter questions, but as you answer them so will you prosper."

Plain, honest words, and wise withal, worthy of the man and of his profession, and deserving to be well-conned even now, for they are surely as suited to us in the present time as to those to whom they were originally addressed. The same things have been urged by Carlyle, by Gladstone, by Lord Shaftesbury, and by Edward Denison, none of whom are likely to be suspected of low, revolutionary, Chartist views. But in the course of that letter he had said, "I am not one of those who laugh at your petition of the 10th of April: I have no patience with those who do. Suppose there were but 250,000 honest names on that sheet. Suppose the Charter itself were all stuff, yet you have still a right to fair play, a patient hearing, an honourable and courteous answer, whichever way it may be. But my only quarrel with the Charter is, that it does not go far enough in reform."

Then he proceeds to write precisely where we began our first extract, from which it will at once be seen that what he meant was, that the Charter omitted to touch what he held to be the fundamental point where personal and moral reform becomes possible. Nothing could be plainer. The sentence was caught up and used as though it had been a political adventurer, and not a disinterested social reformer and religious teacher who spoke. To make it plain how little the vulgar radical ideas of equality of wealth, share-and-share-alike, and confusion of classes, had quarter from Charles Kingsley, this needs but to be quoted :—

"I believe that a man might be, as a tailor or a costermonger, every inch of him a saint, a scholar, and a gentleman, for I have seen some few such already. I believe hundreds of thousands more would be so, if their business were put on a Christian footing, and themselves given by education, sanitary reforms, &c., the means of developing their own latent capabilities. I think the cry, 'Rise in Life,' has been excited by the very impossibility of being anything but brutes, while they struggle below. And I believe from experience that when you put workmen into human dwellings, and give them a Christian education, so far from wishing discontentedly to rise out of their class, or to level others to it, exactly the opposite takes place. They become sensible of the dignity of work, and they begin to see their labour as a true calling in God's Church, now that it is cleared from the accidents which made it look, in their eyes, only a soulless drudgery in a devil's workshop of a world."

We cannot help regarding these letters and speeches of 1848-56 as a manly effort for order at a time when so many influences threatened instability and revolution in our country. There is much in them that may even now be found useful in reference to the question of bringing working-men into churches, and making them sober and loyal. Kingsley's words must have frequently acted as a corrective to the wild and feverish tirades of trades' leaders. In not a few repects, indeed, the direction which sanitary improvement, as well as wise philanthropical and political effort is taking now, may be regarded as a confirmation of much that Charles Kingsley said in these Reform Speeches and Letters. It is because we owe him such a deep debt of gratitude for pleasure, and for many wise and cheerful words, that we have taken it upon us to try to show that his "Chartism," which was the outcome of practical sympathy, rather than a reasoned political scheme, in any respect, was not of quite such a mad and dangerous sort as has often been asserted.

H. A. PAGE.

SKETCH OF A JOURNEY ACROSS AFRICA.

By VERNEY LOVETT CAMERON, Lieutenant Royal Navy.

PART I.—ENGLAND TO KAWÉLÉ UJIJI ON LAKE TANGANYIKA.

ON the 30th of November, 1872, I and my old friend and messmate Dillon, an assistant-surgeon in the Royal Navy, left Victoria Station by the evening mail, being then the only two members of the "Livingstone East Coast Expedition." Our object was to find Dr. Livingstone, and place ourselves unreservedly under his orders to carry out any geographical work which he might desire.

From the tenor of the last letters received from the illustrious veteran of African travel, we expected that on our meeting him we should be ordered to proceed northwards to explore the "Mwutau Nzigé" ("Albert Nyanza"), and Victoria Nyanza Lakes, but "l'homme propose, Dieu dispose."

We were ordered in the first instance to join Sir Bartle Frere at Brindisi, and to proceed with him to Zanzibar, where we were to receive our final orders. On arrival at Brindisi we found that Sir Bartle was still at Rome, and that there was no room for us on board the Admiralty yacht *Enchantress*, which had been ordered to take him to Zanzibar.

We therefore, after a delay of six days, proceeded to Alexandria by the P. and O. steamer *Malta*, where Sir Bartle arrived a day or two after us. We went with him to Cairo, where his good offices procured for us from H.H. the Khedive an official letter of recommendation to all under his employ in the Soudan. Though this letter was never used in the countries for which it was intended, it was accepted by Arabs in the interior of Africa as a proof that we were friends with one whose name is known to all educated Mahommedans. We then went on to Aden, where Dr. Badger procured for us another letter from Said Alwyn ibn Said, a saint living near there, which was the most effectual talisman of all.

Whilst at Aden, Lieutenant Murphy, R.A., volunteered to join the expedition, paying his own expenses, if the Indian Government would continue him in the pay and allowances of his rank. To this they readily assented, and he afterwards joined us at Zanzibar. We then went on to Zanzibar in the B.I.S.S. *Punjâb*, Captain Hansard, and received the kindest attentions from him and his officers.

When we arrived at Zanzibar, after a very pleasant passage, I found myself attacked by an old enemy, the "coast fever," and was obliged for a time to take advantage of the kindness of some old messmates, and lie up on board the *Briton*, whilst Dillon went on with preparations for the road by himself. Unfortunately, our heavy stores from England did not arrive as soon as we did. The *Agra*, on board which they were shipped, had been compelled to put back into Plymouth by bad weather, and we had therefore, before her arrival, to get a small supply of arms and ammunition from the flagship of H.E. Admiral Cumming.

As soon as I was able to get about again, I went ashore and joined Dillon at the English gaol, where rooms had been put at our disposal by our old and kind friend Dr. Kirk. As soon as we had engaged our escort, and got some donkeys and stores, we chartered a couple of small Arab dhows, and went over to Bagamoyo to try and get the porters necessary to transport our stores.

When we arrived, we hired rooms for ourselves in the house of Abdûlah Dina, a Mussulman trader from India, who was very profuse in offers of service and assistance, but, like the rest of his race, could not resist the temptation of cheating Englishmen when he had a fair opportunity. Our men and stores were housed in a large thatched wattle and dab erection, belonging to Jemadar Issa, which we dignified with the name of the barracks, and in an open space in front of it we had our donkey lines.

Bagamoyo, like most of the sister towns along the Zanzibar coast, is a long straggling irregular sort of street with short offsets, and lying behind the sand hills which line the shore. There may be half-a-dozen stone houses, but the greater portion of those of the semi-respectable people are merely large buildings of wattle and dab, thatched with plaited cocoa-nut leaves. A few flat-roofed mosques provide for the religious wants of the inhabitants, but they are only resorted to on great feast days.

The greatest and most important feature, however, at Bagamoyo is the French mission, an off-shoot of that at Zanzibar.

Two or three priests, half-a-dozen lay brothers, and the same number of sisters, do

all the work. The pupils are instructed in industrial trades, and all the buildings of the mission have been erected by them, under the direction of the lay brothers. They have large and admirably kept gardens, and are trying to introduce several new and valuable plants into the country.

The pupils are kept under surveillance after they have grown up, and are encouraged to marry amongst themselves, and to bring their children to be baptized and brought up at the mission, so that there is a great hope that Christianity is getting a good grip on the continent of Africa, at least in this one spot.

From the members of the mission we experienced the greatest imaginable interest, telling us that they looked upon us as missionaries as well as themselves, and they could have paid us no higher compliment. After engaging what men we could, we had to go back to Zanzibar to meet the mail from Aden, by which we expected our stores. When we arrived at Zanzibar we found that the mail had already arrived, and that Murphy and our stores had come down in her.

As soon as possible we returned to Bagamoyo, and went on with the tiresome work of paying *pagazi*, and trying to keep loads within compass. As I found the men were rarely forthcoming at our morning musters, I thought it would be best to form a camp a short distance from the town, and accordingly selected a lovely spot shaded by four or five enormous mango-trees close to Shamba Gonera, a farm owned by the widow of a Hindu merchant.

Notwithstanding this move, we were still much troubled by our men absenting themselves, and also by their being induced to desert by the lower orders of Wamirima.

I wrote to Dr. Kirk, to ask if he could pay us a visit so as to show that we were still under the influence of British power, which he at once did, and I think his coming over to see us moderated the evil to some extent. After his return to Zanzibar, we redoubled our efforts to get away, and Dillon went on with what men could be dragged together to Kikoka, the most distant outpost of H.H. Syud Burghash's Balooches. After his departure, Murphy and I were both down with fever, and Murphy was so bad that he had to be taken in and nursed by the good French padrés. Dillon also came back to see him. The same day Sir Bartle and his staff came to Bagamoyo in the *Daphne*. He brought with him another volunteer for our expedition, Moffat, a grandson of the famous father of South African missions, and a nephew of Livingstone's. Dillon went back at once to Kikoka, and two days afterwards I and Moffat joined him there with some more men and donkeys. I then sent Moffat back to assist Murphy, and with Dillon set out for Rehenneko, where we were to wait for the other two and what portion of the remainder of the stores they could obtain porters to carry.

Dillon and I left Kikoka on March 28th, 1873, and although we had used every conceivable precaution to prevent the absence of our men, and had not brought out so many loads as we had men in our camp according to our daily muster, we found that we had to leave twelve or fourteen loads behind.

We made our way along between Stanley's route and the Kingani, through an open park-like country, with clumps and strips of jungle and forest-trees and some tracks of game. No villages were directly on our route, and after three marches the men declared that they must go out to look for food, and that there was a village near. I went out with them, in the hopes of seeing some of the domestic life of the natives, and saw a few miserable huts; but shortly after we left our camp it came on to rain in torrents, and we saw scarcely anything and got less. On our way back to camp we lost our way and got benighted in a swampy wood, where I had to sleep (or try to sleep) in the least wet spot I could find, with my back up against a tree and the rain beating on me the while.

Next morning I was only just able to creep into camp; but on that and on the following day our foraging parties were more successful, and the third day we were able to go on again, having obtained a modicum of cassava. During our halt here, Moffat came out to us with letters, and the day we went on returned again to Bagamoyo. Poor lad, it was the last time I saw him.

I was suffering from a violent attack of fever, brought on by my mud and water bed, but managed to hold on to my donkey from camp to camp somehow or another. The country up to Msuwah was much the same as we had already passed through, but then it began to rise more decidedly. At Msuwah, we were detained a few days to try and get food, and by having to pay tribute to the chief, who was a regular black Pecksniff. He said our men could not buy food there, and that he would get it for us; but that cloth, &c., must be paid in advance. After two or three days' waiting, and only a small proportion being forthcoming, we thought it

best to go on, and let the smiling old man pocket the plunder in peace. We then went on by Kisémo over a small table land, well watered with magnificent stretches of open grass, and much cultivated land, with the villages hidden in patches of jungle, and only betrayed by the blue smoke wreathing above the tree-tops; and at the end of our second march arrived, after an almost precipitous descent, in the valley of the Lugerengeri. Behind us was the wooded steep which we had just come down, around were villages with thatch-roofed huts, patches of tobacco, rice, sugar-cane, and other crops; in our immediate front the river, brawling over its wide shallow bed, but the banks showing terrific signs of its giant power when swollen by the tropical rains; and beyond it, again, the lovely Duthumi hills, with their wooded summits crowned with fleecy clouds.

We went on across the wide Lugerengeri, and then made a nearer acquaintance with the hills, and found that picturesque forms entailed very rough walking and hard work; and on our first march we were from 4.30 A.M. till 3 P.M. on the road. Indeed many of the stragglers were not up till long after sunset. Our camp was in a rocky pass, with pools of crystal water amongst the rocks at the bottom, and around us flowering creepers and acacias in the full wealth of their golden blossoms.

We passed on out of this lovely spot into a basin-like valley full of small conical hills, each crowned with a tiny hamlet, and crops of the richest luxuriance growing all about us. Out of this "happy valley" (except for slavery) we fought our way through thickets of tall cane grass. It was tantalizing to know that all around were lovely views, while we could see nothing five yards from us, and then through a steep and narrow pass we came again into the valley of the Lugerengeri.

Passing along through cane-brakes, and crossing wide torrent-beds, all going to feed the river, strewn with blocks of granite brought down in the freshes which, in a brief half hour, spread destruction around, and then leave a tiny trickling stream in their place, we came to Simbawéni, erstwhile the home of the renowned freebooter and kidnapper of slaves, Kisabengo, but since his death ruled by his favourite daughter, who lacks the power, but not the will, to make her name as dreaded as was ever that of her robber sire. The mud-built palace is now, however, falling to pieces; and there are great gaps in the strong palisades which form the enceinte, some hastily repaired, and others still open.

We passed the den of this lioness without paying any tribute, and only paid the compliment (?) of closing up our men and displaying the union jack and white ensign as we defiled past the town.

We then crossed the Lugerengeri a second time, on an African bridge made of a fallen tree, and so away from the country of Simbawéni. Whilst camped on the Lugerengeri, we were crowded with people selling food, many of them dressed in kilts made of grass fibre, resembling those of the mop-headed Papuans, with filed teeth, and heads oiled and besmeared with red clay.

Our men did not like to leave the Papuan plenty of this place, and after a day's halt we had much trouble to make them shoulder their burdens and take the road again.

From among the hills we came out on to the Makata Swamp. At first our road lay along a grassy level plain, but gradually we began to get into the "Slough of Despond," the mud getting deeper and stickier, and the donkeys and men floundering more helplessly at every step. To add to our discomfort, it came on to rain heavily, whilst still some distance from camp; and we had to drive the lazy and cheer the flagging for five hours of mud and rain, during which time we only got on about three and a half miles.

Next day, however, was better, and we crossed the river before evening. Notwithstanding, after a night's heavy rain, the bridge by which we had crossed was clean out of sight, and if we had been a day later we might have been detained a week before we should have been able to cross it.

From the river Makata on to the base of the Usagara mountains was good level marching, with the exception of two swamps, each from three-quarters of a mile to a mile long, and about mid-thigh deep. We arrived at Rehenneko, where we were to wait for our companions, on the 1st of May. Our camp was formed on a conical hill, at the mouth of a gorge in the Usagara mountains, on the opposite side of which lay the village of Rehenneko.

When Dillon and I arrived, we were both laid up, he with an acute attack of dysentery, and I with an abscess on my foot, and fever and ague.

As we gradually recovered, we employed ourselves with altering and fitting donkeys' saddles, which up to this had given us a great deal of trouble; and also in taking sights for latitude and longitude. The

people at Rehenneko were pretty friendly to us, though they do not bear the best of names; but I think they thought we were too hard a nut to crack.

The month of May passed slowly away, and the Masika, or rainy season, finished; but no news arrived of our companions, whom we were most anxiously expecting. I sent back two or three sets of messengers, and could get no news, till about the 22nd I heard they had just passed Simbaweni.

About the 26th a caravan hove in sight. It must be them, for there is a white man, but only one. Where is the other?—a question, alas, to be soon answered. As the party drew near, I limped out of camp to meet them, and found Murphy looking very ill, mounted on a donkey. "Where's Moffat?" I cried. The answer was, "*Dead!*" "How? When?" "I will tell you when I get into camp. I am too ill to say much now."

Afterwards we heard the sad tale of his end. Beaten by the climate, he lay down and died just before arriving at the Makata Swamp, to add another name to the list of martyrs in the cause of African exploration.

Poor young fellow! He had sold his all, a sugar-plantation at Natal, for £600, and came to Zanzibar prepared to devote the last farthing to the cause of this expedition. He died on the threshold of the unknown country where his grandfather had laboured nobly for more than half a century, and where his gallant uncle had already (though we then did not know it) succumbed to disease, hunger, and hardship. If he had been spared, he would have been a worthy successor to those two great and noble men.

When Murphy arrived he was suffering from the remains of an attack of fever, and we therefore remained at Rehenneko two or three days in order that he might recruit his health. I fear that much of his and Moffat's illness was caused by neglecting the daily use of quinine.

The days before we started were employed by me in overhauling all our loads, and re-distributing, so as to avoid as much as possible any delay on the road.

Our route from Rehenneko lay over the Usagara mountains, up and down steep, rocky hills, over great bare and slippery sheets of quartz and granite. Notwithstanding the rocky nature of these mountains, they were mostly wooded to the summits, principally by acacias, which, as Burton very aptly observes, reminds one much of a crowd of people sheltering themselves under umbrellas.

In the hollows and dips where water collects, the noble mparamusi rears its lordly head. This tree is one of the most splendid specimens of arboreal beauty in the world. A tall, clean, towering shaft, running to a hundred and fifty, or even two hundred feet, without a knot or excrescence to break its symmetry, and crowned by a spreading head of dark green foliage. The natives have a proverb about this tree, and it is supposed to be impossible to climb one. When they think anything is beyond their powers, they say, "We have climbed many trees, but this one is indeed an mparamusi, and this one we can't climb."

Passing over the first part of the mountains, we came into the gorge by which the Mukondokwa breaks through the side of the mountains. Our camp above it was on the steep hillside, and for comfort one might as well be on the side of a roof. The next day we crossed the Mukondokwa, a swift and brawling stream of turbid water about knee-deep, and eighty yards wide. We crossed at the old village of Kadetamaré. This is not entirely deserted; the chief having learnt the danger of this position when the larger part was swept away by a fresh of the river at the time of the great hurricane at Zanzibar, has now settled on an adjoining knoll.

From the river we went along through gigantic crops of mtama or Caffre corn, the stalks being often from sixteen to eighteen feet high, and camped near the village of Muinyi Usagara. We were delayed here by one of our men accidentally shooting a native when a party was sent out for food, and before we could leave had to pay a heavy fine of cloth to his relations. When this matter was settled (for which we were indebted to the good offices of a gentlemanly old Arab settled near), we started on our road again, passing up the right bank of the Mukondokwa, through a rough and tangled country, the path in places almost overhanging the river, so that a false step or slip would have sent one down fifty feet into its muddy waters. The hills here were mostly of granite, but occasionally great masses of new red sandstone showed out, forming a vivid contrast to the foliage of the trees and creepers and the more sombre tints of the weathered granite.

Quitting Burton's route, which turns sharp off over the Rubeho mountains, we made our way up to Lake Ugombo, after having twice more forded the Mukondokwa. Lake Ugombo is full of hippopotami, and numerous waterfowl speckle its surface.

From Lake Ugombo to Mpwapwa, distant two long marches, no water is to be found, so we were initiated into one of the incidents of African travel, commonly known as a *terekesa*, viz., a forced march after noon.

Just before we left Lake Ugombo we saw a mixed multitude of men, women, children, and goats travelling to the valley of the Mukondokwa. They were carrying all their household utensils with them, and on inquiry we found that their homes near Mpwapwa had been harried by the Wadirigo, a predatory highland tribe, and that they were escaping with what they had been able to save.

We left Lake Ugombo at about eleven A.M., and marched across a parched and arid country, with great blocks of granite strewn about its arid surface, the vegetation being only euphorbiæ, kolqualls, &c., and baobabs, with a few patches of coarse grass already parched up by the burning sun of the tropics.

We camped out with the sky for our roof, and a gunstock for our pillow, and were off before daylight to make our way to Mpwapwa, passing through a thorny jungle, and across open tracts with scarce a blade of grass or a weed on their burnt-up surface. About half-past two in the afternoon, we arrived at the sandy bed of the stream at Mpwapwa, and going up it soon came to pools, and then to running water, which soon, however, filters away through the sand. I sent back men with water for those who had straggled behind, but notwithstanding this precaution, a man and a donkey fell victims to this trying march.

Mpwapwa, situated on the slope of the hills and well supplied with water, was a land of plenty, but prices were high as the Wadirigo had looted many of the neighbouring villages. The Wadirigo were a fine manly looking race, who carried a huge shield of bull's-hide, a heavy spear, and a sheaf of beautifully finished assegais. They walked about among the villagers like people of a higher race, and told them coolly that they only held their cattle and villages at their pleasure.

Although these Wadirigo were physically a fine race, they wore no clothes (many even of the women being perfectly naked, except perhaps a string of beads round their necks), and built no permanent villages. They are much feared by all the tribes in their vicinity, but unless opposed they do not kill or maltreat their victims, or make slaves of them.

Mpwapwa is a very favourite halting-place, being situated between the arid tract reaching to Lake Ugombo, and the desert of the Marenga Mkali.

After a couple of days' halt to rest our men after their trying march, we went to Chunyo, the last camp before starting to cross the Marenga Mkali.

On our road we passed a village occupied by the Wadirigo, and, as with most thieves, it was light come light go, we got some goats and a couple of small bullocks cheap from these roving caterans. To obviate the inconvenience of being without water during our march across the Marenga Mkali, I filled four india-rubber air pillows with water, which held three gallons each, and besides giving us plenty for ourselves, allowed us some to spare for the weaker men and donkeys. The Marenga Mkali is a desert plain rather more than thirty miles across, reaching from the inland base of the Usagara mountains to the eastern limits of Ugogo, and scattered about are numerous small irregular granite hills, many of a conical form.

There are many watercourses, which are flooded in the rainy season, and I am firmly of opinion that water might be obtained by digging.

On our march across it we saw many zebras and other wild animals, but were unfortunately unable to get within shot of any.

Our camp at night, under a grove of thorny acacias, was a scene for a poet instead of a sailor to describe.

No tents were pitched or huts built, but every knot of two or three men had its separate fire. Above, the velvety sky, with its golden lamps, then the canopy of smoke looking like frosted silver, next trees looking as if made of ebony and ivory, and, below, all the blazing fires with the wild figures of the pagazi and askari moving about amongst them.

After leaving our camp we marched across a broken sterile country with thorn brakes and dry nullah, or sometimes a sandy plain, till we reached the outskirts of Ugoge.

Here we arrived at extensive plains, largely cultivated, but now, after the harvest, and in the midst of the dry season, parched and arid. The country, however, supports large herds of cattle, which seem to subsist on the dry stalks of the Caffre corn.

The natives made us pay before we were allowed to let our thirsty donkeys drink, or to cut the stalks of the corn to feed them on. The only growing crop was a small and tasteless water-melon, and as one or two of the men

who picked one to quench their thirst were unfortunately detected, we had to pay a heavy fine. At this camp occurred a desertion *en masse* of a body of Wanyumwezi, hired by Murphy at Bagamoyo. He had entrusted their payment to Abdoolah Dina, and that worthy had paid them in such vile cloth that when they saw what the men who I had paid personally had got, their anger rose, and shortly after sunset they levanted.

We marched from this station to the vicinity of the *tembe* of the chief of the district, when we were fully initiated into the delays and vexations incurred by every one who has any dealings with the Wagogo. The Wagogo are a bumptious, overbearing race, but, contrary to the opinions of most travellers, I believe them to be like all bullies, arrant cowards; however, in Africa, a bullying browbeating manner often passes for courage.

Their huts are miserable places, built round a square, in which at night the cattle are penned. Sheep, goats, and fowls share the huts of their masters; and smaller inhabitants are more in number than the sands of the sea.

The Wagogo, inhabiting a country which requires hard work to make it produce the necessaries of life, are slave importers, and often tempt some foolish fellows to desert their Arab masters; only too soon do the fools find that they have exchanged from lenient masters to a bondage worse than that of the Egyptians.

The chiefs, as well as the meanest of the people, have to take their turn in tending the herds of cattle which form their principal wealth, the only privileges enjoyed by the chief being that he has, as a rule, more wives, obtains a larger share of the tribute, and can indulge in drunkenness oftener than his subjects. Their arms are bows and arrows and spears, and the more eastern portion of them also carry hide shields painted in a pattern of red, white, and black. Their ears are pierced, and the lobes so enlarged that in many instances they hang down to their shoulders. In them they carry gourds, snuff-boxes, and all sorts of heterogeneous objects. Their hair is dressed in a most fantastic manner. In fact, nothing seems to be too hideous or absurd for the taste of a Mgogo. After a delay of two or three days, caused by the drunkenness of the people during the mourning for a sister of the chief, which rendered them incapable of transacting any business, we marched for the next station.

Our road lay along a fairly level country, sometimes cultivated, sometimes thorny scrub, and sometimes sterile sand, till in the evening we arrived at a lovely pond about four hundred yards by two hundred in length and width, embosomed in a grove of green trees, with short turf-like sward stretching back from its shores. A complete oasis in the bosom of parched Ugogo. We formed our camp and feasted our eyes on the first fresh verdure we had seen since Mpwapwa. We found the chief here more reasonable than the one at Moumé, but still had to pay tribute as usual. We showed some of the people our guns, pistols, watches, &c., and one old man said, that people who were able to make and use such wonderful things, ought surely never to die. From this place we went along by a chain of small ponds, all frequented by waterfowl, and then through a broken country fairly wooded, till we arrived at Kanyenyé or Great Ugogo. Kanyenyé is a level plain, extending between the feet of two ranges of hills, and is ruled over by a chief of great age and decrepitude, concerning whom there are many stories. People say that he is now getting a fourth set of teeth, and that he is over three hundred years old. I have no doubt that he is considerably over the century. His grandchildren are grey and grizzled men.

From his *tembé* we went on across the plain of Kanyenyé, which in many places is covered with a coating of bitter, nitrous salt, which is collected by the natives and made into small cones like sugar-loaves, and sold by them to their neighbours. Ending the plain we came up a sharp ascent, at the top of which was a plateau, on which was a range of rocky hills, through which we marched, and came to Usekhé, where granite boulders of the most fantastic shapes and forms were scattered about. Concerning some of these there are curious stories, which the space at my command does not permit me to relate here.

Our next station was Khoko, which we reached after passing through a thick jungle, and here we camped close to the chief's village, under one of three enormous trees, a species of fig or sycamore; our own party, and other caravans accompanying us, in all amounting to about five hundred people, finding plenty of room under the shade of one.

We had now nearly finished Ugogo, the only other place being Mdaburu, a fertile vale situated on a nullah of the same name, which, in the rainy season, is a furious

torrent, and in the bed of which large and deep pools of water are found in the driest seasons. Here, as no white men had ever passed by exactly the same route as that we followed, we were detained in order to be stared at by the people.

Leaving Mdaburu we entered on what used to be dreaded as the *Mgunda Mkali*, or "Fiery Field;" but we found villages springing up all across, most being built by the Wakimbu, who, having been expelled from their former homes, are busy colonising this whilom forest.

Just after leaving Mdaburu we crossed the Mabunguru, another large nullah, and also one of the last affluents of the Rwaha, the more important of the two streams forming the Lufiji. From here we went on rising up over rocky hills, strips of thick jungle, bare sheets of granite, nature in her most lovely form, if it were not for tracts of miles and miles being blackened by fires, lighted by preceding caravans, both to drive game and to clear a way for marching.

Halfway across this "fiery field," we came to Jiwé la Singa and its surrounding villages. Here there is now a large population, fields well cultivated, numerous villages, some out in the open, others sheltered by groves of trees, but all surrounded by the inevitable stockade.

The fields here are mostly separated from each other by deep ditches and banks, and in one or two places I saw attempts at artificial irrigation. When Haji Abdullah (Burton) passed here in 1859, Jiwé la Singa, and one or two other small hamlets, were all that existed; but now this is one of the most populous and fertile places in Eastern Africa.

From Jiwé la Singa, our track again led through the uninhabited woods: spoors of giraffe and other big game were numerous, but caravan-marching in Africa is not the way for a Shikarry to enjoy himself, the men grunt and groan under their burdens, or some more spirited than the rest strike up a monotonous chant to lighten the fatigues of the way, and all game is most effectually scared. Besides, in these uninhabited tracts water is scarce, and the day's march is in consequence long, so that on arrival in camp, though game would have been an acceptable addition to our larder, we were too tired to go out shooting, unless we had neglected more necessary work.

During our marches here water was very bad, besides being scarce, and we were often fain to be content with stuff that any decent English dog would turn up his nose at.

At the end of this bit of wilderness we arrived at Urguru, one of the outlying districts of Unyamwesi proper, and yielding to the pressing invitation of the chief of the chiefs, camped in his village.

We were objects of intense curiosity to the inhabitants, and our tents were crowded the whole day with the rank, beauty, and fashion of the place.

Though very kind in their manners towards us, they left some disagreeable mementoes behind them in the shape of a variety of entomological specimens, which, however much they might be valued by the British Museum or the Linnean Society, were decidedly objectionable as companions.

We were now nearing Unyanyembé, the largest Arab settlement in Africa; but some heavy marching had first to be gone through.

Our first march from Urguru was through wild jungle, but with here and there strips of open grass; and in the evening we camped at a place called Simbo, where water is obtained a couple of feet below the surface by digging, and there are also numerous old water-holes at which the wild animals come to drink.

Next day, just after our start, we saw some buffaloes, and though Dillon started after them, they winded the caravan before we could get within range. After this we each took one side of the road, and I saw innumerable guinea-fowl, and also shot a small antelope. Besides this, I saw a cobra, and almost got caught by some Ruga Ruga (or banditti). As I was working my way back to the caravan, I saw what I thought was a camp and went to look at it, and found it a small but very substantial palisade partly roofed over, which I afterwards heard was a den belonging to these fellows. If they had been at home when I passed, nothing could have saved me. That night we camped amongst some enormous boulders at a place called Marwa, where water was only to be obtained by digging at the foot of one.

There is a legend about a destroyed village here, and it is considered unlucky to say Maji (water), or fire a gun, or pass by with one's boots on for fear of offending the demon in charge of the spring, and thereby causing him to stop the water-supply. From here we started before daylight, and in the grey of the morning Dillon and I saw a couple of lions trotting off home, after having been out on the range all night; and in the afternoon we heard that ruga-ruga were in front of us, and had attacked a small party who were preceding us by about half-an-hour.

On going to the front we found that this was quite true. The ruga-ruga had attacked the party and carried off some ivory and a couple of women slaves.

We went on to near a largish pond, and there encamped for the night. About nine P.M. some arrows were shot into our camp, but we had no more trouble.

The next day we arrived at one of the outlying villages of Unyanyembé, where we had to remain a day until news of our arrival had been sent on, according to African etiquette, to the Arab governor there.

The next day we marched into Kwikurul, the capital of Unyanyembé, and had breakfast with Said-ibn-Salim, the Arab governor, who afterwards, in company with a number of other Arabs, showed us the house which he had placed at our disposal during our stay, and which was the same he had lent Livingstone and Stanley during their stay here.

Kwikurul is the settlement of the native chief and several Arabs; and at Kwihara, where our house stood, are other Arab settlements. Besides these there are many other Arabs settled close to, some at, Kazeh or Taborah, and some at places which have different local names; but the whole is generically called Unyanyembé, although that properly is the name of a considerable district.

The various small settlements of the Arabs are scattered about—some on the plain, and some on a hill divided from the rest by another low and rocky hill. The total number of Arab traders now at Unyanyembé may number about two hundred; but sometimes three or four, or even more, live together, so that there are not above fifty or sixty large Arab houses, and some of these were the property of men away on different journeys, or who had gone to Zanzibar for fresh stores or a holiday. All the Arabs here possess large numbers of slaves, and use them as porters and to cultivate their gardens and farms.

The poorer Wamerima and Wasuahili do not give their slaves any rations, but tell them to go and steal food where they can find it; and these hungry wretches render it unsafe for any one to move about unless well armed.

Our time at Unyanyembé was a monotonous round of fevers and illnesses. We all had fever upon fever. Dillon lost the sight of one eye from atony of the optic nerve, and I was totally blind for about a month from a violent attack of ophthalmia, chiefly induced by the glare, wind, and dust.

The famous Mirambo (who, if all accounts be true, is more sinned against than sinning) was reported to be on the move on the route to Ujiji, and our men deserted daily. Others engaged in their place followed their example, and there seemed sometimes to be no hope of our getting away to the westward at all. However, I stuck to the resolution of getting on somehow, being determined never to turn back.

Towards the end of October, Chuma and another man belonging to Livingstone's caravan arrived, bringing a letter from Jacob Wainwright, announcing the melancholy fact that the great pioneer of African exploration was dead in the country of Ubisa, and that the whole party with the corpse would arrive in a day or two. I sent back cloth for the men behind, and soon after they all arrived.

All the principal Arabs assembled at our house when the body was brought there, in order to show respect to the memory of Dr. Livingstone; and as the men carrying the corpse entered the house, we hoisted our colours half-mast high. Murphy now resigned, saying that the object of the expedition had been achieved, and that there was nothing more to be done. I supplied Livingstone's men with stores for the journey to the coast, and redoubled my exertions to get away from Unyanyembé, which was becoming hateful to me.

A couple of days before the day fixed for starting, Dillon found that he was too ill to proceed, and reluctantly yielded to my persuasions to try and return to the coast, in the faint hope of recovering his health by a speedy return to his native land.

On the 9th of November the two parties left Unyanyembé, two homeward bound, and one Westward Ho!

The parting with Dillon was a sad wrench to me; but hope is long-lived, and I trusted that we might both live to talk over this parting in England. This trust, alas! was not to be fulfilled, for a week after our parting I received the news of his sad end.

He was a scholar and a gentleman, a good officer, a pleasant messmate, and one of my dearest friends; but he is dead on the "field of honour," as surely as if he had died leading a forlorn hope, or charging an enemy's battery.

I was much delayed by desertions and thefts, and forced out of my road by the cowardice of my men, so that in the beginning of December I met Murphy again in Ugunda, as he also could not follow his direct route, and had had to send back to the

MAP SHOWING
LIEUT. CAMERON'S ROUTE
ACROSS AFRICA
1873 - 5
compiled from his original documents
by W. J. Turner
SCALE OF ENGLISH MILES
0 50 100 150 200
ATLANTIC OCEAN
INDIAN OCEAN
Riv. Congo or Zaire
LAKE SANKORRA
LAKE IKI
LAKE LANJI
LAKE BANGWEOLO
3688 Feet
LAKE NYASSA
1322 feet
VICTORIA NYANZA
3800 feet
L. Kivu
RUANDA
ULECCA
UHHA
IRAMBA
UTEMBWE
UNYANYEMBE
UGUNDA
UKARA
UCOCO
UKWERE
ZANZIBAR
UZARAMO
TERTA
UKAMBANI
USAMBARA
MASOMBE
LOPERE
MAMBWE
BEMBA
ILALA
USENGA
KATANGA
KIBOKWE
KIBUNDA
MAKOLOLO
BENGUELA
S. PAUL DE LOANDA
Novo Redondo
Kassembo
Kabompo or Shinte
Port Alexander
Zumbo
Kilwa
Mikindany B
C. Delgado
Mombasa
Melinde
Pemba
Mozambique Channel
MADAGASCAR
CAPE COLONY
Sahara
SOUDAN OR NIGRITIA
GUINEA
MOROCCO
ALGERIA
EGYPT
NUBIA
ABYSSINIA
Riv. Zambesi

Arab governor for more cloth, as much had been wasted in drunkenness by the men, and some had been stolen.

Three days after I left him I was met by a chief who was at variance with the Arabs, and who refused me a road across his country. At last, on the 1st of January, we got a fair start, having lost and wasted a large quantity of stores, and been compelled to abandon twelve loads of beads, and throw away much of my kit and private stores on account of the desertion of porters.

Leaving the cultivated grounds of Ugunda, we passed first across a level plain almost waterless, but with clumps of trees here and there where the water was near the surface, and came to the South Ngombé nullah. The country here was marvellously beautiful. Small mounds crowned with trees, groves, and bosquets, and broad reaches of the Ngombé reaching for miles and miles. In the rainy season much of this level country is under water, and we saw a dilapidated bark canoe about three miles from the nullah.

Game was very plentiful here, but wild, and I was unsuccessful in my attempts to get any. I saw a large white rhinoceros, wild boar, and several sorts of antelope; but all were scared by my own people, and by hunting parties from the neighbourhood.

From the Ngombé we passed on through Ugara, which is divided into three districts under independent chiefs. Most of this country at one time had been cultivated and populous, but most of the people had been destroyed or carried off as slaves in the various wars which are constantly going on, especially in that waged between Mirambo and the Arabs.

All the country of Ugara was nearly a dead level, with the exception of a couple of small hills near the centre, until we arrived on its western boundaries, but marvellously fertile; villages which had only been abandoned a year or two being almost hidden in the luxuriant growth of underwood.

After leaving Ugara my guides missed their road, and as I was dead lame from a large abscess on my leg, I was unable to take the lead of the caravan and direct them. After wandering some days in trackless woods, and fording many streams or crossing them in Matthews's india-rubber boat, we arrived at Mân Komo's, the chief of a portion of the mountainous country of Kawendi. Here we hoped to get food, but it was not forthcoming, as Mân Komo demanded a ridiculous tribute which I refused to pay.

Leaving Mân Komo's, we went on struggling over the mountains of Kawendi, hungry and tired, and little or no food to be obtained. The people, profiting by experience, have built their huts amongst almost inaccessible crags, and carefully defended the approaches; many of them, indeed, live in regular caves, and refuse intercourse with all passers-by.

One day during this march I was carried in my chair slung to a pole, as I was utterly unable to walk or ride, and suddenly I saw my men throw down loads and guns and skedaddle up the nearest trees. The men carrying me also bolted, and I was left perfectly helpless and unable to move, and at a loss to know what the stampede was about. I had not long to wait, however, before I saw a buffalo charging down the line. Luckily he did not notice me, although he passed within twenty yards of where I was dropped.

After Kawendi we crossed the Sindi on a bridge of floating vegetation, and then arrived in Uvinza, where we got something substantial to eat, after a fortnight's starvation.

In Uvinza we had to pay heavily to the chief for permission to cross the Malagarazi, and then to pay his mutwalé at the ferry for leave to hire canoes, besides the hire of the ferrymen themselves.

We got across the swift brown stream of the Malagarazi without any disasters, although the canoes were some of the most primitive that I ever saw. The people refused to allow the donkeys to be hauled across until a fetish man had made medicine. Bombay swore that the reason of Stanley's losing a donkey when crossing was his neglecting this precaution.

After crossing the Malagarazi we went along a short way from its northern bank, and first travelling through the salt-producing part of Uvinza, and then through an uninhabited part of the country, we came in sight of the great Lake Tanganyika—sixteen years to the day from the time when it was first discovered by Burton.

When I first saw the lake the day was dull and cloudy, and the lake looked so grey that I thought it was sky, and the distant mountains of Ugoma were clouds. By degrees it dawned on me that this was *the lake*, and nothing else, and then only did its immensity truly realise itself to my mind.

I had sent on a man in advance with letters to Ujiji, to announce our arrival and ask for boats to be sent to the Ruché River, to take us to Kawélé, the capital.

They were duly forthcoming; and on the 22nd I arrived there, being the fifth white man who had ever reached the Tanganyika.

Kawélé now is almost entirely an Arab settlement; all the people who trade to the westward having houses there, and wheat, rice, onions, and other good things are cultivated in their gardens. Every morning there is a market from 7.30 to 10.30 A.M., at which fish, meat, tobacco, butter, and all sorts of native produce are sold, and at last we were in a land of plenty, and the hungers and hardships of the road were in a fair way of being forgotten. I, however, thought of what was to be done, and having secured Livingstone's journals and maps, made preparations for a cruise round the lake, as I had heard that travelling to the westward of it was impracticable in the rainy season.

The Arab traders at Ujiji were most kind and hospitable, though at the same time they made me pay very dearly for everything I had to buy or hire from them.

My preparations for my cruise were completed on the 8th of March, when I left Kawélé with two boats, the *Betsy* and the *Pickle*, to survey the southern end of the lake. This cruise and my other wanderings will be related hereafter.

IN MEMORY OF THE LADY AUGUSTA STANLEY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHRONICLES OF THE SCHÖNBERG-COTTA FAMILY."

"Ye shall indeed drink of the cup that I drink of." "They serve Him day and night."

OH, blessed life of service and of love!
Heart wide as life, deep as life's deepest woe;
His servants serve Him day and night above,
Thou servedst day and night, we thought, below.

Hands full of blessings lavished far and wide,
Hands tender to bind up hearts wounded sore;
Stooping quite down earth's lowest needs beside—
Master, like Thee! we thought, and said no more.

* * * * *

Oh, nerves and heart racked to their utmost strain;
Hands stretched in helplessness to serve no more;
Dulled by no slumber to thy deepest pain—
Master, like Thee! we wept, and said no more.

We o'er all sorrow would have raised thee up,
Crowned with life's choicest blossoms night and morn;
God made thee drink of His Beloved's cup,
And crowned thee with the Master's crown of thorn.

Looking from thee to Him once wounded sore,
We learned a little more His face to see;
Then, looking from the cross for us He bore,
To thine, we almost understood for thee!

Till now, again, we gaze on thee above,
Strong and unwearied, serving day and night;
Oh, blessed life of service and of love!
Master, like Thee, and with Thee, in Thy light!

March 9th, 1876. B. C.

ON SOME RARÆ AVES.

WHEN the first voyagers who visited the island of Mauritius, about the close of the sixteenth century, began to explore their new-found territory, a certain bird of large size, named the Dodo (*Didus ineptus*), was very abundant on the island. Very curious, as we shall presently see, were the accounts which various travellers of these days gave of this bird; and equally noteworthy is it to remark how, as in many similar instances, the love of exaggeration and the habit of recounting suppositions for veritable facts, tended to make such "travellers' tales" anything but plain and unvarnished.

Visitors to the British Museum will see, in one of the spacious rooms devoted to the illustration of the class of birds, an oil-painting representing a heavy, clumsy-looking bird, which is said to have attained the size of a very large swan, and to have weighed from forty to sixty pounds. Its bill is seen to be remarkably large and strong, and the tip of the upper bill is much arched and hooked, reminding one of the sharp beak of a bird of prey, but more closely resembling the bill of the dodo's nearest living ally, the tooth-billed pigeon, or *Didunculus*, of the Navigators' Islands. The nostrils opened on the sides of the bill, which latter, together with the face, was clothed with a thick naked skin. The great body is rendered all the more awkward in appearance by its being supported on very short, stout legs, which each possess four toes arranged like those of the pigeons, three in front and one behind. The wings were very small, and appear to have been quite rudimentary in their nature, and not at all adapted to serve as organs of flight—a fact which, as will presently be pointed out, had very important bearings on the subsequent fate of their possessor. The wings further bore each a tuft of loose plumes, and the tail was similarly adorned. If we may speculate as to the colours of the plumage, and place some reliance on the accounts given us by its early historians, the general body-colour appears to have been a blackish grey tinted with brown hues; the wings apparently being of a light ashy-brown colour.

Such may be regarded as a brief description of the more prominent features of this little-known bird—a *rara avis* in the most literal sense of the term. By its Portuguese or Dutch discoverers, the dodo was named the "dodar" and "walgh-vögel;" and the scientific critics of the sixteenth century were at first inclined to regard with much suspicion the "yarns" of the early navigators regarding the curious bird they had seen in the Mauritius woods. Soon, however, the stories regarding the dodo received the most direct kind of confirmation by the production of entire specimens of the bird, but more frequently of detached parts of its frame, such as the head and feet. And meanwhile, artists had been reproducing the features of the dodo; and several paintings, good, bad, and indifferent in nature, remain to afford the modern naturalist some clue to its place in the zoological scale.

Of the entire specimens which were brought to England, one was lodged in the Ashmolean Collection at Oxford; but ignorant of the value of their specimen, the curators allowed it to go to waste, the process of decay sparing only the head and feet. And there exists a report that some worthy Dutch navigator was actually successful in securing a living specimen of the bird, and in exhibiting it in his native town—a spectacle at which we doubt not the honest burghers would open their eyes to their widest extent.

It was exceedingly unlikely that a bird so fair to see and so attractive, both in respect of its plumage and of its flesh, should long remain free from the inroads and persecution of voyagers, to whom the idea of fresh meat, after a course of less savoury fare, would prove most inciting to the chase of these birds. And accordingly, we cannot be surprised to find that, in a comparatively short space of time, the dodo-race, unable to use their short wings in flight, and otherwise helpless against the attacks of man, should have entirely disappeared from the category of existing birds.

The exact date at which the complete extermination of the dodo was effected has not been decisively determined. But we know that in 1625, at least, it was still in existence on the island. For in that year, a certain writer and traveller, Sir Thomas Herbert, visited the Mauritius, and noted amongst other things in his "Some Years' Travels in Africa, Asia, &c." (1677), the existence of the dodo. If we may judge from Sir Thomas's description of the bird, his observations, original or derived, were chiefly gastronomic in character, and had

Fig. 1.—Dodo (*Didus ineptus*).

Fig. 2.—Skeletons and footprints of gigantic birds from recent deposits of New Zealand (after Owen). The right-hand figure represents the leg-bones of *Dinornis giganteus*, the shin-bone measuring over a yard in length. The entire skeleton is that of the *Dinornis elephantopus*, the toes of which are almost as large as those of the elephant. The footprints at the top of the figure represent impressions which have received the name of *Ornithichnites* (*Brontozoum*) *gigas*, from the Connecticut (Triassic) Sandstones.

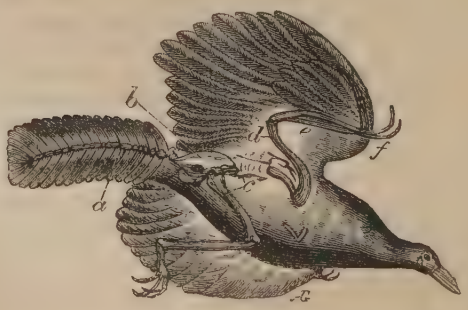


Fig. 3. Restoration and parts of skeleton of *Archæopteryx macrura* (Oolitic) after Owen; *a*, Vertebræ of tail; *b*, *c*, and *d*, parts of skeleton; *e*, fore-arm; *f*, terminal free claws of wing.

reference rather to the qualities of its flesh, and to allied features in the economy of the bird, than to its zoological history. He thus tell us that the Dutch call the dodo "walghvögel" or "dod eersen." "Her body"—Herbert gallantly speaks of the bird in the feminine—"is round and fat, which occasions the slow pace, or that her corpulencie, and so great, as few of them weigh less than fifty pound: meat it is with some, but better to the eye than stomach, such as only a strong appetite can vanquish." Herbert further and somewhat lugubriously remarks of the general aspect of the dodo, that "It is of a melancholy visage, as sensible of nature's injury in framing so massie a body to be directed by complimental wings, such, indeed, as are unable to hoise her from the ground, serving only to rank her among birds. Her traine"—by which he means the tail—"three small plumes, short and improportionable, her legs suiting to her body, her pounces (claws) sharp, her appetite strong and greedy. Stones and iron," says this old worthy, "are digested; which description," he concludes, "will better be conceived in her representation,"—which latter is forthwith given.

Another account of the dodo comes from Jacob Bontius, and is given in his "Historia Naturalis et Medica," (1658). This latter writer troubles himself less with the commonplace aspects of the bird, than Sir Thomas Herbert, and enters more specifically, as became his tastes and culture, into its zoological description. According to Bontius, it is "for bigness, of mean size between an ostrich and a turkey." He maintains that it resembled the African ostriches, "if you consider the rump, quills, and feathers; so that it was like a pigmy among them if you regard the shortness of its legs."

Bontius applies stronger epithets than Herbert to the head and look of the dodo, when he terms it "ill-favoured." Its bill was bluish-white; its body he describes as "fat and round, and covered with soft grey feathers after the manner of an ostrich's." Its legs were coloured yellow; and the claws were strong and black. And this naturalist appears to have been acute enough to have discerned, that from its being a "slow-paced and stupid bird," it would easily become "a prey to the fowlers." Its capabilities of affording a hearty meal to hungry navigators are estimated in plain language by Bontius, when he tells us that "the flesh, especially of the breast, is fat, esculent, and so copious, that three or four dodos will sometime suffice to fill one hundred seamen's bellies." And he gives us a clue to the cause of extermination of these birds, when he casually mentions, that, like the fowls of modern days, "if they be old, or not well boiled, they are of difficult concoction (digestion?), and are salted and stored up for provision of victual." He also alludes to the fact, mentioned by Herbert, that "stones of an ash colour, of divers figures and magnitudes," are found in their stomachs; and to dispel any erroneous ideas which might exist as to the origin of these stones, he wisely adds that these stones are "not bred there, as the common people and seamen fancy, but swallowed by the bird."

Such is the history, furnished us by its contemporaries, of a bird-form, once, apparently, of plentiful occurrence in Mauritius, but which has for two centuries been unknown to zoologists. And the interest with which the dodo is regarded as a true *rara avis*, is no doubt due to the fact of its singular structure and doubtful affinities to existing birds, as well as to the manner in which it has been exterminated, by the inroad upon its native haunts, of adventurous, unsparing humanity. Most naturalists are now agreed in referring this great bird to the pigeon-group; the discovery of the tooth-billed pigeon already alluded to, bringing to light a form, connecting, as by an appropriate link, existing pigeons with their unwieldly and ill-fated dodo-relative.

An equally interesting example of a bird which has become completely extinct within the historical period, and in all likelihood through human agency, is that of the little *Pezohaps* or Solitaire, which certainly within the last three centuries was to be found in plenty in the little island of Rodriguez, lying to the east of Mauritius. By some naturalists, the solitaire was accounted a kind of dodo, and was ranked by them as a species of that genus under the name of *Didus solitarius*. Probably the best account extant of the solitaire, is that given by a French traveller, Leguat by name, who also gives an account of the dodo, and whose national gallantry is conspicuous throughout his entire account of these birds. He says the solitaire was so named from the fact, that "it is very seldom seen in company, though there are abundance of them." The feet and beak, Leguat mentions, resemble those of a turkey, but are "a little more crooked. They have scarce any tail," he continues, "but their hinder part covered

with feathers is roundish, like the crupper of a horse; they are taller than the turkeys. Their neck is straight; . . . . its eye is black and lively, and its head without comb or cap. They never fly, their wings are too little to support the weight of their bodies; they serve only to beat themselves, and to flutter when they call one another."

An important statement as regards the cause of the extermination of the solitaires is made by Leguat, when he says that "'tis very hard to catch it in the woods, but easie in open places, because we run faster than they, and sometimes we approach them without much trouble. From March to September," we are further informed, they are in good condition, being then "extremely fat," and tasting "admirably well, especially while they are young." Then follows our traveller's description of the beauty of the solitaires; and it is naturally in this part of his discourse that he allows his special proclivities in the way of gallantry to crop out. "The females," he says, "are wonderfully beautiful, some fair, some brown. I call them fair, because they are the colour of fair hair. . . . No one feather is straggling from the other all over their bodies, they being very careful to adjust themselves, and make them all even with their beaks. They have two risings on their craws (neck), and the feathers are whiter there than the rest, which livelily represents the fine neck of a beautiful woman. They walk," he concludes, "with so much stateliness and good grace, that one cannot help admiring and loving them, by which means their fine mien often saves their lives." Surely no bird was ever apostrophized in higher terms than the solitaire, although, even as zoologists, we may be tempted to wish that the last words we have quoted from Leguat had proved truer and more effectual in the preservation of the hapless solitaires.

Thus, like the Dodo, the solitaire owes its extinction to its abortive wings, and to the visits of man to its domain; whilst a remarkable feature in the cases just noted, is the fact of two species of wingless birds on these detached and isolated island-homes.

Passing backwards from the sphere of the zoological antiquary to that of the geologist, we find the category of the latter to furnish interesting additions to the list of anomalous bird-forms. Birds have always formed interesting objects of consideration to the geologist, for the reason that they but rarely occur as fossils, this result being presumably due to the fact, that their free habits preclude the probability of their frequent entombment in soft deposits, as a preliminary stage to the petrifaction and fossilisation of their remains; whilst, also, the fossil remains of such birds as have been discovered, interest the geologist from the obvious dissimilarities they present, in many cases, to the structure of their living and existing neighbours.

Some highly curious bird-remains have been found to occur in the most recent or superficial deposits of New Zealand. Chief amongst these remains are those of various species of gigantic wingless birds known to science under the generic name of *Dinornis* (Fig. 2). The imagination of modern zoologists may almost fail in its scientific attempt to reconcile these gigantic bird-forms with their living representatives. Thus the shin-bone of one species of dinornis, measures over a yard in length; whilst in another species the toe-bones, as Professor Owen tells us, "almost rival those of the elephant." These giants of the bird-class were further wingless—or rather, like the dodo and solitaires, they had abortive wings, which were utterly useless for flight. In all probability the case of the Dinornes presents, as regards the causes of their scarcity, if not of their total extirmination, a similarity to that of the dodo. Unable to fly, they must have fallen an easy prey to the natives; and there exists evidence of a very reasonable kind, to show that at no very remote date the Maories hunted these birds for the sake of their feathers and flesh. Thus it is believed to be possible that these birds or their allies may still be in existence in the Middle Island of the New Zealand group; and this latter supposition is rendered the more probable when we reflect that a kind of Coot—the *Notornis*—was first made known to science through the discovery of its *fossil* remains, and was afterwards found to be still in existence in the Middle Island. New Zealand still possesses a representative of the old wingless birds, in the existing Apteryx—the Kiwi-Kiwi of the natives; a curious weird-looking bird, which in some respects forms quite an anomaly in the ornithologist's collection.

Madagascar has also furnished its quota of curious bird-fossils, in the remains of the *Æpiornis*, a bird which was probably as large as the New Zealand giant. The eggs of this latter form have been met with in a fossil condition; and we may imagine that old Bontius would have delighted to have chronicled the number of hungry mariners who could have supped to

repletion off a single egg of the æpiornis. For we are told that each egg measures from thirteen to fourteen inches in its long diameter; whilst its contents are estimated to have equalled in amount those of three or more ostrich eggs, or of one hundred and forty-eight ordinary hens' eggs!

When, therefore, we find that in certain sandstones of America the three-toed footprints (Fig. 2)—measuring each some twenty-two inches in length—of some huge biped are met with, it becomes easy to account for the presence of these literal "footprints on the sands of time" by the supposition of their having been made by some huge bird-form, analogous, in respect of its size, to the dinornis and its allies. These footprints measure about four times the size of those of the African ostrich.

As every one knows, no living bird has teeth; although the horny edges of the bill may sometimes be toothed or cut into tooth-like projections. But recently the fossil remains of birds have been met with in this country, and also in America, in which regular bony processes analogous to teeth were developed along the edges of the jaws.

Perhaps the most marked and singular specimen of this kind, is one obtained from a deposit of recent age known to geologists as the London Clay, and described by Professor Owen under the name of *Odontopteryx*. The fossil consists of a large portion of the skull; and, whilst the bird-characters of the remains are perfectly apparent, so far as their form and structure are concerned, they yet present a wholly unusual and remarkable character, unknown in any living bird, in the presence of a series of tooth-like processes developed on the borders of both upper and lower jaws. The processes, under microscopic investigation, however, have not yielded evidence of their claim to be regarded as true teeth, which in their structure are essentially different from bones. They are rather to be viewed as mere tooth-like projections of the jaws, and in the living bird were most probably covered, as with sheaths, by horny investments derived from the natural covering of the beak.

It becomes an interesting study to compare such a fragment as that briefly described, with existing birds, for the purpose of ascertaining its nearest affinities and relationships. Thus, although, as already remarked, no living bird can vie with this ancient neighbour in the actual possession of a tooth-like armament, we may find somewhat analogous structures to be represented in some existing members of the class. Thus, the nearest ally of the dodo, the tooth-billed pigeon or *Didunculus*, possesses three pointed processes of horny nature in the sheath of the lower jaw, whilst the extremity of the upper bill is hooked. The falcons and other birds of prey have a "tooth," as the horny process is termed, on each side of the upper bill; and the shrikes and their neighbours exhibit a like arrangement of the horny margin of the beak. Perhaps, also, nearer analogies to the case of the fossil from the London clay, may be found in the curious armature of the bill of our familiar ducks, geese, and their allies, in which the edges of the beak are notched, or divided, so as to form a series of transverse horny ridges; whilst in the goosanders and mergansers these ridges are larger, sharper, and altogether more tooth-like than in the ducks. The function of these ridges is undoubtedly that of sifting or straining off the mud in which these birds find their food, but in the goosanders, their obvious use is that of retaining a firm hold of the fishes which form the great bulk of their food. In none of these birds, however, have the horny processes any intimate connection with the jaw-bones, and thus in respect of the horny supports which the "teeth" of the Odontopteryx possessed, the latter remain unique and solitary amidst its modern allies. An American bird-fossil, (*Ichthyornis*) from the Cretaceous or Chalk system, may be said to exhibit a still more advanced type of tooth-structure than Professor Owen's specimen; this New World bird having apparently possessed numerous teeth, which resemble true teeth in that they are "implanted in distinct sockets." Such birds in all probability were web-footed or swimming birds, and in the exercise of their natatory life, were doubtless assisted in the capture of their slippery prey by the peculiar armature of their bills.

Not the least remarkable part of the history of these birds, is that concerning their relationship with Reptiles. Every naturalist knows, that, notwithstanding the strong outward dissimilarity between birds and reptiles, these two groups of animals are very intimately related by many points in their structure and development. And it does not, therefore, surprise us to find in the ancient representatives of birds some nearer approaches to reptilian characters than are exhibited by modern members of the class. Thus the Odontopteryx is remarkably like certain extinct flying Reptiles, named Ptero-

dactyles, in the disposition of its teeth; and it may not be uninteresting to remark that the gigantic foot-prints (Fig. 2) already alluded to as occurring in certain American sandstones, are by some geologists referred to large bird-like Reptiles, which possibly may have possessed the power of walking upon two legs.

As a last specimen of oddities in bird-life, we may cite the singular fossil-bird known to us by the discovery of a single specimen only, and named the Archæopteryx (Fig. 3), or "Ancient Feather-wing." This fossil was discovered in certain slate deposits occurring at Solenhofen in Bavaria, which belong to the rocks known as the Upper Oolites; and its structure presents several features of most anomalous kind. Thus it had a long lizard-like tail, composed of distinct vertebræ, each bone having carried a pair of quill-feathers. No other bird, either living or extinct, possesses such a conformation of the tail; all other birds having short tails terminated in every case by a "ploughshare-bone," into which the tail-feathers are set. Then, also, this strange bird, which must have attained the size of a crow, had two claws external to the wing — structures also unrepresented in any other bird. Certain other features in its structure are equally anomalous; and had the entire skeleton been preserved—for the remains are but fragmentary—its relationship with the Reptiles, evident as that relationship is, would have been more clearly demonstrated. It is curious in every sense to contemplate such a form as the archæopteryx. But in no respect should the entire history of these fossil birds more strongly excite our interest, than by the consideration of the scientific circumstances and details through which we are enabled thus to gain a tolerably complete idea of how bird-life was represented in very ancient epochs of our world's history.

ANDREW WILSON.

HIS DEAD.

HE laid the ferns about her feet,
And two white lilies in her hands,
With "Fare you well, my lady sweet,
I cannot speak; God understands."

Then to the empty East he fled
(Alas! there was no cross to bear);
He asked but to forget his dead,
And Memory mocked him in his prayer.

He hurried to the clamorous West,
Where nothing is remembered long.
She died afresh in work, in rest,
In speech, in silence, and in song.

The fatal North, the lingering South,
Like answer to his quest did give.
Then heard he from an angel's mouth—
"Live with thy dead, and she shall live!"

He let no meaner love intrude,
He shut him from the world away;
Oppressed by that soft solitude,
She died more deeply every day.

He cried aloud, "O angel-word!
Can it be true that thou hast lied?"
The answer smote him like a sword—
"I bade thee live, but thou hast died."

Then he took heart, and filled his days
With love of men, and laboured hard,
Made toil his prayer, and tears his praise,
And took no thought for his reward.

At last she shone into his eyes
No angel—his familiar wife.
"Can this be death?" amazed, he cries.
"Nay, love," she answered, "this is Life."

M. B. SMEDLEY.

[The Editor regrets that in the article on Bishop Wilson, which appeared in the March number, there was a statement calculated to give pain to the estimable publishers, Messrs. Seeley and Co. The writer, Sir John Kaye, had adopted the statement in question from an essay published many years ago in "Ecclesiastical Studies," by Sir James Stephen, and which does not seem to have been contradicted at the time.—ED. G. W.]

"WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH."

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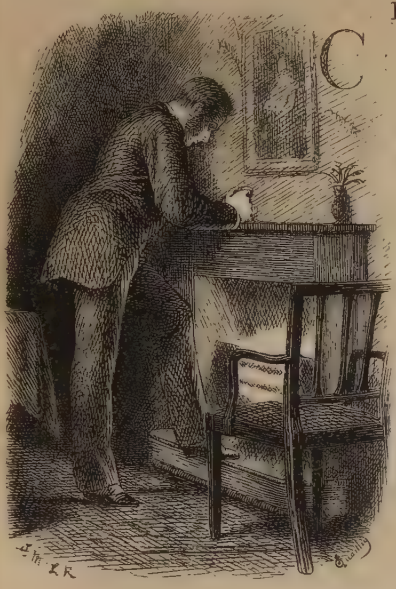
WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH.

By the AUTHOR of "Lady Bell," Etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.—CLEM AND LIZZIE'S DEAD SECRET.



CLEM was much impressed by what Joel had said. Not only so; Clem's wits were sharpened to a remarkable degree. Within one hour of separating from Joel Wray, he burst into his sister Lizzie's workroom.

"Hey, Liz! put by them rags!" he cried, rushing in, as Lizzie, by the aid of her tallow-candle, was collecting her snips and patches after having laid aside her seam with the waning light.

"Have a care, bor. You be treadin' on Lyddy Coram's new gown tail, and your feet be out on the wussest puddles, it's like," protested Lizzie.

"Lyddy Coram's gown tail be hanged," said Clem, in a strange fit of insubordination. "I say, Liz, you'll soon 'a toggery enow to stitch at. I 'a heerd sich news as will make all Saxford ring. Your frien' Madam—wool, her d' be as good as married to Joel Wray."

"You be'nt meanin' on it, Clem," said Lizzie, her small, pale face becoming painfully red, and then whiter than before. "You d' be funnin' a bit, and it d' be main silly kind on funnin' for a big lad like you, a-startin' me, and a-makin' my heart jump like a toad i' hole."

"But it be right down truth and gospel, Liz. Joel Wray, he as good as owned it to me this wery night. He were that happy he couldn't sit lone, he 'ould 'a bustet. He mun 'a music like kings in Bible, so he sen's for me. He sen's to the Brown Cow, where he sits hisself, leastways there was nobry else but Jenny Woods, and news come out in music."

Liz still refused to believe the astonishing tidings.

"Pleasance 'ould never be so far left to herself as to prefer a whippersnapper wagabond lad like yon," she cried, springing back to her original opinion of Joel Wray, "never never."

"Tut, Liz! every mawther ain't love sick about 'Merican giants," said Clem, without meaning to be unkind in his jeer, "and at the least as is thought on him, Joel Wray d' be a wery smart young town chap, as all the gals in the place 'cept you, what grovels—and gets no thanks for it—at owd Dick's feet, 'ud give their ears for."

"Lor' 'a mussy, what will Dick do if so be you speak true? You 'ould never go for to deceive me when you see I do take it so to heart," urged Lizzie, wringing her hands at the thought of Long Dick's desolation, and yet in the midst of her staunch fidelity feeling the faintest flutter of personal hope awake and stir in her heart.

"Mor, you may get him yoursen yet," said Clem, "if so be he don't take to drinkin' like a fish, and fallin' into a ditch or summat. You 'ummen d' be sich fools," he went on, thrusting his hands into his pockets with an air of pitying superiority, "to think any man-jack alive sich a precious prize."

"Say it again, like a lad," said Lizzie, soft and low, her little wan face appearing to become all eyes, "—that I may get him yet! You be the fust as has said it, and it do sound kinder lucky, it do. Say it again, Clem, and I'll be owin' you summat, whatever you sets your heart on as I can get for you."

"You be fair crazy about Long Dick," said Clem, impatiently dismissing the endless subject, "and it weren't him I came to speak about. It were Joel Wray as I were a thinkin' and a wantin' to tell you on."

"And whatten is there in Joel Wray, if you please, as is so worthy of bein' spoke on?" asked Lizzie.

"There's a heap in Joel Wray," replied Clem promptly. "Hearken till me; he 'a promised to len' me money to go to music-

school in Lunnon. Now, what do 'ee think on that?" asked Clem triumphantly.

"I just think that Joel Wray d' be one on the biggest braggers out, and he'll bring poor misguided Pleasance to sorrer, sure's fate," said Liz disdainfully. "Where be he to get money to len' you? he as is no better'n a day's-man, and a-marryin' on Pleasance on her tidy bit money, if so be he d' be marryin' on she? I won'er you can be sich a gander, Clem, as to be led by the beak by a rogue. Bor! he mun be a rubber in disguise if he 'a a shillin' to len' you."

"Not a rubber, Liz. St! st! lass," he said, as if to warn breathlessly an offending dog. "What 'ould you say to a gen'leman, a lor' like, in disguise?"

"A lor' a day's-man! a lor', Joel Wray, as 'a wrought the 'arvest, and lodged with Phillis Plum, and rowed with me in t' boat on t' Broad! who do be mad now, Clem?"

"St! st! I tell 'ee, Liz; it do be a dead secret," said the boy, in his excitement sitting down on the table, both him and Lizzie so engrossed that they forgot how many boddices and sleeves he crushed by his weight. "I 'a heerd and seed summat as I never put together till this night. What do Ned up at t' Manor call Joel ahind his back, for nickname, but 'gen'leman Joel?'"

"That d' be little to go on," said Lizzie.

"But why do Ned give Joel that 'ere name?" went on Clem, with the pertinacity of a slow mind which, having caught an idea, will not let it drop; "because Ned, he says Joel be 'nation nice in some things, though he d' be easy goin' enough in others; and owd Phillis, she says he be 'nation nice in some things, she says. He mun wash arter's work, face and hands and all, be it noon or night; and he d' have a brush for 's teeth as well as a brush for 's hair, in a case sich as Madam bought at Cheam, and gev you for your needles and scissors and tapes and buttons and that," explained Clem, looking round at the objects specified.

"A brush for 's teeth, think on thatten! Wool, it do sound summat," admitted Lizzie. "I 'a heerd tell that all gentlefolks d' go a brussin' away on their teeth every live day, though it d' soun' nonsense waste on time. I 'a seed Pleasance a-doin' on it, when I were bidin' the night at the farm, and her said, in excuse like, her 'ad learnt when she were young, and were at a boardin'-school a-bringin' up for a lady. It were like an ill lesson her could not leave off and feel comfortable athout. But he d' be the impidentist dand, yon Joel Wray, as ever breathed, though he d' be a brave lad likewise, I ain't denyin' on it," she owned, in a lower tone, recollecting all at once the obligation she had lain under to Joel Wray's bravery, and softening a little under the recollection. "He may 'a brush for 's teeth, just because it d' be heady and uppish. Arter all, it d' be but a small mark that he is a lor', a black spankin' little chap like he."

"But lor's do not go by lumps, and I 'a not heerd that they were fairer than their neighbours. Look yer how he lived on at Cheam," Clem continued to deliver his testimony, not sensibly shaken by Lizzie's doubts, "and he were not livin' with owd Granny; he were allers puttin' up at Ship A-hoy, as it charge for wittles and bed were aneath his countin'. There was word goin' that summat were forked out by somebody for the better beryin' on them drownded furrin' sailors when he walked at the ber'al. Folk were astin' how did he get the rock-yets when Long Dick failed, and whatten queer customer for a for'ard day's-man and labourer were he. Were it a wayger, or what? He did not quit the town too soon, for it were gettin' too hot for he."

"And what for did'nt'ee tell us all these wonderful stories when you come from Cheam afore en?" inquired Lizzie, suspiciously.

"It were none on my business," said Clem, stoutly. "I were full on a new wariation on the 'armonious Blacksmith—to think that there d' be sich a tune with sich a name, as if it were made for me!—as I 'ad got paper and line and bar for, and as I 'ad bought and paid for, off my odd 'arvest earnin's. I 'ad no time to spare for idle mawther stories, until t' night when Joel Wray he sought me out, he did, and spoke on the music school, and his friend as 'ad a word to say in it."

"Wool, it 'ould be a rare tale an it were true," said Lizzie, cautiously, yet drawing a long breath as if she were at last taking it in with the dear delight of women of all ranks in a romantic mystery. "It 'ould make a great differ to Long Dick, for Pleasance she d' be gentle born and bred, a kind on stook lady; and it stands to nature, her half belongs to gentle folks, and if sich come arter her in the guise on day's-man, or cow-man, or thatten, he d' be bound to win her—a common man, be he far besser'n t' other 'ould never 'a no chance in that case. But I take it oonkind in Pleasance," added Lizzie, after a moment's thought, "never to 'a breathed a word on her secret to me."

"Mind, Liz, it d' be a dead secret as I 'a

telled 'ee, and you are not to go for to gabble it to Pleasance nor nobry," urged Clem.

"I'll not go near Pleasance to speak to she on what she 'a not thought fit to speak to me on," said Lizzie, taking her stand on the dignity of friendship and believing in an offence committed.

"Nor to nobry," Clem reiterated, making assurance doubly sure; "you and me 'a been jolly thick together along on not sailin' in the same boat with the rest. But we'll not be thick—not no more, Liz; nor will I give you another secret if you go a tellin' tales and chatterin' on what may cost me my guv'nor's favour and a rise in life."

Lizzie extended her promise reluctantly—and not without being guilty of a mental reservation in favour of Long Dick.

CHAPTER XXV.—LONG DICK GOES LIKE A MAN.—LIZZIE FOLLOWS LIKE A SQUAW OR A DOG.

THE ordeal which Pleasance dreaded, yet which she was fain to wish, sighingly, were over, was at hand.

Long Dick had been apprised by Mrs. Balls that the die was cast—he had lost Pleasance. There was nothing remaining for him but to have it out with Pleasance—to speak his mind to her, and then—why then, the deluge! He should turn his back for ever on Saxtord and Manor farm. He did not care what became of him afterwards.

There had been a great clothes washing at the Manor house. The linen had been spread out to dry on one of the neighbouring hedges. The day had been fair, with both sun and wind, and the drying process had been successful. Pleasance was removing the clothes, fresh, stiff, and white, in a basket, when Long Dick seized his opportunity. Leaving his plough in a furrow and his friends the horses to take care of themselves, he came up in the honest afternoon light to say his say and take his leave of Pleasance.

She saw him coming, detected the black cloud on his face, and her heart fell, so that she nearly dropped her basket and its contents on the earth.

"Pleasance," he said, gloomily, "I could not speak up for mysen from the fust, and there is less need on speakin' now. I 'a nowt to ask, nowt to complain on like a babby, for if I cannot fight, I wunno make a moan. I knowed what were comin' from the fust. I 'ould 'a helped it an I could, but I couldn't, and so there's nor'n left for me but to go, as it's all over with me."

"Don't say that, Dick," implored Pleasance, "you've no great loss."

"I 'a lost my gal, though it's the fust time I 'a plucked up spirit to call her that. Sombry else 'a gone boldly in where I stood, on t' door step, in the cowd outside. But, dang it, if I 'ad to do it again it 'ould be just the same thing, so it d' seem 'appiness were not for me."

"Dear Dick! old friend," said Pleasance, "don't take on so. Only have patience, and you will find some other girl of whom you are worthy, who will be more like you, and make you far happier than ever I could have done."

"No, you 'ont make that out though you speak till doomsday," said Dick, doggedly, "and though you cosset me ever so: 'ummen 'a cossetin' ways when they means least by en," he observed a little bitterly; "but I dunno blame en, it bein' their nature as it is on colts to skit. There's nowt but to go. I 'a not opened my mouth afore, and I'll not open it now on'y to bid you a long farewell."

"But must you go, Dick?" entreated Pleasance, sorrowfully, "from your horses, and fields, and people, where you are doing so well? Indeed, I did not mean to deceive you."

"Nobry's a sayin' you deceived," said Dick, a little irritably, "an't I said I stood back and let another walk in, and I can't blame'ee? I 'ould rather suffer it twice over than 'a you 'filed by dirt cast at you—you as I 'a held a hangel. Wool, wool, it's but me as is felled, and I'm a hox on a feller as can stand a blow or tew," and Dick laughed a sore laugh.

"We might be friends still," said Pleasance longingly, "when you and he are friends already."

"Oh! dang him and his friendship," said Dick savagely.

"Dick!" cried Pleasance, becoming on the instant severe, "I did not think that you would speak like this—to me of all people. Remember it is not his fault that you cared for me first. Remember how he saved your life."

"Give me patience," groaned Dick, "as if I were like to forget thatten! and small thanks to him for it; he 'ad a deal better knocked me on t' head at oncet, than saved my life and took my sweetheart. What do life be worth athout my sweetheart?"

"Oh, Dick, you think too much of a sweetheart," remonstrated Pleasance.

"Do I? Then what 'ould you say to me if I took yourn, though I saved your life into the bargain?" he retorted with a sneer.

"Dick, Dick, don't speak like that!" said Pleasance, paling a little; "but nothing you say will make me mistake or mistrust you."

"You're right there, Pleasance," said the giant, more gently, if with a heavy sigh, "an't I said—not oncet, but over and over, that I be'nt complainin' like a babby, nor blamin' nobry in petickler—not even an owd stoopid oaf with the strength of a hox and the wit of a hen, and no more pluck nor a sheep or hare—though yon chap comed here and comed atween you and me. Dunno deny it," he cried again; "you cannot deny it, Pleasance, that if sich a hoily-tongued, rovin' blade, with his head stuffed with know on the town and book know, as carried off his sarce, 'adn't been to the fore, and stepped in, and winged my bird in a jiffy, I 'ad a chance. It might 'a been poor, but still it was a chance as I 'ould 'a give all I 'ad to preserve, as I 'ould give my life to fetch back an it might be."

"I don't deny what might have been," she said, gravely, looking down; "I did—I do think kindly of you, and I value, as I have always valued, your kindness for me. But, Dick, I must say it, you could not have been to me—and it is no fault to you to own it—what he is; and although you and I had tried to do our best by each other, still there could not have been great happiness between a couple not fairly mated. We might have found that out too late; oh! Dick, don't grudge that we have found it out in time."

"I do groodge, I mun groodge you and my shadder on 'appiness to my dyin' day," said Dick, with an odd mixture of passion and tenderness; "but I 'ont pay it back on him, I 'ont, for your sake, or, for that matter, for hisn. I ain't denyin' he were above-board from the fust moment that he were a makin' up to you. Set'en up! a stook mechanic! a day's-man! He's a bit light o' the head he is, with all his know, and he d' want ballast, that is the wuss'n I knows on en. But he's been in luck, and a 'umman like you may 'old him straight. I ain't castin' dirt at he, nudder, because he's your choice. 'Leave her free,' says he; and I 'a left you free, an't I, Pleasance?"

"Yes, you have, Dick, you have behaved like a man; ah! don't spoil it all now."

"Wool, it is just not to spile it that I goes my way. I be'nt oonreasonable, Pleasance, no more'n peevish, but do'ee or do he think I can stay on here and see my lot in his lap, and mine as emp'y as an owd ha'nted 'ouse, as'll never more be occypied, never? I could not bide it, Pleasance, I tell'ee plain I 'ould make a beast on myself and go to the dawgs at your door, as 'ould cost you pain to see. And some night when t' drink were in and t' sense out, I 'ould lay wiolent hands on him—as I 'ould not harm, not knowin' it this day, along on his bein' your choice, let alone his pullin' me out on t' Broad, though what were that for a favour when I wish I were lyin' with owd Punch I do, this minent? But I might knock the breath out on him, he's none so big, though he d' be cocky, and commit murder and swing for en, and break your heart, afore I could stop. No, I'll leave the coast clear for he, and Bailiff may take a fancy to he, as others that I thought wiser'n Bailiff 'a took a fancy. I'll go out ou your sight and hearin'; I'll put land and sea atween me and Joel Wray, long afore the day that he can call you 'is wife."

She saw the necessity at last, and appreciated his motives as she did so. "Then go, Dick, if it be better for us all; go for a time, and God bless you. But you can never go out of sight and hearing. We shall seek tidings of you, even if you do not send them to us. You will send word to Lizzie, who is more than a sister to you. You will not be able to help it."

He let himself be touched by her appeal. "Ay, poor Liz, to care for me so much when I could give her so little; but there is a pair on us. She will miss me, and so may Diamon' and Dobbin there," pointing to the plough-horses, "poor owd chaps, with another driver as don't know their ways, though he may be that clever and all the luck hisn—and Applethorpe and Hornie as I 'a reared from calves—and Daisy as I brought out on her dwinin'—and Jowler and Tyke—and the wery cocks and hens and pigeons, as knowed my woice, and came flockin' to me when you wasn't about, to be fed. But they are on'y dumb beasteses, and will soon take up with another keeper as 'a a more winnin' way with en, besides."

"More will miss you, Dick, who will not forget," said Pleasance in tears. "It is you who will forget that you ever felt forced to leave us, and to go away to the ends of the earth; and you will come back after awhile, and we shall be very glad to see you."

He looked wistfully at her, shook his head, and turned on his heel.

Joel would fain have begged Dick's pardon, and sought to comfort him, and to part friends. But Dick shunned Joel

to the last moment, when breaking terms, forfeiting his wages, and running the risk of being stopped and prosecuted for breach of engagement, he left within a day's time of his leave-taking of Pleasance.

Pleasance saw him go (for the road from the village to the next railway station was that which passed the Manor-house), carrying in a bundle what he meant to take with him on the tramp, having literally changed places with his fortunate rival.

He walked along without looking behind him or to right or left, not even to the Manor-house which he was passing close. He held on as if the furies were behind him. Mrs. Balls covered her head with her apron and filled the air with lamentations and pettish reproaches; but Pleasance stood silent just behind the window-curtain in order to take her last look of Long Dick.

Here heart was sore, and yet she thought within the moment of Joel Wray, and felt thankful that he was engaged at the opposite extremity of the farm, and so was spared the sorry sight.

But there was somebody who did more than look out at the fugitive from behind a curtain and bewail a hard necessity; somebody who could spare no thought from him even for herself.

On this hazy autumn morning a little crowd of familiar faces had gathered in the village street—notably at the doors of the Brown Cow and the smithy, where Dick's youth had been reared among his kindred, to watch his departure.

These spectators easily guessed the cause of Dick's sudden abandonment of his post and his friends, and by no means showed the sufferer's forbearance in refraining from blame and from murmurs. Possessed by the scene before them, they gave vent to the violent humour of a mob in loudly accusing Joel Wray and Pleasance of being interlopers—the one a smooth-faced traitor, and the other a double-dyed jilt.

From these abusive groups Lizzie Blennerhasset emerged, half running, half limping after Dick, no one hindering her, not even her father and mother. They stood with the rest to see the end. They not only treated her love-sickness as a real and desperate disease, they acted in regard to it with somewhat of the spirit in which eastern nations deal with madness, "Let the poor mawther see the last on him, it d' be her due." "Happen, he'll turn and give she another word to keep her poor heart, as 'a been set on en, sin he drew her out on the burnin' smithy when her were a chile. Happen she'll bring him round yet, and get him to give over leavin' his good place and his frien's and goin' off like a listed sojer; all for a proud spec'acled jade as 'ouldn't know her own mind, but 'a took up with a idle stranger which she'll sup sorror for, and no mistake." "Lor,' how the sperit d' carry Liz's lame foot! she be gainin' on he like t' wind."

Like a squaw or a dog, poor Lizzie Blennerhasset followed Long Dick. Her eyes were blind with weeping; her yellow hair was pushed back from her face, pulled about her ears, and hanging down in elf-locks. In the disorder of extreme grief, her trim gown was as untidily put on as any slovenly field-worker's, and the skirt was dragging in the muddy road. She could hardly have told why she followed her cousin, or whether she had the least hope in doing so. She had already been repulsed by him more than once that morning, in a desperate attempt to break her faith with Clem, and tell their secret, which, if it had any truth in it, might lighten Dick's burden, by making it less galling to the man's vanity and pride.

Dick would not listen to her, or heed her. He treated her words as the wildest tale, put off upon him to hoodwink and disarm him. It even enraged him against Lizzie herself, so that he broke off from her in hot anger, charging her with being in a plot against him, to mock and cheat him.

This was the crowning blow that had sent Lizzie as far beside herself as he was driven desperate. This was the last straw that had broken the long-suffering camel's back. She could not let him go from her thus. She must pursue him, though he should only stay to spurn her as a man will spurn the troublesome, importunate fondness of a dog. She did not mind what people might say; she hardly heeded what he said at last. He was her sun, and she could not let it go down and leave dark night behind, without a dying struggle to keep still in its bright beams.

Lizzie overtook Dick, or rather he heard her voice crying after him, and obeying reluctantly an old obligation, even in his baneful excitement, he slacked his pace till she came up to him, just at the corner where the road was about to lose sight of the yellow gables and thatch roof of the Manor.

"Hallo! Liz," he feigned astonishment, "what be you arter? What brings you so far afield?—you as hobbles like a cow as has her best front leg tied to her head to

stop her from flingin'?" And he laughed at his comparison.

"Oh yes, Dick, I d' be too cripple to run. It mun 'a been just funny to see me. But I 'a made you laugh, lad—that were one good turn," panted Lizzie, creeping up to him, and looking through her sobs and tears with a faint smile in his face, like a squaw who snatches at a chance of laying the hair of her head beneath the feet of her insolent brave, if that will propitiate him; like a dog when it ventures to wag its tail at the shadow of a sign of grace in the master who is bent on its punishment.

"Go back this minent, Liz," shouted Dick, maddened afresh by the thought of his failure. "Do'ee mean to make me a gazin' stock as well as a laughin' stock to —thee knows who I mean, Liz—go back when I bid 'ee, or thee may tempt me to lift my hand, and strike 'ee, as are but a frail thing, even for a gal. Leave me alone, Liz."

"Dick, dear Dick," moaned Lizzie, still holding by him, "dunno leave me; strike me,—where be the odds? when I cannot live athout you. I'll die if you go. Oh! why should 'ee go for she, Dick, and not stay for me?"

That was a question far beyond Dick's philosophy. All his answer was to drag asunder Lizzie Blennerhasset's arms from clasping him, push her from him, and clearing the hedge at a bound, run across the misty fields to the station.

Lizzie sank on the road, where Pleasance ran out to lift her up. But Lizzie put out her hands, to keep Pleasance off from her, and accused her on the spot—her eyes wild and blazing like Dick's—with being his destroyer.

"You are a false, cruel woman, Pleasance Hatton. You 'a a heart as hard as the nether millstone, and you 'a a light head to match your hard heart. You mun go colloquin' with tew lads; and you 'a ruined the best on 'em, the best in the country, and cost me the on'y creature I cared for—him as drew me out on the fire; and I never wish to see your face or speak to you again."

Pleasance drew back in sharp pain, while Lizzie gathered herself up, rejecting all aid, and toiled slowly back to take to her bed, and lie for many a day with her face turned to the wall.

CHAPTER XXVI.—THE DAYS BEFORE THE MARRIAGE.

PLEASANCE had got over the trial of Long Dick's taking her proposed marriage so much to heart; for word came that he had taken the first opportunity of sailing from Cheam, and had worked his passage out in a ship bound for America.

But why should Pleasance not get over it, when she was young and hopeful? A change of place might even bring a change of mind to Long Dick. When even Mrs. Balls had accepted the situation, and was so far reconciled to it and to Joel Wray, that though she continued shy of him, she was indemnifying herself for the overthrow of her plans by being full of the preparations for her young cousin's marriage—anyhow—to some man—if not to the right man? Mrs. Balls had grown so complacent that she had agreed—Lawyer Lockwood not forbidding the arrangement—that the young couple should find quarters with her in the ample space of the Manor-house where she was still permitted to preside, instead of her going with them to a house in the village.

Mrs. Balls knew it was only a respite, that her work was all but done, and that as Joel, however smart, could never fill Long Dick's place, so his wife would not be chosen as Mrs. Balls's successor. It was a far less "com'fable" settlement than Mrs. Balls had proposed. But even a respite was grateful to the aging woman, who had begun to cease to look forward beyond the next winter or the next summer; and in the meantime she had the glory of knowing that her cousin was soon to be a bride, and of taking the liveliest interest in all the small purchases.

Speak of a bride's pride in her adornment for the great event of her life! Surely it is far exceeded by the pride of an elderly kinswoman, who has never been a bride herself, but who takes her triumph vicariously, and at her ease.

Not merely Mrs. Balls had thawed; the village of Saxford had come round again to be in high good humour with the two who remained master and mistress of the field. It was not simply that all crowds are fickle, and more or less time-serving. The Saxford population was not so much base as childish. It was that Long Dick, and the sorry spectacle which he had presented when he had withdrawn worsted before his enemies, were out of sight and sound; and in their room, filling the vacant village mind, was the goodly spectacle of Joel Wray and Madam about to celebrate that great festival of life, a wedding for love, a wedding that had not been long a-doing, that had been made up in the midst of the villagers, and before their very eyes as it

were, in the brief weeks which intervene between the harvest and the fall.

In this wedding, Pleasance—with regard to whom the natives had shown themselves apt to nourish a rankling suspicion—was appearing a very woman, as headstrong and rash in throwing away herself and her goods, on the impulse of the moment, on a pleasant-tongued stranger, as any Polly, or Car, or Sally among them could have done. And even as one touch of nature makes the whole world kin, so the people loved Madam the better because of the fellow-feeling bred of her fallibility.

One or two inveterate growlers, mostly old village inhabitants, to whom the young giant, Long Dick, and his prowess had seemed to belong, and to lend a source of boasting over Applethorpe and other neighbouring villages, would stand a little aloof and mutter about new-fangled people and new-fangled ways; but young Saxford, headed by Clem Blennerhasset, was, to a man and a woman, for the present at least, zealous adherents of Joel and Pleasance. Only Lizzie Blennerhasset lay on her bed, with her face turned to the wall, unable to eat or drink.

Pleasance, without being altogether aware of the amount of condemnation which she had previously incurred, was willing to take the compensation, and pleased to be in harmony with her world. She was too sympathetic not to crave for sympathy, however imperfect, in others; and she had an intuitive perception that Joel Wray was like her in this as in many respects, that if he would not be turned from a purpose by opposition, he would look wistfully after averted, hostile faces, and would droop a little in his gladness, because of his fellows' cold dislike.

But these were merely outside matters, the husks of the happiness, the rich essence of which lay safely stored in its kernel, in this heyday of Pleasance's life. After all, she would not have cared so very much more for the revived rudeness of the Saxford villagers, than she cared for the unlucky chance, that her marriage, in place of happening in midsummer, was to occur in chill October.

Instead of the east country looking its best, it was looking its bleakest. The dank white mists rising from its own abundance of Broads, rivers, and ditches, hung over it morning and evening. Every flower was either withered or bleached into a frosted, perishing bloom. The very reeds and rushes were utterly sere and falling crushed and broken at the slightest touch. The cattle and horses were disappearing from the pastures. The wild foreign birds—tokens of the coming reign of ice and snow in northern regions—were arriving in flocks at Saxford Broad. The last remnant of the lingering autumn gales, bitter and briny on the east coast, brought with it white and grey curlews scudding and flying low before the blast, settling in innumerable white flecks and patches on the pasture and the ploughed land, and adding, in the storm-omen which they presented, to the cheerless aspect of the scene.

Pleasance would have liked, if she could have taken her choice, to be married when the year was young, when flowers were rife, when the days were long enough for her happiness, and when they closed in such widespread sunset glory as transformed and irradiated the common earth.

But it was a small loss, and Joel shared it with her, nay, improved it by teaching her still better what she knew already of the beauties which are to be found at all seasons. Not to speak of the wild windy grandeur of some of the dark days—there were the exquisite cobweb grace of dewy gossamers hung over grass and hedge-row—the delicate neutral tints of earth and sky when they are at their palest—the silvery light cast by low sunbeams on pollard willows, and on the rank grass by water-courses—and the sweetness of the robin's song when it alone breaks the stillness. Joel returning from his work under the new head man whom the bailiff had put in Long Dick's place, brought Pleasance splendid trailing wreaths of briony with their brilliant berries, late clusters of blackberries, and specimens of fungi that half redeemed their poisonous qualities by their marvellous hues of crimson, gold, straw-colour, and ashen grey.

"Rubbishing wares," Mrs. Balls called these offerings; but it was well, she allowed, since matters had taken the turn and gone the length they had, that Pleasance could please herself with "sich dirt."

And Pleasance did please herself. She named the dirt treasure, and valued it above the lilies and roses which she missed, above the pearls and diamonds that she had never known. She looked forward to sharing the next summer in closest companionship with Joel. And in the interval what long, happy winter evenings the two should spend, with Mrs. Balls dosing peacefully in the chimney-corner, and Joel never too wearied by his work to be unable to talk, and who talked like Joel? As she worked then he would read to her from her books, or from new

books which their united wages might warrant them in buying.

How could Pleasance find leisure or inclination to mourn too persistently for the rough jewel, Long Dick? How could she keep up a vexatious struggle with the unkind resentment of Lizzie Blennerhasset at this epoch of her history? She was better employed with the preparations for her marriage, notwithstanding that these were greatly simplified by having no house to take and furnish. They were kept within the compass of the village where Pleasance bought such additional supplies to her wardrobe as she judged fit, at Mrs. Grayling's, whose shop had been the first house she had entered in Saxford.

Pleasance had a dim sense as of the shadow of Anne standing beside her, watching over her with sweet human interest still. Would Anne in the spirit blame this conclusive step by which Pleasance fulfilled her descent in worldly rank, and linked her fortunes to those of a working man?

Ah, no! Anne was raised far above worldly distinctions, and knew far better now. Even before she died, she had said with her last breath that the sisters might have been happy together if they had but been content with the commonest—and just because they are the commonest—the best, gifts of God our Father to his human children—with the love of each other, with youth, health, the blue sky above their feet, and the green earth beneath their heads.

As for Mrs. Grayling, she remarked in that lady's peculiar fashion, "Be you come to buy the wedding gownd from me, Pleasance? Wool! I d' be uplifted, sure-ly, seein' I thought that along on your flyin' so 'igh in your matin', you 'ould look clean over t' top on my poor shop, that you 'ould 'a silks and welwets from Cheam, or Norwich, or Lunnon die-rect."

Mrs. Grayling's observation was not made with the least reference to Clem and Lizzie Blennerhasset's secret. Clem in his caution had not extended his confidence or sought sympathy from those better able to bestow it than poor Lizzie proved herself nowadays. Neither had Mrs. Grayling any suspicion of her own, by which her natural unaided sagacity had enabled her to get at once to the bottom of what mystery there was to penetrate. Her comment was no more than her sardonic mode of expressing her opinion that Pleasance was making about the poorest marriage in her power, and that was saying a good deal.

But Pleasance was used to the trick of speech, and did not mind it. She rather liked it indeed as being racy, if not bland, and was stirred by it to say heartily, holding up her head as she spoke, "Yes, Mrs. Grayling, I have chosen well, so well that I could have dispensed with silks and velvets, even had they been for me."

In reality, Pleasance's preparations, however they might engross her, were very simple, yet they were made not only according to her own somewhat severe taste and judgment, but with a softened reference to that harmless hankering after vanity and gentility which she fancied she had detected in Joel. She bought no finery, but she added to the white ribbons for her straw bonnet a white gown of no flimsier material than dimity, and made in the plainest manner—since she had all her own way in the making when it was done by herself, after she could no longer command the services of Lizzie Blennerhasset.

"It is like yourself," Joel said, when he was informed of the material of his bride's wedding gown, showing himself entirely satisfied with her selection. "It is like everything you wear, the right thing in the right place, the proper gown for the morning service in the little village church with the thatch roof; and I take it that is the true art of dressing. A finer gown in such circumstances would only be pretentious and vulgar. I wish I could make as fit a choice. A bridegroom's suit is of little consequence, comparatively, still one would not sure look frightful when one was wed, any more than when one was dead; and I observe working men are rather fond of making guys of themselves on state occasions," ended Joel in a slightly discontented tone.

"Don't you go and make a guy of yourself," said Pleasance, thinking fondly in her private mind that the bright expressive face and light agile figure could not well, in any habiliments, offer the attributes of a guy. "Don't look out for such a cloth coat and sprigged waistcoat as those in which poor old Long Dick" (he was rapidly becoming old to her) "used to disfigure himself. Be yourself and at home, Joel, in your working clothes. I desire nothing better, I think nothing half so good."

"So be it," he said readily, in spite of his aspirations. "I'm fond of my working clothes. You have never seen me in any other. They are becoming, ain't they?" he demanded with boyish conceit. "I could not have worn a suit of Poole's to more purpose.

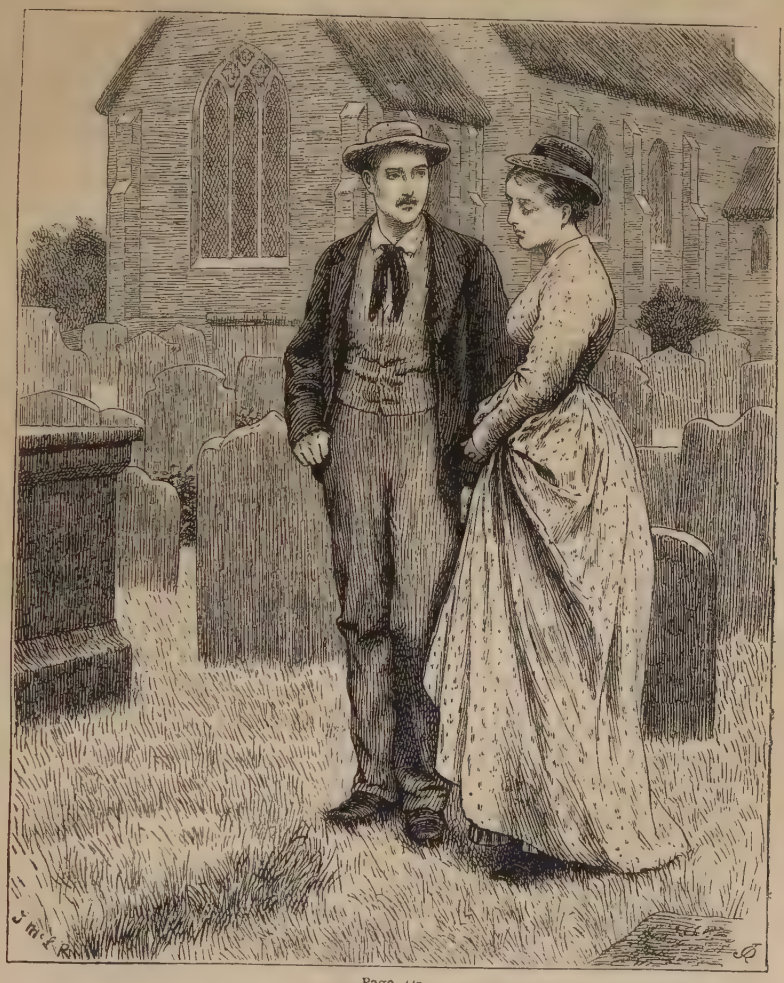
Any man who can work should be at home in working clothes. Any way I'll be myself, you may be sure, every inch of me, to marry you. But you'll have some flowers to wear with your white gown, Pleasance," he said, returning to his sheep, "were it but a sprig of myrtle in your breast. I know of a myrtle-tree from which, if I were only near it, I could get you a whole wreath."

"But what should I do with a wreath?" asked Pleasance, smiling indulgently. "A wreath would not be in my way."

"Well, no, I suppose not, since you are to wear a bonnet," yielded Joel reluctantly.

"Of course I am to wear a bonnet," said Pleasance. "Did you ever hear of a woman like me married in any other head-dress?"

"I don't know what you call 'like you,'"



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he answered. "I am sure you are good enough to be crowned and veiled."

"Don't flatter," she said, while it was the brightness of her day that it was not flattery on his lips.

"But you must have flowers, Pleasance," he urged, resuming the attack. "Who ever heard of a marriage without flowers?"

"I have," said Pleasance, "many a time. You must be dreaming, Joel. Where are flowers to come from in winter, for working people? You had better say favours next."

"No, I give up favours, and I can't say I regret them; but we must have flowers. Look here, Pleasance, I'll walk into Cheam the day before, and fetch you some from a florist's shop."

She looked graver. "I am afraid that

would belong to extravagance, Joel; it would be a pity for you to be one more whole day off work for such a trifle as flowers." It smote her to throw cold water on his loving gallantry; it tried her to infer that she was wiser than he; but certainly there was flightiness in him. Pleasance was not without an instinctive conviction, that, however clever he might be, however gifted with worldly experience, she was older in character. In the years which were to come she must exert her influence over him to steady him, as Long Dick had said she might do, and as her sister Anne had striven to steady her in the far-off childish days.

Joel was only half brought to his senses. "I'll send somebody over to Cheam, if you don't like my going myself. You are fond of flowers, I know."

"Yes, I am fond of flowers," admitted Pleasance cheerfully; "but I like best to look at and leave them growing. I think it is rather a waste and a pity to pull and wear roses and lilies, as the Saxford girls and lads wear them, at church and on holidays, carrying them in their hands, or sticking them into their bands and button-holes, where they wither so soon."

"You speak like a gardener, Pleasance," he said, laughing. "Gardeners always grudge their flowers, because they grudge their trouble in rearing them; but you wish to spare them because you have not had too many of them. What do you think of having plenty of flowers all the year round? How should you like to have a winter garden like this?" And he began to describe to her one of the most extensive and perfect private winter gardens in England—spacious, blooming galleries and halls, in which the climate of Italy and Egypt prevailed. And as one might have the flowers in the open air in Italy and Egypt during the months of November, December, January, and February, beds of sweet violets, cyclamen, jonquils, anemones, and ranunculus then bordered the pavement. Tuscany roses wreathed the white pillars. Camellias, oleanders, azaleas, and plumbago with lemon and orange trees, and even feathery palms, afforded fragrant foliage.

"It must be like fairy land, Joel," she said with ready acknowledgment of his eloquence. "Some day you'll take me to visit the Queen's garden; or is it a national garden, like those at the Crystal Palace and Kew? But, perhaps, it is a little too much like fairy land for poor humanity. I cannot think that I should care so much for flowers if I did not have to go without them sometimes. The Queen must miss the gladness of picking the first primrose."

"There you are with your philosophy," he cried in pretended impatience, "or is it philosophy or bigoted rusticity and east countrifiedness? No, it is pure pride. I tell you that I am afraid you are very proud, Pleasance."

He had often come over the assertion—almost harping upon it—that she refused to be a lady. And she had always adhered to her opinion, sometimes merrily. Holding up her brown, hardened hands she would inquire, were those a lady's hands? She would go on to imagine how they would look if she had to sit with them lying crossed in her lap! But for that matter she was too old a working woman ever to learn to sit still and idle; she would be always starting up and seeking something to do, taking it out of the servants' hands, upsetting the proprieties, disgracing herself, and disgusting everybody.

But whether merry or grave, she always stuck to her point that she had not the slightest longing or vocation to be a lady, and that nothing would have induced her to become a lady. Then he called her proud, the proudest woman, in her way, that he had ever known or heard of.

This day, for the first time, she took the accusation so far to heart that she put herself to some pains to show that the charge was erroneous. "No, indeed, I never was proud, Joel, not even as a child. Anne always said I wanted pride. It was Anne, not I, that Miss Cayley took to task for pride. Dear little Anne! She seems so little and so young, though she was my elder sister, to look back upon. It was hard for her, and I am afraid I was small help to her, who had helped me all our short lives. Next Sunday, Joel, you must come with me to her grave, and I shall tell you all that we came through when we were two poor young girls."

Accordingly on the following Sunday afternoon, when the Saxford population were fully engaged watching host Morse taking his wife for their hebdomadal drive, Pleasance and Joel passed into the little churchyard. In accordance with what existed as a pious custom among the young people of Saxford who were keeping company in the near prospect of marriage, the couple visited together the only grave of their kindred within reach.

The churchyard was deserted for the time. Even the Sunday scholars had been let loose for the day. But though the uneven paths had been frequented by strolling

groups of old and young, with neighbours leaning to converse over the crazy tombstones, as if the men and women had no other meeting-place, Joel Wray and Pleasance Hatton, on their particular errand, would have had their privacy treated with unusual respect.

The little mound, beneath which Anne's dust mouldered, had sunk nearly to a level with the ground itself, the scanty grass on it was bleached and withered, as Pleasance stood by it with the man whom she loved and was about to marry at her side, and prepared to tell him the cruel trials which had laid Anne low in the morning of her days.

Pleasance had outgrown some of the bitterness of the old anguish. She had ceased to say that their aunt Mrs. Wyndham had killed her sister. Pleasance had even learnt to apportion, however tenderly, a certain amount of weakness and error as Anne's share. For Pleasance had, in a remarkable degree for a woman, a strong sense of justice.

But in spite of the reservation, Pleasance could not tell how Anne and she had been rejected and thrust out, and how Anne had fallen and died in the first steps of their descent, without growing white, with set face and trembling lips. "It was all because my father made an unequal marriage, Joel," she ended. "You don't wonder that I set little store on his gentle birth, and that I cannot hold with ladies and gentlemen?"

He had been looking at her wistfully.

"I cannot wonder," he said quickly, and then he added, with a bursting heart, "But, oh! how you must have suffered, my darling!"

"It is all over now," she said; "Anne is at rest. I am happy. Let us speak no more of it." And they walked home in silence.

CHAPTER XXVII.—ARCHIBALD DOUGLAS.—THE STRANGER AT THE BROWN COW.

From the day of their engagement till this time, Joel had not vexed or disappointed Pleasance in a single instance.

It was not that she was blind. She was one of the women whose sight love does not blind, but clears. It was not that her love of power was gratified by the degree in which he deferred to her and complied with her every wish, quick to divine it, even when she did not express it in words. Once more, Pleasance belonged to the order of women who do not love power for itself, who even crave to be governed in minor matters, and only come to the front on exceptional occasions, without meaning it or desiring it, simply because it is their call to do it, and they cannot help doing it.

Joel's impulses were good and kind, if rash and wilful, and if his unsuccessful rival could not refrain from making the admission, what ought not his mistress to think of her bridegroom, who, on his few weeks of probation, was the most considerate and tender of bridegrooms? Pleasance, who had known no peculiar cherishing love since she had lost Anne, now cried in secret with sheer blissfulness over this fond and deep love which had come to her. She thanked God for this prince and pearl among men, always reverent, always friendly with and concerned for his fellows, earnest to promote their welfare, relieve their burdens, and comfort their sorrows, Christian-like. He had spent a whole night, after his day's work, helping a poor, rheumatic old couple, who were obliged to change their house and had not the means to hire assistance, to remove their household goods. He had been caught in the act of reading a chapter of the Bible to Sammy Thwaite, the consumptive lad. And this was the man who had sought her out, and chosen her for his. Pleasance believed she did well to rejoice and give thanks out of a full heart.

Even in the question of the disposal of the first days after their marriage, he had, as was his wont, waved his inclinations when they interfered with her sense of duty and the claims of others.

He had pled at first that as marriage came only once to a man, he and Pleasance might spare a few days from their working lives to go away together, though it were no further than to the neighbouring coast or to the next village.

But Pleasance had urged the ungenial season, and what was to her the far more potent objection, Mrs. Balls's feeble health. In spite of her childish pleasure in the finishing touches being put to Pleasance's preparations, Mrs. Balls had been compelled to take to bed during those last weeks, and was unfit to be left to paid nursing, or to the good offices of her village friends. It should be as Pleasance liked then, he said; he could not bear that for his gratification her heart should be divided, or that she should be torn from filial services which she yearned to pay while she might.

But at last there came an occasion of Joel's trying Pleasance's faith in him, and even of his causing her acute pain. It was so close upon their marriage that

Joel was bound for the house of the parish clerk, to bid him put up the banns on the following Sunday. But first he sought an interview with Pleasance, and had it in the kitchen, where Mrs. Balls's once-active foot no longer sounded, and to which Pleasance came from the side of her cousin's bed in an upper room.

Joel stood with his back to the waning light, leaning against the huge table as she entered. He drew his hands from his pockets and took off his cap, which he was not in the habit of wearing after his entrance into a house, like many men of his class, but which he had retained in his absence of mind this day. Still he did not advance to meet her, and clasp her hands, or put his arms round her to take the privileged kiss as he was used to do, and he spoke with an accent of embarrassment. "Pleasance, do you remember what I said to you once, of my not being on terms with my people? My mother and sister?"

"Yes, Joel," she said; "do you think of taking this opportunity of making it up with them?"

It struck her that the idea was like him; and she resolved that on his thus coming to ask her to back him in the effort, he should not find her the woman who would stand out on her dignity, and be slow to comply with overtures of peace.

"Oh, no," he said hastily, "it would be worse than useless to attempt it at this moment. But I have something more to tell you about my quitting home and setting out on my adventures in the way I chose to do, without leaving any trace of me behind by which I could be followed, and written to, and generally badgered. I had to change my name. I could not have managed it otherwise."

"Change your name!" repeated Pleasance, startled.

"Yes, dear. Will it surprise you to hear that I am not Joel Wray—nothing so uncouth or quaint. I picked out the two names from the sign-board of a cart in a midland county, and made bold to appropriate them to serve my purpose, for a season?" he said, trying to speak playfully in order to mask his anxiety for the effect he should produce.

"But I do not quite understand," she said, colouring up, "why you should have had to change your name when you were your own master, and could work how and where you liked, in spite of your mother and sister's unwarrantable objections. It was such—such an awkward—" she paused and corrected herself, and said straight out, looking him piteously in the face to show how it grieved her to say it—"it was such a wrong thing to do, forgive me for saying it, when it might expose you to misconceptions and mistakes."

"Yes, I grant an alias is apt to be a discreditable dodge," he admitted readily, not in the least angry with her for her remonstrance, nay, he proceeded to stroke the hair under the shadow of her cap, as he liked to do, with what seemed a reassuring touch in this instance, "but I could see no other way, and I thought it was admissible."

She looked up into his frank, penitent eyes, and listened to his clear, confiding voice, which had lost its trouble even while he spoke, and she fully believed that he had only adopted a doubtful resource because he had taken into his head that it was necessary. Still it disturbed her, that he should do what might well draw down on him suspicion and doubt. He was very good, but he was also strangely careless and imprudent, and he did not see his enormities in their proper light. He was proceeding with considerable coolness, and certainly quite happily. The first brush of the announcement which he had required to make, was over, and it had not seriously impaired her great trust in him, or led to grave results for which he was not then equal. He went on to tell her that he could not marry her under an assumed name, that he must marry her under his own name, that she might be assured to him as he to her. And was she not curious to learn what his real name, which she was to bear—so soon too—would sound like?

"I shall never like it nearly so well as Joel Wray," said Pleasance, half sadly, half reproachfully, in the natural, but partly amused indignation of her superior discretion at his boyish folly.

"What! Not if it be my name, my real name, and not a bad name as names go! It is of Scotch origin, for my father came of a Scotch stock which had crossed the Borders. You won't hurry me, Pleasance, you won't press for the name which I have a great mind to keep in the dark a little longer, till the clerk reads it out in church, a big mouthful—Archibald Douglas."

"Archibald Douglas!" said Pleasance, faintly, with a trying sense of its strangeness. "I have heard it before—read of it in Sir Walter's novels and his 'Tales of a Grandfather.' There were great old tyrants of Scotch earls of that name."

"Ah, but I am no tyrant, and the name

has come down in the world since then," said he, laughing, "like more earls' names.

"I shall not know how to say it," said Pleasance, bemoaning her peculiar difficulty, half in earnest, half in jest. "It is like having another man—a man I have never known given me for my husband, and I could never consent to that. I shall always be saying Joel. And what will the folk about think?"

"You can call me Joel till you learn to say Archie. As for the people here, they are used to nicknames, or handles to names, like 'Long Dick,' and 'Host Morse.' They hold me a queer fish, they will judge it is one of my queer ways to have a couple or more names at my disposal, and they will care no more about it."

The villagers did very much as he had said. After the shock of hearing Pleasance Hatton's banns read out to another than Joel Wray, the explanation was a comparative relief. Perhaps they were more accustomed to aliases than Pleasance was, and did not regard them exactly in the same light. Perhaps the men and women who were occupied every day of their lives with intensely practical concerns, did not stop to consider aliases as an abstract question, and viewed one name as being as good as another. There was only a little talk, a few exclamations.

"Lor', he be'nt Joel Wray as 'a been livin' along on us and known as sich! He be one Arch'bald Dooglas, arter all! And Madam she d' be goin' to be Missus Dooglas, and none on Missus Wray! But when it d' come to thatten, she 'ont be Missus anythink, certain sure, on'y 'Madam' so long as her lives in them parts, and sets herself up to wear glasses."

The sole protest which the natives made against the irregularity of the proceeding was in their continuing obstinately to call the delinquent Joel Wray the same as before.

But Pleasance, from the moment that he told her the truth, strove with a blush rising on her cheek to substitute Archie for Joel, or if Joel slipped out to correct the lapse quickly, and supply Archie instead.

"All right, Pleasance, never mind," he would protest lightly, and declare, "I shall always like Joel from you, because it reminds me of the first time that I heard you say it."

"But it was not your real name all the time, Archie," she reminded him with unconscious severity. She sighed again over the strangeness of that Archie, and over the inclination to vagary which seemed the one spot on her sun—at the same time she consoled herself with the lustrous integrity of that sun in which so small a flaw became conspicuous by its very singularity.

Pleasance's wedding day was anticipated, by the occurrence at Saxford of another event, in itself quite sufficient to mark a special occasion.

Few travellers took Saxford on their way. Decent working men on the tramp, as Joel Wray had been, vendors of baskets and crockery of a high enough grade to ply their traffic by means of carts drawn by horses or donkeys, agents for such small retail businesses, drovers and cattle and horse dealers come to inspect the neighbouring stock, were the chief visitors. Elections were of exceptional occurrence, and even elections in so limited an agricultural district, with the interest sure for Lawyer Lockwood's master, Sir Frederick, brought little stir to the isolated village.

The east country did not afford attractions for artists and their umbrellas. Yet glorious old English artists who did not know such umbrellas had been born in it, and had remained very faithful to it, never wearying of depicting its broad lights, its slow rivers with their heavy barges, its high bits of heath with their windmills, its old inns and cottages, its green meadows and sandy lanes. But such artists as were brought to the neighbourhood by its traditions, confined themselves now-a-days to the coast or the Broads.

Saxford lying out of the beaten track, did not even draw many professional strollers of the Punch and organ class, for these turned aside to Cheam.

The Brown Cow was mostly self-supporting, that is, it drew its principal receipts from the habitual beer-drinking of the village itself, eked out by the little inn's being the occasional summer resort of the company at bean-feasts and cricket matches.

The sight of a traveller who belonged to none of the accredited classes, who came alone, so late as on an afternoon in October, driving over in a cab from the Cheam station, and thus giving positive proof that he was a gentleman of independent habits and means, was a rare God-send to Saxford. He had directed that his portmanteau and dressing-case—in themselves elegant appurtenances fit for the vicarage at least—should be carried into a private room, and followed the direction by a hesitating request whether he could get accommodation for more than the night.

It did seem that in Saxford, as elsewhere, it never rained but it poured. Here was an incident which might have supplied the gossips, male and female, with a subject for a week's discussion; yet it must be followed close—

before it could be properly digested—by another equally exciting event, for this was the eve of Joel Wray and Madam up at the Manor's wedding day. At other times nothing would happen, not even a pig-killing, not a hero like Long Dick's going off to seek his fortunes over the hills and far away, for months on end.

Host Morse was naturally considerably impressed by the unexpected grist to his mill, and was prepared to pour forth on the guest all the host's approved qualities of boisterous joviality and jocularity. But after having pulled on his best coat—a tight fit,—brushed up the hair with both hands from his red shining face, and rushed up the narrow steep stair with a nimbleness which did credit to his years and stoutness, host Morse reappeared and descended slowly, in a state of collapse to throw over the distinguished visitor on the missus as her business, and to retire to the bar as his proper sphere, there to brag and swagger about "the swell as the missus were a servin' hup stairs."

Mrs. Morse, who had already faithfully flown from the society of her friend Mrs. Biennerhasset, to her post in the kitchen, rose to the occasion. She put on her meekest face, with her meekest cap stuck full of modest little daisies, and entered the alarming presence. She smoothed down her apron and besought the gen'leman to please say what he "'ould 'a," and it should be got for him, "if so be it could be 'ad," giving the phrase with an expression as if she anticipated the stranger would ask for a roc's egg, yet felt bound to comply with his request, though she should go to the ends of the earth, and come off with a dead loss as a hostess, to compass it.

The gentleman who had quenched host Morse stood in the long low-roofed parlour between its two batteries of gentility—an engraving of her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, in a gilt frame, and a flower composed of shells, under a glass shade. Though he was the most loyal of subjects and a lover of art, he gazed from the one object to the other with lack-lustre eyes. "Ah," he said, with a slight defect in his speech amounting to hesitation when he was agitated—"Ah! my good woman, get me anything you can, dinner, tea, or supper."

The look of helpless forlornness with which the gentleman contemplated the position, the air of hopeless resignation with which he submitted to circumstances, as if they were too far removed for him ever to dream of their being brought into harmony with his tastes and inclinations, were almost too much for Mrs. Morse as they had proved for her husband.

The visitor was a tall lank man, in a travelling suit of brown Tweed. He showed the signs, unmistakable even to such unaccustomed eyes as those of host Morse and his wife, of super-refinement, with the shyness which sometimes accompanies it, and which becomes distressing in middle age. He was as scared by the Morses as they could be by him; and it was this evident trepidation, along with the equally evident distress and incapacity to cope with the surroundings, that silenced host Morse's patronising volubility, and went near to upsetting Mrs. Morse's sly modesty.

But as the gentleman stood with his chin—aristocratic by dint of its shape—in the air, his pale blue eyes blinking with uneasy horror at the shabby engraving of the Queen, and the ugly petrifaction of the shell flower—his aquiline nose sniffing involuntarily in an additional disquieting sense that the windows of the parlour of the Brown Cow could not have been open for a week, Mrs. Morse recovered herself.

"Please, sir, if you will say now more pertickler what you will 'a, it will perwent reflections bum bye," she suggested, with the softest deference.

He had not the most distant intention of reflecting on the people, though he knew that he was horribly uncomfortable. He shrank from giving trouble. He was totally unaware which of the meals he had mentioned would be most in season at this hour in an establishment like that of the Brown Cow, though he could have been depended upon to give an accurate account of the feeding-times of the ancient Romans and Greeks. If he fixed on, say dinner, which came natural to himself at the close of the day, it would be another penalty to him to particularise the dishes without a bill of fare—such a bill of fare as could be conceived of at the Brown Cow. And always to intensify his trouble, his eyes were fascinated by that shameful travesty of her gracious Majesty's lineaments, and that painful parody of the most inoffensive, refreshing thing in nature, even if it came from a cit's lawn or a cottager's garden—a nosegay.

"Ah! anything, anything, my good woman, ma'am"—he did not even know how to address her, without probably hurting her feelings, and he hated to hurt anybody's feelings. "Anything you have. A rasher" (with a bright flash of recollection out of some novel he had read)—"ah—or bread and cheese."

"We be rather better perwided than that, sir," said Mrs. Morse, with gentle reproach, that cut the wretched man to the heart. "We 'a a roast on beef in the larder, likewise a pigeon-pie, and we 'a fowls in the yard, in coorse, with heggs for a custard, if required."

The only effect produced on the stranger by Mrs. Morse's proudly-humble enumeration was a conviction that somehow it was a reproach to him, which he hastened to get rid of, by saying—

"That will do. The pigeon-pie" (he was dyspeptic, and never ate pies), or the custard with, ah—a slice of bread and a glass of milk; and the same will serve for my breakfast to-morrow morning," he added, on a sudden impulse to get over his penance and have done with it at once. "I shall want nothing besides, save a bed and a bath."

"I shall see to your bed, sir, as how it is haired and warmed with my own 'and," said Mrs. Morse, like a woman who knows her duties and does them, and who forgives and recompenses with good her worst enemies; "but there ain't no baths to be 'ad here, 'cept folks goes to the Broad for en. We don't go in with tubbin' in the house, not but for chil'ren," said Mrs. Morse, casting her eyes on the ground, to avoid the contemplation of the impropriety of her generation, and so to repress her just indignation.

"Oh, very well; never mind," assented the gentleman with the utmost swiftness, seeing that there was yet a deeper slough of despond into which he had to descend. He must not only go without his bath, for the first time within his knowledge, but submit to an inference from a woman that he, the most decorous of men, was guilty of impropriety in his mode of daily ablution.

Mrs. Morse went down-stairs and allowed herself to say to Mrs. Blennerhasset, who had followed her friend to see if she could render any help, that if ever woman had been tried "with a stuck-up old fool as were goin' to do nothin' for the good of the house," she had been. But she had given him as good as she had got, and she was not going to complain—no one ever heard her complain, or make, or meddle. All that she wished was to live and let live, to keep a quiet house and do her duty by Morse, "as left things" to her, "and sat and hectored and soaked hisself in the bar;" but it was the way of the world and of men. To all which self-evident propositions and admirable sentiments Mrs. Blennerhasset agreed fervently.

After his dinner, or supper, the stranger strolled out, and picked his steps, as he wandered aimlessly about the village, glancing nervously at the bold starers who met him at every turn, and shook what equanimity was left in him. He came always back to the inn door, looking wistfully as if he would like to speak to one or other of the men hanging about it and the smithy, but invariably retreating from the encounter when it became imminent. He seemed as miserable out of doors as in.

At last the stranger took courage and made up, as it happened, to Ned, the junior man at the Manor farm, standing the image of heavy good humour and reflected importance, to be trotted out by all his acquaintances in turn, on the doings that were to take place at the Manor-house next day.

"Ah!" said the gentleman, touching his hat first, to the bewilderment of Ned, who made no movement to return the salutation, "horses and cattle are your staple production here, I suppose?"

"I s'pose they be, zur," said Ned sheepishly, without the most distant conception what "staple production" meant, but satisfied that he could not be wrong in agreeing with a gentleman. He was occupied, wondering why the dickens he was selected to be spoken to by the stranger, when so many better men—smith Blennerhasset and others—were close at hand. Ned did not know whether to feel flattered or aggrieved by the distinction.

"And I conclude that you have a resident population—not many changes going on among you, eh?" continued the stranger, taking heart to prosecute his inquiries.

"Cheanges?" said Ned. "No, there be'nt many cheanges," he repeated like a clumsy echo.

"Not many strange work-people coming and going?" persisted the gentleman.

"No," answered Ned; "but there d' be such a oner at our farm."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the limp questioner, straightening himself up and speaking almost sharply. "What sort of fellow, eh? Excuse my curiosity."

"Oh, no offence," said Ned politely. "He were a wery spry chap, though town-bred, were Joel Wray, from the fust; and now he d' be to be married to-morrer."

The listener's interest, kindled the instant before, sank down with the mention of the name, and at the volunteered information of Joel Wray's immediate promotion to the rank of a Benedict, it died out entirely. He abandoned what appeared to him the fruitless subject of Joel Wray, and though he

made an effort to resume his quest in a general direction, it was with a return to his previous flurried dispiritedness. "You know of no other odd man—job man, come here lately, and taking a turn at work in the neighbourhood?"

"I knows on none, zur," said Ned, positive when he was convinced that his knowledge, in its slender amount, could not be mistaken, "and there could not be none, not atween Broad Ends and Cheam, athout me hearin' tell on en."

"I have been at both these places, thanks," said the gentleman with languid laconicness, turning away without vouchsafing any explanation of his questions.

He re-entered the inn, stealing stumblingly up-stairs, not to attract attention, or trespass more than he could help against the customs of the natives. He shut himself into the low-roofed dining-parlour, with its coarse drugget carpet, horse-hair chairs, the distressingly defective and damaged engraving of her Majesty, and the monstrosity of a shell-flower. He was full of the painful impression that, though he were to stay months in this strange region and investigate the minutest detail, he should find in the end that he had come to the wrong place, and had been enduring all this bodily and mental purgatory for worse than nothing, since he should have been losing his time and sowing warning traces of himself and his errand wherever he tarried.

At the very moment when the novel visitor to Saxford revolved those vexatious conclusions, clinging to his one consolation—the fire which Mrs. Morse had been so good as to light for him,—and standing with his back to the window, hanging over the heat, applying each well-made boot in turn to the bars of the grate, Joel Wray came down the village street, walking slowly and showing himself fully to all who cared to look for him, as a smart and happy bridegroom.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—THE MARRIAGE, WITH ITS LAST GUEST.

When Pleasance was dressed on her wedding morning, she went to Mrs. Balls to show herself.

It was all that Mrs. Balls could do to sit up in bed, stroke down Pleasance's dimity gown, and smell her flowers. Joel had kept to his point of getting her such flowers as Cheam could afford. They were not very fine flowers after all, a late rose or two grown in a sheltered corner, and a few carnations for sweetness, with sprigs of geranium and scarlet verbena for brightness. But they made a fine show in the breast of Pleasance's white gown, and they had been shedding their fragrance since the previous day through the old rooms of the Manor-house.

"I thought you were to be none smart, Pleasance," said Mrs. Balls's quavering voice; "but you d' be main tasty with them flowern—on'y not a bit like your mother. It were your poor sister as favoured my owd Pleasance."

"Did you see my mother go away to be married?" asked Pleasance, humouring the old woman.

"No, I didn't, mor; your father, though he meant her fair, wern't likin' to come among her people as were so different from his'n. It is my mind he wanted to part her from her friens from the fust. You see they were ill convenient when she had gotten a gen'leman for her man. She had to pay the price, poor mawther. He found a respeck'able place scores on miles from here, where nobry knowed her nor him. She lived there for a time, and were married from there."

"But Joel does not take me from my friends," said Pleasance, as she chose the sweetest, most perfect rose from her flowers, and put it aside for his button-hole, to be ready for him when he came, village fashion, to walk with her to church. "I have not many friends to spare," said Pleasance, with a quiver in her own voice. "I wish you could have come with me to-day, dear."

"An' I wish it mysen," said Mrs. Balls; "but where's the use on wishin'? If wishes were horsen, beggars 'ould ride. I'm nowt now but an owd, done body, as is fit for nowt but to be in folk's way, even on your weddin' day, Pleasance," said Mrs. Balls with a pathetic consciousness of the contrast between herself lying there, old and feeble, with her dim eyes, scanty white hair and fallen-in, shrivelled cheeks, and Pleasance standing beside her in her youth, and strength, and bloom, dressed as a bride waiting for her bridegroom. "It ain't that I be a cryin' out again' the A'mighty," said Mrs. Balls, wiping away the rare tears of old age; "it's what we mun all come to,—'common lot,' as passon he says. I 'a 'ad my day, though I were none on a bride. Yet I 'a besser'n a darter to wait upon me, and not to weary for me goin', and never to leave me, though she d' be a bride. She be to shut my owd eyes arter she d' be done readin' to me on the risin' again, and the Lord as is risen fust. I be bun' to be thankful sure-ly."

"And I am thankful to be with you," said

Pleasance, tenderly. "I love Joel best of all for not thinking of taking me away from you."

"Ah, Pleasance," said Mrs. Balls, "you 'a found your master—you may 'a pleased yousself in the findin' on him, but it will be please your man from this day forth. This is the last day, gal, that you d' be free to please yousself."

"Don't frighten me, Mrs. Balls," said Pleasance with a laugh, so little frightened that she verily believed she should have nothing to speak of to wish for from this day, that she should be like the wonderfully blessed Shunammite woman who had always stood out to Pleasance as one of the wisest and sweetest of the figures in the Bible, because she had told the great prophet that she dwelt among her own people, and had nothing to ask from his supernatural power.

The next moment Mrs. Balls was alluding to what was a great source of gratification to her in the arrangements for the marriage with which she could have so little active concern. "An' bailiff d' be to ack father and the man as gives away this 'oman. I do take it uncommon kind on bailiff, most as if it had been Lawyer Lockwood, no less; you'll mind to say so, and make my duty to en, Pleasance."

There had been a little difficulty as to who should be the substitute for the father and guardian at Pleasance's marriage. She had felt inclined, without meeting any opposition from Joel Wray, to ask old Miles Plum, who had been about the farm since she came to it, in preference to the parish clerk, or to some head of a house in the village, with whom she was not so well acquainted, and for whom she felt less regard. But the bailiff on the farm had stepped in and offered his services. He was far enough above the couple in rank to render his presence in the capacity a little of a condescension, and he was a man of just such a hearty character as to enjoy conferring the condescension.

He had known Pleasance almost as long as Miles Plum had known her. He had a great respect and regard for her as an excellent and, what was more, a handsome young woman, who had not let her head be turned either by her claim to superior birth, her good looks, or her fortune. She had proved a dutiful young kinswoman to his old ally Mrs. Balls, and a valuable auxiliary to himself—an example of industry to the whole field in many a wheat-hoeing and hay-making. He thought that such a good girl deserved honour done her, and he determined that he should be the man to do it.

Then the bailiff had a liking, as most people had who came in personal contact with him, for that winning vagabond and erratic Jack-of-all-trades, Joel Wray. The bailiff was somehow agreeably tickled by the notion of a marriage between these two, and was quite ready to excuse Madam for throwing herself away on a half-trained labourer, who yet, his master let himself to be persuaded, would do well.

The bailiff came to the Manor-house on purpose to walk with Pleasance and her party to the church. In order to grace the occasion he had put on his suit of best broadcloth—the only broadcloth represented at Pleasance's wedding—and assumed the very match to the sprigged waistcoat, bright blue neck tie, and glossy beaver hat, which Pleasance had deprecated on Joel Wray's account. They called to her mind with a strain of pensiveness Long Dick across the seas. And as if she had been fated to recall Long Dick on this day, Pleasance was to walk first with her champion, the bailiff.

Joel Wray—to the bailiff's surprise, and somewhat to his dismay and disgust—was in his clean working clothes and straw hat, wearing the rose that Pleasance had chosen for him, and carrying a face like the morning above it. He walked with Dorky Thwaite, a girl of thirteen years, sister of poor Sammy dying of consumption. Dorky, in her school-girl frock and tippet, was elected to the post she filled because Pleasance could not bear to have any of the village young women in the place which Lizzie Blennerhasset should have occupied, and because poor Dorky had few treats in the present circumstances of her family. She was giving abundant indication that the present treat was well bestowed by showing herself one proud gleeful giggle, certainly the happiest person in the company after the bride and bridegroom.

An irregular group of three wound up the procession. These were old Miles Plum, in his clean smock, which he was relieved to see was in the best of company with the bridegroom's working jacket, only Miles had not the satisfaction of twitting his wife Phillis with the fact, and with the absence of any necessity for her lamentations over his want of a coat, and her unpalatable suggestion that he should stay at home in consequence. Stay at home from Pleasance's marriage! when he had known her since she was a little lady, and whom he had helped to make at her own request a working woman, while to his certain know-

ledge she had never failed to fulfil the proverb that "gentle is as gentle does." But there was Phillis, as deaf as a post, walking "all serene," quite indifferent to what he could cast into his looks of triumphant reminder and mute upbraiding. What did Phillis care for his looks when she wore the new gown and cap which Pleasance had bought her for livery, as she had given him the orange cravat which was tied round his throat, with the ends hanging down above his smock, and the mufflers in his pocket for his hands when the cold weather should come?

Miles had to betake himself for social company—and, after all, no woman, neither his old woman, nor Pleasance, was company for a man—to the "soft young 'un," Ned, who was also off work for the day, leaving the new head man in charge of the farm. Ned was in another smock, but with bunches of old ribands of divers colours, with which some girl had supplied him, in his hat and on his breast—a decoration not unlike the paper trappings of children and amateur sweeps on May-day, and of which Ned, while he wore it, was mortally ashamed.

The little group was very much of a family party, that could take their festival quietly, as beseemed the circumstances. The old mistress of the Manor-house lay on what must be, sooner or later, her dying bed, while friends and watchers from the village were appointed to sit with her till Pleasance returned to her side.

The October sun was shining with unusual brightness on the bare, cold landscape in which the yellow gables and olive thatch of the Manor-house looked like a golden brown point as Pleasance left it behind her.

Ned and old Miles, with no want of volunteer assistants, had at spare hours, during the previous days, accomplished sundry tokens of rejoicing in green branches—scarce as boughs were in the treeless region—and in flags as rustic in the flag line as were Ned's ribands for favours. But these trophies were, partly out of regard for Mrs. Balls's state of health, partly from natural predilection, confined to the outbuildings and offices, where they waved and fluttered bravely, disturbing the equanimity of the horses and cattle that had been among Pleasance's chief friends.

The bailiff had no idea of leaving Pleasance to her own meditations, as something sacred that day, or of her being unable to attend and respond to his compliments on her appearance, his ponderous jokes on her change of condition, and his appropriate reminiscences of his own marriage.

And the bailiff was a great man in Pleasance's circle, with something in his power where Joel was concerned. He was also one who was bestowing a signal mark of his favour on the couple, of which Pleasance with her changed standard, as well as Mrs. Balls, was innocently proud. Pleasance had to listen, smile, protest, and acquiesce, though it was all done in a dreamy fashion, and with many thoughts in the background, as the party traversed the familiar road until they entered the village. There every villager—man, woman, and child, within the precincts congregated about their doors and windows, not merely to look and admire, but to call out loud greetings and plain-spoken comments.

"Good day, and good luck to you both."

"Bailiff, you 'a a strappin' darter as you are soon to get off your hands."

"See t' bridegroom in his working-jacket, and Madam 'a 'ad to put up with it."

"Laws! her own gownd d' be but white cotton."

"There be Ned Sadler bringin' up t' rear, ready to hee-haw like a donkey."

"And Phillis Plum with gloves on her fingers, I d' confess."

The little church remained uninvaded. There was a village etiquette which forbade any save the real "weddingers" to enter during the ceremony. But the rabble of Saxford, in children and half-grown lads and girls, headed in this instance by Clem Blennerhasset, might congregate outside, and even be guilty of climbing up, by the aid of ivy and honeysuckle buttress, to look in through the windows at the scene.

The little flint-built, thatch-roofed church of Saxford was among the smallest, most primitive parish churches in the kingdom. The approach to it had neither gate nor pillar. It turned off from the main road which ran through the village street, and formed between two hedges a wide and open path to the little house of God, while the graveyard, enclosed by its loose stone wall, had a wicket. Pleasance had often thought that the free road had the look of a highway where a king was about to pass. As it was only trodden once a week, it was grown green. But it was not so much green in early summer as a mingled mass of pure white, blood red, purple, blue, and yellow, from the luxuriant growth of ox-eyed daisies, poppies, mallows, buglos, vetches, and crows-toes—weeds, as men call them—which grow in fresh country places of their own sweet will and without stint, neither asking special consideration, nor resenting

being occasionally trodden under foot. The homely worshippers at Saxford church entered it, walking in the prime of the year, unconcernedly, and, unless in rare and exceptional cases, without giving the slightest attention to what was to them the immaterial fact, that their path lay over a carpet of flowers with which no tesselated marble could be put into comparison. Pleasance was one of the few who noted the circumstance and recalled what she had read of flowers strewn before the passage of the host in Roman Catholic countries.

But there were no flowers beneath Pleasance's feet on her wedding morning. The honeysuckle on the porch presented shrivelled leaves and dull red berries instead of flowers.

Inside the small building, of which the only merit as a building belonged to a certain ancient simplicity and solidity, there were no galleries, nothing save whitewashed walls, and the plainest of deal pews, pulpits, and reading-desks, relieved by an old carved stone font.

The vicar had followed his own taste, and what he judged to be the requirements of the worshippers, by adorning the bald little church with Sabbath-school-like adornments of texts: "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof," "The Lord our God is one Lord," "The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us," painted in scrolls with letters of blue and red, and hung on the white walls. The very commandments were printed in blue and red, and the effect of these patches of vivid colour produced by the homeliest means, was something like that of the wild flowers outside in summer, and as if the poppies and cornflowers had been brought within doors, and hung up in sheaves on the walls and at each side of the altar.

The vicar, who was coming in from the vestry in gown and cassock, bore, hardly less than Mrs. Balls, the marks of the years which had passed since he first saw Pleasance. He had grown stiff and unwieldy, as well as worn and battered. His memory was beginning to fail him, and, burdened as it was with many a weightier record, he entertained but a dim retrospect of Pleasance as the poor young girl of superior nurture who had been thrown with her dying sister on the good offices of worthy Mrs. Balls of the Manor-house, and who had obstinately declined his suggestion that she should go up to the vicarage and see what his wife could do for her. He thought chiefly of Pleasance as the fine-looking, steady young woman who lived with and was a comfort to Mrs. Balls, and who was creditably regular in her attendance on church services. As for Joel Wray, he also had been punctual in coming to church, and although he had shown himself shy of being spoken to, and had not appeared at the vicar's week-day class for young men, still, when his pastor had succeeded in getting speech of Joel, he had struck the clergyman as a youth of intelligence.

It was, therefore, with perfect good-will and complacency that the vicar proceeded to read the service, uniting in holy matrimony his two "young friends," as he was fond of calling, in all sincerity, the better specimens of his humble parishioners.

All had played those parts, the solemnity and importance of which are liable to be lost sight of in their very simplicity and in the excitement of the moment. The bailiff had given away Pleasance Hatton. Joel had received her with an "I, Archibald, take thee, Pleasance," that vibrated in its earnestness. Pleasance had soberly and tenderly taken on her the obligation to honour and obey. Both of them had vowed to be true husband and wife till death did them part.

Ned Sadler and Dorky Thwaite had officiated—they could hardly tell how (since Joel had the ring ready in his pocket, and Pleasance had wanted no assistance with her gloveless hand) as best man and maid, but they felt clear that they must have been of some use, bearing the time-honoured names.

Phillis Plum, as the only responsible woman—Dorky was but a chit of a girl—had contributed what was called for from the sex in the matter of crying, though, like Ned and Dorky in their question of how, she could not well have told why.

Old Miles had stood bolt upright, with his hat between his hands, and felt that if he were good for nothing else, he stood for company in general, and was another witness in addition to the clerk and the verger.

The ceremony was ended. It was all over, as is apt to be said of many a long-wished-for event, but never said so emphatically as of the two most decisive and individual acts in the great human drama. Joel had kissed his wife, and suffered the bailiff, in the position which he had held towards Pleasance, to press his honest lips to her cheek.

The party were moving with one accord to the vestry to ratify the marriage which had just been solemnized when a hurried footstep was heard on the threshold. A more desperate intruder than the children—who only peered in, hoisted on each other's shoulders, through the windows—rushed frantically into the church.

A MORNING RIDE.

DURING our stay at Bahia, Captain Maclear and I went in one of the little coasting steamers to Caxoeira, a small town at a few hours distance up a river, to get some idea of the general appearance of the country. We were very fortunate in meeting on board the steamer Mr. Hugh Wilson, a countryman of our own and a leading engineer at Bahia, who was at the time carrying on some railway operations at Caxoeira. He had an establishment in the town, with clerks and draughtsmen at work, where he kindly put us up, and we rode out with him in the afternoon to see the railway works.

The town is on a river between two low mountain ridges, and the railway winds along the flank of one of these. The country is excessively rough, with no regular roads except the main road, and it was at first rather nervous work riding up and down places which no civilised horses would have dreamed of attempting. Mr. Wilson was accustomed to it, however, and led the way with the utmost confidence, and we soon learned to place complete trust in the intelligence of the handsome black, entire horses, which seemed to be strong enough for anything and to know perfectly what they were about, often absolutely refusing to take the path indicated to them, and choosing one which to our less-instructed eyes appeared ten times more difficult.

In our ride we crossed here and there steep tracks winding through ravines among the mountains, and at intervals an extraordinary amount of noise—men shouting and cracking their long bullock whips, cattle bellowing and struggling and scrambling among the loose boulders, and, above all, the shrill creaking of wheels—announced almost miles off the approach of one of the huge drays, dragged by ten or twelve pairs of bullocks, carrying supplies to, or produce from, the interior. The ponderous wagon comes creaking and groaning up to the bottom of what looks like, and I suppose is, the dry bed of a torrent, and one cannot at first imagine that they can mean to attempt to go up; after a spell of a few minutes however they go at it, the men lashing and shouting, and every now and then putting their shoulders to the great solid spokeless wheels, and to your surprise you find that they are making a little way. One leader of a team whom we spoke to, had a very confident expectation, in spite of appearances, of getting to his destination, somewhere a good way up country, in rather less than a week.

Mr. Wilson was obliged to be next day at Sta. Amara, a little town thirty miles distant across one of the ridges, on another river, where he had a line of steamers plying, and he asked us to ride there with him; so we went back to his house and dined, and spent the evening at his window, inhaling the soft flower-perfumed air, and gazing at the stars in their dark-blue crystal dome, and their travesties in a galaxy of fire-flies dancing and glittering over the flowers in the garden beneath us.

It was late when we tossed ourselves down to take a short sleep, for two o'clock was the hour fixed to be in the saddle in the morning. We rode out of the town in the starlight, Mr. Wilson, Captain Maclear, and I, with a native guide on a fast mule. We were now obliged to trust entirely to the instinct of our horses, for if a path were visible in the daylight, of which I am by no means sure, there was certainly none in the dark, and we scrambled for a couple of hours straight up the side of the ridge. When we reached the top we came out upon flat, open ground, with a little cultivation, bounded in front of us by the dark line of dense forest. The night was almost absolutely silent, only now and then a peculiar shrill cry of some night-bird reached us from the woods.

As we got into the skirt of the forest the morning broke, but the *réveil* in a Brazilian forest is wonderfully different from the slow creeping on of the dawn of a summer morning at home, to the music of two thrushes answering one another's full rich notes from neighbouring thorn-trees. Suddenly a yellow light spreads upwards in the east, the stars quickly fade, and the dark fringes of the forest and the tall palms show out black against the yellow sky, and almost before one has time to observe the change, the sun has risen straight and fierce, and the whole landscape is bathed in the full light of day. But the morning is cool and fresh for yet another hour, and the scene is indescribably beautiful. The woods, so absolutely silent and still before, break at once into noise and movement. Flocks of toucans flutter and scream on the tops of the highest forest-trees, hopelessly out of shot; the ear is pierced by the shrill wild screeches of a little band of macaws, which fly flaring past like the rapped-

up ghosts of the birds on some gaudy old brocade. There is no warbling, no song, only harsh noises, abrupt calls, which those who haunt the forest soon learn to translate by two or three familiar words in Portuguese or English. Now and then a set of cries more varied and more dissonant than usual tells us that a troop of monkeys are passing across from tree to tree among the higher branches, and lower sounds to which one's attention is called by the guide, indicate to his practised ear the neighbourhood of a sloth, or some other of the few mammals which inhabit the forests of tropical South America. And the insects are now all awake and adding their various notes to swell the general din. A butterfly, of the gorgeous genus *Morpho*, comes fluttering along the path like a loosely-folded sheet of bright-blue tinsel, flashing brilliant reflections in the sunshine: great dark-blue shining bees fly past with a loud hum; tree-bugs in the most singular harlequin colouring of scarlet and blue and yellow, with a metallic sheen, cluster round a branch so thickly as to weigh it down, and make their presence perceptible yards off by their peculiar and sometimes not unpleasant odour; but how weak it is to say that that exquisite little *Colibri*, whirring and glittering in the air over that branch of *Bignonia* bells and sucking the nectar from them with its long curved bill, has a head of ruby and a breast of emerald and wings of sapphire, as if any triumph of the jeweller's art could ever vie in brilliancy with that sparkling epitome of life and light!

It was broad day when we passed into the dense forest, through which the greater part of our way now lay. The path, which had been cut through the vegetation, was just wide enough to allow us to ride in Indian file, and with some care to prevent our horses from bruising our legs against the tree-trunks; and we could not leave the path for a single foot on either side the scrub was so thick, what with fallen trees covered with epiphytes of all descriptions, and Cycads and Arums and great thorny spikes of *Bromelia*, and a close undergrowth, chiefly of Melastomads, many of them richly covered with blue or purple flowers. Above the scrub the tall forest-trees ran up straight and branchless for thirty or forty feet, and when they began to branch a second tier of vegetation spread over our heads, almost shutting out the sky. Great climbing *Monsteras* and Arals, and parasitic Loranths, and epiphytic Bromeliads and ferns; and orchids, many of them distilling from their long trusses of lovely flowers a fragrance which was almost overpowering; and mazes of *Tillandsia* hanging down like tangled hanks of grey twine. Every available space between the trees was occupied by lianas twining together or running up singly, in size varying from a whip-cord to a foot in diameter. These lianas were our chief danger, for they hung down in long loops from the trees and lay upon the ground, and were apt to entangle us and to catch the horses' feet as we rode on; it was little consolation that we could scarcely tear ourselves away from the charming wreaths of Ipomea flowers or Bignonia trusses into which they burst, whenever they had reached the required support.

As the forenoon wore on it became very close and hot on our bridle-path, and the forest relapsed into silence, most of the creatures retiring for their midday siesta. The false roof of epiphytes kept off the glare of the sun, and it was only at intervals that a sheaf of vertical beams struck through a rift in the green canopy and gave us a passing glimpse of the tops of the forest trees, blending in a delicate open tracery far above us.

For some hours our gallant horses struggled on, sometimes cantering a little way where the path was pretty clear, and more usually picking their way carefully, and sometimes with all their care, floundering into the mud-holes imperfectly bridged over with trunks of trees. As we had made our ascent at first, we had been riding the greater part of the time almost on a level on the plateau between the two river valleys; suddenly the wood opened, and we rode up to the verge of a long irregular cliff bounding the valley of Sta. Amara. The path ran right up to the edge and seemed to come to an end, but for a kind of irregular crack full of loose stones, which went zigzagging down to the bottom at an angle of something like 70°, and we could see the path far below winding away in the distance towards the main road to Sta. Amara. We looked over the cliff, and told Mr. Wilson firmly that we would *not* go down the side of that wall on horseback. He laughed, and said that the horses would take us down well enough, and that he had seen it done, but that it was perhaps a little too much; so we all dismounted, and put the horses' bridles round the backs of the saddles and led them to the top of the gully, and whipped them up as they do performing horses in a circus. They looked over with some apparent uneasiness, but I suspect they had often made

that precarious descent before, and they soon began to pick their way down cautiously one after the other, and in a few minutes we saw them waiting for us quietly at the bottom. We then scrambled down as best we might, and it was not until we had reached the level ground, having freely used all the natural advantages which the Primates have over the Solidunguli under such circumstances, that we appreciated the feat which our horses had performed. The next part of the road was a trial, the horses were often up nearly to the girths in stiff clay, but we got through it somehow, and reached Sta. Amara in time to catch the regular steamer to Bahia.

At Sta. Amara a line of tramways had lately been laid down, also under the auspices of our enterprising friend, and we went down to the steam-boat quay on one of the cars on a kind of trial trip. The waggon went smoothly and well, but when a new system is started there is always a risk of accidents. As the truck ran quickly down the incline towards the river the swarthy young barbarians, attracted by the novelty, crowded round it, and suddenly the agonized cries of a child, followed by low moanings, rang out from under the wheels, and a jerk of the drag pulled the car up and nearly threw us out of our seats. We jumped out, and looked nervously under the truck; but there was no child there. The young barbarians looked at us vaguely and curiously, but not as if anything tragical had happened, and we were just getting into the car again, feeling a little bewildered, when a large green parrot in a cage close beside us went through, no doubt, another of his best performances in the shape of a loud mocking laugh. A wave of relief passed over the party; but we were rather late, and the drivers expressed to the parrot their sense of his conduct, I fear strongly, but in terms which being in Brazilian patois I did not understand.

C. WYVILLE THOMSON.

ART CLUBS.

ART in its various forms is to inquirers into the inner life of a nation of incalculable value, being the visible embodiment of the feelings, as distinguished from the thoughts and reasonings of the people, and no history is complete which does not take account of a nation's artistic progress, for therein much will be found to explain what would otherwise be obscure in its theology and politics. It is not, however, with art in this its historical connection that we now propose to deal, but rather with Art—the Teacher, the Educator, the Inculcator, more or less unconsciously, of great moral lessons. That the study of art has a distinctly refining and elevating effect, that the influence of the truly beautiful must in the end be good, or that the association of imperfect humanity with its perfect ideal tends to the improvement of the former, can hardly be denied; and the object of these lines is to bring into prominence one method by which these most desirable effects may be arrived at.

In all our large towns, excepting, perhaps, the metropolis, there is an ever-growing danger to healthy, moral, intellectual, and even physical life in the absorbing excitements of business; medical men know well how the strain of competition in these days of telegraphs, railways, steamers, and supposed necessities for luxurious living, is telling on the bodily health of our business men; keen observers could speak of a general deterioration of brain and moral sense caused by the terrible pressure involved in this race for life; and the best palliative, though not to be taken as an absolute remedy, is a recreation and relief as complete as possible from the work of every-day life. Books afford this but in part; conversation and cheerful society are not always obtainable, and in commercial towns are too apt to fall into the shape of mere business talk; the Shakesperian or legitimate drama is a great resource; and here we welcome the advent of art, but it is not always available, and often more exciting than soothing. Music is an art affording to some the greatest possible relief from the turmoil and worry of the day; but all men are not musical, and hearing the finest sonata of Beethoven will not soothe a man who is through it all calculating his profits and losses of the day, and the prospects of the morrow.

There are left, then, the two sister arts—Sculpture and Painting, taken in their widest sense, the embodiments, that is, of our feelings for form and colour. All men are more or less susceptible to these influences, although many have no technical knowledge, and there is no greater rest in the outward world than is to be found, not in rushing round hot and crowded galleries, but in the quiet contemplation with a few friends of a small collection, and such unconscious study

will soon develope a knowledge of art, and with knowledge comes daily increasing pleasure. It is then with the view of giving rest to the wearied man, an innocent and useful pleasure to the young beginner of the struggle of life among the temptations of town, and a means of improvement, an opening of higher and better life to all, that I advocate the cause of Art Clubs; and, as an example, I propose to give an account of the Liverpool Art Club. There are several others, such as the Burlington in London, and also many art societies, but the Liverpool Club comes nearest of all to fulfilling the requirements indicated.

The Liverpool Art Club was founded in a very modest way in one room, in December, 1872, the opening exhibition being of Oriental art, and comprising Enamels, Lacquer, and Porcelain, the whole illustrated by a *Catalogue Raisonné*, which affords an historical and descriptive sketch of Oriental art most valuable to all collectors. The intentions of the founders are best given in their own words:—

"The amount of wealth expended in Liverpool upon different forms of art is out of all proportion to any influence exerted upon its progress, or upon the general diffusion of an intelligent love for it. This may not unfairly be ascribed to a great extent to the isolation to which art collectors and art lovers have found themselves condemned, through the want of one general centre of communication and re-union.

"A Representative Society, such as is already possessed by most branches of knowledge here, is even more required in the case of art, as many of the highest and most subtle lessons it has to teach cannot be learned from books, but only from a careful examination and comparison of specimens, and a personal interchange of views and ideas amongst its students.

"The Liverpool Art Club is intended to form such a centre. Among the methods by which it is proposed to attain the desired ends are—Social Evening Meetings, at which specimens of all forms of art may be exhibited and discussed. Moreover, it is intended to make the club a medium of bringing the art-loving public into closer and more direct connection, not only with local, but also with metropolitan and other artists, a step which cannot but be most serviceable to all parties, and to the interests of art generally.

"It will also aid in the promotion of Loan Collections, and the delivery of Lectures on Art, and will obtain for the use of its members valuable information as to the application of artistic taste to decorative purposes. It will most cordially aid by all means in its power, all efforts, public or private, to promote a general interest in art."

The club has recently procured other and larger premises at No. 1, Sugnall Street, and one exhibition follows another in rapid succession: mediæval manuscripts and early printed books, Wedgwood pottery, English porcelain, ivory carvings, and an examination of Turner's *Liber Studiorum* filled up the first year. Since then have been held exhibitions of water-colour drawings by artists born during the last century, illustrating the progress of the art in Great Britain; of goldsmiths' art, including both European and Eastern specimens of every age. Then Mr. James Anderson Rose lent to the club his unique collection of etchings, and enhanced the value of the loan by writing for the catalogue a preface descriptive of this too-much-neglected art. Specimens of embroidery, ancient and modern, followed, also with a descriptive preface from the pen of Rev. R. E. Guy, O.S.B. Then came illustration of Dutch, Flemish, and Belgian art, and then an exhibition of works in Japanese lacquer, the property of the club President, Mr. James L. Bowes, to whose untiring and self-denying energy very much of the success of the club is owing. He has not merely placed his own treasures at their disposal, but has induced others to do likewise. This exhibition was noticed in all the art papers, and consequently it is hardly necessary to dwell on it here, further than to say that it was a perfect exemplification of all styles and periods of Lac. One of the most recent exhibitions was that of the works of our great English landscape painter David Cox, comprising four hundred and forty-eight examples, of which fifty-seven were oil paintings. This was an exhibition which drew together connoisseurs and critics from all parts of England, and it is very improbable that so fine a collection of the works of Cox will ever again be brought together. At the present moment the club is exhibiting a collection of miscellaneous works of art, weapons, china, gold-work, cameos, Cloisonné, &c. I have been thus particular in enumerating the different exhibitions in order to show the opportunities given for the study of art; but it should also be mentioned that lectures and papers on different artistic subjects form a regular feature of the club life. These papers, contributed by members, and by men of note in the artistic and literary world, cannot fail to be of interest and of value, as tending to instruct and form the taste of the audience, which is by no means confined to members, as most of these introduce friends. It would be impossible to give an account of all the papers read since the formation of the club, but a few of the principal ones may be briefly indicated. In 1873 and 1874, the following were read: a very exhaustive treatise, by Mr. H. Clark, on "Ivories,"

exemplified by a most valuable collection of specimens; on "Early Forms of English and French Gothic Architecture," by Mr. Graham; on "The Paintings of the Old Masters," illustrated by about two hundred of their drawings, by Mr. Clark; and on "The Process of the Autotype," by Mr. G. A. Audsley; the account of this last being supplemented not only by a very valuable collection of specimens, but by the actual production in the club-room of a head after Greuze, copies of which were presented to all present. During the year 1875 an even wider field was opened, and papers were read on "Embroidery," by Rev. R. E. Guy; on "Michael Angelo," by Mr. P. H. Rathbone; on "Fresco and Mural Paintings," by Mr. G. A. Audsley; on "The Art of Sculpture," by Mr. Clark; and a most interesting and valuable contribution on "The Orchestra," by Mr. Rensburg. The paper, however, deserving perhaps the most attention here, was one by Mr. P. H. Rathbone, entitled "The Political Value of Art to the Municipal Life of a Nation," being the reproduction of an address delivered at the Free Library.

A paper by Mr. F. G. Prange, on "The Sixtine Madonna of Raphael," and one by Mr. G. H. Garraway the artist, ably contrasting the lives of artists and of commercial men, delivered this year, may with the foregoing be mentioned as showing the wide range of work taken by members of the club; but in addition to these, many highly distinguished guests have been entertained, and have added much to the instruction given. Among others may be mentioned Lord Houghton, Mr. Holman Hunt, Professor Colvin, Sir Henry Cole, K.C.B., Mr. Beavington Atkinson, secretary of the Burlington Fine Arts Club, Professor Archer, and Mr. Poynter, A.R.A. House dinners are held continually throughout the winter, while large club dinners were given to these various guests.

It is often objected to the idea of such meetings that artists are "Bohemians," and that the tendency of lovers of art is to degenerate into "Bohemianism." What is the exact meaning of this word I must confess myself unable to explain, but as I know that by many who use it (probably as ignorant as myself of its precise signification) it is regarded as something very wrong, or as showing an absence of delicacy and refinement, I hasten to explain that so far from the Liverpool Art Club being open to this accusation, it is most eminently respectable (some people say "Philistine,") in its arrangements and tone, and that at the *conversaziones* and on lecture nights, it is no uncommon thing to see among the friends of the members from fifty to a hundred ladies belonging to the very best society in Liverpool, who not only enjoy and study art in this way themselves, but by their music and singing contribute largely to the pleasure of what are really most delightful social gatherings.

The club numbers about three hundred and sixty members, of whom about two hundred and fifty paid no entrance fee, the remainder £3 3*s*., or in the case of those admitted this year £5 5*s*., the annual subscription being £2 2*s*., which is more than ample to meet all ordinary expenses. The bulk of the furniture is paid for by debenture bonds raised among the members and being now steadily paid off, and these bonds in all only amounted to £1,000. The question of cost need not then be a deterrent to the good work; some of the Exhibitions have been practically thrown open free to the public, for others a charge of one shilling entrance has been made, and as the work of arranging, cataloguing, &c., is done by sub-committees of members chosen for their special knowledge of the various subjects, the cost of each exhibition is only from £20 to £60; always excepting the David Cox collection, which is estimated to have cost £150, a small sum for such an instructive and unexampled gathering. This was the occasion of formally opening the new Exhibition room, built at the small cost of £500.

Upon the value of such a club to the young men sent to Liverpool to learn business I have touched above, and on this point it is not necessary to enlarge. The temptations to a youth fresh from the country, and coming to a large town where he has no social ties to restrain him, are too well known to need recapitulation here; the dulness of lodgings, and the attractions of society worse than doubtful, but too often the first, if not the only sort of social intercourse easily attainable by a stranger, need but a moment's reflection to show the advantages of an institution offering at once cultivated society, and the benefits of artistic study; a drawing-class constitutes one of the attractions of the club, where members meet for practice once a week.

If these few lines lead any readers to imitate the promoters of the Liverpool Art Club they have not been written in vain.

LOUIS GREG.

HOPE DEFERRED.

HIS hand at last! By his own fingers writ,
I catch my name upon the way-worn sheet:
His hand—O reach it to me quick—and yet
Scarce can I hold, so fast my pulses beat!

Long prayed and waited for through months so drear,
Each day methought my wasting heart must break:
Why is it that our loved ones grow more dear,
The more we suffer for their sweetest sake?

O feast of soul! O banquet richly spread!
O passion-lettered scroll from o'er the sea!
Like a fresh burst of life to one long dead,
Joy, strength, and bright content come back with thee.

His hand at last! each simple word aglow
With truthful tenderness and promise sweet.
Now to my daily tasks I'll singing go,
Fed by the music of this way-worn sheet.

JANE C. SIMPSON.

THE CONTINUITY AND DISCONTINUITY OF THE CHURCH.

A Sermon preached by Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, Dean of Westminster, in Westminster Abbey, On Ascension-day, May 25, 1876, In behalf of the Restoration of St. Alban's Abbey.

"I saw in the night visions, and, behold, one like the Son of man came with the clouds of heaven, and came to the Ancient of days, and they brought him near before him. And there was given him dominion, and glory, and a kingdom, that all people, nations, and languages, should serve him: his dominion is an everlasting dominion, which shall not pass away, and his kingdom that which shall not be destroyed."—Dan. vii. 13, 14.

THIS text, from the Book of Daniel, which has been read in the services of Ascension Day, well describes the eternity of God's kingdom upon earth. Other kingdoms fade and vanish away. The monster forms which the Prophet saw in the shape of lion, and bear, and leopard, and goat, and ram, fought, struggled, bounded, sprang to and fro, as in some vast amphitheatre, and were then seen no more. But they were followed, as in the vision of Elijah on Mount Horeb, by a tranquil, reasonable, human, and therefore more Divine, appearance. The prophet beheld "in the night visions, and behold one like a son of man" (so the words should be translated*)—one clothed not with the wings of the eagle, or the strength of the lion, or the paws of the bear, nor armed with the horns and "great iron teeth" of the "dreadful and terrible" beast, which had passed before, but with the gentleness, the tenderness, the justice and the reason which exalt the human being, in spite of all his feebleness, above the fiercest and strongest of the brute creation. "The Lord is not in the earthquake," "the wind," or "the fire," but in the "still small" human "voice." The Lord is not with the lion, the leopard, and the bear, but He is with "the son of man," who reflects even in his weakness the image of everlasting goodness. And to this figure of "a son of man" there was given "an everlasting dominion which shall not pass away, and a kingdom which shall not be destroyed," because it is a dominion founded upon truth and right, and a kingdom which consists of "gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, and temperance."

In considering the eternity of the Divine kingdom, as a whole or in any of its parts, as established on this earth of ours, there are two aspects of it which I desire to consider, and which are not unsuitable to the purpose for which your contributions are asked and to which I will return more specially at the close of this discourse. I propose to bring before you the continuity and also the discontinuity by which the heavenly kingdom is perpetuated.

I. First, let us take this double aspect of the kingdom as it is described in the text. The primary reference of the establishment of "the everlasting dominion," according to the Book of Daniel itself,* and according to some of the most approved commentators, is to the triumph of the chosen people in the Maccabæan age, "the people of the saints," who with their scanty forces, by the nobleness and chivalry of their better spirits, "turned to flight the armies" of the oppressors. From that time of which the Prophet more especially spoke, and even before that time going back to the first ages of the Ancient of Days, the kingdom, not of external power or ecclesiastical organization, but of spiritual force and moral energy, of truth, justice, and goodness, has never ceased to possess even an outward unity through all the various vicissitudes of its eventful history. There never was a time in which the true succession of generous and kindly and upright souls in the Jewish nation, and afterwards in the Christian Church, has not kept up a genuine affinity with all that is good in every age. And there never has been a breach in the close connection which has united this spiritual succession with the race from which it in so large a measure sprang. Gentile, Western, European, American, as the kingdom of God has become in its onward passage, yet it has never ceased to bear in its language, in its records, even in its institutions, the marks of its Jewish, its Semitic, its Asiatic origin. The Jewish prophets are still our teachers; the Jewish warriors are still our heroes; "of the seed of David according to the flesh" came even the Lord Himself; there is not a single Apostle who bore not in his heart and in his writings the peculiarities of his Israelite lineage. Of our chief ordinances, one is the direct continuation of the Paschal Feast; the other, of the purifying bath in the waters of

* Speaker's Commentary on Dan. vii. 13 (vol. vi. p. 328).

* Dan. vii. 18, 22, 27.

the chief river of Palestine. Most of the early forms of the constitution of the Christian Church are developments of the forms of the Jewish synagogue.

But with this continuity, inward and outward, there has been a discontinuity no less remarkable. The Maccabæan age so little resembled those which had gone before, that we can hardly even now bring ourselves to regard its history as a part of the same sacred dispensation. The Divine Master, in whom the form of "the Son of Man," with all its graces and with all its sufferings, was most distinctly manifested, although He came not to destroy but to fulfil the Law and the Prophets, yet founded a system so unlike to that of Jewish priest or king, so far beyond the range of Temple or Synagogue, that Christianity and Judaism have ever since been placed in almost necessary antagonism, and the revolution which His advent effected has divided, as with an impassable gulf, the ancient world from the new. It is by these chasms, and inequalities, and divergences, and not by one unbroken level, that the progress of the Divine kingdom has been conducted, and the "highway" of the Lord "prepared." One main characteristic of Christianity is that in it old things are ever passing away, and all things ever becoming new.

II. And now let us apply the same principle more nearly to ourselves and to our own national Christianity. We often hear it said, and said truly, that the Church of England as it now exists is the same as that which existed from the first establishment of Christianity in these islands. Most true is this, if we look at the advance of the Divine kingdom amongst us in its larger and moral sense. There has been one continuous purpose in the English Church, as in the English nation, from the time when Augustine encountered Ethelbert in the Isle of Thanet; nay, even from that legendary age when Lucius was believed to have founded the first Church of St. Peter in this Island of Thorns on the ruins of the Temple of Apollo, or when Alban suffered for the Christian faith outside the walls of Verulam. Hardly ever since that time has there been lacking a succession of sturdy, independent, courageous Christian spirits, who have regarded conscience as higher than power, and virtue as nobler than worldly advancement, and truth as more precious than pleasure or gain, and justice as demanding her due though Heaven itself should fall. Never has the continuous advance of domestic purity, and honest trade, and disinterested policy, and world-wide charity, altogether ceased from amongst us, although at times their course has been sadly overclouded,—although it is only by gradual and uncertain steps that "the path of the just," in England as elsewhere, has "lightened more and more unto the perfect day."

And not only in this moral, and therefore most essential, aspect has the Church and the Religion of England remained one through all these ages, but even in external ordinances its days have been "bound each to each by a natural piety" such as few other nations or churches exhibit. The great institutions of its Monarchy, and Parliament, of its Episcopate, its Universities, its Cathedrals, its parishes, retain more of the ancient fashion of the centuries through which they have passed than could be said of the like forms of any other western nation.

But, on the other hand, not less instructive is the discontinuity which marks the successive changes which the Church, as well as the State, of the British Isles, has traversed, and which, equally with its continuity, have tended to the advancement of the eternal kingdom amongst us. There was first the change from the wild state of the early British Christians to the organized condition of the Anglo-Saxon Church. There was the almost entire superseding of the English-speaking hierarchy by the French prelates that came in the train of the Norman kings. There were the alternations of feeling engendered during the struggles between the Plantagenet kings and their ecclesiastical rivals; there was the substitution of new Liturgies for those of older times, new objects of veneration for those which moved the devotion of the Saxons. There were the fluctuations and contradictions of the maxims issued by authority respecting Christian doctrine and Christian practice as conspicuous here as in the other European countries. All these vicissitudes, even before the Reformation, had effectually broken the historical continuity of the English Church, and prevented it from lapsing at any one period into that sterile and immovable monotony which has characterized the institutions of China, and in some respects, eastern Christendom, but which, happily, has never taken complete possession of any western Church. And when there came the great convulsion, which at the time of the Reformation divided mediæval history from that which is more properly modern, when the revival of Greek learning kindled a new flame in the human soul, which

was as "life from the dead;" when the reform of the errors and superstitions which had overgrown the whole of Christendom was originated by the great German and Genevan theologians of the sixteenth century, England partook in the effects of that beneficent regeneration; and the English Church entered on an existence so unlike its previous condition that it may well be called from that time "a new creation;" and the spiritual affinities which it possesses with the various Churches on its own soil, or on the Continent, which have been yet more completely transformed by Luther or by Calvin, are stronger and more intimate than those which unite its outward framework to the Churches, which in Spain or Italy, or in the more distant East, have lagged behind in the progress of mankind, or received with less fulness the breath which "renewed the face of the earth" three hundred years ago. These rents and fissures, and disruptions and separations, in our long history no more prevent a substantial identity, ecclesiastical and spiritual, with our forefathers in the Christian faith, than the not less violent, if less extensive changes of the Conquest, or the Lancastrian usurpation, or the Civil Wars of the Commonwealth, or the Revolution, exclude the identity of the English people and the English Monarchy with the race of Hengist, the legislation of Alfred, or the glories of Cressy and Agincourt. But it is well in each case to note the unlikeness as well as the likeness, the contrasts as well as the similitudes, by which our national character and our spiritual existence have been formed, in order that we may not lean with an exaggerated insistence on any single bulwark, or on any single link of a complex whole which depends for its total effect on the working not of one part but of all.

III. And now let me apply these general remarks to the particular object for which your generous contributions are asked. Of all the outward tokens and memorials of the heavenly kingdom, few are more fitted to recall to the mind the eternity of spiritual things than the sacred buildings set apart for Christian worship. Other outward forms of Christianity convey to each particular section of the Church some different and peculiar idea; but, with perhaps the exception of the two Sacraments, there is no emblem or external sign which conveys such a sense of fixed, unchangeable, universally admitted truth as a Christian place of worship, whether it be called basilica, cathedral, abbey, chapel, church, tabernacle, or temple. The stranger who asks the intention of any of these edifices meets with one answer, and one only, that they are calls to the inhabitants of this land to remember the things of eternity, and to forget for a moment the things of time. When, in a crowded city, or even a humble village, we see a vast religious edifice towering above the mass of ordinary buildings, what is this but a memento of the surpassing grandeur of the immortal spirit of "the son of man" above his material and animal wants—of the things of God above the things of earth? "They dreamed not of a perishable home who thus could build." In the City of Damascus a great Christian Church which was raised out of the remains of a Pagan Temple, and has since been turned into a Mussulman Mosque, has an inscription carved high on its stone cornice, which can be read to this day by climbing over the roofs of the adjacent houses, and which through all its changes indicates the original purpose of the building. —It is the words of the text—"His dominion is an everlasting dominion which shall not pass away, and His kingdom that which shall not be destroyed." That is a true likeness of what all buildings for Christian worship should represent to us,—the unchangeable value of Divine truth, the indestructible immortality of human goodness.

Such a building is the great abbey of St. Alban—in some respects the most venerable and the most characteristic of the churches of England, and thus claiming pre-eminently to be regarded as a national monument, as an emblem of our national Church. Look how truly it impresses upon us alike the continuity and the discontinuity of the Church of England. Look first at its continuity. It carries us back by its very situation to the day when the British soldier Albanus was led out to execution beyond the walls of the city of the Roman settlers, across the river, to the summit of the hill on which in after days this church was built to commemorate him. Alone of all the cathedrals and abbeys in England it is actually built of the bricks used in their buildings by those old conquerors of the world, which we see to this day in the ruins of the Imperial city beside the Tiber. Verulam itself, the capital of Cassivellaunus,—within whose more ancient circuit once stood Cæsar himself—has perished, but it lives again in St. Alban's Abbey, as the Roman Empire survived in the Christian civilisation which swallowed it up. It is further connected with the most continuous series of historical writers who in the

scanty and imperfect chronicles of the Middle Ages contrived from their monastic cells to keep alive a sense of the past, and the contemporary greatness of each succeeding generation. When Matthew Paris, chief of the students of St. Alban's, gave as his reason for devoting his time to history that he found it written in the Psalms, "The just shall be held in everlasting remembrance," he showed that he at least had some sense of what was meant by the eternity of God's kingdom, and the true continuity of the succession of His servants.

But along with this continuity, the story of St. Alban's Abbey exhibits, in a no less striking shape, the discontinuity which has marked, and we trust will always mark, the Church of England. The British form of Christianity represented by St. Alban, the first martyr, has totally disappeared from amongst us. The mystic bells, the holy stags, the wranglings about Easter, which then seemed indispensable signs of Christianity, are gone for ever. It is doubtful whether any English bishop can trace even his outward descent from those old Celtic missionaries. With the exception of those ordinances which we hold in common with all who "profess and call themselves Christians" throughout the whole world, perhaps no single religious observance would be practised in the same form by St. Alban and ourselves. Again, the origin of the structure has its root in the barbarous cruelties and wild delusions which characterized and stamped with an indelible brand the early Anglo-Saxon kings, not least the reign of Offa, king of the Mercians, the actual founder of the church of St. Alban. From that dark atmosphere we have, by the grace of God, long ago emerged; and great as are our present shortcomings, and far as we are from the perfected kingdom of God, yet we trust that the gulf which divides our princes and our people from the crimes of Offa is deeper still. Again, the fables which have gathered round the story of St. Alban and his companions, the superstitious veneration attached to their relics, the impostures which were thereby engendered, rose to such a height within the walls of that majestic building, and around its venerable precincts, that in the sixteenth century they were the chief popular associations with the name of St. Alban. When Shakspeare, in his play of *Henry the Sixth*, introduces Humphrey Duke of Gloucester, the good champion of truth and goodness, in the streets of St. Alban's, there is not a single allusion to the grandeur of the building or the sanctity of its inmates, but only to the miserable frauds which it was the glory of that enlightened prince to scourge and banish away. In this respect the Church of England is not one with the Church of those days: it is divided from it, we trust, by a wall of adamant which shall never be broken down. The shrines of St. Alban and St. Amphibalus, once so widely venerated, were shattered with so stern a hand that it required all the skill and all the perseverance of one of the most ingenious of modern workmen to discover the broken pieces; and as they now stand again in their restored state, they remain monuments alike of a just retribution, in former days, and of the tender curiosity which in our own time rightly endeavours to gather up the fragments of the past that nothing be lost.

Again, the Abbey of St. Alban's ranked the first amongst the monastic institutions of England. Its abbot sat as a peer in parliament. Its monks were amongst the wealthiest and the most thriving of their time. In it the monastic system flourished and grew to the utmost. And with what results? In the close of the fifteenth century, before the Reformation, the crimes of its inmates, from the abbot downwards, had reached such a pitch, that a special commission was issued by the Pope * to the Primate to inquire into the moral state of the abbey. It was found that the whole place, with its dependencies, was filled with every sort of wickedness—that the property was wasted, the sacred vessels plundered, the jewels stolen from the stone—the abbot and the monks guilty of the grossest licentiousness, such as could hardly be practised now by the most dissolute of worldly men. Nor were those scandalous fruits of the conventual rule the first or the last that St. Alban's witnessed. Well may the righteous indignation of the English people have risen against such a system. Well may the walls of the church still bear the signs of the vengeance which tore the images and the rood from their places, and laid waste the monastic precincts. Far holier in the sight of God, far more venerable in the sight of man, was the shrunken edifice when reduced to a humble parish church, whose simple townsmen worshipped, than when towering in its pride of place, it was the seat of iniquities which poisoned the very fountains of morality and religion. In this

* Wilkin's Concilia, iii. 632. See Froude's Short Studies, 273, 274, 275.

respect, also, the discontinuity of the Church of England and of the church of St. Alban, with the Church of the past, is, let us hope, final and complete. However much, by outward links, by the framework of this or that institution, possibly by the succession of its prelates, certainly by identity with the national establishments of the realm, our Church may claim a unity with the mediæval Church of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; and however marvellous in some respects were the gifts and graces of that Church, yet we ought to claim no less firmly an absolute disseverance and divergence from the system whose profligacies caused the Abbey of St. Alban's to be a mockery and a reproach to Christendom, and which, if they were re-enacted in the present day on the same scale, would be a far greater danger to the Church of England and to the cause of religion amongst us than any attacks which intellectual inquiry or political animosity or social jealousy can set in motion.

And now in this our immediate time this union of continuity and discontinuity is yet once more to be exemplified. The Abbey of St. Alban, which, owing to the causes on which I have just touched, descended from a stately and wealthy corporation into the parish church of a small country town is about to become the seat of a bishopric—the first of its name in England. It is true, indeed, that not for the first time has the project of creating a see of St. Alban's entered into the mind of the statesmen and Churchmen of the time. Such a scheme existed in the mind of an unknown minister of the last century, but was never carried out. Now it has again been brought forward by the Legislature, with every chance of its accomplishment. On the question of any general multiplication of bishoprics, this is not the time to argue for or against. But in this particular instance it confessedly meets the crying needs of the enormous overgrowth of our metropolis and its neighbourhood. And the fulfilment of this project marks a spirit of what we may call wholesome innovation on the old ways of our forefathers—a strange break in the easy continuity of diocesan organization, which ran almost undisturbed from the twelfth century to the sixteenth, and again from the sixteenth to our own. He who is to undertake the office of inaugurating this new bishopric, and who himself at this moment represents the oldest, with one exception, of all the sees of England, will curiously symbolize by his entrance on this, the newest, the contrast of which I have spoken. He will find himself in a see without a single predecessor, with a field, in some respects, entirely new, with the opportunity of devoting his long-tried pastoral experience and the graces of his academic culture, to meet the new requirements of our age—guided, indeed, by the experience of the past, but free to choose and devise and execute whatever the elastic system of our Church will allow, on the right hand and on the left, for the carrying out of the eternal purposes of the kingdom of God.

If, as we have seen, St. Alban's in its high estate was haunted by evil spirits which have been long ago cast out, if at times its vast aisles have been but thinly occupied by its parochial congregation, yet this very breach and blank in its existence makes both more easy and more desirable to people it fully with the spiritual life of our own time, and so for ever prevent the evil spirits of impurity and profaneness and superstition from claiming as their own the vacant shrine. It is with this church, as with the Church of England itself. The true means of preserving it is by using it, by reforming it, by making it serve every good word and work, by filling it from end to end with the fruits of the Spirit of truth, righteousness, and charity. The true vengeance on the follies and vices of the past is not to destroy the good or the beautiful which have been intermingled therewith, but to bar their revival by transforming and purifying the ancient framework with a better spirit. And, in this wish not ourselves only, but almost every section of the English nation in its better moments must share. No doubt in a few clamorous circles notes are heard of another cry —of destroying for destruction's sake—of pulling down because in our poverty of religious or political ideas we have lost the noble passion for reforming and building up. But these, let us trust, are still the exceptional currents of the age. It was but last week that in an assembly of Nonconformists in the northern kingdom * a rude voice was heard to say that "the worse the national Church became, the better for the nation"—that "it never improved nor could improve"—that "it was evil, and only evil, and that continually." But hardly had the echoes of those dismal sounds subsided, when there rose another minister of the same persuasion who, in a

* The Synod of United Presbyterians in Scotland, on Friday, May 19th, 1876.

noble and generous spirit which won the applause even of that narrow synod, and in the name of liberty and charity, indignantly protested against this crusade of jealousy and partisanship. He declared "that, whilst differing widely from the Established Church, he rejoiced, yea, and would rejoice, in every effort for good by that Church"—that "the better the national Church was, the better for the church at large"—that "the more earnestly and successfully the Established Church did Christ's work amongst us, the better for our common country and our common faith." There spoke the genuine spirit of the better days of British Nonconformity; there spoke the truly patriotic Scotsman, the truly liberal reformer, the truly Christian pastor; and in that spirit the sounder intelligence of the nation, whether amongst Churchmen or Nonconformists, whether on the other side of the Tweed or on this, no doubt heartily concurs. In that spirit it is, that we invoke the aid of all our countrymen to assist in preserving this and all like national monuments, and in making their use and purpose worthy of our common Christianity.

And this leads me, in conclusion, to one final exemplification of the grand discontinuity which marks our national and Christian unity. Throughout Europe during the last two centuries the feeling for an edifice in the style of St. Alban's Abbey had totally disappeared, alike in Catholic and in Protestant Churches. In France, where these great monastic institutions had continued unabated down to the time of the eighteenth century, the exquisite traceries of their antique cloisters, the picturesque forms of their abbatial palaces, had one by one fallen before the axe and hammer, not of the iconoclast, not of the revolutionist, not of the Puritan, but of the lordly abbot, the devout prince, who saw nothing to admire, nothing to venerate, in these ancient monuments; but in the excess of the architectural zeal of that time swept them all away, and built in their place porticoes, and colonnades, and halls, in the style of Leo X. and Louis XIV. Had the terrible catastrophe which cut down the power of the Church of France been delayed for another fifty years, it is probable that not one Gothic edifice would have been left standing through the length and breadth of that Catholic country. The greatest of all abbatial churches, the church of the Benedictine Abbots of the Monastery of Clugny, which was equal to Cologne in the splendour of its mediæval architecture, vaster than St. Peter's in space and majesty, which had survived the shock of the Huguenot wars, and even of the Revolution itself, and which remained standing from end to end even down to the memory of persons still living, was, in the first years of this century, under the auspices of the restored monarchy of France, and at the instigation of the parish priest of the town, gradually pulled to pieces; and of its vast nave, of its four transepts, of its innumerable chapels, of its seven towers, there remain only three scanty fragments to indicate what once had been the glory of mediæval France. Since that time the discontinuity between the Church of the nineteenth and of the two preceding centuries has been complete. Within the few years which have succeeded to the reign of Louis XVIII., and of George IV., has the new spirit been created which has transformed the outward face of the Church of England as of all the other Churches of Europe. This new spirit may perchance have run to excess. The classical architecture of the eighteenth century may now be as unduly disparaged as that of the thirteenth century was before. But in this particular instance it can hardly be doubted that if ever there was a case which demanded the stimulus which the new spirit can give, it is the need of St. Alban's Abbey. It is too vast to destroy—yet in a locality too poor, too small, to maintain at its own cost so gigantic a burden of inherited glory. Unlike the poor parish priest of Clugny, two successive pastors of St. Alban's have done their best with scanty means to keep together the mighty skeleton which it has fallen to their lot to animate, if so be, with Christian life. But it is beyond their means, or the means of any single man, or any one locality. It is for the nation to preserve and to adorn what belongs by its history, and by its significance, not to the county of Hertfordshire, not to the town of St. Alban's, but to the nation. And moreover, it is an opportunity for the performance of a duty too much neglected in all times, but perhaps especially in our own—the duty of giving to great public purposes, to objects which are really grand in themselves, regardless and irrespective of our own peculiar predilections for party or locality or personal interest. We would not for one moment disparage the munificence which will give thousands of pounds to glorify an honoured name in the chapel of a modern college. But we would point to a higher object and a wider horizon. To do

little things well is good, but it is not great, and it is not the best. What our age requires, what our country requires, is to do great things well, and grand things grandly.

No doubt the first claim is on those wealthy and historic families whose immediate neighbourhood derives its glory or its shame from the preservation or the neglect of this venerable church. No doubt, in carrying out the scheme, the prelates, who will be eased by such a lightening of their labour, are bound to be foremost in the good work. They must be able to say, like Abimelech to the people of Shechem, "What you have seen me do, make haste and do as I have done." But all the people must in their measure "do likewise."

Let it not be said that in this great metropolis, in this whole nation, there cannot be found any individual, or any number of individuals, eager to preserve a magnificent bequest, which (in the words of the greatest of the sons of Verulam) "has escaped the wreck of time," which it would be an honour to maintain and a disgrace to lose—and which, when maintained, would be a constant stimulus to all who were within its reach to fill it with a spirit worthy of the first British martyr, worthy of the freedom, and country, and charity, and truth, and devotion, which alone constitutes, amidst all their breaches and discontinuities, the true unity and identity of a national as of a universal Church.

SAINTS.

I SEE them with their heavenward eyes,
  Men who in Christ abide;
The long train ceases not to rise
  Through Time's unceasing tide,
And a grave across each pathway lies
  But the path swerves not aside.

Like a chorus which no discords mar,
  Sober and clear and grand,
Like a scroll upreaching to a star,
  Caught by an angel's hand,
Like a wind beginning from afar,
  And covering all the land,

They sound, they pass; each man beholds
  The Master's risen face,
Each arm some near Beloved enfolds,
  Yet keeps its forward place,
The weak one leans, the strong upholds,
  But all are in the race.

Up, through the darkness and the pain,
  Up, through the joy and light,
Earth's myriad hands are raised in vain
  To baffle or invite,
Life shows them nothing to detain,
  Death, nothing to affright.

By all things fair their course is graced,
  By all things bitter, healed;
Gathering like servants sent in haste
  Who, being challenged, yield,
And through the garden on the waste,
  Guide to God's happy field.

To them each human loss is gain
  Withdrawn or sacrificed,
Nothing but sin was all in vain,
  And that, which long enticed,
Falls from each soul and leaves no stain
  At the first smile of Christ.

The flock of God goes up and on,
  And if, as sin departs,
Some faces from the throng are gone
  Leaving some broken hearts,
God, full of pity for His own,
  Dries every tear that starts.

The flock of God is strong and swift
  And it devours the way,
Longing to see the curtain lift
  From the everlasting day;
How slight the toil, how vast the gift,
  How weary the delay!

Lord, gather us beneath their feet
  As Thy good will shall be!
The service of Thy Saints is sweet
  When they are serving Thee;
Souls for inheritance unmeet
  May serve eternally.

M. B. SMEDLEY.

"THE LAUREL BUSH."

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THE LAUREL BUSH.

An Old-fashioned Love Story.

By the AUTHOR of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

PART II.

THE "every day" on which Mr. Roy had reckoned for seeing his friend, or whatsoever else he considered Miss Williams to be, proved a failure. Her youngest pupil fell ill, and she was kept beside him, and away from the school-room, until the doctor could decide whether the illness was infectious or not. It turned out to be very trifling—a most trivial thing altogether, yet weighted with a pain most difficult to bear, a sense of fatality that almost overwhelmed one person at least. What the other felt, she did not know. He came daily as usual; she watched him come and go, and sometimes he turned and they exchanged a greeting from the window. But beyond that she had to take all passively. What could she, only a woman, do or say or plan? Nothing. Women's business is to sit down and endure.

She had counted these days—Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday—as if they had been years. And now they were all gone; had fled like minutes—fled emptily away. A few fragmentary facts she had had to feed on, communicated by the boys in their rough talk.

"Mr. Roy was rather cross to-day."

"Not cross, Dick—only dull."

"Mr. Roy asked why David did not come in to lessons, and said he hoped he would be better by Saturday."

"Mr. Roy said good-bye to us all, and gave us each something to remember him by when he was out in India. Did Miss Williams know he was going out to India? Oh, how jolly!"

"Yes, and he sails next week, and the name of his ship is the *Queen of the South*, and he goes by Liverpool instead of Southampton, because it costs less; and he leaves St. Andrews on Monday morning."

"Are you sure he said Monday morning?" For that was Saturday night.

"Certain, because he has to get his outfit still. Oh, what fun it must be!"

And the boys went on, greatly excited, repeating everything Mr. Roy had told them—for he had made them fond of him, even in those few months—expatiating with delight on his future career, as a merchant or something, they did not quite know what; but no doubt it would be far nicer and more amusing than stopping at home and grinding for ever over horrid books. Didn't Miss Williams think so?

Miss Williams only smiled. She knew how all his life he had loved "those horrid books," preferring them to pleasure, recreation, almost to daily bread; how he had lived on the hope that one day he—born only a farmer's son—might do something, write something. "I also am of Arcadia." He might have done it or not—the genius may or may not have been there; but the ambition certainly was. Could he have thrown it all aside? And why?

Not for mere love of money; she knew him too well for that. He was a thorough book-worm, simple in all his tastes and habits—simple almost to penuriousness; but it was a penuriousness born of hard fortunes, and he never allowed it to affect anybody but himself. Still, there was no doubt he did not care for money, or luxury, or worldly position—any of the things that lesser men count large enough to work and struggle and die for. To give up the pursuits he loved, deliberately to choose others, to change his whole life thus, and expatriate himself, as it were, for years—perhaps for always—why did he do it, or for whom?

Was it for a woman? Was it for her? If ever, in those long, empty days and wakeful nights, this last thought entered Fortune's mind, she stifled it as something which, once to have fully believed, and then disbelieved, would have killed her.

That she should have done the like for him—that or anything else, involving any amount of heroism or self-sacrifice—well, it was natural, right; but that he should do it for her? That he should change his whole purpose of life that he might be able to marry quickly, to shelter in his bosom a poor girl who was not able to fight the world as a man could, the thing—not so very impossible, after all—seemed to her almost incredible! And yet (I am telling a mere love-story, remember—a foolish, innocent love-story, without apologizing for either the folly or the innocence) sometimes she was so far "left to herself," as the Scotch say, that she did believe it. In the still twilights, in the wakeful nights, in the one solitary half-hour

of intense relief, when, all her boys being safe in bed, she rushed out into the garden under the silent stars to sob, to moan, to speak out loud words which nobody could possibly hear.

"He is going away, and I shall never see him again. And I love him so—love him better than anything in all this world. I couldn't help it—he couldn't help it. But oh, it's hard—hard!"

And then, altogether breaking down, she would begin to cry like a child. She missed him so, even this week, after having for weeks and months been with him every day; but it was less like a girl missing her lover—who was, after all, not her lover—than a child mourning helplessly for the familiar voice, the guiding, helpful hand. With all the rest of the world Fortune Williams was an independent, energetic woman—self-contained, brave, and strong, as a solitary governess had need to be; but beside Robert Roy she felt like a child, and she cried for him like a child—

"And with no language but a cry."

So the week ended and Sunday came, kept at Mrs. Dalziel's like the Scotch Sundays of twenty years ago. No visitor ever entered the house, wherein all the meals were cold and the blinds drawn down, as if for a funeral. The family went to church for the entire day, St. Andrews being too far off for any return home "between sermons." Usually one servant was left in charge, turn and turn about; but this Sunday Mrs. Dalziel, having put the governess in the nurse's place beside the ailing child, thought shrewdly she might as well put her in the servant's place too, and let her take charge of the kitchen fire, as well as of little David. Being English, Miss Williams was not so exact about "ordinances" as a Scotchwoman would have been; so Mrs. Dalziel had no hesitation in asking her to remain at home alone the whole day in charge of her pupil.

Thus faded, Fortune thought, her last hope of seeing Robert Roy again, either at church—where he usually sat in the Dalziel pew, by the old lady's request, to make the boys "behave"—or walking down the street, where he sometimes took the two eldest to eat their "piece" at his lodgings. All was now ended; yet on the hope—or dread—of this last Sunday, she had hung, she now felt with what intensity, till it was gone.

Fortune was the kind of woman who, were it given her to fight, could fight to the death, against fate or circumstances; but when her part was simply passive, she could also endure. Not, as some do, with angry grief or futile resistance, but with a quiet patience so complete that only a very quick eye would have found out she was suffering at all.

Little David did not, certainly. When, hour after hour, she sat by his sofa, interesting him as best she could in the dull "good" books which alone were allowed of Sundays, and then passing into word-of-mouth stories—the beautiful Bible stories over which her own voice trembled while she told them—Ruth, with her piteous cry, "Whither thou goest, I will go; where thou diest, I will die, and there will I be buried—"; Jonathan, whose soul "clave to the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul,"—all those histories of passionate fidelity and agonized parting—for every sort of love is essentially the same—how they went to her very heart!

Oh, the awful quietness of that Sunday, that Sabbath which was not rest, in which the hours crawled on in sunshiny stillness, neither voices nor steps nor sounds of any kind, breaking the death-like hush of everything. At length the boy fell asleep; and then Fortune seemed to wake up, for the first time, to the full consciousness of what was and what was about to be.

All of a sudden she heard steps on the gravel below, then the hall-bell rang through the silent house. She knew who it was, even before she opened the door, and saw him standing there.

"May I come in? They told me you were keeping house alone, and I said I should just walk over to bid you and Davie good-bye."

Roy's manner was grave and matter-of-fact—a little constrained, perhaps, but not much—and he looked so exceedingly pale and tired that without any hesitation she took him into the school-room where they were sitting, and gave him the arm-chair by Davie's sofa.

"Yes, I own to being rather overdone; I have had so much to arrange, for I must leave here to-morrow, as I think you know."

"The boys told me."

"I thought they would. I should have done it myself, but every day I hoped to see you. It was this little fellow's fault, I suppose" (patting David's head). "He seems quite well now, and as jolly as possible. You don't know what it is to say 'Good-bye,' David, my son."

Mr. Roy, who always got on well with children, had a trick of calling his younger pupils "My son."

"Why do you say 'Good-bye' at all then?" asked the child, a mischievous but winning young scamp of six or seven, who had as many tricks as a monkey or a magpie. In fact, in chattering and hiding things, he was nearly as bad as a magpie; the torment of his governess's life, and yet she was fond of him. "Why do you bid us good-bye, Mr. Roy? Why don't you stay always with Miss Williams and me?"

"I wish to God I could."

She heard that, heard it distinctly, though it was spoken beneath his breath; and she felt the look, turned for one moment upon her as she stood by the window. She never forgot either—never as long as she lived. Some words, some looks, can deceive, perhaps quite unconsciously, by being either more demonstrative than was meant, or the exaggeration of coldness to hide its opposite; but sometimes a glance, a tone, betrays, or rather reveals, the real truth in a manner that nothing afterwards can ever falsify. For that instant, that instant only, Fortune felt sure, quite sure, that in some way or other she was very dear to Robert Roy. If the next minute he had taken her into his arms, and said, or not said, the words which, to an earnest-minded, sincere man like him, constitute a pledge for life, never to be disannulled or denied, she could hardly have felt more completely his own.

But he did not say them; he said nothing at all; sat leaning his head on his hand, with an expression so weary, so sad, that all the coaxing ways of little Davie could hardly win from him more than a faint smile. He looked so old too, and he was but just thirty. Only thirty—only twenty-five; and yet these two were bearing, seemed to have borne for years, all the burden of life, all its hardships and none of its sweetnesses. Would things ever change? Would he have the courage (it was his part, not hers) to make them change, at least in one way, by bringing about that heart-union which to all pure and true natures is consolation for every human woe?

"I wonder," he said, sitting down and taking David on his knee, "I wonder if it is best to bear things oneself, or to let another share the burden?"

Easily, oh how easily! could Fortune have answered this—have told him that, whether he wished it or not, two did really bear his burdens, and perhaps the one who bore it secretly and silently had not the lightest share. But she did not speak: it was not possible.

"How shall I hear of you, Miss Williams?" he said again, after a long silence. "You are not likely to leave the Dalziel family?"

"No," she answered; "and if I did, I could always be heard of, the Dalziels are so well known hereabouts. Still, a poor wandering governess easily drops out of people's memory."

"And a poor wandering tutor too. But I am not a tutor any more, and I hope I shall not be poor long. Friends cannot lose one another; such friends as you and I have been. I will take care we shall not do it: that is, if—— But no matter. You have been very good to me, and I have often bothered you very much, I fear. You will be almost glad to get rid of me."

She might have turned upon him eyes swimming with tears—woman's tears—that engine of power which they say no man can ever resist; but I think, if so, a woman like Fortune would have scorned to use it. Those poor weary eyes, which could weep oceans alone under the stars, were perfectly dry now—dry, and fastened on the ground, as she replied in a grave steady voice,—

"You do not really believe that, else you would never have said it."

Her composure must have surprised him, for he looked suddenly up, then begged her pardon. "I did not hurt you, surely? We must not part with the least shadow of unkindness between us."

"No." She offered her hand and he took it—gently, affectionately, but only affectionately. The one step beyond affection, which leads into another world, another life, he seemed determined not to pass.

For at least half an hour he sat there with David on his knee, or rising up restlessly to pace the room with David on his shoulder; but he appeared not in the least to desire the child's absence, rather to keep him as a sort of barrier. Against what? himself? And so minute after minute slipped by; and Miss Williams, sitting in her place by the window, already saw, dotting the Links, group after group of the afternoon church-goers wandering quietly home—so quietly, so happily, fathers and mothers and children, companions and friends—for whom was no parting and no pain.

Mr. Roy suddenly took out his watch. "I must go now; I see I have spent all but my last five minutes. Good-bye, David, my lad; you'll be a big man, may be, when I see you again. Miss Williams" (standing before her with an expression on his face such as she had never seen before), "before

I go there was a question I had determined to ask you—a purely ethical question which a friend of mine has been putting to me, and I could not answer; that is, I could, from the man's side, the worldly side. A woman might think differently."

"What is it?"

"Simply this. If a man has not a half-penny, ought he to ask a woman to share it? Rather an Irish way of putting the matter," with a laugh, not without bitterness, "but you understand. Ought he not to wait till he has at least something to offer besides himself? Is it not mean, selfish, cowardly, to bind a woman to all the chances or mischances of his lot, instead of fighting it out alone like a man? My friend thinks so, and I—I agree with him."

"Then why did you ask me?"

The words, though low and clear, were cold and sharp,—sharp with almost unbearable pain. Every atom of pride in her was roused. Whether he loved her, and would not tell her so, or loved some other woman and wished her to know it, it was all the same. He was evidently determined to go away free, and leave her free; and perhaps many sensible men or women would say he was right in so doing.

"I beg your pardon," he said almost humbly. "I ought not to have spoken of this at all. I ought just to have said 'Good-bye,' and nothing more." And he took her hand.

There was on it one ring, not very valuable, but she always liked to wear it, as it had belonged to her mother. Robert Roy drew it off, and put it deliberately into his pocket.

"Give me this; you shall have it back again when I am dead, or you are married, whichever happens first. Do you understand?"

Putting David aside (indeed he seemed for the first time to forget the boy's presence), he took her by the two hands and looked down into her face. Apparently he read something there, something which startled him, almost shocked him.

"God forgive me!" he muttered, and stood irresolute.

Irresolution, alas! too late; for just then all the three Dalziel boys rushed into the house and the schoolroom, followed by their grandmother. The old lady looked a good deal surprised, perhaps a little displeased, from one to the other.

Mr. Roy perceived it and recovered himself in an instant, letting go Fortune's hands and placing himself in front of her, between her and Mrs. Dalziel. Long afterwards she remembered that trivial act—remembered it with the tender gratitude of the protected towards the protector, if nothing more.

"You see, I came, as I told you I should, if possible, to bid Miss Williams good-bye, and wee Davie. They both kindly admitted me, and we have had half-an-hour's merry chat, have we not, Davie? Now, my man, good-bye." He took up the little fellow and kissed him, then extended his hand. "Good-bye, Miss Williams. I hope your little pupils will value you as you deserve."

Then, with a courteous and formal farewell to the old lady, and a most uproarious one from the boys, he went to the door, but turned round, saying to the eldest boy, distinctly and clearly—though she was at the farther end of the room, she heard, and was sure he meant her to hear, every word,—

"By-the-bye, Archy, there is something I was about to explain to Miss Williams. Tell her I will write it. She is quite sure to have a letter from me to morrow, no, on Tuesday morning."

And so he went away, bravely and cheerily, the boys accompanying him to the gate, and shouting and waving their hats to him as he crossed the Links, until their grandmother reprovingly suggested that it was Sunday.

"But Mr. Roy does not go off to India every Sunday. Hurrah! I wish we were all going too. Three cheers for Mr. Roy."

"Mr. Roy is a very fine fellow, and I hope he will do well," said Mrs. Dalziel, touched by their enthusiasm; also by some old memories, for, like many St. Andrews folk, she was strongly linked with India, and had sent off one half of her numerous family to live or die there. There was something like a tear in her old eyes, though not for the young tutor; but it effectually kept her from either looking at or thinking of the governess. And she forgot them both immediately. They were merely the tutor and the governess.

As for the boys, they chattered vehemently all tea-time about Mr. Roy, and their envy of the "jolly" life he was going to; then their minds turned to their own affairs, and there was silence.

The kind of silence, most of us know it, when any one belonging to a household, or very familiar there, goes away, on a long, indefinite absence. At first, there is little consciousness of absence at all; we are so constantly expecting the door to be

opened, for the customary presence, that we scarcely even miss the known voice, or face, or hand. By-and-by, however, we do miss it, and there comes a general, loud, shallow lamentation, which soon cures itself, and implies an easy and comfortable forgetfulness before long. Except with some, or possibly only one, who is, most likely, the one who has never been heard to utter a word of regret, or seen to shed a single tear.

Miss Williams, now left sole mistress in the school-room, gave her lessons as usual there, that Monday morning, and walked with all the four boys on the Links all afternoon. It was a very bright day, as beautiful as Sunday had been, and they communicated to her the interesting facts, learnt at golfing that morning, that Mr. Roy and his portmanteau had been seen at Leuchars, on the way to Burntisland, and that he would likely have a good crossing, as the sea was very calm. There had lately been some equinoctial gales, which had interested the boys amazingly, and they calculated with ingenious pertinacity, whether such gales were likely to occur again when Mr. Roy was in the Bay of Biscay, and if his ship were wrecked, what he would be supposed to do. They were quite sure he would conduct himself with great heroism, perhaps escape on a single plank, or a raft made by his own hands, and they consulted Miss Williams, who of course was a peripatetic cyclopædia of all scholastic information, as to which port in France or Spain he was likely to be drifted to, supposing this exciting event did happen.

She answered their questions with her usual ready kindliness. She felt like a person in a dream, yet a not unhappy dream, for she still heard the voice—still felt the clasp of the strong, tender, sustaining hands. And to-morrow would be Tuesday.

Tuesday was a wet morning. The bright days were done. Soon after dawn, Fortune had woke up and watched the sunrise, till a chill fog crept over the sea and blotted it out; then gradually blotted out the land also, the Links, the town, everything. A regular St. Andrews "haar;" and St. Andrews people know what that is. Miss Williams had seen it once or twice before, but never so bad as this; blighting, penetrating and so dense that you could hardly see your hand before you.

But Fortune scarcely felt it. She said to herself, "To-day is Tuesday," which meant nothing to any one else, everything to her. For she knew the absolute faithfulness, the careful accuracy, in great things and small, with which she had to do. If Robert Roy said "I will write on such a day," he was as sure to write as that the day would dawn. That is, so far as his own will went; and will, not circumstance, is the strongest agent in this world.

Therefore, she waited quietly for the postman's horn. It sounded at last.

"I'll go," cried Archy. "Just look at the haar! I shall have to grope my way to the gate."

He came back, after what seemed an almost endless time, rubbing his head, and declaring he had nearly blinded himself by running right into the laurel bush.

"I couldn't see for the fog. I only hope I've left none of the letters behind. No, no, all right. Such a lot! It's the Indian mail. There's for you, and you, boys." He dealt them out with a merry careless hand.

There was no letter for Miss Williams. A circumstance so usual that nobody noticed it, or her, as she sat silent in her corner, while the children read noisily and gaily the letters from their far-away parents.

Her letter—what had befallen it? Had he forgotten to write? But Robert Roy never forgot anything. Nor did he delay anything, that he could possibly do at the time he promised. He was one of the very few people in this world who in small things as in great are absolutely reliable. It seemed so impossible to believe he had not written, when he said he would, that as a last hope, she stole out with a plaid over her head and crept through the side walks of the garden, almost groping her way through the fog, and like Archy, stumbling over the low boughs of the laurel bush to the letter-box it held. Her trembling hands felt in every corner, but no letter was there.

She went wearily back; weary at heart, but patient still. A love like hers, self-existent and sufficient to itself, is very patient, quite unlike the other and more common form of the passion; not love, but a diseased craving to be loved, which creates a thousand imaginary miseries and wrongs. Sharp was her pain, poor girl; but she was not angry, and after her first stab of disappointment her courage rose. All was well with him, he had been seen cheerily starting for Edinburgh; and her own temporary suffering was a comparatively small thing. It could not last; the letter would come to-morrow.

But it did not, nor the next day, nor the next. On the fourth day, her heart felt like to break.

I think, of all pangs not mortal, few are worse than this small silent agony of waiting for the post; letting all the day's hope climax upon a single minute, which passes by, and the hope with it, and then comes another day of dumb endurance, if not despair. This, even with ordinary letters, upon which anything of moment depends. With others, such as this letter of Robert Roy's—let us not speak of it. Some may imagine, others may have known, a similar suspense. They will understand why, long years afterwards, Fortune Williams was heard to say, with a quiver of the lip that could have told its bitter tale, "No, when I have a letter to write, I never put off writing it for a single day."

As these days wore on, these cruel days, never remembered without a shiver of pain, and of wonder that she could have lived through them at all, the whole fabric of reasons, arguments, excuses, that she had built up, tried so eagerly to build up, for him and herself, gradually crumbled away. Had she altogether misapprehended the purport of his promised letter? Was it just some ordinary note, about her boys and their studies perhaps, which after all he had not thought it worth while to write? Yet surely it was worth while, if only to send a kindly and courteous farewell to a friend, after so close an intimacy and in face of so indefinite a separation.

A friend? Only a friend? Words may deceive, eyes seldom can. And there had been love in his eyes. Not mere liking, but actual love. She had seen it, felt it, with that almost unerring instinct that women have, whether they return the love or not. In the latter case, they seldom doubt it; in the former, they often do.

"Could I have been mistaken?" she thought, with a burning pang of shame. "Oh, why did he not speak, just one word? After that, I could have borne anything."

But he had not spoken, he had not written. He had let himself drop out of her life as completely as a falling star drops out of the sky, a ship sinks down in mid-ocean, or—any other poetical simile, used under such circumstances by romantic people.

Fortune Williams was not romantic; at least, what romance was in her lay deep down, and came out in act rather than word. She neither wept nor raved, nor cultivated any external signs of a breaking heart. A little paler she grew, a little quieter, but nobody observed this: indeed, it came to be one of her deepest causes of thankfulness, that there was nobody to observe anything—that she had no living soul belonging to her, neither father, mother, brother, nor sister, to pity her or to blame him; since to think him either blameable, or blamed, would have been the sharpest torture she could have known.

She was saved that, and some few other things, by being only a governess—instead of one of Fate's cherished darlings, nestled in a family home. She had no time to grieve, except in the dead of night, when "the rain was on the roof." It so happened that, after the haar, there set in a season of continuous, sullen, depressing rain. But at night-time, and for the ten minutes between post-hour and lesson-hour—which she generally passed in her own room—if her mother, who died when she was ten years old, could have seen her, she would have said, "My poor child!"

Robert Roy had once involuntarily called her so, when by accident one of her rough boys hurt her hand, and he himself bound it up, with the indescribable tenderness which the strong only know how to show, or feel. Well she remembered this; indeed, almost everything he had said or done came back upon her now—vividly, as we recall the words and looks of the dead—mingled with such a hungering pain, such a cruel "miss" of him, daily and hourly, his companionship, help, counsel, everything she had lacked all her life, and never found but with him and from him. And he was gone, had broken his promise, had left her without a single farewell word.

That he had cared for her, in some sort of way, she was certain; for he was one of those who never say a word too large—nay, he usually said much less than he felt. Whatever he had felt for her—whether friendship, affection, love—must have been true. There was in his nature intense reserve, but no falseness, no insincerity, not an atom of pretence of any kind.

If he did love her, why not tell her so? What was there to hinder him? Nothing, except that strange notion of the "dishonourableness" of asking a woman's love, when one has nothing but love to give her in return. This, even, he had seemed at the last to have set aside, as if he could not go away without speaking. And yet he did it.

Perhaps he thought she did not care for him? He had once said, a man ought to feel quite sure of a woman before he asked her. Also, that he should never ask twice; since, if she did not know her own mind then, she never would know it, and such a

woman was the worst possible bargain a man could make in marriage.

Not know her own mind! Alas, poor soul, Fortune knew it only too well. In that dreadful fortnight it was "borne in upon her," as pious people say, that though she felt kindly to all human beings, the one human being who was necessary to her—without whom her life might be busy indeed, and useful, but never perfect, an endurance instead of a joy—was this young man, as solitary as herself, as poor, as hard-working; good, gentle, brave Robert Roy.

Oh, why had they not come together, heart to heart—just they two, so alone in the world—and ever after belonged to one another, helping, comforting, and strengthening one another, even though it had been years and years before they were married?

"If only he had loved me, and told me so!" was her bitter cry. "I could have waited for him all my life long, earned my bread ever so hardly, and quite alone, if only I might have had a right to him, and been his comfort, as he was mine. But now, now—"

Yet still she waited, looking forward daily to that dreadful post-hour; and when it had gone by, nerving herself to endure until to-morrow. At last hope, slowly dying, was killed outright.

One day at tea-time the boys blurted out, with happy carelessness, their short-lived regrets for him being quite over, the news that Mr. Roy had sailed.

"Not for Calcutta, but Shanghai, a much longer voyage. He can't be heard of for a year at least, and it will be many years before he comes back. I wonder if he will come back rich. They say he will: quite a nabob perhaps, and take a place in the Highlands, and invite us all—you too, Miss Williams. I once asked him, and he said, 'Of course.' Stop, you are pouring my tea over into the saucer."

This was the only error she made, but went on filling the cups with a steady hand, smiling and speaking mechanically, as people can sometimes. When tea was quite over, she slipped away into her room, and was missing for a long time.

So, all was over. No more waiting for that vague "something to happen." Nothing could happen now. He was far away across the seas, and she must just go back to her old monotonous life, as if it had never been any different—as if she had never seen his face, nor heard his voice, never known the blessing of his companionship, friendship, love, whatever it was, or whatever he had meant it to be. No, he could not have loved her; or to have gone away would have been—she did not realise whether right or wrong—but simply impossible.

Once, wearying herself with helpless conjectures, a thought, sudden and sharp as steel, went through her heart. He was nearly thirty; few lives are thus long without some sort of love in them. Perhaps he was already bound to some other woman, and finding himself drifting into too pleasant intimacy with herself, wished to draw back in time. Such things had happened, sometimes almost blamelessly, though most miserably to all parties. But with him it was not likely to happen. He was too clear-sighted, strong, and honest. He would never "drift" into anything. What he did would be done with a calm deliberate will, incapable of the slightest deception, either towards others or himself. Besides, he had at different times told her the whole story of his life, and there was no love in it; only work, hard work, poverty, courage, and endurance, like her own.

"No, he could never have deceived me, neither me nor any one else," she often said to herself, almost joyfully, though the tears were running down. "Whatever it was, it was not that. I am glad—glad. I had far rather believe he never loved me, than that he had been false to another woman for my sake. And I believe in him still; I shall always believe in him. He is perfectly good, perfectly true. And so, it does not much matter about me."

I am afraid those young ladies who like plenty of lovers, who expect to be adored, and are vexed when they are not adored, and most nobly indignant when forsaken, will think very meanly of my poor Fortune Williams. They may console themselves by thinking she was not a young lady at all—only a woman. Such women are not too common, but they exist occasionally. And they bear their cross and dree their weird; but their lot, at any rate, only concerns themselves, and has one advantage, that it in no way injures the happiness of other people.

Humble as she was, she had her pride. If she wept, it was out of sight. If she wished herself dead, and a happy ghost, that by any means she might get near him, know where he was, and what he was doing, these dreams came only when her work was done, her boys asleep. Day never betrayed the secrets of the night. She set to work every

morning at her daily business with a dogged persistence, never allowing herself a minute's idleness wherein to sit down and mourn. And when, despite her will, she could not quite conquer the fits of nervous irritability that came over her at times—when the children's innocent voices used to pierce her like needles, and their incessant questions and perpetual company were almost more than she could bear—still, even then, all she did was to run away and hide herself for a little, coming back with a pleasant face and a smooth temper. Why should she scold them, poor lambs? They were all she had to love, or that loved her.

One day, however—the day before they all left St. Andrews for England, the two elder to go to school, and the younger ones to return with her to their maternal grandmother to London—David said something which wounded her, vexed her, made her almost thankful to be going away.

She was standing by the laurel bush, which somehow had for her a strange fascination, and her hand was on the letter box which the boys and Mr. Roy had made. There was a childish pleasure in touching it, or anything he had touched.

"I hope grandmamma won't take away that box," said Archy. "She ought to keep it in memory of us and of Mr. Roy. How cleverly he made it! Wasn't he clever, now, Miss Williams?"

"Yes," she answered, and no more.

"I've got a better letter-box than yours," said little Davie mysteriously. "Shall I show it to you, Miss Williams? And perhaps," with a knowing look—the mischievous lad! and yet he was more loving and lovable than all the rest, Mr. Roy's favourite, and hers—"perhaps you might even find a letter in it. Cook says she has seen you many a time watching for a letter from your sweetheart. Who is he?"

"I have none. Tell cook she should not talk such nonsense to little boys," said the governess gravely. But she felt hot from head to foot, and turning, walked slowly indoors. She did not go near the laurel bush again.

After that, she was almost glad to get away, among strange people and strange places, where Robert Roy's name had never been heard. The familiar places—hallowed as no other spot in this world could ever be—passed out of sight, and in another week her six months' happy life at St. Andrews had vanished, "like a dream when one awaketh."

Had she awaked? Or was her daily, outside life to be henceforward the dream, and this the reality?

IN ICELAND.

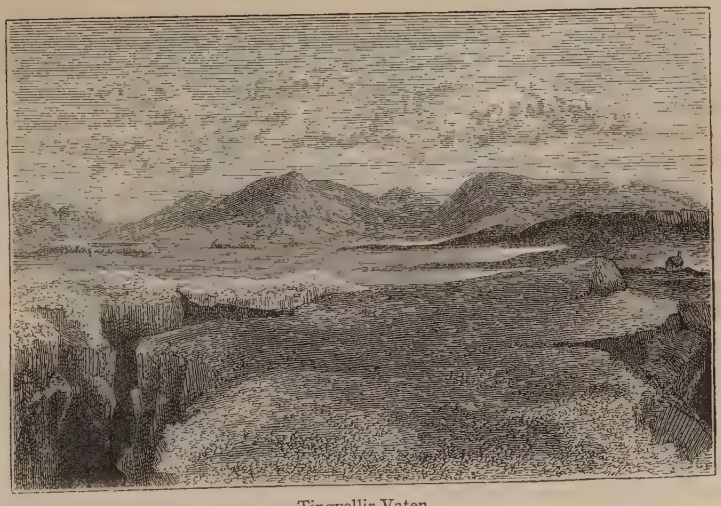
I.—GEYSIR.

IT had been blowing a gale from the south-east, heavier than any which had been experienced in the north since the new year, and the sea was still rough, though bright blue, when, early on a June morning of 1875, our steamer came in sight of Iceland. There was a peculiar effect of largeness in the view, the sky was so transparent, and the land on such a big scale, though its features were very simple. There was a wide shining expanse of rounded ice-mountains, with an occasional dark-green valley opening down to the sea, which generally foamed against high black cliffs; straight before us a huge square rock, called Ingolf's Head, stood conspicuously outside a narrow bay. We were a good deal to the eastward of the point usually first made, which was, however, very satisfactory; for, like most travellers to Iceland, I was drawn there by a special fancy; science brings some, and sport others, but the old Sagas had brought me. Now Ingolfshöfdi, or head, was the first point of land sighted by Ingolf, the earliest settler in the island, and it was there also that the gallant Kari, the avenger of Burnt Nial, was wrecked, close by the home of Flosi the Burner. Kari went up to his house uncertain as to his reception, but although they had been for years occupied in killing each other's

relations, the claims of hospitality were paramount, and from that day they became the best of friends.

The weather was clear and bright, and we found it most enjoyable coasting along the shore, past the great wastes of the Vatna Jokull, and the arched rocks of Portland, and towards evening past the low lands where the Markerfliot, or river, runs by several foaming channels into the sea, the scene of the fascinating Saga of Njal. On the other side, the Westmann Islands rose in high square black cliffs out of the sea, and beyond them whales were spouting; meanwhile, as evening drew on, the sky was again breaking into windy flaws, and then the south-easter tore

Reykjavik.



Tingvellir Vaten.

down upon us once more. Hitherto, though the voyage had been very rough, and most things breakable had been broken, all had been going well, and it had been pleasant and amusing. But now we began to realise the perils of the seas. The night grew dark, and the squalls of wind and rain effectually blotted out the coast, which all were anxious to see, as there are no lights, and none of our ship's company had been there before, and there is only a narrow channel between Reykjanes Point and a dangerous reef which runs twenty miles out to sea. A fierce tidal current came running up against the ocean wave, which made a confused and savage sea; the water on our deck foamed

round masts and hatchways, and it seemed altogether like one of Cooper's sea-novels, more exciting than pleasant, till we were safe round the dangerous point, and thankful to tumble into even damp berths, till we woke to a sunny morning off Reykjavik, just a week out from Leith.

We were in a fine frith, the Faxa Fiord, bounded on the north by purple mountains, trending away westward, till fifty miles away the snows of the last of the range, Snæfell Jokull, glimmered like a daylight moon. Southwards, on rising ground, lay the little town, a far range of hills showing beyond it. Either Reykjavik has been somewhat slandered, or it is much improved; it consists mostly of trim little wooden houses, painted black and white, set in broad graveled alleys, and on the smallest provocation fluttering the red Danish flag from many roofs. There is no pier nor inner harbour, only some wooden jetties, but usually there is a fair amount of shipping in the fine roadstead. On one side are the turf hovels, the split fish spread over field and shore, and the vigorous consequent smell, noticed by several travellers. There is no regular inn, but the want of it is little felt by travellers with good introductions; the week that we spent there at this time was a series of hospitalities.

The first ride in Iceland was memorable to us. We rode in the evening to a lonely sea-inlet, where was a drove of two hundred and fifty ponies, destined for our steamer. A bevy of wild lads and girls, on bare-backed ponies, careered about, and all proceeded to drive them to Reykjavik. A splendid sunset lighted the Faxa Fiord and surrounding hills, and the brown stony waste over which we hurled, chasing and driving the ponies, who with their tumbling hog-manes and wild heads, neighing, kicking, and scouring here and there, were wonderfully picturesque. Then, by our watches rather than the sky, we realised for the first time in the north, that it was midnight, broad "daylight," but hushed and still; the little islands in the neighbouring sea were covered with ducks asleep on their nests; nothing stirred, though all was bright, red clouds lingered still in the north-west, and close by was the clear yellow light of dawn, where the sun would soon be up over the mountains.

After more than a week at hospitable Reykjavik, one lovely summer day we started for the Geysir. Every one goes to see Geysir, as it is only seventy miles from the town, so that the trip may be made during the nine days' stay of the post-ship; but as Geysir does not always "receive," it may prove a disappointing expedition. We were fortunate in our guide, Mr. Oddur V. Gislason, a theological candidate, the experience of nearly three months' companionship being that the more we saw of him the better we liked him, and the success of our journey was greatly owing to his unfailing good humour, energy, and kindly care. He brought with him his comfortable little marquee tent, with divisions; we took —besides a tiny *batterie de cuisine*—some provisions, cork mattresses, plaids, and waterproofs, so that with the addition of a folding bath, we had good furnished apartments wherever we went. As we did not mean to hurry, we took only nine ponies this time, which gave us four to ride, three for baggage, and two relays; the fourth rider being Skuli, a youth who drove for us. And so on the 2nd of July we started gaily over the brown desert bordering Reykjavik. It has no beauty except the distant views over sea and mountains, this day exquisite in tint. The Salmon river, four miles off, was of the deepest blue, not less intense in hue were two lakes we passed further on; but for the extraordinary vividness of colour, the landscape reminded me of our Hebrides.

The glory of Iceland is its colouring; with considerable experience of the finest scenery in Europe, I could not but feel that even Switzerland, unless perhaps above the constant snow line, is not so clear and glittering; Italy, with a stronger light, has not its peculiar purity, and Scotland, after it seems toned down with a damp sponge. The forms of Icelandic scenery are, however, more curious than beautiful, though they had for me a weird fascination. There is often great width of contour, the hills are in long hummocked masses, with perhaps a volcanic cone suddenly breaking the outline; there is a sort of disconnected, uncombined effect about the landscape, easy to perceive but difficult to describe. Trees would not suit it, and its wistful melancholy grandeur is partly, no doubt, owing to the absence everywhere of enclosures, square fields, roads; all lines, indeed, save those curves which nature never draws amiss. The road, when there is one, is generally a mere product of the hoofs of a hundred generations of ponies, sometimes worn into a deep ditch or hollow way, sometimes branching into a dozen little tracks, just large enough for their small feet, and it needs some practice to choose the best line. It is merry riding in the pure light air, the loose ponies rattle on before, constantly one or another strays off after some fancy of its

own, and has to be chased back by the drivers, who, dashing up and down, cracking their whips and shouting, adjuring the ponies by name to keep the path or beware of the dogs, make the cavalcade lively; and the way must be bad indeed to reduce it to a walking-pace, which always causes the loose ponies to stray more. We usually rode at a steady trot, but with many little halts, now to adjust a box, now to mend a rope, or perhaps to bait our little steeds on some choice bit of grass.

The evening had grown cloudy when we suddenly came to a deep cleft and rough rocky steps leading downwards; this was the well-known Allmanna *gjà*, or rift, a long split between two lava precipices. We came out by a side opening into the solitary grassy valley below, the celebrated Tingvellir, all unchanged since the days of the old commonwealth; it seemed still ready for the booths of the freemen who flocked here of old from all parts of the island for their annual parliament. The only buildings are the little timber church across the river, and the low turf-house of its parson close by. We hurried to the church, eager for coffee and supper, after our seven hours' ride. It may seem at first somewhat sacrilegious to sup in a pew and sleep in a church, but when my friend and I had shaken down our cork mattresses and plaids on each side of the altar-rails, we thought it looked fairly comfortable, and could not but approve of the custom of giving the best buildings in the land everywhere to the church, which in its turn lends them to strangers like ourselves.

The weather was unsettled, so we lingered all next day at Tingvellir; rain came on in the evening, and continued till noon the following day, when we started up the mountain track, and thence in three hours descended into the green valley of Laugardalr. We rode close under wild impending mountains, where black crags and red corries contrasted with tracks of most wonderfully green moss; on our other hand a lake lay in a wide plain, far-off rivers shining in the distance below a range of misty hills. We had been riding among the mountains again for an hour or two before we reached a wide river swelled by the recent rains, the Bruar-à, or Bridge River—bridges being very rare in Iceland. Midway across this stream its broken waters fall foaming into a deep cleft in its rocky bed, and over this a few wet planks were fixed, the ponies marching over them unhesitatingly midway in the deep ford. The turbulent river, with its clear flashing waters rolling down among the dark lonely hills, delighted me; had it been a little later in the season we would have camped there, and tried the fishing; but as it was we rode on to the church of Utlith, which we reached in the clear twilight of eleven P.M. The church was as small as it could be, and half full of wool already; but we took the rest of it, and there some courteous damsels soon served us with coffee, good even for Iceland, and there we slept hardly less quietly than the dead folk just outside.

It rained in the morning, except when it was blowing very hard indeed; so, after breakfast, we went over to the neighbouring *bœr*, or farm-house, and into a cavern called the Eldhus, or kitchen, where, with patience, a person who can stand steadily on one foot may dry the other over the few sticks that, crackling between two rough stones, count as the kitchen fire. Nice people were there, who made much of us, and gave us excellent cream. About one it cleared up, and we cantered off merrily, sometimes over sound turf, but sometimes plashing through bogs, which had drunk so much rain that I feared they would swallow us down as something solid. At length we came out from the hills on a sloping plain, which, except where one snowy peak showed beyond it, melted into misty distance. Near us it was dotted here and there with clouds of steam rising from the ground. We rode over the soil blasted by sulphurous vapours to the farthest and biggest of these clouds; and this was Geysir, and here we dismounted on a bit of green-sward, and prepared to pitch our tent. This may not read as if the place were pretty, nor was it; it looked odd and perhaps a little mean; but then the lamps were not lighted. Soon we found much that was curious. Hunger impelled us to the accredited kitchen, Blezi, which is a pool like a wide, deep crevasse in a blue glacier; the boiling water is so exquisitely pure that the silica rocks below become bright blue through its medium. To Blezi we confided a joint of lamb, a tin of preserved fowl, and a fish, tying them in strings and lowering them. I regret to say he swallowed our fish; the string breaking, we beheld it deep blue in the depths, and no doubt it is now a petrifaction. Round the margin of this pool ran a charming fret-work of petrified leaves, chiefly silverweed; many we took away, but, like fairy-money, when we unpacked them they were dust.

The crater of Geysir is a mound of silicious rock, which has been aptly compared to an inverted oyster-shell. The pool is about sixty-

five by fifty-five feet in diameter, and there the transparent water simmered quietly, looking perfectly incapable of any such frisky proceeding as springing into the air. Strokr, another hot spring that boils and tosses angrily some way down a deep pit about eight feet across, looks far more violent and flighty, and some of the other smaller springs also boil furiously close to the surface. Others only make a perpetual, dull, thudding noise below, as if the dwarfs were forging metals at the subterranean fires: others, again, look quite quiet and limpid, and lie in little fairy arches or caves of greenish moss, where bright flowers and little delicate ferns nestle in a southern climate. Excellent hot-houses might be made here, and grapes grown to supply the island. As it is the farmer, who owns the land and charges a trifle for the tent-stance, finds it not worth while to put up a hut in the wilderness for the few travellers, who must, therefore, bring a tent, or wander about all night. Three such homeless beings rather disturbed our first night in the tent; they were Icelanders, two girls and a youth, who beguiled the time by singing and talking, and causing Strokr to explode at the dead of night, with thundering, hissing, and roaring. I was lazily glad to hear it was only Strokr, who would doubtless give us an eruption whenever we wished; so there was no need to turn out. Next day the weather was lovely, the lamps were lit, and all was transfigured. The distant snow-mountain gleamed with opal lights, the ferruginous soil and dark colouring of the near hills were glowing reds and rich purples, and the boiling water-jets seemed like handfuls of diamonds tossed into the sunny air. We now had the desert all to ourselves. We strolled about as far as the river would let us; we bathed, and dried all that was wet, and cooked an excellent dinner. Moreover, we cut a pile of turf and flung it into Strokr, and in about twenty minutes the fountain hurled up to a great height, I suppose eighty or ninety feet; again and again it leapt into the sky, flinging down mud and pebbles, and our turf thoroughly boiled. After nearly an hour, when we thought it was all over, we were startled by the most beautiful jet of all, because the purest, the water having partly cleansed itself from the mud.

About six o'clock P.M. a low subterranean thunder made the ground shudder, and Geysir rose a little in the centre in a pure white jet glittering in the sunshine, in size and form like a veiled white woman, reminding one of Fouque's "Undine" rising from the fountain. It gently subsided, and the water brimmed over the basin and ran down the rocks. That evening, one of the loveliest sunsets I ever saw made the whole sky blaze with splendid hues, which were variously reflected in the strange water-springs. Even when we lay down in our plaids about midnight, we could not persuade ourselves to close up the tent, so warm was the daylight night, so brilliant the sky. Gislason stood on the edge of the crater, and invoked Geysir by all sorts of adjurations, ancient and modern, from Odin onwards, to appear. Finally, he threw in a silver coin as a bribe, and counselled us to be on the alert. So twice in the night when, the underground thundering round us, we all ran out only to see the wan white figure rise and fall again, but we remarked it had grown taller. It was morning when the warning cannon went off again, and this time, after the eight-foot rise, the fountain did not subside. With a booming roar, not a mere central jet, but the whole of the water to the very edge of the crater, rose majestically in a great massive dome higher and higher, till it was lost in steam in the sky. The height was said to be about a hundred feet, but what with the noise and the steaming, the wind swaying the column to leeward, and the torrents of hot water that were pouring down one did not know where next, I was thankful to be unscientific, and to confine myself to looking and running out of the way. The water sank and rose again five or six times, the later eruptions being lower, and the whole commotion subsiding by degrees, till at last all was calm, and there was not a drop of water left in the crater. When it was cool enough to walk on, we went to the brink of the well in the centre, and could only just see the boiling water tossing far below.

The weather had now become cold and rainy, so we lounged in the crater, enjoying the comfort that can be derived from sitting on a hot oven under a cold shower-bath. Moreover, Gislason found the blackened piece of silver, which, from its position, had evidently been erupted, and now it decorates my watch-chain as a memorial that, like some other Icelanders, Geysir refuses all payment from travellers. The water gradually filled up the crater, which by evening was brimming over, and the ground began to throb again; all the springs seemed in mad commotion; in fact, it was a general boil over. It rained heavily, but the time passed cheerily in our comfortable little tent, where the boxes

served as tables. We cooked, and drew, and sang, and read Icelandic till night, when it continued pouring, so it was fortunate the tent was a dry one. Twice Geysir called us in the night, but only the white figure rose, who seemed to me now a witch of the worst kind as I waded through lukewarm water to see her. But we could not miss the chance of seeing another grand eruption. Rain in the morning. Our tent was heavy with moisture, everything had got wet the evening before, and nothing could be dried; so all was damp but our spirits when we started to ride, under slashing rain, through wet morasses, back to Tingvellir. It cleared up after awhile, but the sun was still watery, and had no drying power. It was pleasant dashing along the green valley by Laugevatn, where we were joined by a rural dean on his visitation tour, mounted on a very clever pony. At the neighbouring farm, where we halted to rest, we were told that the road further on had become almost impassable from the rain. Nevertheless we pushed on, diverging from the usual track to visit a very curious extinct crater called Tintron. The black pit of unknown depth is arched over by reddish-coloured lava of the most grotesque forms, and it lies isolated in an ashen plain near a range of cinder crags. The road, when we reached it, was a mere ditch of yellow water rising to the stirrups, flooding lava boulders about the size and shape of bolsters; but the ponies felt through the thick water for the lava with their little feet, and seemed never at fault. Rain again before we reached Tingvellir at half-past ten; the people had gone to bed, and I thought the church key would never come as we stood at the door, battered by wind and wet like outcast spirits. But here it is at last, and coffee, never more welcome.

It shone brilliantly during the three days which we now passed at Tingvellir, with which we were charmed. Seldom indeed does a place visited for its historic interest so fulfil all expectation. For nothing here is changed. Names and places are all unaltered, and the old sagas are living realities, and our best guides about these solitudes, which seem waiting for the return of the ancient heroes. The grassy valley lies between two long cliffs of lava; the one to the west is split up again into a deep rift, forming a green fairy valley only a few yards across, but more than a mile long; and at one point the great Ox River flings itself over the western crag in one broad fall, and, after a short course in the rift, breaks out into the broader valley, and flows gently down half a mile to the lake. This lake, about twelve miles long by ten broad, with a fine mountain barrier, is strangely lonely. No sail animates its surface, no houses dot its solitary shores; it is left to the swans and wild ducks, and at this time to ourselves, to enjoy alone. Parallel to the great rift, another long chasm has split up the opposite lava cliff, leaving a wall of rock running up the centre. This is the place whence the laws were promulgated of old, the Lögberg. Here, as you sit on the long grass, facing the lake with mountains all round, you have on either hand a straight cleft, down which you look thirty or forty feet into clear dark water twice that depth, reflecting the overhanging rocks with their lichened greys and greenery, and flowing, like Dante's Lethe,—

> "With a brown, brown current,
> Under the shade perpetual which never
> Ray of the sun lets in, nor of the moon."

These chasms, into which the river flows by a subterranean inlet, quite isolate the Hill of Laws except at one narrow neck of land. To be sure, at one point the rocky walls approach within eighteen feet of each other, and here, according to ancient tradition, Flosi, the burner of Njàl, and leader of his enemies, jumped over with his foes behind him, and Lord Dufferin wished to jump over also, not to be outdone by an Icelander. Looked at in cold blood, there is a most awkward, narrow rocky shelf to alight on; but Flosi perhaps had the advantage of being in a fright. Old lava lies for miles round Tingvellir, it is all split into fissures and chasms, but is full of pretty details from the luxuriant growth of bog-myrtle, crow-berries, blae-berries, wild thyme, and flowers; here and there a cleft or pool of pure deep water opens in the rocks. The variety of the place is one of its many charms. It seemed wonderful that we should have it all to ourselves, wonderful that there should be no house for miles and miles round, but the tiny parsonage. There are many stone foundations left of the booths, that used formerly to be built by the people who flocked here for the annual *alting* or parliament; and in front of the church is an old stone marked with the standard measures, and supposed to date from the tenth century.

The sun was very hot during our stay, but there was always a pleasant crispness in the pure air, and each night a splendid sunset lit the sky, the lake, the cataract, and the snowy and purple hills, with a blaze of changing colouring.

It was with quite a wrench that we tore ourselves away from the valley on the 12th of July, bound for Reykjavik, by a longer and more interesting route than the one we had come by. The weather continued beautiful. The riding was good, and much of it over sound turf. We halted in a green pastoral valley near a pretty little rocky lake. In the evening we reached the parsonage of Rennyvellir, and found the bachelor-parson who received us, as we supposed so occupied with his outside farming, that he could not attend to the inside of the house, which suggested the hole of an untidy rabbit—much magnified. Yet he had a large household, and was draining his fine pasture-land scientifically into the pretty river which runs through the valley. We improved the guest-room by taking out the whole window, frame and all, as it was not made to open; and we longed further to improve it by turning in the stream. Here, however, was a good collection of books in Latin, Danish, English, German, and Spanish, all of which seemed familiar to our host.

Next day a strange little mounted funeral procession came up through the lonely grassy valley to the church, some seafaring men bringing two drowned sailors in coffins, balanced on the backs of ponies. First the people sang in the church, the clergyman in his ruff and gown standing by the altar; then they dug the graves, and then followed a service in the churchyard, much resembling the Anglican funeral service, especially I recognised the burial ritual of "Earth to earth." All this lasted very long, and as it was not considered respectful to go till it was over, we did not start till four o'clock. Then we cantered up a wild valley between bare, scarped hills, and thence over a bright green bog, filling up another dark valley. I have always stood in awe of bogs, and there was a size, depth, and brilliancy about this one which seemed to me almost sublime; but I had not then ridden over Myra (or mire) Sysslu. Following our guide closely, we did pretty well, but a straying baggage pony stuck fast for some time, kept only by his boxes from sinking altogether. We halted for awhile, under a pass over a spur of the mountain Eysa; below rushed a great river, heavy with melted snow; the dark mountains on either side had a good deal of lingering snow in their black ravines, there was no touch of vegetation, except some vivid green moss, and all looked very savage and arctic. The pass, though short, was a steep zig-zag, and from the top a wide expanse of hill and sea was seen, with strangely-shaped rocks in the foreground. Down we rattled, careless of the steepness of the way; indeed for the last few hours we rode at a good canter or hand gallop, sweeping the loose ponies before us, nothing loath as they were going home, all the way to Reykjavik, where we arrived at 10.30 P.M., glad for a few days at least to return to the comforts of civilised life.

E. J. O.

SKETCH OF A JOURNEY ACROSS AFRICA.

By VERNEY LOVETT CAMERON, Lieutenant Royal Navy.

PART II.

TAKING up my journey again from where I left off last number, we left Kawélé on the 13th of March, 1874. I could not get away till past one o'clock; as my people spent the beads, which had been given to them to buy food, in getting drunk, I had to wait until they were sober, and we only made a short distance, camping a short way south of Jumah Merikani's permanent settlement at Point Infomdo.

Jumah Merikani (properly Jumah ibn Salim) is one of the largest traders to the west of Lake Tanganyika, and was the second or third that ever went into Manyuéma. I had a waggon-roof awning over the stern of the boat, and made my bed up under it, so as to prevent the trouble of pitching and packing up the tent every day.

The next day we passed most lovely country, with red cliffs and the trees hanging over the edges, which were reflected in the beautiful clear water. Had to stop for two or three hours to patch a hole in the boat's stern, and had dreadful difficulty in getting the men to go on again.

In the evening after we camped I was knocked over by a very sharp attack of fever, and had to halt a couple of days until I got better. Soon after leaving the camp we passed the mouth of the Malagarazi, the current of which was perceptible a long way off the land, and after a short day's work

camped at Ras Kibwé. In the night there was a thunderstorm, accompanied by a little wind, and my men were all afraid to start next morning because of a very slight surf and swell, so that we did not get away till the middle of the day, and even then I had to give in to them after an hour's pulling, and camp at Machachézi, where we found three canoes belonging to Wajiji, who were going south to sell goats and corn for slaves. The country all round here is now depopulated, as for many years the Arabs and Wanyamwesi drew their principal supply of slaves from this district, and the population have either all been carried off into captivity, destroyed in the forays of the traders, have died of disease or starvation, or emigrated to some less disturbed locality.

On the 19th of March we passed Ras Kabogo, a sort of double cape supposed to be haunted by a devil and his wife, and my Wajiji guides refused to pass without making an offering, as they were afraid of being lost if they neglected it; but he must be a very poor devil if he was satisfied with what they gave him.

After Kabogo we went round a bay, where Livingstone and Stanley left the lake, between it and Ras Kungwé. The shores of the bay were mostly low and marshy, but high hills spring up close beyond. In this bay we saw a few natives, and a large village of slave and ivory traders from Usukuma, one of the districts of Unyamwesé. Several rivers flow into the lake, but most of their mouths are hidden by the Matété grass; however, the herds of hippopotami are always numerous near to them, and point them out. The reason, I believe, why hippopotami are usually more frequent near the rivers than elsewhere is, because the current brings down a quantity of mud which is deposited near their mouths and affords soil for the growth of the weeds on which the animals feed. No hippopotami are seen more than a mile from the shore or in very deep water.

On the 23rd of March we rounded Ras Kungwé, formed by a bold mass of mountains, down the sides of which torrents fall in lovely waterfalls, and occasionally we saw a few patches of Mtama belonging to some of the wretched remains of the inhabitants who have taken refuge in the more inaccessible parts of the mountains to be more out of the reach of the slave-traders.

In the evening we camped near a village called Kinagari, where the inhabitants were principally dependent on the slave trade for support. The Wajiji, who rounded Kabogo at the same time as ourselves, sold their cargoes of corn and goats and oil for slaves here, the price of a slave varying from three to four goats, according to quality. We had to stop here a day for my men to pound corn, and I went up to see a dance in the village; they made pirouettes, turned summersaults, &c., to the accompaniment of a big drum, which was vigorously beaten by a man who wore a remarkably hideous mask of zebra-skin, and howled a sort of recitative describing the Wazungu and others.

During our nights here we were very wretched, owing to heavy rain and thunderstorms, which wetted us all through and put out the men's fires. About twelve o'clock on the second night the rain was so heavy as to nearly swamp the boats, and a flash of lightning came down so close that I thought we were actually struck. The glare was intense, and I was quite blinded for some minutes. The cause of this especially heavy rain here was the attraction of the mountains, which almost overhung us. In the morning there was enough sun to dry most of our kit, and we got on a short distance in the afternoon.

On the 26th we passed a small island, and directly afterwards camped, as a little wind and rain came on, and frightened my gallant men. They said at every squall, "Lake bad; canoes will be wrecked;" and get them on I couldn't. The Wajiji, who have lived all their lives either on or close to the lake, were just as timid; they used to bring me their hire, and say, "Let us go back; we don't want to die," and the trouble and bother they caused was almost indescribable.

The lake here seemed to turn to the south-eastward, and look as if it were coming to an end; the land on our side close to the shores became lower, the hills near the lake being low and rounded, and not running more than two hundred feet or so above the level of the water; the country was very fertile, and would, I fancy, form a splendid position for a mission-station.

On the 28th we came to the island of Kabogo, and pulled between it and the mainland through a broad deep channel, which had bars at each end. The island was thickly populated and well cultivated, and both on it and on the mainland were numerous fan-palms, of which the people eat the fruit, though they have not found out how to make palm-wine; they are quite contented with pombé. Gulls, darters, lily-trotters, and other waterfowl, were nume-

rous, and the natives sold us some fish in exchange for palm-oil, which we had brought from Ujiji with us.

The chief lived on the mainland in a large fenced-in village. In order to land we had to force our way through a mass of weeds and canegrass; there were passages through which the small canoes of

The Soko or Market Place at Kawele Ujiji.

Mountains near Ras Kungwe, Lake Tanganyika, named Victor Emanuel Mountains.

the natives could pass easily; but our large boats from Ujiji could only be got along by dint of much hauling, shoving, and tugging. The grass and canes were so thick, that as we beat them down on each side the men could get out of the boats and stand on them.

At the chief's village I found a half-caste Arab trader, who had come here by land from Unyanyembé to buy ivory and slaves.

He bitterly lamented the high price of the latter, having to give forty yards of cloth for a man or woman, and twenty or thirty for a child. Ivory, however, was cheap—thirty-five pounds for fifty yards of inferior cloth. He seemed to be afraid of going back the way he came, as the Warori were out, and had stolen some cows sent as a present by the chief Un-

Crossing Luama River.

Nyangwe.

yanyembé to his son-in-law, the chief here. He at first wanted me to take him with me; but in the long-run decided to remain, as his porters were more afraid of the lake than of the Warori.

We went on from here, passing some more rivers and high cliffs, on the face of one of which I saw an outcrop of coal and patches of marble and chalk, beside the usual granite and sandstone. Our camps

often now had to be formed in places beaten down by hippopotami in their nocturnal rambles; but our fires kept them from intruding on us. The frogs used often to keep me awake at night with their croaking: some make a noise like caulkers or riveters; some of the larger kinds resemble smiths at work, whilst a rarer one makes a noise like a ratchet-drill, so that with a little imagination one could shut one's eyes and fancy oneself in a busy dockyard.

On the 2nd of April we put in behind a spit on account of a sharp squall; there were a few huts on it, and across its junction with the mainland a heavy stockade, with a crow's nest over the entrance. There were a few fires burning when we landed; but the people had all cleared out as soon as they saw the large boats, fearing a visit from the slaves of the Arabs, for they, when away by themselves, are far worse than their masters, as they have no thought, as to what the effect of their indiscriminate plundering and looting may be hereafter.

On the 3rd of April we camped close to the mouth of the Musamwira, the drain of the Likwa lagoon. The lake here is washing away its shores rapidly, and where, a few years ago, were flourishing villages, are now only shoals, spits, and sandbanks, on a few of which some fishermen have their huts. Many very large cages were lying about, which are used for catching fish; but we could get none, although I offered a high price, as I had had no meat, fowl, or fish since leaving the island of Kabogo.

Many points and bays, and the scenery lovely. Sometimes we had a fair wind, and made sail; but whenever a squall came on there was almost a mutiny amongst my men if I did not lower it. Not only were these beauties afraid of squalls, they also funked going any distance from the land, always wishing to hug the shore as closely as possible, and thereby running great risks, as there are many half-sunken rocks in this portion of the lake.

On the 7th of April we passed Ras Mpimbwé, a promontory formed of enormous blocks of granite and conglomerate, scattered about anyhow, as if the Titans had been playing at building a jetty or breakwater. The cracks and crannies between the masses of stone had got filled with earth, in which large trees were growing, rendering the scene one of striking beauty.

The part of the lake we were now passing had many small islands, and the rocks in several places were of most extraordinary shapes—one pair especially. They were from seventy to eighty feet high, with sheer smooth sides, except where the granite had scaled a little.

Very little trade comes beyond this part, where there is a ferry from the Makakomo Islands to the western shore, the southern part of the lake being an *aqua incognita* to all the Arabs whom I met, though they have some routes which go a little to the southward of it altogether. Owing to there being no communication with the outward world, no European cloth finds its way here, the people being dressed in skins, bark-cloth, and cotton of native manufacture. This native cotton cloth is very coarse and heavy, like a superior sort of gunny-bag, and the commonest pattern is a sort of large shepherd's plaid, white divided into large squares by black lines. All, of course, have the fringe, which seems inevitable in African work. The country of Ufipa, which we were now passing through, used to be rich in cows, and even during Dr. Livingstone's journey from Unyanyembé sheep and goats were plentiful; but now the Watuta have destroyed every head of large cattle, and sheep and goats are very rare and dear.

After Ufipa we came to the country of Masombé, where villages were few and far between, and the people were afraid of all strangers, as the Watuta were about in numbers, and every new-comer was suspected of being in league with them. We here came upon a different formation in the cliffs; they were composed entirely of innumerable small strata, looking like courses of brickwork, and were worn and weathered into fantastic forms and shapes, reminding one very much of ruined buildings and ramparts.

On the 18th of April we arrived at Kasangalowa, a large village in Ulungu, the country which forms the southern boundary of the Tanganyika. Kasangalowa we found in the possession of the Watuta, and although they are regular robbers and blackguards, they were very friendly to us—as, indeed, I believe they are to all caravans. The Watuta require a passing remark, as they are a peculiar people in Africa. Originally they were a nomad tribe who lived by plunder of cattle; but now they are recruited from the offscouring of all the tribes of the part of the continent they infest; not content with cattle-lifting, they also steal slaves, and everything else they can lay their hands on. They are the same as the Mazitu of Livingstone, and spread from the east coast to Sekélétu's

country, travelling about in quest of plunder, and universally dreaded by all other tribes. They enlarge their ears like the Wagogo, and wear peculiarly cut aprons of skin, which expose the upper part of their buttocks.

Leaving Kasangalowa, we crossed the lake about twelve or fourteen miles from its southern end, which is hemmed in by a high table-land, the edges of which overhanging the lake form some of the finest cliffs in the world. Elephants were very numerous about this part of the lake, and one night the trees round our camp were regularly polished by the creatures rubbing up against them after bathing in the blue waters of the lake. On the 22nd of April we arrived at Akalunga, the village of Miriro, the chief of Marungu. Here we found a good many Arab slaves and freedmen for trade; they have come from Unyanyembé without going near Kawélé, having crossed the Tanganyika at the islands of Makakoma.

Bananas, cassava, beans, &c., were plentiful here, but I could only get one wretched goat for about twelve yards of cloth, which made me very angry, as I had been hard up for meat for some time.

The chief Miriro was a very old man with a large white beard, and his moustache and whiskers shaved off: he is much fairer than most of his subjects. He was a very big chief, according to his people and those from the coast; although he got a very good cloth from me, he gave me nothing in return; and when he came to return my call began to beg for guns and powder, which I fancy he did on the instigation of the traders. However, though stingy and avaricious, he was civil, and said that the day on which the first white man had visited his place would always be remembered as a great era.

From Akalunga we went away north with slashing fair winds, mountainous hills rising straight out of the water with roughly-formed terraces on their sides, the people employed about their cultivation looking like flies on the side of the wall. One day, passing close in to the shore, I saw a couple of gorillas amongst the trees; but we passed them before I could get my gun ready, and when I put back to try for a shot I found that they had disappeared. They were great big fellows, and looked larger than men. The natives say they build a hut every night and make a regular bed-place to sleep on; but they laugh at them and call them fools, as, if caught in the rain, they do not go to their comfortable huts for shelter, but sit cowering out in the open with their hands clasped behind their necks. One or two Arab traders, at different places along the coast, told me they could get thirty-five pounds of ivory for forty yards of cloth, and a good slave for twenty.

On the 28th of April I got into a deep sort of inlet perfectly landlocked, where I had to wait a day for the *Pickle* to come up, as the men in her had been frightened by a stiff breeze the day before, and had put in to a village early in the morning. Here I found a large Arab camp, and two very big boats hauled up under a shed; one pulled eighteen and the other twenty oars, and both were fitted with masts and sails. They were the property of Jamah ibn Salim, who was reported to be away in Itawa (Msama's country), trading for ivory. In the afternoon, just as I was going to send the *Betsy* back to look for her, the *Pickle* arrived, the men protesting that they had not been able to come on the day before. Next day the men all wanted to stop, and we did did not get away till late, and could not find a camping place till eight P.M. As it was so late, I did not have my tent pitched, trusting to the look of the blue sky for the weather, but was bitterly disappointed, as about two A.M. it came on to rain in torrents, and in the morning we were all very much like drowned rats. After the things were dry I ordered a start, when all the men refused to go on, and Bombay was useless, saying he could, and that the men would, do nothing. I by force of driving, however, got them away, and a short time after we had got outside found out the reason of their reluctance; a shooting party belonging to Mohammed ibn Gharib was camped near, and my people had seen some of them and wanted to have a yarn; their canoe put out to have a talk, and I found they had been away from Ujiji for six months, but had only got a very little ivory, and that the next day they were going to cross over the lake on their way back, all their stores being exhausted.

On the 12th of May we reached the country of Uguhha, but only put in at the village of a chief called Luluki, to have a look at a reported hot spring. I had a hot and tiring walk, and my feet being very sore, it was rather nasty work getting to it. The temperature of the water when I got there was 96° Fah., but I heard afterwards that sometimes it was nearly boiling, and that people had been scalded by it. There was a small spring of gas under the surface of the water, which made it keep on bubbling up like soda water.

Two days after this I discovered the Lukuga, a largish stream going out of the Lake. I went down it about five miles, and

was then stopped by the floating vegetation; the river there, however, was from three to five fathoms deep, and a current of about a knot an hour set us strongly into the edge of the grass. This river Lukuga flows out in the only break in the line of mountains and hills by which the Tanganyika is encircled, and according to all descriptions joins the Luvwa (Livingstone's Lualaba) a short way below Moero.

Having found the outlet of the lake, my next idea was to follow it to its junction with the Lualaba; but I was obliged to go back to Ujiji to get the men and stores I had left there, before I could again start west. When I arrived at Ujiji I found that the greater portion of my stores had been wasted or stolen, and could get no account of how they had gone, and was therefore obliged to buy more to prevent future starvation. My donkeys were reduced to four, and they were not fit for the road, so I sold them for what they would fetch.

I found it utterly impracticable to follow the Lukuga, as none of my men would go anywhere without a guide, and as no one at Ujiji had ever been to the Lukuga. I could not get one, and had to avail myself of the services of a half-caste Arab, Syde Mezrui, to show me the road to Nyangwé. This fellow at first made professions of doing everything in his power for me, and promised to obtain canoes when I got to Nyangwé, in which I might follow the river to the sea-coast. Whilst at Ujiji I received letters from home, dated the 1st of July, 1873, which had passed through some curious vicissitudes on their journey from Unyanyembé. They were sent on by the Liwali there by an Arab caravan, which was attacked and dispersed by some of Mirambo's people, and those who escaped abandoned everything, including my letters. A short time after another caravan was attacked by the same men, but beat them off, shooting two or three, and on one of the dead bodies they found the packet of letters.

I now discharged such of my men as were afraid or unwilling to proceed, and after packing up a map of the Tanganyika and the journals, and a map of Dr. Livingstone's which I had found at Ujiji, in the possession of Mohammed ibn Salih, and some other small things, and despatching them to the coast in charge of my servant and two other men, set out for Kasengé on the west shore of the lake, in company with Syde.

Our journey to Kasengé was uneventful, except that the night during which we crossed from the east to the west it came on to blow hard, and we had heavy work to reach the island of Kivisa, near the landing on the main, in the *Betsy;* and the *Pickle* got to leeward altogether, and had to put in at Kigoma and wait till the weather moderated before rejoining us. We left the shore of the lake on the 31st of May, and the same day reached Ruanda, the chief town of Uguhha, which was very populous. The people formed a regular lane all the way through the town; and, to add a ridiculous feature to the scene, an unfortunate sheep, not being able to find a way through the crowd, trotted along just in front of me, ba-aing the whole time. At Ruanda I got extra porters to carry some of my loads, as the men of the caravan were all out of condition on account of having been so long without marching; and I also bought some goats, as they were cheap and plentiful. The chief at Ruanda was supposed to be a great swell, and said he was independent, though I afterwards found that he was feudatory to Kasongo, the great chief of Urua.

The day after leaving Ruanda, which we had to do without any extra men, we crossed the Rugumba, a largish stream flowing fast and swift into the Tanganyika, and with many small particles of quartz glittering in the sunshine, brought down from the mountains of Ugoma, which ended abruptly on our right. On this march, one of my men, in crossing a small watercourse, fell down, and one of the sticks forming the cradle for his load ran into his eye, destroying it completely. Owing to this, and illness of other men, I had to engage more men for part of the road, as the lazy askari would do nothing to assist the pagazi in their work.

We then made a march of four or five days, along the watershed between the Rugumba and the Lukuga, passing many streams going towards both, and arrived at Mékéto, a fertile vale, and a scene of almost perfect rural beauty. On our journey here, from the top of a high hill I had my last view of the Tanganyika, its glorious blue showing out against the purple of the mountains of Kowendé. From these same hills we could see the trend of the valley of the Lukuga, which apparently was going to the west-south-west.

Whilst at Mékéto, to spoil one's appreciation of the scenery, a wretch of a slave dealer brought a small boy of seven or eight years old into camp for sale. The poor child was crying bitterly, and his master had him confined in a slave fork, one end of which he

held in his hand, and twisted and shoved the poor boy about cruelly. I felt very much inclined to thrash the master and set the slave free, but I knew that directly afterwards he would be worse treated, and therefore contented myself with turning the dealer in human chattels out of the camp.

Leaving Mékéto, we passed through a moderately hilly country, crossing a tangled quantity of streams which it was very hard to sort into their right basins, and just as we left Uguhha and came into Ubûdjwa we came upon the Rubumba, a stream which rising close to the Rugumba is often confounded with it, though the Rubumba falls into the Luama and the Rugumba into the Tanganyika.

The Wabûdjwa are also tributary to Kasongo, and the chiefs and upper classes are, I believe, originally of the same race as the Waguhha and Warua. The lower orders, however, are very different. One of the most striking peculiarities of the women of Ubûdjwa is the custom they have of piercing the upper lip, and in the hole inserting an oval stone, or piece of wood, or bone, which they keep on increasing in size till it sometimes, in the lesser and greater diameters, attains to 1.5 by 1.25 inches. This sticks out in front and gives the wearer the appearance of having a bill like a duck when seen in profile, and prevents her from speaking plainly. Another peculiar habit is that of wearing leather bolsters, made tapering from centre to end like buffaloes' horns, round the waist. Sometimes a dandy lady will wear two or three of these peculiar vestments, though it cannot be for decency, as the barest requisites of what is considered indispensable with most people are scarcely complied with.

Some wear, instead of these bustles, belts split in the rear into two or three parts, where they serve to keep up a small piece of leather about twelve inches by eight, which with the belt and a smaller patch in front constitutes the whole of a lady's dress, with the exception of a few indispensable articles such as anklets, bracelets, and necklaces.

The largest chief in Ubûdjwa was Pakwanywa, close to whose village we stopped a couple of days. He and his wife came to visit me, and although her clothing was scanty in quantity, she was very dressy in her get up, her apron being ornamented with beads and cowries. She also wore gaiters and bracelets from wrist to elbow, tassels just in front of her ears, and several necklaces, all of good beads. Her hair was done up in a pretty fashion, and ornamented with bright steel and copper ornaments, and across her forehead, just below the roots of her hair, stripes of red and yellow were carefully painted. Altogether she had a very effective appearance, and seemed fully conscious of it, though at the same time she was a ladylike merry body.

Whilst here we heard that a large body of Wamerima and slaves of Syde ibn Habib were close in front of us, and that they were waiting for us to come up in order to make a formidable body to cross Manyuéma. This I was very sorry to hear; I should much have preferred travelling alone, as the traders in these parts are apt to take advantage of the natives having no guns, and to allow their men to steal and pilfer from the huts, often causing rows which I had no desire of being mixed up with. I, however, had no choice, as it was intended as a civility, and if I had refused, the natives would have said that we had quarrelled, and, therefore, very likely have attacked one party in hopes of the other joining them; so that I was on the horns of a dilemma.

Two days after leaving Pakwanywa's we arrived at the camp of the other caravan, and were warmly welcomed by Muinyi Hassani, who was the principal trader in the party, although afterwards we did not get on over well together. The next country after Ubûdjwa was Uhiya, where the people wore on the back of their heads enormous leather chignons, with a piece like a tongue sticking out behind, and indulged in tattooing in irregular and diversified patterns. On leaving Uhiya we began to get into a hilly country, the commencement of the offshoots of the Mountains of Bambarré. Here we came into a second country of Uvinza, and different methods of personal decoration: the people pierced the centre cartilage of the nose and ran straws through, and worked their hair into ridges and tufts, with small plaits along the tops of them. Wood carving was here carried to greater perfection than I had yet seen, and clay idols were common outside the villages. Many of the villages had been lately deserted, and I believe that some large party of traders had had a row there, as they could not have been left for what is a very common reason, viz., the exhaustion of the soil near them, as the vegetation was luxuriant close to huts still in good repair.

A very hilly road took us to Rohombo, the first district in Manyuéma according to the people, though geographically and ethnologically Manyuéma proper can only be said

to commence on the northern side of the Bambarré Mountains. The population here was very dense, and the roads were lined by black crowds who had turned out to look at the strangers, and especially at the white man. Oil palms were very numerous at Rohombo, and the natives made palm wine from them, which, when fresh, is very good and refreshing, reminding one something of ginger-beer. They climb the trees with a belt made to go round the tree and themselves, something like the Tamils in Ceylon. Salt was in very great demand here, all that the people get being brought from Ujiji by the traders, as since the Arabs have come here the Warua, who used to do the trading in Manyuéma, have deserted it. A man would cut and bring into camp a large load of firewood for a pinch of salt as large as one usually puts on one's plate at one time.

From Rohombo we went over a rolling and fertile country intersected by many streams, all draining to the south-west, till we reached the ascent of the Bambarré Mountains. They gave us a steep climb, standing up like a narrow spine, with very declivitous sides, and we had to camp before reaching the top in a deserted village. The next morning we had another climb before surmounting the crest, and then, plunging into a mass of forest, suddenly commenced our descent amongst a number of ravines and gullies, all crowded with enormous trees. Some of the gorges were over a hundred and fifty feet deep, and trees growing in their bottoms towered to an equal height above the head of one standing on the brink. This was truly a primæval forest; the hand of man had never desecrated these giants of the sylvan world. No sun or breeze reached the dark, damp depths, and every tree seemed to try and force itself aloft into the blue heaven to get a sight of the life-giving sun.

Emerging from the forest at the foot of the mountains, we came upon villages and cultivated land. The villages were entirely different from any I had yet seen in Africa. Huts arranged in long broad streets, the walls and ends of bright red clay, with sloping roofs thatched with yellow grass. The people also presented a change as sudden as that of their houses. The women ("toujours place aux dames") dressed their hair into the shape of an old-fashioned bonnet in front, with long ringlets, daubed with mud and grease, hanging down their backs. The edge of the bonnet-like part in front was trimmed with beads, cowries, or seeds of the wild banana. Round their waists they wore a string of the same materials, which served to support two small aprons, constituting all their clothing, and which, when going to work in the fields or fishing, they replaced by small bunches of leaves in order to save their go-to-meeting frocks.

The men, in their way, were equally peculiar, plaistering their hair thickly with mud and forming it into cones, lumps, and flat plates, into which they inserted cowries and bits of copper as ornaments. Between the different patches the scalp was shaved perfectly bare. Some wore a cone on top of their heads, and the side and back hair formed into long flat flakes with mud, with round holes in them, to which iron and copper rings were hung. The remainder of their dress consisted of leather aprons about six or eight inches wide, reaching to their knees.

The second camp, after crossing the Bambarré Mountains, was at Moéné Bugga's village, son of Moéné Kussu. The latter, who is now dead, was chief when Livingstone stopped here for some months, and many of the people inquired after the "old white man," and seemed very sorry to hear of his death.

The chiefs indulged in more clothes than their subjects, wearing large kilts of fringed grass cloth. Each of them also wore the peculiar Manyuéma knife or sword slung over his shoulder by belt of otter skin. Every separate village is independent, and as at the time we were here there was no war going on, several of the chiefs came to see us and have a stare at a white man. They were attended by people carrying rattles, who proclaimed their names and titles; two, Moéné Gohé and Moéné Booté, had dwarfs for their rattlers, and Moéné Booté had also a man playing on an instrument made of different sized gourds fastened in a frame, and over them were keys of hard wood, which, when struck, gave a clear metallic sound, varying in pitch according to the size of the gourd under each key. This instrument is called the "marimba," and is known close to the west coast, from whence it reaches to Manyuéma, which was the first place I saw it. The name is the same everywhere.

After leaving Moéné Bugga's we passed through another strip of primæval forest of enormous trees, and came to the village of another Moéné Booté, with whom we had to make arrangements about the crossing of the Luama. Muinyi Hassani and I here

began to differ somewhat as to the necessity for numerous halts, as I wished to press forward as quickly as possible, and he took every opportunity to say we wanted to halt for something or another; but alternate dawdling and hurrying are what every European has to put up with when dealing with semi-civilised races. We had halted a day at the northern foot of the Bambarré Mountains, two or three at Moéné Bugga's, and now again was another delay about getting the canoes, which might have been obviated if men had been sent on in front. I asked about this whilst at Moéné Bugga's, and was told it had been done, but now found that it was a deliberate falsehood.

We got across the Luama safely after all: it is a fine stream two hundred yards wide, and varying from twelve to fourteen feet in depth with a moderate current. Its banks are mostly clothed with fine timber, and its winding course was often visible from some of the small hills over which our path led, forming an agreeable feature in the landscape.

After crossing the Luama we came to rather a flat country, but intersected by many streams and watercourses which had grooved out for themselves deep beds in the sand and shingle of which the strata are composed. Strips of green trees mark the position of these watercourses, and the rest of the country is covered with the Manyuéma grass, interspersed with trees stunted by the grass fires. This grass is impassable until it has been burnt down, being often twelve and fourteen feet high, with stalks as thick as one's thumb, and growing in such a dense mass that one may throw oneself against it and make scarcely any impression. Even after it is burnt down, the thicker stalks remain and scratch one's hands and face, and tear one's clothes, besides which the ashes and blacks make one as dirty as a chimney-sweep, which, as soap is a rarity and a luxury in Manyuéma, is the reverse of desirable. Soon after leaving the Luama we passed a few hills on our left, and many streams, some flowing to the Luama and some direct to the Lualaba.

Our road took us through many villages, in several of which the men belonging to the Wamerima traders, as they did not receive anything from their masters to buy food, had to steal from the unfortunate natives to supply their wants. I did not know the whole truth at this time, as the traders told me that they served out regular allowances to their men, and that they punished any who stole from the natives. As we formed separate camps, I could not say that this was false, and my men assured me that it was true. However, long after, I heard from some of the more respectable of my people that I had been wilfully deceived.

At Karungu, a largish village, or rather a scatter of hamlets, matters came to a crisis, and a row between the traders and natives occurred. The true story was that some natives having been robbed, retaliated by stealing from Muinyi Hassani. I was only told at the time that the natives had stolen from him, but nothing of the reason why. The next morning Muinyi Hassani and his colleagues had a palaver with some of the chiefs on the subject, and wanted their property returned, besides a heavy indemnity; and on the chiefs replying that they would pay it with their spears, and brandishing them, they were shot down in the camp.

Instantly there was a regular tomasha, all the people of the caravans rushing for their guns, and the natives throwing their spears at the people nearest them, and then bolting into the jungle. One fellow's spear fell only a couple of feet from where I was sitting quietly writing. In a moment all the people belonging to the traders had got their arms, and rushed out to set fire to the houses near; and it was as much as I could do to keep my men in hand, and prevent their rushing out to join their friends.

For a couple of days we were in a state of semi-warfare, the coast people going out in bodies whenever they saw a chance, and the natives gathering together in the jungle with their spears and shields, shouting and yelling. The traders' people, in their numerous sorties, caught a lot of women, children, and goats, and the natives soon found that spears, their only offensive weapons, were no match for the guns of their opponents, and after several abortive attempts peace was at length made, and Muinyi Hassani and Syde Mezrui "made brothers" with some of the chiefs. After peace was concluded I found that people from several of the places through which we had passed had joined with those of Karungu, and if there had been any equality in the way in which the two sides were armed, we should have been in a fix.

I afterwards exerted myself to get the slaves and goats returned, but was only successful about the former, as Muinyi Hassani and his people said that if nothing was taken from the natives they would think we were afraid of them, and attack us whilst passing through some of the strips of jungle

which lay across our road, and where numbers might have prevailed in spite of gunpowder.

Two days after leaving Karungu we arrived at Mangarah, a village, the chief of which was a friend with the Arabs. His son had come out to Karungu to welcome us, and on our arrival at his father's introduced me to him in the most gentlemanly manner possible. Mangarah is one of several villages in which there are many iron foundries, a beautiful black speculum ore being obtained close to the surface.

The day we arrived here a partner of Syde Mezrui came out from Kwakasongo, where several Arabs are settled, to welcome the party and learn the news from the coast. With him came several of the surrounding chiefs. Syde, who had already squandered nearly all the beads I had given him, and now found that I did not part so freely as he anticipated, began to show his bad points. He got hold of these chiefs and instigated them to tell me most unwarrantable tales of the road in front, and told me that everything they said he was certain was true, although he did not know it from personal knowledge. His partner, a youngster of about twenty, corroborated this, and I was in a greater puzzle than ever about the rivers and everything else in front.

The next day we started for Kwakasongo, and for some inscrutable reason went two long sides of a triangle instead of a short one, thus taking a couple of marches to get there instead of doing it in one short one.

Kwakasongo I found had fourteen or fifteen Arabs, Wasuahili and Wamerima, settled there, including Syde and his partner, and they had about two thousand Wanyamwesi and slaves all armed with guns, so that they had the sway over the whole surrounding country. One man alone had over six hundred armed Wanyamwesi, and in his storehouse he had fifteen hundred frasileh (each of thirty-five pounds) ready for transport, but was waiting to hear of Mirambo's war being finished, not from fear of Mirambo himself, but because he was afraid he and his men would be detained to fight Mirambo by the Arab Governor at Unyanyembé.

We were detained at Kwakasongo for a week, and after three days marching arrived at Kûmbwi on the Lualaba. The first view of the river far exceeded my previous expectations. Imagine a river varying from a thousand to three thousand yards in width, with swiftly flowing current, and many well-wooded and inhabited islands. At Kûmbwi I got canoes for myself and some of my men, and went down to Nyaugwe by water in one day, leaving the others to come by land. At Nyangwe I was warmly welcomed by Habib ibn Salim, an old Arab who had housed Livingstone during his stay there.

My men, who came by land, arrived two days after me, and then I set to work to try and get canoes to follow the great river down to the coast. My ill success in this, and the reasons for it, will be told next month.

DISTRICT VISITING.*

I HAVE assumed throughout this paper that most district visitors feel a certain dissatisfaction both with district visiting and with systems of relief as they exist, even where such systems are best organized. Some may think that there is too much relief given, some that there is too little, others that what is given is of the wrong kind. I believe, also, some visitors feel that their spiritual influence is interfered with in different ways by the unsatisfactory character of the temporal relief. To some of them it seems incongruous to carry tracts in one hand and coal-tickets in another; to others, that carrying either, still more carrying both, as a matter of course, shuts them off from true intercourse with the best kind of working men and women; others, again, feel that carrying tracts without coal-tickets when the grate is empty seems a little like want of sympathy; and others that carrying coal-tickets without tracts is treating the poor as if they were only concerned with the outside things of life.

However earnestly our clergy have desired to solve this problem of how to deal wisely with the temporal condition of their flocks, it remains a problem still. However tenderly our visitors have mourned over it, as it affects hundreds of individuals, it remains mournful still. What prospect is there of its being vigorously studied with a view to solution, or even to radical improvement, by those who have power to effect improvement? Busy, overworked clergymen, with services and sermons, and churches and schools, and thousands of souls to see to, have inherited systems of relief in their parishes which they

* This paper has been slightly altered from one which was read on the 4th of May last to a meeting of District Visitors and Clergy at the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol's house in London.

hardly have time to reform, and the gigantic pressure of daily duty perpetuates many unwise plans, though many, I am well aware, are being abolished. How far the best still falls below what they would like to see, let the clergy themselves say. I believe most of them, if asked, would reply, "I have tried honestly to make my system of relief as satisfactory as I could, but it is far from my ideal." And this is so from another cause. You can never make a *system* of relief good without perfect administration, far-sighted watchfulness in each individual case; and this is specially true in an age in which bad systems of relief have trained the people to improvidence. Given your entirely enlightened clergyman, he cannot in a large London parish do much more than see to his people when the crisis of distress has come. He cannot watch over them before it comes, yet it is then that distress is preventible. On whom does the continuous watchfulness devolve at best? Visitors, young, inexperienced, untaught, undertake districts; they find themselves part of a system, and follow in its lines; they meet individual cases of want, improvidence, disease, and though they know little themselves how to deal with such, they hesitate to make calls upon the time of a too busy clergyman, kind as he is in helping, gladly as he would reply to a practical question about the individual; they cannot talk out with him radical means of dealing with the root of such evils. What can they do? They give or withhold the soup ticket or the shilling. Has the clergyman usually time? Has the visitor often knowledge to do much more than deal with the individual question of relief or no relief at the moment in the special case?

And yet the problem has become appalling, gigantic: viewed in its entirety, it might make us almost tremble.

Statesmen, philanthropists, political economists, try their hands at it, or rather their heads. Do they succeed better than the clergy and the visitors? Do they not often succeed worse? For the clergy and the visitors at least bear witness to the poor of sympathy with them, and deal with the wants round them practically; while the theorists, let their theories be ever so excellent, somehow stand so far off that they bring little practically into operation. Who does not know of good laws passed which are nearly inoperative because not enforced by brave persons face to face with the evils which should be removed by them? Who does not know of sound principles of political economy clearly enunciated to those unconcerned by them, which never reach the ears of those whose lives they deeply affect, still less are brought before them by those whom they would heed or trust?

Now these two classes, the studious, more leisurely, generalising thinkers, and the loving individualising doers, need to be brought into communication; and that is what in this paper I wish most emphatically to enforce. Each has knowledge the other requires; separated, they are powerless; combined, they may do much. For I have drawn miserable pictures of the weakness of both, but see on the other hand what each has of strength. The clergy have all that is pitiful, all that is generous in the hearts of their richer parishioners on their side—the power of calling out workers from among them, the power of directing a large part of their alms, the distribution of money, the leadership of the men. Besides these they have the enormous accumulated knowledge of the poor, gathered in long years of intimate observation of them in their homes—a mass of information over which they may not have much time to brood, and from which they may not be in the habit of generalising, yet what might not the theorists learn from it?

And the visitors. I have called them inexperienced, and I might have added that their work is less valuable in many ways, because it is intermittent; but pause to think what these visitors are and might be. Hundreds, perhaps thousands, of gentle, earnest, duty-doing souls, well born, well nurtured, well provided for, possibly well educated, turning aside out of the bright paths which they could pursue continuously, to bring a little joy, a little help, to those who are out of the way. A voluntary gift this, if a very solemn duty. I have heard persons who give their whole time to the poor speak a little disparagingly of these fleeting visits, and young girls themselves, fevered with desire to do more, talk rather enviously of those who can give their time wholly to such work; but have they ever thought how much is lost by such entire dedication?—or, rather, how much is gained by her who is not only a visitor of the poor, but a member of a family with other duties? It is the families, the homes of the poor, that need to be influenced. Is not she most sympathetic, most powerful, who nursed her own mother through the long illness, and knew how to go quietly about the darkened room; who entered so heartily into the sister's love and marriage; who obeyed

so perfectly the father's command when it was hardest? Better still if she be wife and mother herself, and can enter into the responsibilities of a head of a household, understand her joys and cares, know what heroic patience it needs to keep gentle when the nerves are unhinged and the children noisy. Depend upon it, if we thought of the poor primarily as husbands, wives, sons, and daughters, members of households, as we are ourselves, instead of contemplating them as a different class, we should recognise better how the house training and high ideal of home duty was our best preparation for work among them. Nay, to come down to much smaller matters than these family duties, to the gladness of party, ball, and flower show, I believe these, too, in innocent and happy amount, when they brighten the eyes and bring the ready smile to the face, and make the step free and joyous, prepare us to bring a gleam of sunlight into many a monotonous life among the poor. What, in comparison with these gains, is the regularity of work of the weary worker, whose life tends to make her deal with people *en masse*, who gains little fresh spring from other thoughts and scenes? For what is it that we look forward to as our people gradually improve? Not surely to dealing with them as a class at all, any more than we should tell ourselves off to labour for the middle class, or aristocratic class, or shop-keeping class. Our ideal must be to promote the happy natural intercourse of neighbours—mutual knowledge, mutual help, of a kind, certainly, but not this professed devotion of a life, and it will be better from the beginning to mould our system so that it shall bear witness of what it ought to become. If we establish a system of professed workers, amateur or paid, we shall quickly begin to hug our system, and perhaps to want to perpetuate it even to the extent of making work for it. Well, here we have then our wonderful company of visitors full of real care for the people, with time and intelligence to apply the wisest principles, did they but know them, with fullest thought to individual cases; capable of inspiring confidence, of winning allegiance; of getting those whom they visit to understand what is best for their future, and to make up their minds to do it. Is not this precisely what is needed—the individual thought which can apply the wise principles, the love which can influence the wills which should be brought into harmony with those principles? Then turn to consider how these principles are now being thought out, with what painstaking devotion, what science, what accuracy some of our greatest men are studying them. What a mass of information they have accumulated! How day by day they are learning to explain better the meaning of it all! Think of the doctors, the legislators, the poor-law reformers, the advocates of co-operation, the members of the Charity Organization Society, how they examine, study, and expound. Once duty to the poor was supposed to consist in giving large alms; once, self-sacrifice and devotion were thought sufficient qualifications for a worker among the poor; now it is seen that to these must be added the furthest sight, the wisest thought, the most self-restraining resolution to make a useful worker.

These two classes, gentle doers and wise thinkers, stand far apart, yet, if they could be brought into close communication, both would gain much; the people for whom they are both labouring would gain much more. In what follows I have tried to show how such a communication might be made a practical reality. The scheme described is not based wholly on theory, but has substantially been in operation in a district of Marylebone for some years, and has been lately adopted by two other districts.

To effect a union, to establish communication with so numerous a body as the district visitors of London, would be in itself difficult. The difficulty is increased by the fact that they are not only a very numerous, but very changeful body; not only does death, marriage, or migration take them wholly away, but they are often interrupted by temporary absence from home, household duties, illness, and this far more than would be the case with paid workers, their district work being only a secondary, though a very real, duty. These incessant changes could never, without enormous labour and much likelihood of confusion, be registered at one centre; and this necessitates that the visitors must be dealt with by certain selected persons, who may be local leaders or centres. Large numbers of them are already gathered in district groups, round various churches and chapels. My first very natural thought was to ask the ministers of those churches and chapels to accept new duties towards their visitors, to bring before them whatever it might seem to the theorists ought to come under their notice, and to transmit to the theorists any individual problems quite too hard for solution in the locality, and to be ready to furnish other information to visitors on questions affecting the temporal condition

of their people. But it was obviously impossible to ask hard-worked London clergymen and ministers to undertake additional work, especially such a work as this. For its whole value would depend on the constant, living, detailed interchange of information. And, besides, though the district visitors attached to churches and chapels are by far the most numerous bodies to be enrolled, there are other groups which it is important to secure, and there are also individual visitors to be enlisted who might be ready to help with tangible work, and not prepared to take spiritual work. And this is another reason for not asking the clergy to take up the task. On the whole, then, it appears to me best to suggest leaving the question of all spiritual and moral work exactly where it is—where it almost must be, gathering round the clergy and ministers, everything affecting it being referred to them, and of course all funds and charities now in their hands being as hitherto managed and distributed wholly under their direction; but at the same time to ask them to consider whether they could single out some one from each ecclesiastical district, or from any given group of visitors, who should be a secretary to the others—a means of communication between them and the people dealing as officials or theorists with questions affecting large bodies of the poor.

I will describe what I think such a secretary should be and do.

She need at first have no special knowledge of laws affecting the poor, institutions established for them, or the principles of action which those who have thought most on the subject unite in thinking best; ladies furnished with such knowledge would not be found in many districts, and though such information would doubtless be of immense value, it would not be essential to secure it at first, as a great deal would be rapidly acquired by any one holding the post of which I speak. She ought to have a good deal of time for writing and seeing her fellow-workers. She need not have time for visiting the poor. In fact I should advise selecting some one who had experience in visiting them, but was content to resign that work, as I think her full available power should be devoted to her secretarial duties. She should be able, however, to attend regularly at least one meeting weekly of the Charity Organization Committee of her district. If she has a house of her own, or so much control over one as would enable her to see the visitors often there, it would be a great advantage; in fact, some way of seeing them frequently and individually appears to me essential. She should be one who, for the greater part of the year, is resident in town; for though of course a temporary successor could be appointed, or her post left vacant, absences, especially if frequent, would be a drawback to her usefulness. She ought to have tact, gentleness, and firmness. She must be a careful, conscientious woman of business, with clear head, or very methodical ways; for next to ready sympathy, method will be of all things most necessary to her. Such a secretary should, in that capacity, busy herself only with matters relating to the temporary condition of the poor. She would have relations to her own group of visitors, to the locality in which she lived, and to the metropolis generally. Those to her own fellow-workers would be different probably in different cases; but I suppose she would help and advise new visitors, tell them of the local charities, consult with them about special cases, register their temporary absence, getting the clergy to fill in such gaps if possible, show them how to keep written records of families under their charge in given form, so as to be of use to succeeding visitors, whether temporary or permanent, and communicate to visitors, new and old, all facts within her knowledge which might be of value to them. With regard to the local organization, I will not stay to describe in detail the ways in which she might be valuable to the School Board officer, to the relieving officer, to the Inspector of Nuisances, who might learn to look to her for more radical means of help than are at their command, both material and moral, and for information as to details such as rarely reaches officials, and yet might enable them to bring beneficent laws more powerfully to bear on special cases. The secretary should not only avail herself of the investigating machinery of the Charity Organization Society, but she should, as I said, attend the committee meetings. There she will learn an immense deal about wise principles of relief, new and important facts of law affecting the people, and the working of various institutions; in short, she ought to get there nearly all the instruction she requires. She would also be invaluable to the committee. She would be well acquainted with the principles on which relief is given by those whom she represents, could tell whether they would be likely to make a grant in a certain case, and, approximately, how large such grant would be. She would know, too, how to enlist that individual gentle help which is so often needed

in cases coming before the Charity Organization Society after the preliminary investigation is made, and which the paid agent has neither time nor capacity to give. In fact, for applicants from every street, and court, and lane, in which a visitor was at work, she would know to whom to turn for the personal attention which the Charity Organization Committee feel they so urgently need. Nor would her services end there. Not only would she obtain the aid of the visitors she represented at such times of crisis in the history of a poor family as those in which they usually apply to the Charity Organization Society, not only would she be able to supply a detailed report of the past life of the applicant on points which might bear on the committee's decision, but afterwards, when the decision was made and relief granted or withheld, through succeeding years she would get the people watched over with that continuous care without which right decisions at any particular crisis of life lose half their efficacy; indeed, she might often avert such a crisis altogether. For instance, she might get the visitors to induce a man to join a provident dispensary or club; which would be more satisfactory, though not perhaps more necessary, than refusing him aid when he has not done so. Sometimes, when I think of those Charity Organization Committees so much misunderstood by many, because they have so resolutely determined to give no fresh unsatisfactory relief, some of them tenderly pitiful of the poor, some of them a little far off from them, but all trying to help them in thoughtfully considered ways, and of the great current of careless, inconsiderate relief going on unchecked and uncontrolled by them, I feel as if a union between you and them would do more than almost anything else to help the poor. There they are all ready for you in every district of London, asking you to co-operate, asking you to study with them what is best, and you leave them in too many cases to be mere repressors of the grossest forms of mendicity, and by no means organizers of charity. If the plan I suggest were adopted by only a few visiting societies, I delight to think what might be gained by furnishing the committees with a few gentle workers representing many more, and associated with the charities of the neighbourhood.

But I pass on to consider the relations of these secretaries to the metropolis. They ought to be supplied with information about the laws affecting the poor, sanitary laws, poor laws, education acts; they ought to get notice of important meetings about medical charities, of new suggestions and arrangements as to the best methods of collecting and storing the earnings of the poor. And how is this to be done? Much of it might even now be done through the Charity Organization Society. All of it, I hope, will be done through the society in the future; but the Committees are too busy, too occupied with their daily labour, to deal with this new matter with the fulness of detail which at first it will require; and perhaps they do not everywhere nor always command the full sympathy and confidence of their district. Added to which, I have noticed that people, curiously enough, are more willing to invite information from private persons than from official bodies. Something must be done to meet the wants of a time of transition, and I trust I am not overbold in offering, while the plan is new, to do what I can to fill the gap; but in the future we ought to endeavour to secure that the visitors should be so organized that they can themselves compare notes, and each communicate to each how practical difficulties have been met in particular localities—so organized that facts bearing on their work should reach them swiftly and certainly, and that their experience should be accessible for legislators and reformers.

I have set before you nothing great, nothing grand, no new society, no fresh light even on the problems respecting wiser systems of relief, or their applications to individuals, which you are desiring so much to solve, each in your own parish or court. I do believe those problems to be capable of solution. I do believe that our almsgiving has been cruel in its kindness. It is for the sake of the people themselves that I would see it decreased, yes, even put down altogether; I believe they would be richer, as well as happier, for it. For the sake of the energy of the poor, the loss of which is so fatal to them, for the sake of that intercourse with them, happy, friendly, human intercourse, which dependence renders impossible, seek to your utmost for better ways of helping them. We can give you no general rules which will obviate necessity of thought, singly must your difficulties be met, singly conquered, but see that you throw upon them all available light from the experiences of others, the thoughts of the thoughtful. No new society, no great scheme, have I to urge, only if here or there any one or two of the groups of visitors

care to select one among them to be their secretary, and send me her name and address, I will tell her what I can which I think may be helpful to her or them. We might meet, too, we secretaries, now and again, to talk over important questions and strengthen one another; and though I could not possibly find time to deal with difficulties in detail, I might show, or get shown, what plans have been found useful in places which I know. I might help, too, a little about finding employment. I hear of a good many situations of an exceptional kind, and difficult to fill up suitably, and notices of such vacancies I might send on to secretaries, who could find among their visitors some one who would care to spend thought and time in fitting into an exceptional place the person best adapted for it. The large demands for labour are, I believe, best dealt with by advertisement or registry; but there is not any more valuable way of helping individuals than by fitting them in where they are wanted in ways that are not possible except to those who have personal knowledge of candidates. Mere routine notices might thus meet great human needs.

I have spoken throughout this paper of outward means and appliances; I have referred very little to improvement of the lives and spirits of men. This is not because I do not care for those lives and spirits. They are reached, we must remember, in many different ways. A great deal of life is necessarily spent in getting its surroundings into order, and in London here, this machinery of ours, all the tangible things round us need a great deal done to them; it is good for us to be dealing with them; it tests us better than any words can do. It is very difficult—impossible, I believe—to make the things of this world fair and orderly, to arrange them justly, to govern them rightly, without living very nobly. The right use of money, the laws affecting houses and lands, involve principles which test the sincerity of a man or a nation; they test it, I say, as words cannot test it. I think our poor see this very clearly, and that, strange as it may seem, the messages about God's nature, and about His relation to them, come in a strange way through our acts. More perhaps than through our words. This is emphatically so just now. They have heard a great many words, and have been puzzled because our actions have often seemed to them at variance with those words. I know how hopelessly we must fail in any attempt to live up to the unspeakable majesty of His tenderness, and the boundless wisdom of His righteousness; but even our failure, after sincere trial, brings a message of what He is to His children. Our actions are speaking to them. For this reason I have never felt the execution of the most minute duty with regard to tangible things beneath my notice, and I do not feel that in urging any of you to consider the right settlement of questions of temporal relief, I am asking you to devote yourselves to a task which is otherwise than holy. On the contrary, I have felt that it can only be rightly dealt with by those who are content to carry it on in silent allegiance to One who will judge with further sight than feeble men, who will know what deeper mercy there may be in the act which looks to men harsh at the moment. Indeed, I dare not trust the difficult things there may be to do in refusal of immediate help to any mere reasonable political economist. The generals who can direct the sad retracing of our foolish steps should be those who care for the people because their Father cares, and so desire to make them what He would have them to be; and the only ones who will have fortitude to bear the misunderstanding this may cause will be those who feel tenderest pity for the people.

Not a small thing, even in itself, is the dealing with the tangible and soulless things of earth. We may be very proud, justly proud, of the well-ordered spot of earth, the well-spent income, the self-restrained providence, whether they are our own, or whether we have helped another so to regulate the talents entrusted to him; but the glad pride breaks away, and a deep thankfulness overpowers one, if ever by word or deed one seems to have helped any one to catch even a little glimpse of that mighty Love which enwraps his spirit, uniting it in solemn harmony with all that *is* contained, as well as all that *cannot* be contained, in this wonderful visible world.

OCTAVIA HILL.

THE SECRET OF THE MERE.

I BUILT a hut beside the Mere,
A lowly hut of turf and stone;
Therein I thought from year to year
To dwell in silence and alone,
Watching the lights of heaven chase
The phantoms on the water's face.

The world of men was far away;
There was no sound, no speech, no cry;
All desolate the dark Mere lay
Under the mountains and the sky—
A sullen Mere, where sadly brood
Dark shadows of the solitude.

"It is an evil world," I said;
"There is no hope, my doom is dark."
And in despair of soul I fled
Where not another eye might mark
My silent pain, my heart's distress,
And all my spirit's weariness.

And when I came unto the Mere,
It lay and gleam'd through days of gloom.
The livid mountains gather'd drear
All round like stones upon a tomb;
Around its margin rusted red
The dark earth crumbled 'neath my tread.

I said, "It is a godless place—
Dark, desolate, and curst, like me.
Here, through all seasons, shall my face
Behold its image silently."
And from that hour I linger'd there
In protestation and despair.

For mark, the hills were stone and sand,
Not strewn with scented red or green—
All empty as a dead man's hand,
And empty lay the Mere between.
No flocks fed there, no shepherd's cry
Awoke the echoes of the sky.

And through a sullen mist I came,
And beast-like crept unto my lair;
And many days I crouch'd in shame
Out of the sunshine and sweet air.
I heard the passing wind and rain,
Like weary waves within the brain.

But when I rose and glimmer'd forth,
Ghost-wise across my threshold cold,
The clouds had lifted west and north,
And all the peaks were touch'd with gold.
I smiled in scorn; far down beneath
The waters lay as dark as death.

I said, "Go by, O goddess bright!
Thou canst not scatter darkness *here*.
In two sad bosoms there is night,
In mine and in the lonely Mere.
Light thou thy lamps, and go thy way."
It went, and all the heavens grew grey.

And when the lamps of heaven were lit,
I did not raise mine eyes to see,
But watch'd the ghostly glimmers flit
On the black waters silently.
I hid my face from heaven, and kept
Dark vigil when the bright sun slept.

And ever when the daylight grew
I saw with joy the hills were high;
From dawn to dark, the live day through,
Not lighting as the sun went by;
Only at noon one finger-ray
Touch'd us, and was withdrawn away.

I cried, "God cannot find me now;
Done now am I with praise or pain."
Beside the Mere, with darken'd brow,
I walk'd as desolate as Cain.
I cried, "Not even God could rear
One seed of love or blessing here!"

'Twas spring that day; the air was chill;
Above the heights white clouds were roll'd;
The Mere below was blue as steel,
And all the air was chill and cold,
When suddenly from air and sky
I heard a solitary cry.

Ah me! it was the same sweet sound
That I had heard afar away;
Sad echoes waken'd all around
Out of the rocks and caverns grey,
And looking upward, weary-eyed,
I saw the gentle bird that cried.

Upon a rock sat that sweet bird,
As he had sat on pale or tree,
And while the hills and waters heard,
He named his name to them and me.
I thought, "God sends the spring again,
But here at least it comes in vain!"

From rock to rock I saw him fly,
Silent in flight, but loud at rest;
And ever at his summer cry
The mountains gladden'd and seem'd bless'd,
And in the hollows of them all
Faint flames of grass began to crawl!

Some secret hand I could not see
  Was busy where I dwelt alone;
It touch'd with tender tracery,
  Faint as a breath, the cliffs of stone;
Out of the earth it drew soft moss,
And lichens shapen like the cross.

And lo! at every step I took
  Some faint life lived, some sweetness stirr'd,
While loosen'd torrents leapt and shook
  Their silvern hair to hear the bird,
And white clouds ran across the blue,
And sweet sights rose, and sweet sounds grew.

I hated every sight and sound;
  I hated most that happy cry.
I saw the mountains glory-crown'd,
  And the bright heavens drifting by;
I felt the earth beneath my tread,
Now kindling quick, that late was dead!

Then down I stole unto the Mere,
  And black as ever was its sleep.
Close to its margin all was drear;
  I heard the weary waters creep.
I laugh'd aloud, "Though all grow light,
We twain keep dark, in God's despite!

"We will not smile nor utter praise;
  He made us dark, and dark we brood.
Sun-hating, desolate of days,
  We dwell apart in solitude.
Let Him light lamps for all the land;
We darken and elude His hand."

Scarce had I spoken in such wise,
  When once again I heard the bird,
And lo! the Mere beneath mine eyes
  Was deeply, mystically stirr'd:
A sunbeam broke its gloom apart,
And heaven trembled in its heart!

There, trembling in that under-gloom,
  Like rising stars that open dim,
Innumerable, leaf and bloom,
  I saw the water-lilies swim,
Still 'neath the surface dim to sight,
But creeping upward to the light!

As countless as the stars above,
  Stirring and glimmering below,
They gather'd, and I watch'd them move,
  Till on the surface, white as snow,
One came, grew glad, and open'd up
A pinch of gold in its white cup.

Then suddenly within my breast
  Some life of rapture open'd too,
And I forgot my bitter quest,
  Watching that glory as it grew;
For, leaf by leaf and flower by flower,
The lilies open'd from that hour.

And soon the gloomy Mere was sown
  With oilèd leaves and stars of white;
The trumpet of the Spring was blown
  Far overhead, from height to height,
And lo! the Mere, from day to day,
Grew starry as the Milky Way.

I could not bear to dwell apart
  With so divine and bright a thing;
I felt the dark depths of my heart
  Were stirring, trembling, wakening.
I watch'd the Mere, and saw it shine,
E'en as the eye of God on mine.

As one that riseth in his tomb,
  I rose and wept in soul's distress;
I had not fear'd His wrath and gloom,
  But now I fear'd His loveliness.
I craved for peace from God, and then
Crept back and made my peace with men!

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

SUNDAY EVENING READINGS.

I.—"I HAVE A MESSAGE FROM GOD UNTO THEE."

THUS did a servant of the Lord Jehovah once address an earthly monarch who had distressed and enslaved the chosen people of God. He found his way to the presence of the king, and after addressing him in these words, he smote the king with a concealed dagger, and put an end at once to his tyranny and his life. He *had* a message from God—a very stern and terrible message, a message of death rather than life, of punishment rather than reward, of anger rather than love.

May not we, however, use and apply these words to ourselves in a somewhat different way? May we not give them a personal and a spiritual application? Surely God Almighty very often sends messages to us

all. Hardly any event in life ever takes place without its bringing with it a message, a real, distinct message from God. Our joys and our sorrows, our mercies and our cares, our work and our rest, they all come to us charged with messages from on high.

Let us take a few instances of the way in which these messages come to us. And first of all let us take a very common and ordinary event.

1. Does not every Sunday, as it comes round to us, bring with it a message from God? Does it not say to us, as we rise in the morning, feeling that it is a day of rest—a day unlike other days—does it not seem to say to us, "I have a message from God unto thee; I come to speak to thee about thy Father in heaven; I come to bid thee lift up thy heart to thy Saviour and thy Redeemer; this is the day for reaching forth unto things unseen, a day for high and holy and solemn thoughts, a day for sending, as it were, the spies—the spies of faith and hope—into the far-distant land where all is peace and joy and rest?"

Oh! is not this the message which every Sunday brings with it? the message of God's love for our souls, the message which speaks of God's tender care for us, in giving us these precious days of refreshment and rest, these holy days of spiritual joy and peace?

2. Or let us take another matter. Illness surely never comes to any one of us but it bears with it "a message from God." We some of us know what it is to have passed through a very serious or painful illness; we some of us know what it is to have been brought very, very near the darkness and the silence of the grave, when the angel of death seemed to be hovering over us, and we almost felt his cold, icy breath upon our cheek, and when earth and the things of earth seemed gliding fast away from us—oh, then was the Almighty sending us a message! It was a message to us from the unseen world, reminding us that life is very frail, and very uncertain; reminding us that after life comes death, and after death the judgment; it was a message bidding us put our house in order, because we know not how sudden might be our call, how short the passage to eternity. Oh, let us who have received this solemn message ever bear it in mind; let us who have been called back, as it were, from the very jaws of death, consecrate our whole selves, body, soul, and spirit, to that great God who has given back to us our restored life and health and strength. That recovery, that deliverance of ours, was "a message from God" to our soul!

3. Or, again, do not all anniversaries of great and important events in our lives bring with them "a message from God" to us? When our birthdays come round to us, and we thank God for having spared us hitherto, and we rejoice in the love and the congratulations of those who are nearest and dearest to us, oh, does not God send us a message at those times? Or when the anniversary of some great deliverance, or of some great domestic happiness, or of some great personal mercy—when this rolls round year after year, does it not also bring with it, year after year, a very earnest message from our God, reminding us that He gave us the mercy, that He sent us the deliverance, that from Him comes every blessing that we possess, and that to Him belong our thanks, to Him is our gratitude due. Let us try to make every one of those happy anniversaries a time for hearing the voice of God speaking to us personally and individually. Let us try to make every one of those events come home to us, and say to us, "I have a message from God unto thee: God asks for thy love; God expects thy gratitude."

4. Once again: ought we not to look upon every sermon that is preached to us as a message from God to our souls? The great King often entrusts His messages to very unworthy messengers; He often makes use of very humble instruments; but it is our part to think more of the message than of the messenger; more of the Master than of His servant.

The messenger may sometimes be unattractive enough; his words may be commonplace, his manner rough, his eloquence small; but if he preaches God's truth, if he founds his message on the Holy Book, if he unfolds to us the very same lessons of truth and love which that Book contains; then, whether he be eloquent or dull, attractive or unattractive, learned or unlearned, all this matters but little; he is the messenger of the great King; He is the ambassador of Heaven; He is the servant of Christ, and he comes to us in the name of the Most High God, and he says to each and every one of us, "I have a message from God unto *thee*."

Thus, then, does God send His messages. The question for us all is this: Have I listened to those messages? Have I accepted those calls? Am I any the better for them? Have they brought me nearer to God, my Father, and nearer to Christ my Saviour? God give

us all grace to ponder on these questions, and to listen to those messages of His which His love sends, and which our faith should receive and cherish in our inmost hearts.

II.—SALT.

The well-known substance which we commonly call salt is very largely used in the economy of nature. It is difficult to point to any of the great works of nature in which this most valuable commodity does not appear. It floats in the air; it is present in water, both sea-water and fresh; it exists in every animal that walks on the surface of the globe; it is found in every plant and vegetable, in every tree and flower; it is contained in every species of soil; and large, enormously large, deposits of it are to be met with, here and there, in the bowels of the earth. In one district of Poland there is said to be a bed of salt five hundred miles in length, twenty miles in breadth, and twelve hundred feet in depth; while in England there are salt-beds which have supplied the inhabitants of this country for ages and ages with this most important material.

The fact is, that without this great purifying and antiseptic agent, both animal and vegetable life would be altogether an impossibility. The presence of salt is essential, to a certain extent, to the well-being of all material things. It is the secret of health, fertility, and life. It prevents corruption; it keeps the world pure; it promotes and stimulates life. The glorious sea, which, with its life-giving breezes, restores health and strength to thousands of our sick, languid, and over-worked fellow-creatures, would be, without the salt which it contains, a very fountain of death, a reservoir of corruption, a huge pestilential drain. But the salt of the ocean prevents all this; the salt of the ocean is that which brings the colour to the palid cheek of the weary sufferer, strength to the jaded constitution, and energy to the over-worked brain. Salt is good; it is one of God's best gifts; it purifies; it stimulates; it arrests corruption; it stays the course of decay.

In both Old and New Testament we find many references to this great purifying agent. Every sacrifice which was offered to the Lord Jehovah was to be mingled with salt. Thus we read in the second chapter of Leviticus, "And every oblation of thy meat offering shalt thou season with salt; neither shalt thou suffer the salt of the covenant of thy God to be lacking from thy meat-offerings; with all thine offerings thou shalt offer salt." So in Ezekiel we read, "And thou shalt offer them before the Lord, and the priests shall cast salt upon them, and they shall offer them up for a burnt-offering unto the Lord." Turning to the pages of the New Testament, we find both our Lord and His apostles referring to salt. St. Paul speaks of the strengthening, purifying influence by which the ordinary, every-day conversation of Christians should be distinguished under this emblem of salt. "Let your speech be always with grace, *seasoned with salt*." And our Saviour three times over speaks of salt, first, as representing the principle or life and purity which should exist in the soul of every true Christian; and, secondly, to teach how each separate Christian should spread abroad and diffuse that principle, and thus become an agent of life and purity to all with whom he has to do. First He spoke thus: "Every sacrifice shall be salted with *salt*," that is to say, every soul which is really given up to God must be full of this life-giving principle—this salt of the heart. Secondly, He uttered these words: "Ye are the salt of the earth;" meaning that individual Christians are to go forth, and by their love to God, and their zeal for Christ, are to neutralise the sin and to break down the wickedness, and to keep in check the corruption of this evil world. Thirdly, He speaks thus: "Salt is good; but if the salt have lost its savour, wherewith shall it be seasoned,"—that is, if by neglect or sinful living this quickening principle loses its power, its freshness, and its virtue, how can it again be restored to its former vigour? This useless, worthless, powerless salt is fit neither for the land, nor yet for the dunghill, but men cast it out.

And now the question arises, what is really meant by this emblem of salt? What is that state of soul so indispensable to every follower of Christ, and without which he must be rejected as useless, profitless, and worthless? I would answer, it is the grace of God in the heart of man, whereby he is made holy and kept holy. What salt is to the body, that religion is to the soul. Salt purifies, renovates, invigorates; salt hinders corruption and arrests decay. So the love of God, which is religion, this, too, purifies, renovates, invigorates the soul; this hinders spiritual corruption, this arrests spiritual death. Religion is meant to make people *holy* as well as happy. Christianity, with all its blessings and privileges, comes to us and offers us not only pardon and peace, but life and purity. The true Christian is he who is

most like his Lord. The true Christian is he who day by day grows in grace, in unselfishness, in unworldliness, in courage, in truthfulness, in devotedness to God. A merely barren faith will be of little avail; a love of listening to what are sometimes called "gospel sermons," a love of listening to heart-stirring declarations of the tender love of Christ for sinners, followed by no corresponding desire to follow Christ and to imitate Christ—this will not save the soul; every sacrifice must be salted with the salt of God's grace, every Christian must be led by God's Holy Spirit; faith must never be divorced from works; the knowledge of gospel truths must ever be accompanied by the "salt" of a holy and a religious life.

EDWARD V. HALL.

NATIONAL HEALTH.

CHAPTER II.—HEALTH AND CIVILISATION.

IN my last chapter I ventured to indicate that man in his past history has been ever struggling against natural obstacles, towards greater advantages of health, and towards the happiness which accrues from the possession of that acquirement. If this view be correct, it should follow that at the present day a notable improvement ought to be shown in the conditions of health that are manifested amongst our civilised communities, as compared with the conditions that have existed in preceding and less-favoured civilisations, or that exist in this day in uncivilised tribes. I do not think there is any reasonable doubt that the fact is as thus assumed.

It may be urged that no comparison can be instituted between the current civilised states and those practically lost civilisations which marked the Babylonian, the Egyptian, the ancient Greek, and the ancient Roman empires. I have heard it expressed by more than one admiring scholar of those civilisations, that if we knew all the details of them that are now concealed we should probably see in them a standard of excellence which this age, in its most refined aspects, does not approach. I bow to this opinion with the knowledge that it is unanswerable. All I know is, that nothing comes to my hand, no book, no word, that conveys to my mind the idea of the existence of any period when the human race, existing under any form of civilisation, was freer of great pestilences, was freer of slowly-killing diseases, was freer of loathsome diseases that do not necessarily kill, than it is at this hour.

I turn to the fathers of medical science to find them rich in their knowledge of diseases, knowledge which they could never have learned unless the diseases had been before them as subjects of study. I turn to the historians to find the records of great devastations, from plague, pestilence, and famine. I read the poets telling of the same, and of the vengeances of offended deities. I find an ancient ruler, no less ancient and no less wise a ruler than Cambyses himself, teaching his son Cyrus lessons in sanitary science as lessons then much needed. With regard to health Cyrus tells his father that "since he has heard and seen that those states which seek for good health educate physicians, and that commanders take with them physicians for the sake of the soldiers, he too, therefore, as soon as his present expedition was intrusted to him, gave his attention to this subject, and thought that he had with him very competent physicians." To which the father, Cambyses, replies. "But these physicians, my son, of whom thou speakest, are like menders of torn garments, and thus they cure those who have fallen sick. Thy chief anxiety should be to provide for health; for thou oughtest to take care to prevent the army from falling into sickness at all." And then he describes, as a modern and learned Surgeon-General might describe, what is to be dreaded, what is to be avoided. He tells that the bodies and faces of men are the signs of good health and bad health; and he adds other advice and observation which shows to us that in Cambyses' day, in the midst of a very high ancient civilisation, there was no special exemption from the thousand natural ills that flesh is heir to.

I need wait no longer on this interesting topic. Happily, proof nearer at hand is before me for comparison of the modern with past life, proof which tells that with true civilisation health ever appears in friendly communion. We must not, however, rush at once to the conclusion that health and lon-

gevity are developed with every phase of what is called modern civilisation. The modern civilised man conquers, and in conquering drives the modern savage out of existence, or leaves him part of a mere fragment of a wandering tribe. But civilisation, however refined it may be, however intellectual, inventive, learned, or knowing it may be, is foolish and helpless to check disease and death unless it be wise as well as knowing, unless it be self-sacrificing, and unless the passions of men, which civilised life so variously modifies, are influenced by it in such a manner as to be held from the influence of destructive causes. When civilisation leads to excess of luxury; when it leads to excess of strain, mental or physical, after wealth and the supposed advantages that can only be purchased by wealth; when it spreads too eagerly the sails of commerce; when it grasps too fiercely after conquest and dominion; when it brings about collisions between classes of men in the same population; then it is not an agency for the steady promotion of national health and national life.

We, who would do all we can to improve the health and life of the nation, must always bear these truths in mind. Steadiness of national life requires steady national repose. The political soundness and safety of a nation may be read in the annals of its mortality.

The best typical examples of communities living under conditions most favourable to vital integrity have been those which have been civilised in the midst of the extremest simplicity, in other words in the midst of freedom from the evils of intellectual civilisation. This point will well bear direct and practical illustration.

At the census of 1821 it was calculated that in the English county of Monmouth the death-rate was in the proportion of fourteen, and in 1831 twelve, in the thousand living. But from the years 1841 to 1870, the death-rate of the same county has presented a mean of twenty-three in the thousand living, or nearly double the rate that existed from 1821 to 1831.

The mortality tables of Edmonds show that for the eighteen years from 1813 to 1830 the mortality of England and Wales was at the rate of 21·20 in the thousand living. From 1841 to 1870, the death-rate has been twenty-two in the thousand living.

These examples could be multiplied, but they are sufficient to indicate that what is commonly called advancing civilisation is not sufficient of itself, in detail, to insure a reduction of mortality in a limited series of years.

We cannot suppose that the county of Monmouth is less civilised now than it was forty-six years ago; yet its mortality has considerably increased. We cannot assume that England altogether is less civilised than she was forty-five years ago, yet her general mortality has slightly increased.

What shall we say then? Shall we rush to the conclusion that with our vaunted civilisation we are passing into a lower phase of national life? Is our vital force on the decline? Are learned authors who have written on the decrease of disease by civilisation—Marx and Willis, Berard, Francis D'Ivernois, Boudin—to be considered dreamers? Is it possible that we are blindly and imperceptibly drifting into danger, wearing out, as, philosophers say, the sun our master is? Or is there a mistake somewhere, and are we improving, as we hope we are? Optimist or pessimist, which is the authority?

Before these questions can be answered, let us look at another series of facts. Our balance will then be more fairly weighted.

In the year 1700 the mortality of London was computed as one in twenty-five; that is to say, as forty in the thousand. In the year 1801 it was computed as one in thirty-eight; that is to say, as twenty-six in the thousand. From 1841 to 1850 it was computed as one in forty; that is to say, twenty-five in the thousand. From 1861 to 1870 it was computed as one in forty-two; that is to say, twenty-four in the thousand. These facts show a steady and remarkable progression in favour of health, as far as such progression is indicated by reduction of vitality. Should the reduction continue, we may fairly assume that if even the improvement does not move faster than it has moved, twenty persons out of every thousand living will die in the year 1900, instead of the forty that died two hundred years ago. One in fifty, instead of one in twenty-five, will be the mortality in the metropolis.

If we apply the same test to England altogether, we find that a century since, within three years, the deaths were computed at one in forty, or at the rate of twenty-five in the thousand living. At this time the deaths are one in forty-five, or at the rate of twenty-two in the thousand. This, it is true, is but a small improvement; yet it indicates the position that with an advance of civilised life there runs an advance of actual life.

The position is strengthened by the further fact that whereas at the date of a hundred years back, the whole population of England was barely eight millions and a half, it was in 1870 twenty-two millions, seven hundred and twelve thousand, two hundred and sixty-six, with one cause of mortality, the overcrowding of populations, greatly increased.

Whither, then, are we led? There seems before us a statistical paradox, and some will say, as they read, that statistics can be made to prove anything. Really, there is no paradox, and the statistics, as is commonly the case, prove, when they are honestly read, the simple and consistent truth.

To read the facts correctly it is necessary to classify them as they lie within or in the circumference of the period of time in which they have been produced, and to remember that the greater circle includes the lesser. Taken in this way, we learn that in the wider circle of time the mortality of the nation has been reduced; while in the smaller circles there have been periods in which the reduction has ceased, or has even been replaced by a slight increase.

At the same time it must be confessed that improvement so far is extremely slow, and is, indeed, so finely balanced, it is hard to predict whether it will or will not be maintained. National health is national wealth, but the reverse is not equally true. National wealth is not, of necessity, national health. I fear the contrary is nearest the truth. If we could invent a social state in which health of life and wealth of life would co-exist, we should have a state where a noble intellectual civilisation was combined with a very frugal mode of subsistence, with moderation of pleasure, and with such restraint of passion, that violence of character would never be exhibited by those who wished to be accounted sane. With this state would be connected all the external sanitary requirements for the maintenance of health, and to these advantages would be added a due prudence in respect to marriage, so that marriages were not contracted until the married had the means necessary for maintaining the life of the offspring that result from their union. The last-named provision is possibly the primary and essential; for death is the shadow of birth.

I remember once reading a lesson on this subject, written by an anonymous writer, in relation to the life value of the inhabitants of the little town of Montreux, a parish in the canton of the Vaud, in Switzerland. The facts and the argument based on them ran somewhat in the following order. The records of Montreux, which had been faithfully kept for several years by the good pastor, M. Bridel, showed that the population was limited to two thousand eight hundred and thirty-three souls, and told all that related to the life history of this self-contained community. The births were at the rate of one in forty-five, the deaths one in sixty-four annually, or 15·62 in the thousand living. The writer compared this mortality with that of a Russo-Greek population existing at the same period of time, in which population the births were one in seventeen, and the deaths one in twenty-five, *i.e.* at the rate of forty in the thousand. Mark! says he, the figures which announce the proportional mortality of these contrasted communities. In the Russian community one-twenty-fifth disappear annually; in Montreux one-sixty-fourth. The Russian generations passed away more than twice as rapidly as the population of Montreux. Who would purchase the advantage, equivocal at best, of a triple number of births, accompanied by this enormous multitude of premature deaths? In Montreux, four-fifths of those born reached the age of twenty, while in the Russian diocese of Nisni Novgorod, out of one thousand baptized, six hundred and sixty-one perished before their fifteenth year. The nuptial garments of the mothers were the destined shrouds of the first-born. In the Russo-Greek community the apparent annual increase was $\frac{1}{35}$. In Montreux, the apparent annual increase was $\frac{1}{162}$. In the former the march of life, so seemingly rapid, was the most murderous in Europe. In the latter the march, so seemingly slow, was, with health and abundance, the sure foundations of actual and steady increase of life over death.

When this writer came to inquire into the cause of these differences, he traced the rate of death to the rate of birth, under conditions favourable or unfavourable to persistence of life. He found that the advance of a population, and its condition with regard to subsistence, are universally correlative, and that a state of comfort stands in relation to the rate of increase, either as cause or effect. If the rate is rapid, the state of comfort is in the relation of cause. If the rate is slow, the state of comfort is its effect. Thus the conditions of ease, and the consequent health of the social body sustained at Montreux, were due to the comparative slowness and circumspection with which

its successive races were brought upon the scene of the world.

The secret of success for securing the low mortality, and a social state in which the happy circumstances of one generation were handed down unimpaired to the next, was assigned by this excellent writer to Swiss forethought and the virtue of continence. These civilised peasants of a Swiss village conserved their health, conserved their lives, maintained a condition of ease, and thereby a condition of social health, simply by the comparative slowness and circumspection with which their successive races were brought upon the scene of the world. In Montreux the nuptial garments of the mother were *not* destined to serve as the shrouds of the first-born.

It would be fair to urge that the comparison I have borrowed between a community of Switzers and a community of Russian Greeks is not strictly fair. Unfortunately the comparison admits of wider application. For the Russo-Greek population of a past day I may substitute an English community of the present, which cannot, in the ordinary sense of the term, be considered less civilised than Montreux was forty years ago. In Liverpool, from the year 1861 to 1870, the deaths were at the rate of thirty-nine in the thousand annually.

Whatever may be the favouring influences, then, of our modern civilisation,—and no one can fail to admit there are favouring influences,—they must be accepted as qualified by the knowledge that they can only prove their value when they are sustained by moral influences which lie apart from them in a sanitary point of view. The fact is obvious that some communities, by virtue of certain physical or moral laws, exist and exhibit in existing a high standard of health without being dependent for their health and longevity on what we sanitarians call strict, formal, sanitary rules. Nay, they exist oftentimes in the absence of, or it may be in opposition to, some of the sanitary rules on which, at present, an exaggerated or doubtful reliance is placed.

I have already given a simple proof of this truth in the comparison I have adduced between a Swiss village and two other communities. I have before me a still more striking evidence of the same truth in the history of the Jewish communities, and of their vitalities, in modern times.

The Jews, spread throughout the world in small clusters of population, have been unusually healthy and tenacious of life. That they should exist at all is one of the marvels of history. That they should exist as they do, and present the vitality they do, adds even marvel to marvel. Of no other people can it be so truly said that the advancing civilisation of the nations in which they have been cast has been a ban and a curse. Yet concerning them the saying is too true. From the time of their great revolt under their last great leader, Barchochebas, in the reign of the Emperor Adrian, a revolt which ended in the complete destruction of their city as a home for them, their career has been one incessant struggle with fate for very life. From the time of Justinian and Justinian law, they have had to compete not only with the difficulties caused by nature, but with the legal difficulties raised by more cruel and more specifically directed powers against them than those of nature, viz., the powers of the men who gave them permission to live and be persecuted. They have been debarred political rights and social privileges. They have been born in circumstances most unfavourable to healthy development. They have been forced to live in special and overcrowded quarters of great cities. They have been pressed to supply the wants of their oppressors, when their own wants were far greater than were the wants of those who oppressed them. They have been often deprived of the highest services which the healing science gave to their more fortunate and favoured compeers. They have been cut off from advantages of education which to others were offered in the choicest forms.

In the midst of all these adversities and deprivations, the Jews have continued to live, and, what is more remarkable, have continued to live exhibiting a healthier life and a longer life than others amongst whom they have been cast. In every country to which the modern statist has turned his attention, and has found material on which to estimate the vitality of the Jews, and to compare that vitality with the vitality of the people immediately surrounding them, the result has been as favourable to them as to the Switzers of Montreux, or the natives of Monmouthshire in the beginning of this century. Some examples of these results are deserving of our attention.

M. Mayer, in the year 1864, made a series of observations on the relative values of life of the conscript population of the town of Fürth. The physical population of Furth was, he states, at that time poor and mean, so that the number of conscripts ex-

empted from service on account of infirmities and defective height was greater by one-half in Fürth than it was in Munich. His calculations, therefore, were made on a population which, whether it were Jewish or Christian, was of an inferior physical character; and they are the more valuable on this account, since they present the facts derived from two populations, both of which were poor, with one, the Jewish, labouring under some disadvantages not felt by the other. Under these conditions there was observed during ten years a notable difference in favour of life among the Jews. This advantage was most distinctly evidenced during the first periods of life. Of children from one to five years of age the Jews lost ten per cent., the Christians, or, more correctly speaking, those who did not profess the Jewish faith, fourteen per cent. This tenacity of life was traced as belonging to the Jews during every other stage of life until the age of sixty. From sixty to seventy the mortality was at the rate of 12 amongst the Jews, and of 9·8 amongst the other part of the conscript class. From seventy to eighty it was 9 per cent. amongst the Jews, and 8·9 amongst the others. From eighty to ninety it was 8·1 per cent. amongst the Jews, and 2·4 amongst the Christians and others who did not profess Judaism.

The results of these calculations indicated that through every phase the vitality of the Jewish people was superior to that of the surrounding people with whom they were cast. At first sight it may seem that the Jews who had passed the age of sixty were less healthy and more disposed to die, either from premature old age or from disease, than the other conscripts. But the inference, as Mayer shows, would be wrong. The greater mortality of the Jews above sixty was due to the circumstance that a much greater number of them lived to die beyond that period of life. Even at the age of between eighty and ninety so many were left that their deaths could be counted in the proportions of 8 per cent. compared with 2·4 per cent. of their immediate neighbours.

From Fürth the inquiry was carried to Frankfort, a town in which some of the most remarkable chapters of Jewish life have been written. In this town the modern Jews have laid the beginning of that extraordinary wealth, the end and influence of which, for good or for evil, for themselves and for others, has yet to be seen; a wealth that will probably bring about the strangest revolutions that has yet been realised in their strange history; a wealth that may make them the kings of the world or destroy them altogether. In Frankfort the Jews have lived until lately in their own quarters; they have had few social advantages, as such advantages appear to the mere politician, to the man of pleasure, or even to the masses of mankind. It is no insult to them, because they have not deserved what they have suffered, to say that they have as yet barely escaped the thraldom of a people living by permission and resting upon mercy sanctioned under legal prohibition.

It would be difficult to invent, for the purposes of our present inquiry, a series of conditions more critical than have been actually presented to us in the mortality statistics afforded in Frankfort by the two communities of Jews and Gentiles. Both were living, in the general meaning of the word, under the same kinds of civilisation, but socially the Jews were hampered while their fellow-citizens were entirely free. The Jews had closer quarters, they were reputed to be less cleanly than their neighbours, and though some of them were, confessedly, very rich, the mass of them were, or were supposed to be, poorer than the majority of the citizens. They had no direct hand in making the laws, and altogether were not, at first sight, to be envied. What under these states of relative existence were the relative values of their health and life?

The answer to this curious question is given by Mayer from evidence carefully collected by Dr. Neufville in Frankfort. The average duration of life of the whole population, Jewish and Christian, was thirty-seven years and seven months. But the mortality was unequally divided. The average duration of life amongst the Jews was forty-eight years and nine months; amongst the other classes of the community it was thirty-six years and eleven months. During the first five years of life the Jewish children died at the rate of 12·9 per cent.; the children of the other classes at the rate of 24·1 per cent. Of the Jews that passed into manhood or womanhood 54 per cent. reached their fiftieth year; of the other classes that passed into manhood or womanhood 38·1 per cent. reached their fiftieth year. Amongst the Jews 24.7 per cent. attained the age of fourscore and ten; amongst the other classes 13·4 attained that nearly ripe maturity. In the total, one-fourth of the Jews lived to be twenty-eight years and three months old, while one-fourth of the rest of the community only lived to reach six years and eleven months. One-half of the Jews lived to be fifty-three years old; one-half of

the other classes lived only to be thirty-six. One-fourth of the Jewish population attained the age of threescore and ten years; one-fourth of the other population barely attained the age of fifty-nine years and ten months. These general rates of mortality, common to the communities at large, in Frankfort, extended, according to Neufville, into special orders. Of one hundred commercial men amongst the Jews fifty died before reaching the age of sixty-one. Amongst a hundred of the same occupation, not Jews, fifty died before reaching the age of fifty-seven.

An eminent French statistician, who prepared, a few years ago, for his Government, an elaborate paper on the vitality of the Jews, —I refer to M. Legoyt,—has reported some equally important facts relating to the Jews in Prussia between the years 1859 and 1861. He corroborates what has been stated by Mayer and Neufville as to the greater value of Jewish life in the earlier years of existence. He indicates that the number of still-born children, that is, of children who die before, during, or soon after birth, was in 1849 one still-born child in 97·75 amongst Jews, to one in 44·86 amongst other peoples. He shows that from 1859 to 1861 in one hundred births in Prussia the proportion of mortality was 48·11 amongst the Jews to 66·33 amongst the other classes of the country.

From these experiences Legoyt assumes that the average life of the Israelites ought to exceed that of the general population. The fact, he adds, is so. The difference to their profit is about five years. The civil state extracts in Prussia only impute to them 1·61 deaths in a hundred, while for the whole kingdom the mortality assessment is 2·62 in the hundred. The population increases 1·36 in the hundred among the Christians, and 1·73 among the Jews annually. The effectives of the first require a period of 51 years to double themselves; those of the second a period of 41·50 years. In 1849 Prussia calculated one dead in 40·69 Jews, and in 32·26 of other classes. From a table of mortality which he constructed from data included between the years 1855-9, Legoyt drew as conclusions:—Firstly, that at birth the average life of the general population was higher than that of the Jewish; secondly, that at all other ages the Jews had the advantage; thirdly, that as regards the Jewish women their average duration of life did not attain that of the whole population up to the age of sixty years, but beyond that limit it became higher.

There lie before me some other details bearing on this same subject and conveying the same truths. From them I cull one more series of evidences, because they are quite recent and original, and because they refer to our own country.

We have in England, as yet, no collected official documents bearing on the divisions of classes of people in respect to race or religion. We know from the admirable census returns how many persons of different trades and occupations there are amongst us. We know that in the 22,712,266 persons of both sexes who made up the population of England and Wales in 1871, there were 684,102 who were professional persons; 5,905,171 who were engaged in domestic or household affairs; 815,424 who were commercially occupied; 1,657,138 who were Adam's first journeymen, tillers of the soil, agricultural workers; 5,137,725 who were toiling and spinning in the busy hives of industry, industrials; and, 8,512,706 who,—being either boys and girls at school, or persons of rank and property, or persons doing nothing to gain a livelihood,—were all classed together under the head of indefinite and non-productive persons. We know how many of all these classes were males or females; how many were married or single; with various other pieces of important information. But up to this time the facts which relate to racial peculiarities, to families, to modes of life springing from habit, education, and thought, remain unrevealed in this kingdom. The reasons that are commonly urged against the collection of official data on these points have always seemed to me to be puerile, and indeed to be the foolish results of prejudice, I had almost said of superstition.

However this may be, the fact remains that we cannot ascertain on any determinate scale what the influence of the closest inner social life of the people is on the vitality of the people. In relation to the Jews, who stand out more distinctly than any other class, we cannot estimate their numbers accurately even in London, to say nothing of the country. From two good sources of information, each of which I should have considered to be reliable, I have heard, from one that there are twenty thousand, from the other that there are forty thousand Jews in the metropolis. The medium, viz., thirty thousand, is probably nearest to the actual truth. Owing to these circumstances, it is impossible for me to place before my readers any such series of facts as those they have gathered from the labours of Mayer, Neufville,

and Legoyt. I have nevertheless a short record to offer which bears on our subject, and which is, as far as it goes, of considerable interest.

Dr. Asher, the secretary to the Great Synagogue of Jews in London, has supplied me with the data of the number of burials of Jews in London, as they are officially known, for the three years 1873-4-5. In the tables thus supplied to me there are recorded the ages of all who were buried from the age of one month to that of ninety years. The total number of interments in the period named was two thousand five hundred and sixty-three. Of these, one thousand and eighty-four were not members of the Great Synagogue, and they are simply returned under this general head. One hundred and seventy-two were members of the families of seat-holders of the Great Synagogue. The rest were members of families belonging to the Hambro', the new, the Central, the Bayswater, the Borough, and the North London Synagogues. One thousand and twenty-six were males, one thousand one hundred and nine were females. In twenty-eight instances the deaths were premature.

Taken alone, the facts thus supplied are of little value. Fortunately, however, they admit of being compared with the tables of mortality at different ages of the whole population of London. What then, at the same ages, are the relative proportions of deaths in Jews to the deaths of the whole population?

The answer to this question is that the vitality of the Jews in London contrasts, as elsewhere, favourably with that of the members of other classes of the community. In the earlier periods of life, viz., under five years, the favourable comparison is not so peculiarly marked as in Frankfort, but it is indicated. The rate of mortality stands in the relation of forty-four of the Jewish to forty-five of the whole population. In the meridian of life, viz., from thirty-five to forty-five years, the contrast is better marked; for now the rate of mortality stands at the rate of five of the Jews to eight of the other classes. But it is at the more advanced ages of life that the contrast comes out with special force. At eighty-five years and upwards the number of Jews that died were 2 to 0·8 of the whole of the community; that is to say, the Jews who had passed fourscore years were nearly three to one, when compared with their neighbours of different faiths. It is worthy of notice, that in the Jewish, as in other classes, the longevity of the women exceeds that of the men. Eleven Jewish women passed over ninety years of age, to five men; and fifty-three women died between eighty years of age, to twenty-two men of the same age. Between the ages of sixty and seventy years, the balance was a little in favour of the men; eighty-nine men died within that period of age, to eighty-three women.

It is further worthy of remark, that in the younger ages of life the Jewish male mortality was in advance of the female. Thus of males over ten and under twenty, the deaths in the three years were as thirty-six males to twenty-four females, and from five to ten years the deaths were as fifty males to thirty-five females.

Of the Jews themselves, from whose history the returns that are before us have been obtained, nothing can be urged to show that they, more than others, derived special advantages from what is popularly called civilised progress. Those of them who lived in foreign towns were mainly of the poor of those towns; and amongst the two thousand five hundred and sixty-three who died in London, and the facts of whose deaths are given in Dr. Asher's tables, no fewer than two thousand and forty-eight, or close upon sixty per cent. of the whole, were denizens of the east, north-east, and east central districts of the great city. It cannot be presumed that any of these were under special privilege that they should live so much longer than their fellows. Neither can their greater vitality be presumed to occur because they were Jews; for the inhabitants of Montreux were not Jews, and the people of Monmouthshire, to whom I have referred, were not Jews; yet both these presented a similar good vitality, a vitality which contrasted forcibly with that of other contemporary classes.

From all the facts above related two great inferences may be drawn. The first of these is, that civilisation, when it lifts man out of the savage state, adds to health of life and to length of days. The second is, that civilisation, when it gives to civilised man more privileges than he deserves or requires; when it ministers to his passions and perverts his freedom; when it forces him to extremes of labour; when it promotes premature marriage and excessive growth of population,—then civilisation itself lapses back into practical barbarism, and nature, maintaining her unswerving and wise course, pursues her way even with death on her wings.

BENJAMIN W. RICHARDSON.

"WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH."

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WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH.

By the AUTHOR of "Lady Bell," etc.

CHAPTER XXIX.—"WHY HAVE YOU DECEIVED ME, ARCHIE?"

THE perturbed stranger at the Brown Cow, forced to rise and dress himself without a bath, and to breakfast on home-made bread which was unpalatable to him, and on an infusion of sloe-leaves that his landlady had substituted for milk, was compelled at last to summon somebody of greater authority than the gawky chamber-maid and bar-maid in one. He wished to settle how, after a few more inquiries, he could get away from this benighted and outlandish hamlet.

Host Morse having the stable entirely under his rule, and being less occupied with the great sight of the morning than his wife, was induced to brave the gentleman who spoke as if butter would not melt in his mouth. As a safe vent to his pent-up feelings in discussing the dog-cart and horse, with which the innkeeper was to furnish his guest, Host Morse had broken away from the subject in hand in order to refer to that which was uppermost in the mind of Saxford that day. "There d' be a wedding in the village this morning, your honour," he had said. "Bridegroom he be a stranger chap, fresh come into these parts, a day's-man, Joel Wray, leastways we called him as he called hisself, Joel Wray; but it d' seem, by now, his right name 't is Dooglas."

The gentleman had been listening blankly and indifferently; but at Joel Wray's new name, he first fell back into his chair, and then started up. "What do you say?" he cried out loudly, and without the least hesitation. Seizing his hat and making for the door, he was down the stairs and up the street in the direction of the church, before Host Morse, standing open-mouthed, and feeling, as he described afterwards, "like one strook or took," could cry God save him! what was the matter?

It was the apparition of the tall, Tweed-suited stranger, darting into the church, which stopped the marriage party.

The gentleman stared distractedly about him till his eye was caught and fixed by Joel Wray in his working clothes, with the rose in his jacket. "Good Heavens, Archie, what are you doing here?" he gasped out.

The young man's eyes met those which had fastened on his, and he, too, stood arrested. "Selincourt! what on earth brings you here?" he said, with the oddest mixture of amazement, discomfiture, provocation, and something like a sense of comicality in his tone.

The familiar recognition between these apparently widely-severed members of society—the fine gentleman at the Brown Cow, and Joel Wray, the day's-man at the Manor farm—turned the rest of the party to stone for an instant. In the next followed a reaction.

"Is there anything wrong?" asked the vicar in an accent of aggrieved trepidation.

"I am here to stand up for this young 'oman," said the bailiff, preparing to show fight for Pleasance, "as is as vartuous a young faymale as breathes—passon, he knows—and as 'a come to church to be—as 'a been, married honest to this here young man."

Even the lad Ned, of all people, took it into his head to put in his awkward oar. Perhaps it was his part, as best man, to speak up for Joel, and Ned had something to do, after all. "Joel ain't in the wrong, as I can see. Banns and everythink were right, or passon and clerk should 'a seed to it. I towd you last night, zur," turning valiantly upon Selincourt, "that he were bridegroom."

Dorky Thwaite, as best maid, did not follow suit and put the finishing touch to what was grotesque in the situation, notwithstanding that she was all in a tremor lest Madam's should not prove a marriage

after all, and there should be no dinner with plum-pudding at the Manor-house.

Phillis Plum was standing with the beseeching eyes of a deaf person, and Miles was signalling to his old woman to be quiet and submit to the restriction, since nobody was going to "holler" a secret into her stopped ears, and that in church, so that all the village might hear.

Pleasance did not scream, or sob, or faint, after the fashion of brides in the few marriages that have been challenged since marriages were instituted; but neither did she remain unmoved in her faith in the loyalty of her bridegroom.

It seemed to her as if by that unfathomed law of repetition which comes in force in men's lives, a certain miserable scene in her history was to be re-acted, only with a difference in all the actors save one. She could not tell wherein lay the analogy, she could not give any explanation; but with this sudden interruption there came back upon her, in a flash, Miss Cayley's drawing-room, when she and Anne had been unexpectedly brought before a stranger, while at a few words their whole surroundings had fallen away from them.

Joel Wray's voice broke the momentary silence—it had not lasted for more than a moment. "Don't you see what you are bringing upon me, Selincourt?" he said with passionate remonstrance. "These good folks, my friends, are ready to suspect me of bigamy at the very least. You had better explain, since you have thrust yourself where your presence was not wanted, and succeeded in making a mess of it."

Selincourt, thus assailed, made a gesture of helpless despair. "If there has been a marriage," he groaned, lifting his blinking eyes from the bridegroom, and casting round a hasty appalled glance which took in the clergyman and the little festive group of men and women, in which one woman's figure in white stood conspicuous, "I am not prepared to dispute it. This young gentleman is of age, and he has not been married before—to my knowledge."

The statement, thus wrung forth, produced an effect only less than the first address.

"Lor'-a-mussy, Joel a gen'leman'!" "An' he 'a been cuttin', ploughin', sawin', and ordered about with the rest sin' 'arvest!" "An' he 'a been farin' plain, and he a' standin' there in them pewer clothes!" "What d' be the worl' comin' to?" were sentences murmured audibly by Ned, Miles, and the bailiff—the last magnate collapsing at this undreamt-of turn of affairs, and the whole three men looking more staggered and perplexed than if Joel had been detected in an attempt to commit a felony.

The vicar took his view of the concession. "If the young man" (he could not bring himself to say gentleman to Joel—whom he had known as a farm labourer, and whom he had never suspected of being anything more than a smart mechanic tired of his trade) "has simply"—the vicar said "simply," but he paused and looked at Joel sternly,—"I say if he has simply deserted his position in life, though I regret his error and all that it involves, and feel pained to find that I have been made to assist in any deception that has been practised, I cannot think, sir," looking commiseratingly, but still reproachfully at Selincourt, "that you were warranted in breaking in upon us in the—the unmannerly manner you have done."

"I was—ah—commissioned to find a friend's son, and restore him, if possible, to his family," declared Selincourt, but yet with the air of a man resigned to be blamed, seeing that he has never looked for anything save blame in the whole transaction. "If my manner has been amiss, I must plead the shock of his discovery in such circumstances."

Pleasance heard every word, and she had a perception, visual or mental, of the aristocratic chin of which she had got a glimpse lifted in the air, and the eyes looking over her head. There rose up before her mind as if it had been but yesterday, her aunt, Mrs. Wyndham's, manner when she had told the girls that their father was dead, as if it had been no concern of theirs, since their mother had been a low woman.

"Selincourt," Joel interposed, "after I have taken my wife," he gave the title distinctly and defiantly, "back to our present home, I shall come to the inn and hear what you have to say, which is more than you have any right to expect of me."

Thus dismissed, with a high hand, Selincourt drew back, and the party, after standing as if irresolute for some seconds longer, pursued its course to the vestry.

But it was an altered party—not only were Joel's cheeks flushed scarlet, and Pleasance's blanched white, but uncertainty and disturbance pervaded every member.

Nothing more was said. The clear intimation that Joel was a gentleman, together with the tone which he had assumed to this stranger, Mr. Selincourt, who, with all his well-bred deprecation, had burst like a bomb-shell on the company, prevented any of the

vigorous appeals and rough remonstrances that would have been freely hurled at Joel the day's-man.

Even the vicar said no more.

The names "Archibald Douglas"—at which every one who could get near enough to see, stared intently, and "Pleasance Hatton" were scrawled in characters widely different from the writers' ordinary handwriting. The bailiff appended his signature, not certain whether, in spite of the parson's presence, he might not be called in question for the good-nature which had prompted this day's work. The clerk followed, as neither Miles nor Ned's powers of caligraphy were presentable.

At last the marriage company passed out into the road and the village street. Surcharged as it was with its secret, it could hardly contain itself. Doubtless, it emanated in this instance from Host Morse, who was not long left gaping in the parlour of the Brown Cow, and from Clem Blennerhasset, who cried out on the first faint sign of a stir and tumult, "I knowed it. He telled me hisself, ever so long agone."

A sense that something unusual had happened, was diffused with lightning speed throughout the village, and was taking shape in the wildest rumours. Joel Wray was a runaway convict, and Mr. Selincourt a head policeman in the genteelest of disguises, who was only giving Joel a little law through the influence of the parson and the bailiff, that he might walk back with Pleasance to the Manor House, in order to save appearances, and spare Madam and Mrs. Balls the first brunt of the blow.

Joel had half-a-dozen wives already—the shameful young Turk, and Pleasance did very wrong in so much as suffering him to accompany her to the Manor House, there to break with him for ever.

Joel, the day's-man, had turned out so grand a gentleman in disguise, that "Lawyer Lockwood were nor'n to him, and in course the marriage could not hold good, and yon dandified customer at the Brown Cow were his father come to break it off, and had done it likewise, walking into the wery church and knocking the marriage to pieces, under nose of passon, the momint it were made."

The familiar, gazing crowd, with its free greetings, which had stood to see Pleasance going to be married, was nothing to the massed-together villagers, with strange looks and silent tongues, that feasted their eyes on her return.

Pleasance walked erect and firm, not as if the earth were crumbling away beneath her feet, while Joel by her side saw not one of these people craning their necks to get a clear view of him. He was holding Pleasance's hand where he had put it within his arm, and where it seemed to rest without either her will or consciousness; and he was talking to her and her alone, with his head bent low to look into her face that was like a mask, the whole of their way back to the Manor House.

"I am afraid this has been a great shock to you, Pleasance," he was saying anxiously, "I never thought that it would come upon you like this. I meant to break it to you after you were prepared for it, when you would have come, surely, to welcome it. I would rather have cut off my right hand than had it come upon you like this to-day by my mother's ill-judged interference, and Selincourt's bungling."

And then he proceeded to enter on eager explanations, telling her fully, at last, all about himself, and taking care to dwell upon the fact that his father had been born in a station very little if any higher than that of the working people among whom his son had been sojourning by his own choice, for the last six months.

But the elder Archibald Douglas, having shown the turn for mechanics which his son had inherited from him, had gone to a great manufacturing town and become first a factory hand, next a manager, and at length, as the due reward of his talents and industry, a manufacturer in his own person. In that position he had acquired, comparatively early in life, a large fortune, had employed part of his capital in the purchase of estates, and had married one of the daughters of a poor county family. The man who was then speaking to Pleasance, her husband, was this rich and landed manufacturer's only son. The father had died, and the son reigned in his stead.

But he was not pleased to reign without preparation or probation. "It was not that there was nothing left for a fellow to do now," he asserted, "I mean no more worlds to conquer, no battles to speak of to fight, no discoveries of new lands to make, when even 'the great lone land' is ransacked for sables and beavers. Besides, there are things even better worth doing than fighting battles or discovering lands," he urged eagerly. "It was not that I had seen you, love, for you know I had never set eyes on you. But I did want to know the mass of my fellows, and above all the poorest men and women among them, by sharing with them their work and their fare, and living with them

like a brother for a time. If I found for myself what their real selves and real lives were, I might go on and help them more effectually than most masters and landlords are able to do.

"I thought of the stout old Russian Czar, Peter. I could but try, however much I should fall short. I knew, of course, that I should fail immeasurably, but I was bent on trying. I cherished the scheme through Eton and Oxford days. When it got wind so far, and reached my mother, though she had not opposed it in theory—the very reverse, indeed—she set her face against it in practice, and strove to get me to give it up. But I could not.

"I thought at first to go into a factory, because of that turn for mechanics which I have inherited from my father, and by which he made his fortune. But then at his death our interest in the old factory had been sold to his partners, and I was destined for a country gentleman, pure and simple.

"And I was fond of country life too, since the time, of which I spoke to you once, you remember? when my father used to tell me and my sister Jane of his young days, and of his father and mother's little farm away among the Cumberland dales. Besides, country knowledge would be most useful to me as squire of Shardleigh. You will love Shardleigh, Pleasance.

"So I left my mother, and Woodcock our agent, and all the college fellows in the lurch, and came off in a suit like this, to work for my living; and I met you, Pleasance, and I could not choose but seek to make you mine."

He spoke in the same strain without pausing for half an hour on end, till they came close to the Manor House. And all the rejoinder which she had made to him was to look once up in his face with troubled eyes and to ask with trembling lips and choked voice, "Archie, why have you deceived me?"

CHAPTER XXX.—"YOU MUST RETURN TO YOUR MOTHER, ARCHIE."

"And now, Selincourt, may I ask by what title you have mixed yourself up in my affairs?"

Archie Douglas put the question in a voice of repressed wrath standing in Joel Wray's working clothes, and appealing to Mr. Selincourt in the parlour of the Brown Cow.

The appeal was a pertinent one, and without question it told. None knew better or felt more keenly than Mr. Selincourt the established code of honour by which one gentleman is bound to shut his eyes to the flights, plunges, and hair-breadth escapes of another. It is no matter that the one may stand to the other in point of age as father to son, or that the two have known each other from youth upwards.

In the case in question there was but the remotest kinship. Mrs. Douglas—Archie's mother — and Ambrose Selincourt were cousins; and although there was certainly old acquaintanceship, the conditions for friendship did not exist between two minds utterly unlike, except that they were both capable of integrity.

Mr. Selincourt's sole title to interfere consisted in the obligation which had been imposed upon him by the young man's mother, and to which he, Mr. Selincourt, could not say no.

He could not tell why Mrs. Douglas should have selected him of all men in preference to the family agent, or any other confidential friend. Nay, he had no idea why he himself could not refuse quests and commissions for which he was perfectly aware that he was signally disqualified, merely because the solicitation came to him from a woman, a widowed mother, an old friend. He could not answer these questions, although he was a learned man, the fellow of a college, and one who rarely left the hoary walls which might be supposed saturated with knowledge.

But as a pendant to the disheartening sense of his want of claim to be heard, Mr. Selincourt had the comparative ease of a man who is not vitally interested in the matter.

However taken aback and scandalized he might be at a termination which to him threatened the ruin of his kinswoman's son, still in its lamentableness, the disaster did not concern Mr. Selincourt so nearly as to prevent him from discussing it temperately.

Of course he was very sorry, but after the first brunt of the discovery, perhaps he continued more put out than sorry in feeling himself so thoroughly a fish out of the water at the Brown Cow, and in holding in check his pressing inclination to get into his proper element again without delay.

"I acknowledge that I have no right," said Selincourt, abasing himself for his heinous offence against social requirements, "save what I have derived from your mother. Your conduct is distressing her very much, even while she is ignorant of this—ah! this last misfortune!" he concluded, with a deep sigh.

"No doubt," said Archie ironically, "my

conduct has been distressing her as much as if I had been breaking the whole Decalogue. But I don't admit that I have deliberately sinned against the fifth commandment," he added, with a sudden change of argument suggested by his own words. "I am ready to honour her with all due honour; but I am no longer a child that she should exact from me implicit obedience, to which, by the way, she never accustomed me. I have my own obligations to fulfil, and my own standard to strive after. To my own master I must stand or fall. If I have gone away and left my mother with no trace of me, it is because she was doing her best to sow enmity between us by seeking to clog and fetter me in a fixed resolve, against which there was no law. If I have not consulted her in the most serious step of my life, it is because I knew that she would have opposed me, not the less inveterately that it might have been quietly. Certainly it would have been useless, for the step concerns me first and last. I wished to save everybody from pain, but, all the same, I am willing to answer for my deed to-day to God and man," he finished proudly.

"Apart from the respect which you owe to your mother," said Mr. Selincourt, with some firmness, "you are entirely your own master, both by your majority and by the terms of your late father's will. No one disputes that," added the speaker, desirous of propitiating his hot-headed antagonist. "I will allow farther, that, brought up as you have been, heir to a place like Shardleigh, you may claim additional respect for your opinions, which are of consequence to many of your fellow-creatures."

"I make no claim of the kind," said Archie, a little sulkily. "I ask nothing more than the lawful freedom which every grown man is warranted in seeking—to do what he judges to be right, and go on his own course, whatever that may be."

"I would not do you the injustice of supposing for a moment," continued Mr. Selincourt, "that you have not been actuated by good motives, however fallacious, in your singular line of conduct."

"I am not a communist, Selincourt," interrupted Archie, with a smile.

"God forbid. I should hope not," replied Selincourt, with a shudder. "I suppose this is a kind of modern knight errantry, which may be expected to lead you into strange quarters, and put your powers of endurance to the test. Yet, Archie," exclaimed the elder man, breaking off the thread of his observations and yielding to an impulsive expression of his pent-up feelings, as he looked around him at the unsuitable decorations of begrimed majesty and shell flowers. "I wonder at your taste."

The person addressed was by nature a much hardier individual than his mother's cousin, whether or not his plebeian blood from one side of the house had anything to do with it. He had been further braced by a tendency to innocent discursiveness out of his immediate sphere from his boyhood. He had not been a low-lifed fellow in the ordinary sense of the word, not addicted to base vices or given to loose companions. But from the early days when he had listened with all his ears to his father's stories about his humble, hard-working dale progenitors, Archie Douglas had manifested a great sympathy with and interest in the working classes, together with an inclination to put himself in their place, and subject himself to their trials and temptations.

Actually, Archie Douglas failed to see Mr. Selincourt's allusion, and imagined that it referred to the subject which was nearest his own heart, and which, had his mind been at liberty, would have been filling it at this moment. He opened his lively dark eyes with amazed indignation.

"Do you mean that you have looked at Pleasance and not admired her?"

"Oh, no," said Mr. Selincourt, quickly waving aside the charge, "I have not ventured on such an assertion, for I confess that I was agitated—I did not see, so as to receive even the vaguest impression—the young woman—ah, the lady. Douglas, I have been scrupulously avoiding till now, any reference to what must form, alas, grievous evidence of the danger of your fantastic enthusiasm."

Mr. Selincourt found himself forced to come to the point, and speak out his thoughts, without regard to their effect on his companion.

"I glory in the consequence," said Archie, holding up his head. "I will always glory in it, and consider it by far the most fortunate circumstance in my lot. I have got the good wife that is God's best gift to a man. What should you or any other poor old fogie of a schoolman—forgive me, Selincourt, but I pity you—know about it?"

"Thank the Lord for our ignorance," muttered Selincourt, devoutly.

"And as for being a lady," insisted Archie, "I can tell you Pleasance is every inch a lady, a match for my mother any day."

"I won't contradict you. Don't let us argue on this question," said Mr. Selincourt. "Only you cannot expect this of me, my dear fellow, that I should congratulate you on having thrown away yourself and your possessions on a low marriage."

"I deny that it is low in any just sense," said Archie, keeping his temper wonderfully, "but I cannot expect you to understand it, and I do not ask you to congratulate me—yet—only not to pity me—rather to keep your congratulations to a later date—believe me you will live to give them."

The provocation of Archie's high-handed impenitence was great, but Mr. Selincourt contented himself with shaking his head and proceeding with all speed to deliver himself of his commission. "This was what I had to say when everything was forgotten on account of this dreadful affair—ah! you count it delightful for the present moment—well, we shan't quarrel, there is no good in quarrelling; besides, I am arrogating no right to quarrel with you, and I call upon you in turn to respect my admitted powerlessness. What this grievous affair has nearly put out of my head, is, that your mother is not only longing and pining to see you again, but she is far from well in health."

"She was in her usual health when I left town," said Archie hastily, in a tone, half of vexation, half of incredulity.

"She is ailing now," reported her ambassador, unhesitatingly; "the old mischief in her chest has broken out again. Mind, I do not say that your conduct has brought it on, I believe that the changeable weather this summer and autumn has been against her. But it has really come to this, that the doctors have ordered her off, once more, to Pau or Cannes, before the frosts set in. There is no time to be lost, and she will not move before she sees you."

Archie Douglas, instead of answering, thrust his hands into his jacket pockets, and took two or three turns up and down the room, turning his back on Mr. Selincourt.

"I am convinced that you would not grieve your mother more than could be helped," urged the mediator; "as for what is done and cannot be undone, well, I suppose the best must be made of it. I do not envy you your task, but you are your own master, and your mother knows that, and is a reasonable woman. I do not need to remind you how valuable her life is, not only to you, but to your sister."

Mr. Selincourt was reflecting while he spoke, that Archie Douglas having succeeded in stumbling into an extremely objectionable marriage down in this rough locality, had cut himself off from ever affording a home in the natural course of events to his sister; and that therefore the preservation to her of her mother as her guardian was specially to be prayed for.

Archie stopped short in his walk and turned sharply on the speaker.

"I shall go up to town and see and explain everything to my mother within the next four-and-twenty hours," he said, abruptly and gruffly, betraying the effort which the determination had cost him.

"Do so, my dear fellow," chimed in Mr. Selincourt eagerly; "I shall not presume to accompany you, since you have the courage and manliness to do what is right of your own accord, without seeking my poor support. Third parties are always in the way, and do more harm than good in these cases. I did not engage to return to your mother, and I think that she herself will prefer to have you with her alone. I have executed her commission to the best of my ability. I have been three weeks in coming up with you, even after I had got on your track," added Mr. Selincourt ruefully; "but I assure you that I was cautious in not compromising you." He sought consolation for being too late in taking this credit to himself.

"You could not compromise me," broke in Archie, loftily. "I wished to keep out of my mother's reach, and it was necessary that my name and position should be hidden; but otherwise I had nothing to conceal."

"True, no doubt," assented Mr. Selincourt suavely, but with a horrible suspicion that the position might not have remained so hidden as to have failed to glimmer through the imaginary veil. It might have been guessed at by some rustic and her relations as cunning as they were ignorant, leaving poor Archie Douglas, in his sublime self-conceit and disinterestedness, the victim of a wretched conspiracy, as well as of democratic fanaticism.

But there was no use in hinting the suspicion at this date. "I shall keep your secret," Mr. Selincourt told Archie in conclusion, "and let you disclose it to your mother, when she and you can take such measures as you judge best in the unhappy—ah!—the awkward circumstances. I shall run up to town and take the North Western and get back to college to-morrow afternoon. They may speak of the advantages of a holiday, but for a man like me there is no rest

like that which is to be found in his own quad and his own rooms."

Thus the antagonists parted on an amicable arrangement. Of course Mr. Selincourt had heard of and come across shameful villany in his day, but he would as soon have suspected himself as Archie Douglas, greatly though he disapproved of the young man's eccentricity. Mr. Selincourt knew Archie to be well-principled and high-minded—with his very faults leaning to virtue's side; why, even his present terrible scrape was only the unhappy result of an extravagant development of philanthropy.

CHAPTER XXXI.—"I WILL NOT GO WITH YOU."

PLEASANCE had no sooner crossed the threshold of the Manor House than she was called to still Mrs. Balls's aroused apprehensions. Bad news, travelling all the faster because of their intangibility, had flown before the bridal pair back to their home, and Pleasance found her old friend sitting up in bed white and ghastly, shaking in every limb, and crying, "Where d' you be, Pleasance? Be there owt come to you? They says summat be mortal wrong?"

Pleasance answered the most easily satisfied question—

"I am here, dear. Do you not see me?"

"And where be he as should be your good man by now?" was the demand that followed quickly.

"He came with me," said Pleasance, her heart aching sorely; "he will be here again presently."

Mrs. Balls was pacified.

"Ay, he can go and come an it please he, but do 'ee mind I towd 'ee," she said, suffering herself to be laid back on her pillow, and with a faint attempt at resuming the joke of the morning, "that you 'ouldn't be free to go and come, not no more, arter your outin' this mornin'—that it 'ould be please your good man from this time forrard."

Pleasance received the sting of the words while she was too preoccupied to note how much remaining strength and intelligence Mrs. Balls had lost in her panic, and what childish bewilderment was stealing over her face and voice.

Pleasance wanted to be alone and think. She had a few minutes of grace, for no one expected her to sit down to the feast which had been provided for the wedding guests. Since the bridegroom was compelled to stay away, the bride was permitted to follow his example. Strange and unheard-of as the phenomenon of a marriage-feast, ungraced by the presence of the new-made husband and wife, was in the parish, the marvel proved a relief in this instance, allowing the full discussion of the singular circumstances along with the satisfaction of the guests' unabated appetite.

Pleasance tried to understand it all—tried to make allowance for him—the offender; but she was no longer the Pleasance of the morning, confiding and devoted. She was the Pleasance in whom, even as a child, Miss Cayley had seen powers and possibilities distinct from those of bright cleverness and friendly sympathy; and whose passionateness, where her stringent sense of right, and her warm, tender affections, were outraged, had been dreaded by her early guide.

This was the Pleasance who had not been crushed by her first downfall, who had asserted herself, and decided for both sisters. But that was because Pleasance's great trials could only be dealt by the hands of her dearest friends, could only reach her through her own fond exaltation of these friends, and her cleaving to them as more to her than silver and gold.

This was the same Pleasance who had so writhed under Anne's loss, that she had taken the desperate resolution, and abode by it, of renouncing the class which had renounced Anne, and left her to perish—of never again having to do with associations which could smite her by reminding her too keenly of the sister and friend who had been taken from her for ever.

Pleasance did not think of what Archie Douglas had said to her; though she had taken in the sound and sense. How could it, when it was swelling with the consciousness of the deceit which had been practised upon her, and the wrong which had been done to her truth. It seemed to her that insult was added to injury by his supposing that wealth and rank—the wealth and rank on which she had for ever turned her back—could bribe her into more than complacency, into vulgar elation, and could buy for him a ready and entire forgiveness for his double-dealing and treachery? He had been deceitful and treacherous under seeming candour and frankness, and he had persevered long, preserving his secret unbroken to the last moment.

Pleasance did not consider his plea that he had not put on a disguise in order to test and to win her in pretended poverty, in foolish emulation of the foolish egotism of

those heroes of romance who were no heroes to her. She had not taken to heart his eager confiding to her of his far more heroic and chivalrous motive—after her own heart, as that motive might otherwise have been. She did not once remember it, yearning with tenderness, even while she might have condemned him for falling so far short of what he had ventured to call his mission in abusing it for personal ends.

The time might come when Pleasance would take all these things into account, treasure every fragment of the argument on his side in her remembrance, and ponder over it in her heart; but that time had not come on her marriage morning when she had been betrayed into marrying a gentleman against her will. She only thought then of her wrongs.

Oh! how she had loved and believed in Archie Douglas, believing in him in the teeth of testimony which might well have shaken a less confiding woman's faith! She had hoped to be happy with him in the only station for which she was fit, and in which she could be happy. She had spoken to him freely of her hopes, to which he had listened, knowing that they were vain. She had been as glad as a child over the idea that she could furnish him with the small means on which they might begin housekeeping, and he had never told her—he might have been laughing at her all the time—that he was the possessor of many thousands, to which her few hundreds were as drops in the bucket.

Mrs. Balls—her honest, kindly, motherly cousin, whom she had promised never to forsake—was in her last weakness, and how was Pleasance to keep her pledge to one who had been as a mother to her? It would be worse—more dishonourable and heartless in Pleasance to give up Mrs. Balls, than if Pleasance had it in her power to fail, and failed to a real mother whom it was her natural duty to cherish. It would be a mockery to think of her staying with and waiting on Mrs. Balls when she, Pleasance, was the wife of a gentleman, and when she was called upon to walk in his ways and suit herself to his tastes.

He had had many opportunities of explaining himself, many chances given him, from the time when he had taken to heart the loss of the foreign sailors, down to the Sunday afternoon when in the near prospect of their marriage he had stood with her by Anne's grave, and let himself be forsworn, as it seemed in Pleasance's severe young eyes. Even there, on that ground hallowed to Pleasance, he had not opened his mouth to warn and confide in her. Neither sorrow nor joy had melted him so as to constrain him to confess the deception he was practising. She knew he was kind, but what was kindness without truth?

So she had heard Mrs. Balls say that her father had been kind to her mother, and yet he had been so weak, so much the creature of social prejudices as to be ashamed of his own free choice. He had done her mother and these two, Anne and Pleasance, the cruel injustice of never publicly owning his marriage, and of leaving his children where he himself had placed them in a false debatable position, of which they were the innocent victims.

Could Pleasance expect another and a nobler ending from Archie Douglas's still more deceitful beginning? Was she who had not hesitated to condemn such a poor compromise, to perpetuate, open-eyed, her mother's half-seen imprudence, and leave a third unborn generation to reap the full harvest of misery? Would it not be consummating his error, and surely bringing down upon him his punishment?

Pleasance's anger was somewhat subdued before Archie Douglas came back to her, and joined her where she sat all alone with her hands in her lap in an upper room in the Manor House, where she had been wont to keep her books and pets. The place was now empty, except for a box, and a cage or two, and a fixed-in window-seat. The low October sunshine poured in and illuminated without warming the brown bareness and the solitary figure in the white dress so out of keeping with the surroundings. He came up to her without any guilty hesitation, although with subdued looks and tones.

"You have not gone down to the company in the kitchen without me," he said, in a voice half rallying, half pleading. "I suppose the good folks will do very well for once, cracking their special nut and digesting its kernel, as well as discussing their fare, without us. But neither have you changed your dress and gone back to your friend Mrs. Balls, as you proposed. Does she not need you?"

"I cannot tell," said Pleasance heavily. "I have only seen her for a minute."

He sat down in the window-seat beside her, and took her hand, which she did not withdraw. Where was the use, when it would soon be all over? But how strange it was to see him close to her there, in the working-clothes which looked as if they belonged to

him, but which he had only worn as some player on the stage might appropriate either the black velvet of Hamlet or the hodden-grey of the gravedigger, as it suited him.

"You know, Pleasance," he was saying, "I had intended to stay with you and work here for a time after our marriage, because it was the great wish of your heart, and till you had grown reconciled to the fact that I had other duties and obligations which you must share and lighten. Whatever cause you have had to dislike them, on your own account, you will come to love them because they are mine, won't you, darling? But, besides, an end has been put to my appearing again upon the scene as a working man by poor old Selincourt's blundering. You will think it so, Pleasance, when you

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are better acquainted with the man. I was furious with him, but the old sinner meant no harm, and to make a long story short, he has brought me tidings to which I cannot refuse to attend, and which I am sure you would be the last to ask me to neglect. My mother is ill, and ordered abroad, where she has frequently been sent for the winter, and will not stir till she has seen her impracticable son. But you must teach them better, that I have had the wit to win the dearest, sweetest, wisest woman in the world. I am very sorry to disappoint you, even more than to hurry you—the first thing too, only you see that I have too good an excuse, and cannot help myself. I must run up to town to-morrow, Pleasance, and take you with me, make my mother acquainted

with our marriage, and make you known to her."

He run over the obligations rapidly, rather slurring them as not being able to parry the suspicion that they involved what would be trying and distressing to all concerned.

"After that," he said, drawing a long breath of relief, "and after I have seen my mother and Jane off, you may depend upon me bringing you straight back to Mrs. Balls."

Would he have had the honesty and courage, supposing she had consented to go with him, to do what he proposed? Could she have depended on his fidelity and generosity in restoring her to her filial post?

It was idle speculating, since she would not try him.

"I will not go with you," said Pleasance steadily, but in a voice that she could not have recognised as her own, looking up at him with crimson cheeks contrasting with her white dress.

"You will not go with me!" he exclaimed, startled, but quite unable to take in her meaning. "Do you propose to follow me? But would not that be a great deal more disagreeable for you? No, I do not think I could consent to that."

"I will not go at all," she said, plainly; "I daresay you think that I must go with you," she continued, while he looked at her confounded, "because I married you this morning, and so am bound to obey you. But ours was not a right marriage in which both man and woman know what they are doing. I don't think that it should stand for a marriage; but I do not know and cannot help that. What I do know is that I will not go with you unless you force me, which you will not do."

"Pleasance," he cried, "what is this? You are not in earnest, you are not in your senses. Our marriage not a right marriage, which you do not think should stand, and you, my love, my wife!" He stopped, choked with emotion.

"Yes," she said, "Archie Douglas, or whatever they call you," she uttered the last words with harsh scorn that, even before it tingled through his veins, filled him with consternation, "you know that I did not mean to marry you as you are; you know and I know that I am no more fit to be a gentleman's wife, than I have wished to be the lady that I have forgotten to be."

"It is not true, I do not know it, Pleasance. How can I know it," he protested passionately, "when I have deliberately chosen you to be my wife? I know that you have set yourself against a higher class, because of the adversity of your youth, so set yourself that I dreaded to tell you my real position lest it should part us while parting was yet possible. Don't you remember that every time I approached the subject you repelled me and closed my mouth by your hostility? I have erred, but it was for your sake. Look here, Pleasance, rank and wealth did not stop me for an instant, I felt that they could not come between us. Are you going to make them the bugbears that I never made them?" he urged. "Are you going to let the outward accidents of fortune divide us after all, when I have loved you so well, that, had it not been for my duty to others, I could have held my worldly station worthily lost, could have renounced and never resumed it for your sake?"

"Where was your duty to others?" she said, in the icy accents that contrasted so strangely with her flaming cheeks. "Where was your true manhood when you deceived me, a woman who loved and trusted you—deceived me, not for an hour or a day, but for a long course of days and weeks, and in face of all you knew of my sad story, my convictions, and my conscience? Do you mean that we are equal any longer, you and I? I, who did not hide a thought from you, and you, who misled me from first to last, and did not once speak the truth to me, but made a tool, if you did not make a mock, of me?"

"Pleasance, Pleasance," he cried, roused to wrath, and springing up. Then he stood still in despair, convicted before her, and yet rebelling against her undreamt-of cruelty. "Pleasance," he began again reproachfully, "I have already told you that it was not to gain you that I first assumed a character to which I was no further entitled than that all of us are working men and women, and that we are at liberty to change our sphere of work when and where we choose," (she shook her head at the specious fallacy of his reasoning). "But even if it had been otherwise," he urged, "I think I might have found more mercy from you—the cause of my deceit, if you will have it deceit, I am not the first man, or the man of highest station, else history lies, who has dropped the surroundings of his station, and descended into the ranks to struggle on the same level for the prize he coveted. I never heard that the man's descent was counted unworthiness in the man and degradation to the woman."

"But I count it unworthiness and degradation," said Pleasance bitterly; "I know what you allude to. I have read the stories of the Grizels and Enids and Lady Burleighs, and I always thought them written by men to shame women—to show how little honour was reckoned due to a woman. A man would never dare to beguile his friend and think to call him friend again, but he may play upon a woman's weakness, and having taken her in by false pretences and led her a long way under false colours, having tried her—as who was he to try her?—as no human being has the right to try another—he has but to throw off his mask to be forgiven because it is love, and not friendship, that he has profaned. And what is full compensation to the poor silly woman? She is torn from every tie of her youth, but she finds herself rich and great, like a woman among the Turks, with silk gowns, and cachemere shawls, and gold chains that she does not know how to wear and that do not suit her, with French cookery, that is not good for her and soon ruins her digestion, with servants that laugh at her before her face, and new relations that hate and despise her. It is very pitiful to be bought by such things," ended Pleasance with ominous quietness, sitting tearless and hopeless, with her hands crossed in her lap.

"Did I ever think to buy you? Did I ever seek to tempt you?" he appealed to her in vain.

"You once told me a story that you had seen played," she told him in return, "of a lad who was a gardener and who loved a proud beautiful girl of rank, whom he dared not approach, and how his love tempted him to lend himself to her enemies who could make him pass for a prince in order to win her and humble her. You said that there was the halting morality of the play, for the plot was not merely a heartless, but a base trick which no true man would have been induced to play. Now, I do not think that the gardener lad was substantially worse than his neighbours—the rich gentlemen who affect to be poor working men; I think they deserve the same reprobation."

"If you think so, Pleasance," said Archie Douglas slowly, "you are right in not going with me, and we are better to part here and now."

He was standing before her—no longer the gay, good-natured young workman whose good-nature had been the by-word of his chance comrades and one of his great charms.

Here was the man of whom Mr. Selincourt had said that his opinions were of moment to many of his fellow-creatures, the young squire of broad acres and numerous retainers and dependents, who, when he was among his own people had been accustomed—whether he recognised it or not—to be listened to and deferred to. He had, indeed, among his equals, and among his college companions, learned to occupy common ground, to give and take, bear and forbear. He had even felt a great, generous impulse to wave every attribute of supremacy, and live with all men as brethren, till he could make friends of them and teach them to make a friend of him; but he could not, by any means, in thus doing annihilate the tendencies and destroy the influences which were superseded, but not suppressed.

The air of authority and command which Pleasance had learnt to condemn in man and woman, was clearly visible in Archie Douglas, under his working clothes, at this moment.

"You are right that I have been miserably wrong in my conclusions," he said again, sternly. "But the misery shall go no further so far as I can help it, you supporting me in my resolution. For bringing such distress upon you by a deception, which was as much self-deception as anything else, may God forgive me as I am already reaping my share of its fruits. I will not compel you to go with me; I can say farther that I do not desire it, in your present frame of mind. But you are my wife" (he said the word with sharp intonation this time), "unfortunately, nothing that we can do will break the bond, and which has become by one fault of mine so hateful in your eyes. You have the first claim to that protection, and to those worldly goods which you reject and heartily despise. When I go, I shall leave you my address both in town and country. I shall write to you after I leave," she put up her hand in deprecation, but he finished his sentence without heeding her, "whether you think fit to read and answer my letters or not."

He stopped; and total silence fell between them for a moment, in which his hard breathing was audible to both, and in which she heard the loud beating of her own heart as it stood at bay. He broke the silence where speech was concerned by words the very commonplaceness of which was full of irony in their anguish, "I suppose there is nothing left for us but to bid each other farewell."

"Farewell," she said stubbornly.

He moved half way to the door without her stirring, and then he came back quickly to

her with all the strange, cold calmness of his mobile face broken up. "Can this be real?" he whispered, stretching out his arms to her. "Only three hours ago we two were made one, and ere the words are well spoken, have we had a deadly quarrel, and are we about to part?"

"We should never have met," said Pleasance, "and so we do well to part."

"Be it so, then," he said, with a sort of fierce disdain of himself and her, his empty arms falling by his side, while he drew back erect and haughtily, "you have chosen it; the evil rest with you, if there be evil. I have only submitted to your decision."

There was no one to see whether or not Pleasance relented when it was too late, and when the last sound of her bridegroom's foot had died away in the distance.

If Mr. Selincourt had come to Saxford a week earlier, the couple might have been parted,—though that is doubtful, for as the wrong which Pleasance conceived that Archie Douglas had done her would then have been less complete and irremediable, so his confessions and persuasions might have had more power over her.

Or if Mr. Selincourt had come a week later, then the couple would not still have felt only lovers. They would have had time to realise that they were man and wife, joined together till death, to spend their years and share their good and ill thenceforth in closest union—homely yet sacred. And surely no words of a third person, no revelation of a hitherto unknown division between them, could have steeled Pleasance, to wreck her life at one stroke, and cast away her husband and her happiness.

In the meantime the marriage feast, stripped of bride and bridegroom, like the play of *Hamlet* enacted without the Prince of Denmark, having surmounted its hard deprivation, and being enlivened, instead, by the recollection of the late striking scene in the church, and the further excitement which it foreboded, was going on so briskly that Joel Wray left the house without observation.

Even after the lapse of another hour old Miles Plum was still struggling with the necessity of drinking the toast of the day, and the exceeding awkwardness and positive obstacle attendant on drinking that or any other toast, when the good wishes of the company, which should have been addressed to the principals, must be spoken to blank air and recoil on the head of the well-wishers.

Phillis was yet intent on supplying the exhaustless wants of Ned and Dorky Thwaite, and on sending messes to the attendants on Mrs. Balls, as she dozed on her bed. The bailiff had gone straight home, half in dudgeon, half in dismay.

Pleasance had time to rally and recover herself, to take off her white gown and put it away out of her sight, as one lays aside the relics of the dead. In her ordinary dress, with only the wanness of her face to indicate that within that day it had burned with shame and pain and passion, she prepared to resume her post in Mrs. Balls's room, and to account to her kinswoman, when she awoke, for whatever catastrophe had occurred and whatever changes were in store.

CHAPTER XXXII.—"NAY, NOW, PLEASANCE, YOU MUN PLEASE YOUR GOOD MAN."

THE workpeople at the Manor farm, and the villagers of Saxford, who saw with but partial comprehension the scenes of this drama enacted before them, when they found that Joel Wray, without taking leave of any one, had on the evening of his marriage day proceeded straight to the station, from which he had taken train for London, leapt unanimously to the last of their conclusions. The stranger was Joel Wray's great gentleman of a father; he had come to break off the marriage, and had succeeded.

The public indignation slept as yet on Pleasance's account. For one thing, her plight was indefinitely softened from what it might have been, if, after having rashly wedded a stranger, he had proved, say, a burglar, and been in danger of transportation. No doubt she received compensation for her loss of a husband, and the village had its sordid side, actuated by which it placed substantial value on such compensation.

Esprit de corps is a sentiment which is liable to many fluctuations and restrictions. Working men and women stand by each other, but they do not care, as a rule, to have one of their number promoted over the rest, they are even apt to be bitterly jealous of a working man or woman aspiring to such a promotion. "Serve 'em right," they growl or scream when pride is followed by a fall, and perhaps they are a little tempted to do what in them lies to conduce to that fall.

When Lily became a lady, the village might have been outwardly gay, but undoubtedly, unless Lily was a very exceptional person, it must also have felt inwardly provoked and aggrieved.

Then Lily happened to be successful,

and there is much popular homage which culminates in the lower ranks, paid to palpable success. If Lily had chanced to fail, and have the cup dashed from her lips, all the prophets of evil, all the severe censors and malicious detractors, would have been down upon her at once, and only a few of the kinder souls would have been mollified by her misfortune.

In Pleasance's case there were signal mortification and disaster following on the heels of the proclamation of an exaltation which she had just grazed and missed. In addition Pleasance did not belong properly and exclusively to the people, disposed as she was to identify herself with and cling to them. She suffered from the element of strangeness in her. She was like a solitary emigrant striving to be naturalised in a great nation, which is linked together by innumerable bonds, and which can only extend to the foreigner an inelastic tie. After all, she was but a volunteer adopted into the regular ranks; she was the alien fowl admitted into the barnyard which, nevertheless, the other fowls are everlastingly prone, on small grounds, to turn upon and peck.

The general feeling with regard to Pleasance, when it was fully settled in village conclave that she had been separated from her gentleman of a husband on the very day of her marriage, by the all-powerful intervention of his father, was that she ought not to have looked so high. Besides, she had been very sly in looking high, for she had always made believe that she was perfectly contented as a working girl. Yet see her! she had thrown over Long Dick and she had taken up with a stranger, and set her cap at Joel Wray, having guessed, no doubt, with her cleverness, that in the mean capacity of a day's-man, he was somebody clean out of the common. The end had been that she was fitly punished for her worldliness and slyness, and who was to cry pity on her?

The village girls particularly were dazzled, and preferred to marvel over the phœnix that had been among them. They giggled at having been his partners in field-work, as even Lizzie Blennerhasset had giggled over having rowed in a boat with "as good as a lor'." They regretted that they had not made up to him more than they had done, and got from him gifts—ribands or neckerchiefs, or brass brooches and glass ear-rings, which he would have thought it an insult to bestow. All that he had ever given to them, and that was collectively, consisted of oranges and packets of sweetmeats (with regard to which they had questioned him in a free and friendly fashion at the time, whether he could afford them?)

Joel Wray, in place of having sunk to zero in Saxford estimation by what, according to the village explanation, would have been his mean desertion of Madam, still enjoyed the high temperature of a privileged favourite. He was even, alas for public morals! a little admired by vicious judges for the imagined adroitness and freedom from injury with which he had done what his neighbours could not hope to do with impunity,—gone the length of marrying before the parson, and had his marriage come to nothing when it suited him, by giving Madam the slip so soon as she threatened to prove a trouble, because of his father's discovery of the performance. He had got rid of her and distanced the parish authorities at one stroke, and that on the very wedding day. "He were a clever rogue of a buttery chap, he were."

But Joel Wray had done a little to justify the extreme and undue indulgence with which his offence was at first treated at Saxford.

Clem Blennerhasset (who regarded the padlock that he had put on his mouth as removed) indulged in giving his feelings vent, and in becoming the centre of an envious crowd, coveting his earlier information and superior advantages, while he boasted loudly of what Joel Wray had said he would do for him. And sure enough before Bully Smith could lay hold of his degenerate son and "wallop him tightly" for this new development of his musical craze, a letter came from Joel Wray, or Archibald Douglas as he signed himself, which caused even the smith to hold his hand, and consider the good of his family.

For the first time in Clem's experience, his musical faculty ceased to be derided and put under a ban: on the contrary, it brought him such respect and consideration as filled the boy with wonder. Under the influence of this late regard on the part of his family, and of his own unmitigated amazement, which rendered him uncomfortably uncertain how to take his friends' complacent reaction, Clem was despatched to London, to new fields and new fortunes, leaving only one regret behind him, that poor Liz would not look up and wish him joy.

The villagers were more or less profoundly impressed by Clem Blennerhasset's luck, and the benefit conferred on him. Why might not his case be that of others? What was to hinder Joel Wray, who had dwelt familiarly among them, and beyond a few early

twits at the curious combination in him of coxcomb and day's-man, been well received by them, from becoming a general benefactor? Gorgeous visions of offices of head dairymaids and keepers of lodge gates, grooms and stablemen, began to float, with a giddy effect, before rustic eyes.

There was a remnant of what might be called the old republicans of Saxford, who stood firm as ever against all Joel Wray's attractions of romantic mystery, daring achievement, and limitless power. These were the same men who had remained faithful to Long Dick, and inveighed against new-fangled folks and new-fangled ways. They persisted in viewing the discovery that Joel Wray had been a gentleman abiding with them for a time, in the light of a dishonest imposition on their credulity. It was the taking of bread out of at least one poor man's mouth, that a gentleman might divert himself with playing at being a working man. It constituted an ill-considered jest in the middle of their serious earnest, an impertinent interference with their small privileges, and an utterly unwarranted intrusion into their secrets. They swore that had they known him as a spy they would have "trounced" him. But neither did these rugged old men—for the most part—waste their sympathy on Pleasance. She was not one of them, out and out; she had encouraged the fellow, who had dealt with her according to his kind; let her smart for it.

Little did Pleasance care for the want of sympathy. There had been a time when she had ardently craved for fellow-feeling, and when the sense of isolation, in spite of all her efforts to adapt herself to a humble standard, had chilled and weighed upon her. But now she was rather glad, if she could ever feel a spark of gladness again, to know herself alone. She was thankful for the moment that Mrs. Balls, apparently satisfied with her presence, asked her no further questions, and did not even inquire after him who was to have been a son to her, as if she missed him and felt troubled by his singular and protracted absence.

But soon this dull sense of thankfulness was disturbed by a cold apprehension which penetrated even through Pleasance's sore preoccupation. Mrs. Balls had not been like even her failed self since Pleasance parted from her on the wedding morning to go on her happy errand. She lay there, with dim wandering eyes and shaking hands, plucking feebly at the bed-clothes, rousing herself restlessly for a moment, but only to speak broken, anxious words of being from home, and bound to set out on the journey back. When soothed into composure, she returned invariably to one idea, and made a ghastly shift to smile again with a shadow of archness, and repeat to Pleasance her last pleasantry—"Nay, now, Pleasance, you mun please your good man."—It was forced on Pleasance that there was another change coming to her old friend.

The doctor, when summoned, confirmed the fear. A little excitement—not the happy excitement of the morning probably, for which she had been prepared, but the hurried tale which had been imparted to her without warning, of an interruption and of some misfortune connected with Pleasance's wedding—had dealt the last blow to the worn-out system. "Another thing to thank him for." Pleasance made a mental note to herself, even while she stood with calmness and heard that there was nothing more to look for but the end—the end of one human life here, with all its earthly pleasures and pains, hopes and fears. Oh! how Pleasance could have wished, if she had been found fit, that the end were hers!

Once more, as when she had sat by Anne, buoyed up with the child's desperate hope, which was altogether absent from the woman, Pleasance took her post at the sick bed. She never moved save in its ministrations. She hardly took her eyes from the inert figure which seemed yet to be palpably receding from her gaze, and vanishing into the invisible and the unknown.

Her very last friend, not half enough valued while she had her, was going fast from her; and all Pleasance's need of her, greater than ever, could not retain the weak stay.

Though the end was certain, it was not speedy, like Anne's decline. Days and nights—during which October waned into November—passed and left Pleasance by the bed, or lying down on the mattress on the floor.

She had no lack of assistants besides Phillis Plum and the old friends of Mrs. Balls from the village. The doctor and the parson came regularly as ever, to do what they could to relieve the last incurable ill. Through their press of business they gazed still more curiously than they had done on a former occasion at the chief watcher and mourner—the young woman who was the talk of the parish for having contracted an unequal marriage, for having been left behind on her wedding day, and who would not speak voluntarily of her situation.

The vicar especially would fain have heard the end of the broken-in-upon wedding, with regard to which all he knew was the lying rumour that the reprehensible young fellow's relation or friend had been able to induce him to go off without his bride, who was submitting to stay on without him at the Manor farm. The clergyman's old half shy, wholly gentle overtures to win her confidence and to tender her advice were made to Pleasance, but if they had failed when she was a sorrowing child, they were not likely to succeed now.

The interruptions were few and slight, and came only from letters which arrived for Pleasance at this time. These were addressed in the name which she had not yet borne, by which she had hastily forbidden Phillis Plum to call her, and which no one else had given her—"Mrs. Archibald Douglas." They were written with what feelings Pleasance never suffered herself to ask. She did not know the handwriting; she had never happened to see it before; and, as if it had been the work of an intolerably presuming stranger—save, indeed, that for no mere stranger would her eyes have flamed at the sight of the characters composing the address—she turned aside her head on each occasion, and flung the successive letters unopened into the fire, refraining from looking round till they were floating red-hot films which a breath would dissolve.

Once Phillis Plum, who had brought a letter to Pleasance, interposed with a prudent remonstrance. "Bean't it a pity not to see what were in it?" she pled. "They did say at post-office this en 'a a furrin postmark an' all."

But Pleasance only shook her head in sign of a fixed negative, and refused the further communication with Phillis, which her deaf ears rendered so troublesome.

So the days and nights passed till every vestige of autumn had left the bleak east country. Not a shade of royal purple remained on the sere brown and dank green of the heather in the hollow of the moor, where Pleasance had gone with Joel Wray to watch the beatific peace of a calm summer sunset, and where she had stayed to comfort him and to listen to his love tale. Not an orange or a tawny leaf lingered on the old chestnut and walnut trees at the foot of the Manor garden, which might in their day have afforded shade and shelter to other plighted lovers. Beneath those trees Pleasance and her promised husband had stood and arranged their future marriage, when he had equivocated to her, and described his circumstances in terms which had a double meaning, and were as lying words.

It was all over now. The very country sights and sounds which had been around them had undergone, in the course of nature, an entire transformation.

And Pleasance was left sitting in the grey chill light thrown by rain-clouds which just shifted that wind-clouds might take their place, and sweep across the sky in a black frowning pageant, watching her aged cousin dying. Anne was gone long ago; and even before her, Miss Cayley and Pleasance's young school companions had disappeared below her horizon. Long Dick was gone—that was Pleasance's doing; and so perhaps it was her fault also that Lizzy Blennerhasset had, so far as Pleasance was concerned, departed with him. Did not Pleasance hear something, despite herself, in the echoes of the gossip which reached the sick room, sounding from the remote distance of the hale and hearty outer world? And before Pleasance's eyes, in the short winter day, homely, honest Mrs. Balls was drifting—unconscious of the fact, unconscious of the real life around her, though she always knew Pleasance, into another world. All that had been spared or renewed of Pleasance's landmarks were being removed simultaneously, like those which had vanished before them.

Pleasance could bear, with a little thrill of awe and a flood of tenderness, to hear that fitful recurring talk of Mrs. Balls, of her being from home and setting out upon a long journey. It sounded like a fragmentary revelation out of the dim darkness that compasses our coming and going in this world, like a wistful anticipation of the journey which lies before each of us, and which lay so close to those wayworn feet. But it was hard to hear that piteously stale jest of "Nay, now, Pleasance, ye mun please your good man," at which Pleasance had laughed gaily when she heard it first in very different circumstances—at last meeting, and taunting her at every turn. Mrs. Balls said it as long as she could speak, sometimes before Phillis Plum, who could not catch a syllable, but who would cock her well-nigh useless ears and ask at random, in reply, "What be she arter now? the pheasic? or be it her money she wants to tell you on, or a line on her prayers her's sayin'?" She would murmur it before the doctor and the parson, who took no notice, very likely did not listen to a dying old woman's evident wandering.

She would whisper it to Pleasance herself—morning, noon, and in the middle of the night, when she had drawn aside the curtain to let the late moon, wading through the clouds, add her white light to the yellow light of the candle—until Pleasance's unstrung nerves could stand the involuntary appeal no longer, and she fell weeping and sobbing before the dreaming speaker, imploring, "Bid me please you, dear—bid me please God; but do not bid me please another."

Mrs. Balls did not hear; she kept to her faltering injunction, and died with it on her lips. In a lower depth of loneliness—after having known the dearest companionship—than when she had followed Anne's coffin to its grave, Pleasance walked after Mrs. Balls's coffin, entering Saxford for the first time since her marriage morning. She had replaced her white wedding gown, with its bridegroom's roses and carnations, by a black mourning gown and cloak, and she held in her hand the sprig of rosemary which it was still the custom in Saxford to cast into graves.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—"LIZZIE BLENNERHASSET WILL GO NEXT." "STAY, LIZZIE, FOR WE ARE ALIKE BEREFT, BUT THERE IS ONE WHO WILL BE OUR REFUGE."

SAXFORD found its heart. There was a stout heart there, capable of both warmth and tenderness when it was reached, though it required strong appeals and broad contrasts to reach it. That was a strong appeal and a broad contrast when Pleasance walked alone, for she had shrunk from the renewed proffer of the bailiff's support, followed by the farm-servants of the Manor, at Mrs. Balls's funeral.

The vicar had caused the bell to be tolled for so old and worthy an inhabitant of the parish, and it was to the sound of the dismal tolling that Pleasance walked, while sullen raindrops plashed upon her hooded head and on the pall of the coffin. The village heart had already been softened by that primitive, half contrite, half generous recalling of the virtues of the dead by which the rudest, still more than the most civilised, circles, bear testimony that the things which have been are among the things that were.

"Her were a kind woman for a maid, and an honest. Her gave every man and wumman theys due, her did," said one.

"She was liberal with whatten skim milk and scalded whey, and flour and bacon, she had in her power," said another.

"Whatten store she set on that poor mawther as is forsaken this 'day! Lor'! what hearts d' be in men, gentlefolks and all, when they 'a gathered on'y to cast aside!" moralised a third.

"Mor, Madam—she were good too, let alone her being airified," suggested the first speaker; "that came nat'ral sin' she were once on a day at boarding-school."

"Her kep a pleasant tongue in her head," corroborated the second; "Her minded a mander on wants, more'n her own, when she druv to Cheam—a big-printed Prayer-book for father, the twind for Laurie Larkins's cabbage-nets, matched muslins for Lizzie Blennerhasset, as was her frien' pelickler till they fell out along on Long Dick's goin', as if a wilful man 'ouldn't 'a his way, let a wumman do what she 'ould. As soon as she came into her fortune we was all to profit, but a polished villan 'a spiled all."

"I'm main vexed for the gal. I d' think she 'a been hard tret, along on Joel Wray's thinking fit to be a gen'leman. What's a gen'leman that he should come in a labourer's jacket, and with his fair false speeches turn a gal's head, and then turn 's back on her on their wedding day no less? For my part I've no stomach for grubs as comes out butterflies. Give me a pewer workin' man as owes his wife summat, and ain't in the way on affording' to throw her up; them's the sort on men for wummen."

(The last speaker was Mrs. Grayling.)

"What'll come to Madam now?" questioned Mrs. Morse, joining the group. "I ain't given to meddlin', but I 'ould like to know for owd friendship's sake—with Mrs. Balls I mean—what d' be up with her cousin? She can't bide not no longer by herself at the Manor, and Lawyer Lockwood ain't so soft as to put a gal like she in a 'sponsible woman's place, over the cheeses and the other gals as helps the dairy work. I ain't the one to objec', but he 'ont; and I suppose she 'a given up her claim on her fine gen'leman that were so fain to disown her."

"There be the compensation," said Sally Larkins vaguely. "Passon 'ould see that made sure to she, for he were allers a great en with Missus Balls; her were for Church and State, and never went with the Methodies; and one good turn deserves another, don't 'ee see? Then, Madam, she hev her fortin', or be it gone in the pouches of her gen'leman, Joel Wray? Any way she d' be a strong wholesome young 'oman athout cumbrance; she'll get another place welly easy; she's none so ill off," ended

Sally. She spoke not so much because she grudged the pity spent on another, as because she was always in chronic difficulties herself, with a husband as idle and careless as she was, and a troop of undisciplined, ill-clad, ill-fed children tearing at whatever came in their way—so that every other person's difficulties seemed to her light in comparison with her own.

"I tell 'ee what," said Mrs. Blennerhasset, taking a bold resolution on the spur of the moment, but giving it the air of having been cherished and matured from the beginning; "I ain't the one to leave Madam in the lurch; she were rare fond on my Liz oncet, till Liz, poor soul! bein' far gone for that sorrer, Long Dick, took offence and flew up in t'other gal's face as no gal 'ould stand. I say it will be rank rotten-heartedness considerin' her as is gone, if none on us feels for the poor mawther, or seeks to see what is to become on her. I'll slip up to the Manor this arternoon, the same as I 'a gone a mander a times, sin' Missus Balls were took, and sat with her, and carried her a taste on my apple turnover and buttered ale, neibour and frien' like. I says 'this, Missus Balls, it'll do 'ee good,' says I, 'though thee were in the dead struggle,' I says. I paid never no heed to them dismals as is sure for to visit a body when they d' be much with the dyin'," announced Mrs. Blennerhasset with modest confidence in her fidelity to friendship's obligations. "Now I'll make no differ, I'll go as afore, and bid Madam cheer up, and help her to look over what's left, and ax her what she feels like, see an I 'ont.'"

Not only did an unmistakable murmur of assent and applause—showing how the tide of public opinion was turning—follow Mrs. Blennerhasset's speech, but it was seconded by no less a person than Mrs. Morse.

"I 'a made up my mind to go with you, Missus Blennerhasset," said her crony with mild condescension. "I 'a a feelin' heart, and I 'ould not answer to it, an I didn't do that much for Missus Balls and the gal's own sake."

When the two magnates among the village matrons espoused Pleasance's cause, the fact of her vindication in public opinion, and restoration to her meed of public favour, was triumphantly established. But the time had gone by when Pleasance cared whether her public stood aloof or closed in around her—she who had once so longed for the sympathy that she had given freely, was now as indifferent to it as to the censure which had gone before it.

When Mrs. Morse and Mrs. Blennerhasset in their state bonnets, with all the eyes of the village upon them, had arrived at their destination, Pleasance received them kindly because they had been Mrs. Balls's friends, but she was as little affected as she was impressed by their notice of herself. She listened with a little fleeting interest to their mention of Mrs. Balls and their elaborate and varied encomiums on her—"t' was a good day when she came t' Manor, she were a proper wumman and allowed no gallawantin, nor no collyshangin among the lads and gals. Her were prudent and thatten, laid by a penno in no time, yet never grudged her custom and her pay to the Brown Cow for such ale as was not home-brewed, or such stronger drink as a single wumman as tasted temperate, yet knew what was good for her, wanted—she made her frien's welcome and com'fable in her house—it do look em'py athout her—it do."

But after Pleasance had taken the hint and provided for the refreshment of her visitors, in the old style of which they had so highly approved, and when the conversation turned upon herself, Pleasance, though she did not resent neighbourly curiosity, was indifferent. It seemed as if the springs of feeling, where she herself was concerned, were dried up, and that her heart had grown hard as well as heavy.

Mrs. Balls's will, bequeathing her savings of eighty pounds to her cousin, had been attested, and the legacy duty paid by Lawyer Lockwood, who had also told Pleasance that as he would not put in a dairy-woman in Mrs. Balls's place till spring, there need be no haste in her removal, she was welcome to stay over the winter taking care of the old place if she chose. That was all she minded at present—she was not frightened to stay, with Phillis Plum bearing her company.

There seemed nothing further for Mrs. Blennerhasset and Mrs. Morse to do, than return home it might be a shade baffled and crusty, though they had accomplished their mission and were satisfied that they had done their duty, and cleared their tender consciences of all that could reasonably have been expected of them. Then a chance observation changed the aspect of affairs, and enabled the gossips to be of the importance that they dearly loved to be.

"It's which'll foller her fust," Mrs. Blennerhasset had made a moral speculation in which she had finished by rising to a figure, "for we d' be like swallers as may take flight any minent."

It did require a flight of imagination to

change big blowsy Mrs. Blennerhasset, or even little demure Mrs. Morse, into swallows on the wing; but Mrs. Morse's imagination was able to do it, at least she made no objection to the simile, but went on to remark, addressing the observation to Pleasance—

"Lizzie Blennerhasset will go next."

It might seem odd that she should allow herself to make such a speech before her dear friend, the mother of the person indicated, but Saxford was accustomed to plain speaking on all subjects.

"Sure-ly," corroborated Mrs. Blennerhasset with perfect composure, and not appearing more melancholy than the general tenor of the conversation, without any special application, warranted, "Liz d' be in a fair waste, I b'lieve; and we munno stop her, mun we? Her were never much of a gal, poor Liz! sin' the burnin' on the smithy; and now she be in a poor way, what with her mis'able body, and her frettin' and pinin' arter Long Dick, though she were nowt but a cousin to him, and couldn't be thought to be ought else. Father and me, we was never so oonreasonable as to look that way; nobody can say it of we; besides, everybody knowed Long Dick were over head and ears in this welly quarter. But as for our Liz, she's that fallen off, the little as were on her, she's no bessern a chiney babby as can do no more good here. Her ain't put in a stich these three months bygone; and though she d' be patient, I'll say that of her, poor sickly mawther! she d' need some waitin' on; and it stands to reason it 'ould be a deal nicer for her and all on us that she were at her rest, safe in kingdom come."

"Is Lizzie so ill as that?" said Pleasance half to herself. "I did not know it; I am very sorry; yet why should I be sorry?"

"Wool! you was friens!" exclaimed Mrs. Blennerhasset, a little puzzled herself, at the same time so conscious of offence on Lizzie's part that she could not be offended for her, even if Lizzie had been one of the children whom the complacent, careless woman was likely to be touchy about.

Pleasance said no more; but that very afternoon, in the sombre November twilight, she went over to the village. It seemed as if she could not keep her feet from carrying her there, though she had begun to hate to go out—she who had been so fond of the open air and of active exercise. She had begun, too, to dislike the daylight, and to seek to sit cowering and moping over the fire during the day. If she went out at all it was to repair to the garden to pace it, or to wander in the adjoining meadows, at night-fall. But now she went straight to the smithy, unmindful either of the observation or the commiseration which she might attract, going, as she had been in the habit of doing, without knocking, in at the open door and past the family room, up to Lizzie's little garret—work-room and bedroom.

There Pleasance found the shadow of Lizzie stretched on the top of the patchwork quilt of her bed, lying all alone in the fading light, but starting up, as only flesh and blood could start, ready to cry out as at the sight of an apparition, when Pleasance Hatton entered, without any intimation of her approach. Pleasance, in a black gown, with a colourless cheek and a weary gesture, came and sat down by the bed, and put out a trembling hand to catch Lizzie's and said, out of her own wounded spirit with its single grain of faith, "Stay, Lizzie; we are alike bereft; but there is One will be our refuge."

Pleasance had been forsaken in her turn; Pleasance, whether she had deserved it or not, had been brought very low to speak as she did, when she said again, "Lizzie, both of our lives have failed; nobody wants either of us; can we not do something for each other? Don't go, Lizzie; my plight is the worse of the two, and I cannot die and get out of it."

This was the girl to whom Lizzie, in happier days, had looked up as to a superior being, whose regard she had craved, and when she had won that regard, it had been next to Long Dick's indulgent kindness, the great boon of Lizzie's crushed and shaded life. Lizzie had once been very fond of Pleasance.

More than that, this was the mistress Long Dick had worshipped, the woman for whom he would have gone through fire and water, and whom—though she had preferred another, and that a stranger—he had never been heard to blame. Poor Lizzie's heart swelled to bursting.

"Don't 'ee speak like that," she said, in an agitated whisper; "I ain't able to bear it. Poor dear, poor dear! Pleasance, as I thought, were so happy—fair blest. Ay, for sure I'll live if I can, and the Lor' will let me. Dick he would 'a me to do what little I could, in his place. You mind he sent me to you fust time; he were allers pleased that we tew were sich frien's. 'Twere no wish or word on hisn, on'y my own devilish spirit that made me break out on you yon dre'ful day. You know that, Pleasance? Poor

Pleasance! as he thought no end on, as were the light on's tew eyes, that you should come to grief yousself, arter all! It were nor'n for a poor lamter gal like me to fare ill; but that you should 'a missed a good lot, and that sich a whipper-snapper as Joel Wray—be he ten times a gen'leman—should think hisself above your price, it beats me."

"Don't speak of him," said Pleasance, wincing. "It was my own will; we were not fit for each other. That was the simple truth; and I would rather not hear his name mentioned. But never mind me, Lizzie; mind yourself—about trying to get well. Will you leave this dull close room and come up to the Manor? Do you think that you could bear to be moved, and that your father and mother, and the rest of them, would let you go? They have their own work, and are constantly about. I have nothing to do now, and don't care to stir; it would be something to live for. I daresay it is selfish to think of it, after I gave you up. But oh, Lizzie! I might do you good, please God, and it would be such a mercy to me—a far greater favour than any I was ever able to do you."

"Laws, Pleasance," said Lizzie, "it is you that are good. I am on'y in the way here, sin Long Dick and Clem, too, d' be gone. You 'a heard on Clem's luck? Wool, an' it d' be an ill wind that blows nobody good. But there ain't a soul here as I can say a word to, or listen to a word from, as they 'ouldn't like better from another. I ain't angered or even wexed. Nancy and Kitty 'a their own road to travel, and their own ends to serve. It d' be their day; it ain't to be thought they 'ould spare time for the likes on me, as were never fit to go half way with them, and were allers holding them back; on'y rare kind ens like Long Dick and you 'ould do that. Father and mother, they 'a bore a deal with me, and I 'a been a real worret to en, what with my leg as healed short arter it were hurt in the fire, and my dwinin' ways and my bein' so love sick for Long Dick, as I 'ouldn't get no mor'n the Prince on Wales. They never nagged at me, or spoke rough to me, no more than they could help. They let me alone, and I dessay they thought it clever in me when I learned the dressmaking and perwided for myself. But I were so deadly sick with love and pinin', arter Dick left, that I couldn't hold up to make my bread not no more, and I didn't feel to need it long. But now that you 'a come and axed me your ownself, Pleasance, as if I could do summat yet, as Dick 'ould like, to serve you, I most fancy I feel as if there were more life in me than I thought for," said Lizzie, putting back her yellow hair from her face with her wasted hands, and looking up at Pleasance with the old inexpressible sweetness in her blue eyes. "If I could stand being lifted to t' Manor, I might get better yet, and cheat the hole in the churchyard."

THE CORNISH COAST.

FAR in the west, a windy music rings
The names of citadels of dim renown—
Of Lyonnesse, the sunken beach of kings,
Tintagel's height and mystic Uther's crown.

It tells of fights a thousand years ago,
Of banners waving round the rocky wall,
The strifes of heroes and their overthrow,
When the same surges wailed for Arthur's fall.

Old monks are chaunting, in forgotten towers,
To kneeling knights, and, under shade, is seen
Launcelot stealing from the royal bowers
With guilty Guinevere, the glorious queen.

High on the guarded mount th' Archangel's sword
Wrathfully gleams on Marazion's spoil,
And ruined chieftains cross the craggy ford,
While grim Tregeagle plies his endless toil.

The wraiths of ages pass, of leagued crusades,
Plantagenet and stately Tudor days;
With fleeing foemen and with mourning maids,
And rival Roses sung in vanished lays.

Fair, mid the changeful lights of stranded time,
Are April spring-tides, mingling smiles and tears,
Serener loves that sue for softer rhyme,
Beauties that blush, like morning, through the years.

But the winds whistle to a sterner tune,
The breakers boom along the barren shore,
Recalling, in the notes of some wild rune,
Th' invader's pride, the avenging battle's roar.

I see the galleons of insulting Spain
The sport of northern gales and English skiffs;
I hear the loud laugh of the Cornish main,
And Freedom shouting from her iron cliffs.

Terrors to tyrants are Trelawneys found,
As the stout bishop bold for truth to die,
While thirty thousand chaunted underground
The song that clamour'd for "the reason why."

Another valour reigns, th' adventurous heart
Rifles far regions for the teeming shires;
The fastness falls, appears the thronging mart,
And o'er the labouring mine the furnace fires.

Still in dark nights the wrecking tempest raves
That tossed the Norland pirates of fierce fame,
While captains, loyal to their heaving graves,
Bear through the storm an undiminished name.

Fresh fancies stir us, as the ages roll;
Still, underneath the varying effort, lies,
Ebbing and flowing, the same human soul,
And the old priest returns in altered guise.

These rocks re-echo the resounding voice
Of the great preacher with the narrow creed,
Pressing our rich life to a single choice,
Yet sowing hungry soil with fruitful seed.

A new day dawns and grants a grander grace
Than thine, good shepherd of the Cornish fold.
We read the mighty records of our race,
And trust the eternal Forces as of old.

We have the faith that in the stars above—
The sky, the hills, the message of the sea—
Are signs of wonder, majesty, and love,
The beacons of the nobler earth to be.

J. N.

ECCENTRICITY.

DO you flatter yourself that nobody thinks you eccentric? Do not. If there is not something about you which would seem to others eccentric, then you have no reasonable hope of immortality, for you have no centre of individuality, nothing to show that you are a being and not a mould.

We call people eccentric whose ways are not our ways. "She is so eccentric, poor thing!" says the woman of society, speaking of some old friend. "She never goes anywhere. She says she does not receive nor pay calls. There is no use in asking her to take a stall at a bazaar. She has buried herself alive with that husband of hers and those four rough boys." Yet probably the woman who speaks and the woman who is spoken about, both say alike that home should take precedence, and all the "eccentricity" lies in the fact that the one puts her precepts into practice.

The eccentricities of genius have long been a handy theme for the leisurely comments of people of safely limited talent. The genius is eccentric, because, having discovered the diet best suited to his constitution, he keeps to it, and will not eat pickled salmon, no, not even to please a Lord Mayor. The genius is eccentric, because he did not pay the least attention to the Countess of Dulborough, but spent the whole evening talking to that old maid, Miss Good, who is nobody at all.

The word "eccentric" is commonly applied to any deviation from custom, or from the habits and manners of others, but as they never profess to radiate from any centre, ought it not rather, in mere strictness of speech, to be applied to any deviation from the declared centre of our own existence?

Is not true eccentricity simply a wish to do an easy and plain thing in a hard and intricate way, or else to do something which had better not be done at all? To call a merely unusual or novel action eccentric is to confound eccentricity with originality and progress. The first man to build a house or to carry an umbrella was no eccentric. Any man who would persist in walking on his hands, or in going to bed in all his day-apparel, would have been always eccentric, and will be ever so.

On the other hand, what is generally called eccentricity is commonly the discovery of easier and swifter methods, or of novelties, whether in duty or circumstance. Such a man is said to be so "peculiar"—he made all his friends in such queer ways,—one friendship began in a chance conversation on a steamer—another in a meeting at an inn. Now, everybody admits that the making of friends is perfectly legitimate and normal; only most prefer the manufacture to be carried on by an elaborate machinery of introductions, calls, cards, &c., through which all our carpets are worn out by the feet of casual comers and goers, before we hear the footfall of one who really brings good tidings of love and fellowship to our own soul. Or another is called eccentric, because, heartily believing something to be of vital good to his fellow-creatures, he invests all his money in furthering it, and spends himself in recommending it in season and out of season. His belief itself may be eccentric, or it may not; it may be in the golden rule, or in a particular pill, but his honest application of that belief is not eccentric, and never can be. At that point precisely he is at one with all the great men who have soiled and strained themselves to push the world towards God and good,—and one against the huge army of charlatans who impose burdens which they do not bear.

What a huge mass of small misery would vanish if people could dare to be eccentric in the sense of doing something which is right for themselves as individuals! How many a woman suffering under the close pinches of a narrow income, with a constant dispiriting sense of shabbiness, could be set free from her worst torture, if she gave up the use of gloves except when needed for warmth, and put their price into her general treasury! Is it best to have hands a little brown, or a face worried and anxious? The real beauty of a hand is not spoiled by exposure, or even by hard work, and nothing can be more hideous than the preserved whiteness and plumpness of a coarse hand. We cannot imagine angels in gloves. We cannot imagine the old healthy heathen goddesses in gloves. The hand-clasps which we shall never forget were given by ungloved fingers.

To hide hands or face from ordinary wear and tear lest they spoil them is as bad as to starve with money in the bank lest we spend it. Hands and faces were given us to be used and worn out, and wear out they will, whether or no. The true test of beauty

is its long resistance and its faculty for wearing well. Who would put brown holland over Russia leather chairs? While new, they might be taken for good imitation, but when old they are undoubted.

Everybody has to be eccentric somehow. It takes many a queer twist before the infinite variety of human character and circumstance can be reduced to a similarity almost as striking as that in a packet of pins. It was a humorous and suggestive illustration of this that a book, lately written to advise ladies of limited income how to look like their richer neighbours, hinted that in order to secure the conventional number of silk dresses and parasols, they might even wear coloured under-linen!

It is often said that when poverty approaches as "an armed man," the first retrenchment is made on the table, the last in the wardrobe. This ought not to be. Is not "the body more than raiment?" Put the boy into corduroys instead of broadcloth, but spare him a good dinner, and so give him a chance of getting his own broadcloth when his turn comes, instead of wearing out yours till it drops in rags about him in some casual ward. Any linen shirts and beaver hats you can buy will soon be translated to some other sphere of matter quite beyond his use, while muscle and nerve will remain. There is nothing sadder than the study of the children of shabby-genteel families. They retain the well-moulded features and lithe forms of "good blood," long after the departure of the hot energy or cool staying power which really constituted it. To borrow a phrase from the stable, "they are good ones to look at, but bad ones to go." They are our social slaves —the drug of our labour-market, and capital shrewdly knows that it can extort any terms from them, while it does not insist on fustian jackets or white caps and aprons.

There may be table-retrenchments for which nobody needs pity. If the children get porridge instead of tea, rosy apples instead of jellies, they may bless the poverty that suggested the change. It is the poorer tea and the thinner bread and butter which is to be deprecated. Even the moderate cost of the carefully-hoarded black silk dress, which deceives nobody, if put into the bread account, would relieve all tightness in that quarter for the whole period that it would wear.

Let a widowed mother make her Sabbath-best of serge, and boldly teach her lads the virtues of holland and corduroy, that she may grudge no quantity of wholesome food, no cost of merry holiday, and she may live to display the rich gifts from her eldest, and to boast that her youngest, though he does not make money, has learned to live so simply that he can easily afford to give his life to the art or science of his ambition, and so to write the name she gave him on the best page of his country's history.

To wish to be like other people is as futile as it is fatal. We cannot be like anybody but ourselves. The more conventional we are, the more we resemble the jay which borrowed a feather from every other bird. We do not succeed in our attempted resemblance, we only spoil our own appearance and our own capacities. Nobody admires such. They are ridiculous even in the eyes of similarly bedecked jays. How the people in a theatre laugh as old Polonius proses! There is wisdom in his words, but it is wisdom as a rose after a snail has slimed it. He knows right, wrongly. And yet we may be quite sure there are more of Poloniuses in box, pit, and gallery than there are of vacillating Hamlets, blunt Horatios, or guilty kings and queens. These belie the prince's words. These "galled jades" do not wince. Their criticism is—"This is a fool:" the moral they deduce appears to be, "Let us be so likewise."

Our use of the word "must" should be greatly in our minds when we confess that we do those things which we ought not to do, and leave undone those things which we should do. We neglect duties that should be done at any cost of will-power; we helplessly accept as duties actions which, done as such, lose all their value. How many "cannot" dismiss a servant, and open their own hall-door or dust their own shoes, even though their annual expenditure is regularly in excess of their annual income! Yet they "must" pay calls on people whom they do not like, and they "must" go to parties where two or three hours of black-hole atmosphere and ten minutes' gobble at unwholesome food leave them with a week's indigestion and bad temper. Or on higher levels it may be that we "cannot" keep a certain commandment, but we "must" believe a certain creed. We cannot serve some fellow-creature, but we must love him! It is simply a double lie, as transparent as if one should say he cannot cross a gutter, but can easily jump over the moon.

From some people's talk one might infer

that public opinion was a solid body of resistless force, or at least a policeman with a truncheon. "One cannot go to two parties in the same dress," said a lady. "What prevents you?" asked her companion. "Simply do it."

What is public opinion? The aggregate of many persons' opinions, mostly founded on their own ways. Do you acknowledge even to yourself that their ways and their opinions are better than yours? You think Mrs. S. a feather-brained creature, in fact a fool, and yet you feel it a terrible judgment if you can imagine that she is making derogatory remarks on the length of your skirt, or even the amount of beef you order from your butcher.

When you shrink from handing the dishes at your own table, or from the growing necessity that your daughters should do something for their own livelihood, whose image looms terribly before you? Is it that of the great man whose rare visits fill your house with spiritual light and warmth? Or that of the good woman whose life you know goes up as daily incense before God? Or that of the dear friend who knows all about you, even about the skeleton in your cupboard, and whose life has so penetrated your life, that you cannot realise how it was when you did not know him? No, it is that of the De Vescis opposite—about whom you delight to tell the naughty anecdote that they have a malicious cousin who superscribes his letters to Gentility Square, with the plain name of "Mr. Vesey." Or that of the Wildes, over whom there always hangs such a cloud of mystery, so that nobody has ever heard how he made his money, or what was her maiden name. Or lastly and chiefly, it is that of Lady Pompon, who twice a year kindly renews the card that you keep on the top of your card-basket, and who, could you only know it, goes to her next evening service with a happy consciousness of "acts of humility."

We should all have a "proper regard" for public opinion. Only what public opinion? Our most conventional acquaintance seeks the favourable verdict of Pluto Place, not of Black Slum. Let us think of the quality of the approval we gain rather than of its quantity. Let us dare to do what should be done, and the best will either approve us at once, or presently thank us for teaching them a new lesson. People's moral tastes, like their artistic, want educating. The greater a man is, the fewer within earshot will praise him. Condemnation is the only title of honour that some people can bestow. Mazzini's greatness was truly recognised when he was judged as an assassin by those who would have been proud of a presentation to the besotted Bomba. They saw that white was the opposite of black: they only mistook the terms. Columbus was wise when he had his fetters buried with him: he had doubtless learned that in such a world the Iron Chain is a far more substantial order of merit than the most selectly distributed Golden Fleece. Higher yet. While the Jews made a hero of Barabbas the robber, their only possible tribute to Jesus was to crucify Him.

If there be anything which we secretly long to do, could we only muster courage, then we may be sure that there are many others like us—standing still as sheep, till the bell-wether moves onward. There are some slaves who achieve their own freedom long before the General Emancipation Act which they help to bring about. And let us remember the old proverb—it is "the hindmost" whom the devil takes. It would be a foolish cat who refused to go to the milk-pan till the other cats had licked off the cream. Yet there are people who can accept nothing till it begins to grow stale. The originality of some impulses are half their value. When they cease to be a protest against the untruthfulness and unthinkingness of habit, they are often far on the way to be untruthful or unthinking themselves. To-day, the most conventional of us are doing what was first done by some very "eccentric" forefather. Shall we drive the steeds of the car of time, or shall we toil ever behind in the dust which it raises? Shall we be slaves ourselves, or free liberators of others?

"Dare to be strong, the world is very weak,
And longs for burning words which strong souls speak,
Thirsts for the cup which ye have strength to grasp.
Toils on the road where ye are swift to run,
Does nought itself, but worships what is done.
Spare it one hand: thine other angels clasp."

ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

TWO SEASONS.

CAN this be spring? These tearful lights that break
Across wet uplands in the windy dawn
Are paler than the primroses, that make
Dim glories on the banks of field and lawn;
Wild blasts are sweeping o'er the garden beds,
Wild clouds are drifting through the dull, grey skies,
And early flowers, rain-beaten, hang their heads;
Can it be spring that wears this stormy guise?

* * * * *

Can this be autumn? Freshly green and fair
The meadows glisten in the morning rays,
Touches of brown and crimson, here and there,
Are all that tell us that the year decays.
We would not have the old year young again;
If this be Death, we find him passing sweet;
Watching the soft hues change on hill and plain,
We wait in peace the calm Destroyer's feet.

SARAH DOUDNEY.

ON SEEKING GOD.

BY THE LATE NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.

ASSUMING that there is a God—an assumption we can never deny without doing wrong to our nature—we feel that there are wants in the soul of man which such an One alone can supply, a hunger and thirst which He alone can satisfy. We cannot do justice to our nature without giving room to the sense of the Infinite. We demand an existence without end. Nothing short of immortality can meet the longing of the soul. We might possibly prefer utter extinction to an immortality of evil or of misery; but when the hope of an endless life of good is presented, the spirit of man rises with joy at the thought, and grasps it as his inheritance. If imagination would fix any limit to our existence and to our progress, at which, when reached, there shall stretch before our memory a past embracing ages upon ages, during which we have advanced in knowledge, in the enlargement and enjoyment of a perfected social life, and during which our faculties also have become stronger and more capable of taking wider journeys through endless fields of knowledge, and our characters have become grander by increased means of action and love,—and let this point be at once as the summit of a mighty range of heavenly mountains, and the edge also of a precipice plunging into an infinite abyss of annihilation, the end, in short, of our existence—would we be satisfied in being thus limited and thus ending, because of the past we had enjoyed? Nay, we would not be satisfied were we permitted to live for ever, and to feed only on the memory of all we had seen and heard and known and loved. Would we not yearn for the infinite beyond, and seek to pierce the darkness and to brave the abyss, and descend to it even as a grave, a second death, if we thereby could win another resurrection? Yes! The soul is made for immortality, because it is made for God! His eternal life alone is the assurance and certainty of ours. His infinite love is the eternal fountain of love to fill our hearts, and the hearts of all who are, like us, made in His image. In Him as eternal wisdom and power, in Him as the everlasting source of all that is or can be of majesty or beauty, in Him, the Infinite God and Father, and in nothing lower, nothing less, can man, the greatest work of His hands, find the perfect satisfaction of his being.

Shall we not, then, seek after Him to know Him? Without Him, I am a creeping worm of the dust; finding Him, I am a humble child of God! Without Him and alone, I am a king in a dungeon, in darkness and in chains, poor and needy and naked; with Him, I am a king on a throne eternal in the heavens, rich and in need of nothing, and as seeing Him and all His works, clothed in royal robes, and crowned with glory evermore.

Again, I am constrained to seek God as the only way of solving many of the problems that press themselves upon me. I feel I am a *dependent* creature, and I crave for something firm and stable on which I can lean—not for dead matter or mechanical laws, but for a living person on whose will I can rely. Amidst the perplexities of the present, realising all the forces that are hedging up my path—amidst all the darkness of the unknown future—I cannot be satisfied with anything less than One on whom I can cast my burden, who will hear my cry in the waste howling wilderness, or in the stormy battle of life, and be my strength, my guide, my comforter.

Then, again, with a *soul made for moral good*, deeply wounded by conscious guilt and evil, a soul that feels there is an *ought* which is not realised, but which in sorrow or in hope it thinks may yet be attained, I seek to know the One, if such there be, who has put that soul within me and made me thus, and whether He can give me the righteousness, the peace of conscience, the joy, the sure hope of eternal progress in love and all that is pure and lovely, which I long for. Now all this I find in the conception of God! The very thought of such a Being *finds* me: it meets me at every point, it goes down to the depths of my being, it searches me, fills me, elevates me, restores me to myself, and to all things. I must seek Him, should there only be a *may be* that I shall find Him; for if not, the universe to me is an empty void. Let me find such an One, and it is as the eye finding light, or as an orphan in the wide world finding a Father, and that Father the Almighty. Nothing, I say, but God as He is, the living and true God, can satisfy me as I am.

This leads me to make a few remarks as to how we should seek God.

First, as to the eye with which we should

seek Him. The intellectual eye is not enough. The intellect sees much truth, but it does not see love, no more than the ear perceives colour. When the man of science speaks regarding a department in the field of knowledge which he has cultivated, I listen to him with the same respect which I would give to a great artist when he speaks of art; but in proportion as they have devoted themselves to any one subject, and as they have cultivated only one side of their being, I refuse to listen to them as necessarily speaking with authority on another side of truth which they have never perhaps seen, or the faculty to see which has been comparatively neglected by them. I would value more the spiritual judgment or insight of the poor but truly experienced Christian regarding God, than that of the most eminent man of science who had not cultivated his spiritual nature, nor educated those higher moral powers by which spiritual truth is discerned. "He who loveth not, knoweth not God," is a fact which debars any eye from seeing God but an eye that can discern holy and righteous love as the highest possible excellence. Without this eye, God, Who is love, cannot be seen or known. Hence one difficulty, but a normal and a necessary one, in finding God, and one that cannot possibly be got over except by the education of the spirit. If we could present God in a visible form, such as the senses could discern, either as a superb idol, embodying all that marble could express of beauty and strength, this could be understood, but not God; for God is a Spirit, and God is love, and no marble can express that to the eye. Such methods have no power to educate the eye of the spirit. Outward figures which seek by representations to the senses to aid man to apprehend an invisible God, only hinder him from the cultivation of those higher powers by which alone He can be truly perceived. They do not lift up man to God, but bring down *a man* for men, instead of God. Nor could the Son of God Himself as a mere man seen by the bodily eye, or judged of by the fleshly, carnal, or unspiritual mind, be a revelation of God. Herod saw Jesus, and so did Judas; but as they had not the right eye, the purity of heart, which is the purity of love, they could not and did not see Jesus as a Revelation of the unseen God. Unless we are "born of God," unless as children we have the spirit of sonship, or love, we cannot "see the kingdom of heaven," for we cannot recognise the King.

This being so, we can also understand how no such revelation of God as is given through miracle appealing to the bodily eye can be sufficient. Miracles might be wrought before each man, majestic visions, angels, and manifestations of surpassing glory might be seen, and sounds of unearthly melody might be heard in the sky; cities, nations, might crowd to see wonders and signs in heaven and earth, and yet no progress be made in educating man to find God. If by the spirit only He can be seen and found, if there is no other instrument possible than that of a spiritual eye higher than that of reason, because dealing with higher truths and seeing further into eternal realities, then anything which instead of this substitutes sight or the teaching of the lower understanding, must retard the true education of the faculties which have to do now, and will have to do for ever, with the unseen and eternal. Slow this education may be, but it alone is sure, while any other is false from the beginning.

But to preserve the right eye, we must keep the right conduct. The purity of the spiritual vision is immensely affected by the character of the life. The right seeing is affected by the right living. Nothing, for instance, so blinds the eye in seeking after God as an immoral life. The fleshly lusts war against the soul; they are what dust or mud are to the bodily eye. He that doeth evil cometh not to the light, and without light the eye is useless. It is one of the most fearful punishments of sin, that he who loves it and clings to it, begins to hate God because He hates sin, and dislikes to seek after Him, as he would dislike seeking after an enemy. The will that is bound to the flesh *will not* aid the spirit. The feet turn the eye in the wrong direction from that in which God is to be found. As men of science sacrifice time, and deny themselves in what would injure their physical and mental faculties, dim the eye, or disturb the calm which is essential to study and discovery, so must the man who would see God mortify whatever would distract his vision. Unholy passions, as a thick cloud, conceal the vision of God.

Again: consider where we are to seek God—or, in other words, where we are to find the light we desire.

Now God has revealed Himself. To assume the impossibility of His doing so is not only to limit the power of God, and to make Him so arrange the world as to exclude Himself from it, but it is to limit His moral power, or to deny His love, the very essence of His

being, by making it impossible for Him to bring that love home to human hearts, as the reality of all realities to satisfy the beings He has made, and to bring them to be partakers of His own good and joy. But, without dwelling on this, and passing by all other possible revelations, let us contemplate the "light of the glory of God shining in the face of Jesus Christ." All He said and did, in showing us the Father, finds a response in conscience, and is seen to be not only in all respects in harmony with our highest ideas of God, but it educates us in the knowledge of God, enlarging at once the eye that can see the glory, and presenting that glory so as to fill the eye with its splendour. The God whom He reveals is One Who has made man for good—Who is the Father of all men, for we all are His offspring—Who has willed that all should seek Him and find Him—Who has never ceased to love the race He has made—Who so loved a world that knew Him not that He sent His Son not to condemn it, but to save it—a God who deals with every human being in accordance with His divine nature and character—Who in Christ Jesus has sympathy with every condition of humanity—Who reveals in the sorrows of Christ what man's sin is and ever has been and ever must be to Him—Who extends a full and free pardon to all, and has given a Redeemer to all, and who invites all to come to Him for rest—Who excludes none who do not exclude themselves, and does all that is morally possible to save—Who will never condemn any man, except on such grounds as every righteous and loving being in the universe would condemn him—a God whose mercy goes before His face, and endureth for ever, and who, if He will never clear the guilty, invites every man to come to Him that he may be guilty no more. No language can fully express, no imagination can conceive, the glory of this God in His good-will to man. This is the eternally true light in which alone we are to see God, if we are to find Him. This light is its own best evidence. We can conceive of nothing more divine, more worthy of God, than what Christ revealed. The more we study it, the more does it seem infinite.

And when I am thus taught in the light of Christ to see God as manifest in the flesh, I recognise Him as an ever-loving God, not as yesterday only, but to-day. I begin to see that the God who spoke to the fathers and to the prophets, and in His Son, has been speaking to myself; that He has never left Himself without a witness in that He has done good—good to me; that His voice was never silent in my heart; that it was His loving fatherhood, and the brotherhood of Christ, which was dimly revealed in every blessed human relationship; His hand wiped away tears, and fed me, and raised me up in sickness; His grace restored my soul; His strength kept me from falling, and defended me, and led me safely up to man; His smile was in my mother's smile, His frown in my loving father's righteous anger; His wrath of righteous love in the misery of my self-willed and rebellious heart, making me arise in my rags and nakedness and go to Him. Never did He leave me; He never was far from me; He was closer to me than the light, than the air. In Him I have lived and had my being; and all He did was in order that I should seek after Him, and the moment I did so we met, for He was near and seeking me!

Finally, it is a glorious declaration that every man should "rejoice that *seeks* the Lord." This is in harmony with the blessing pronounced on all who hunger and thirst after righteousness. This call to joy is a most blessed revelation of the love of God. It meets the worst man, the most desponding and hopeless, at the very outset of his journey. It does not bargain for anything beyond the sincere *seeking*. It does not present a point to be reached in the search, any attainment in goodness, any experience as the result of a long and laborious journey before we can rejoice. There doubtless is a higher measure of joy corresponding to the labour bestowed and the advance attained in the journey, for a greater knowledge of God must ever produce a greater measure of joy as a necessary consequence. But this command meets the worst man at the greatest distance from God, in the lowest depths of his sin and misery; it meets the man who has hitherto despised all God's reproofs, refused His counsels, whose sins have been heinous through manifold provocations; and it says, "If you but in future seek the Lord, let thy heart rejoice—rejoice because thou wilt find Him, and to find Him is eternal joy!"

A DAY WITH THE GERMAN-AUSTRIAN ALPINE CLUB.

PART II.

IT was now getting late in the afternoon, and to our great relief, the various members of the party who were not going to pass the night in the hut, began to take their departure. To each party in turn the Herr Präsident, hat in hand, did the honour of the adieus, making courteous speeches to all, and distinguishing the more honoured with a prescribed round of Hochs! The band were treated with especial honour; and commenced their descent amid a perfect fire-work of cheers and compliments. Last of all, the superintendent of the cannonading department, who had been firing off deafening salutes from his maroons at every stage in the proceedings which afforded him the slightest opportunity, announced that his powder was exhausted, and that he could stay no more. The Herr Präsident ran forward, shook him warmly by the hand, and to our infinite amusement finished up a little speech of farewell with "Adieu! Sie haben uns allen die grösste Freude gegeben!"

The farewells were scarcely over, when we could see from a general state of expectancy which seized the company that a fresh arrival was expected. The words "das Fräulein" were heard more than once, and we soon made out that a young lady was making her way up to the scene of the festivities. It was reported she was to emerge at the top of the ridge below us in a few minutes, and the Herr Präsident taking his stand at the edge of our little plateau, summoned his followers around him to raise a cheer as soon as she should come in sight. The moment she came in view, the word of command was given; and at each successive point of her re-appearance round a fresh corner of the cliff the same order was given, and with the same military precision were the Hochs! and the hats simultaneously raised into air, while the flutter of a responsive handkerchief was waved from the advancing party below. At last up she stepped amongst us, amid a fresh burst of plaudits: a fine simple-looking girl, dressed in admirable mountaineering costume: hat, jacket, and short petticoat of grey Tyrolese cloth trimmed with green; below, trousers to match, gaiters, and a pair of first-class shooting boots. She walked forward without embarrassment, acknowledged simply the attentions of the party, and was ushered courteously into the hut.

And now, all excitement over, we could give ourselves up to enjoy the unrivalled glory of the scene. A fine afternoon was waning to a glorious sunset; from our high perch on the N.E. shoulder of the Ortler we had an absolutely uninterrupted view to the north and east, and fold after fold of peaks and ridges stood out bathed in warm light against the sky. Below, the exquisite green valleys of Trafoi and Sulden, with the upper lakes of the Adige valley beyond; around us, the cold and ever more grey-growing snows of the Ortler, while the peak itself, alone almost of all the summits in view, kept itself to the last jealously veiled in mist. To pass hours in such a scene as this, the eye at one moment sweeping from range to range, and from peak to peak, till the sense of their limitless extent gradually comes home to it, at another, plunging perpendicularly down to points beneath one's feet, which in the exquisitely transparent air it is hard to believe to be as many hundreds of feet below as one knows them to be thousands; amid objects and distances so vast, and in an air so keen, that one's whole sense of size and proportion has to be re-cast; to watch, in an evening of exquisite calm, the ceaseless changes which the failing light works in the shape, the distance, the colouring, and the size of every object on the horizon; to feel on so huge a scale the hand of night gradually and irresistibly laying its touch on everything till the whole earth seems in one act to lay itself down to rest; to feel all this, with that exquisite keenness of eye and sense which come of mountain air and mountain exercise, is as perfect a form of pleasure as this world of ours has to give. And that evening we enjoyed it to the full; we sat on, wrapped in our coats, gazing and gazing into the west, in a perfect luxury of enjoyment, till the coldness of the air and a cry that tea was ready recalled us from our reveries to a sense of our sublunary necessities. The warmth and brightness of the interior were most grateful; and we were all almost loth, a few minutes later, to troop out again into the night to witness the grand display of fire-works, which was to usher in the first darkness of the evening. Rockets, Roman candles, and Bengal lights were fired off in rapid succession; the party collected in a group against the outer wall, to be illuminated for the benefit of the valleys below; and the

responsive pop of a maroon in the distance announced that we had been seen.

Again the whole party poured into the hut, and in the semi-darkness, packed tight as herrings in a barrel, we entered into conversation with our neighbours. I was amused to find that the knowledge of our German mountaineers was confined entirely to the German mountains. Of Switzerland they seemed to know nothing except at second hand. One informed me confidently that an outstanding peak due north of us was the Piz Languard: a peak which, in fact, was south of west of us, and, with the whole Bernina group, quite invisible from where we were. Another asserted, with great confidence (and he was a man of science) that the Ortler Spitze stood third in height among the mountains of Europe, Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa alone surpassing it. In vain I remarked that about Zermatt alone there were a dozen or more peaks higher than the Ortler; he informed me I was mistaken. I then observed I had been up three peaks in the Bernina group the week before, all higher than the Ortler; but he confidently put me down by telling me that we English employed a different kind of foot, and that reckoning by Viennese feet, the Ortler was, beyond all doubt, the third mountain of the Alps. In point of fact, it is twelve thousand eight hundred and seven feet above the sea, and surpassed in height by all the first-class peaks of Switzerland.

My scientific friend next informed me that he read every English book of science worth reading—especially on electricity—and that Professor Tyndall was our only physicist of first-rate eminence. I mentioned timidly the name of Sir William Thomson; but he remarked, simply and conclusively, "How then had he not heard of him?" At the name of Professor Lister, however, a germ of harmony developed itself; he considered him one of the greatest benefactors of his age. We next turned to politics; but as in answer to my first query, "Was it absolutely necessary for Germany to keep a million of men under arms in a time of profound peace?" he replied that we English lived upon an island, and that in consequence neither our people nor our statesmen understood anything about foreign politics, we were not able to progress very far in our discussion of that subject.

We were now expecting to see the evening celebrated by some sort of joviality, or at least that the spirits of the party would rise high, and some form of fun or humour make its appearance. We were well aware by experience of the horrors of a night spent in an Alpine hut, and were in no hurry to enter upon them before the time. Certainly there had been no trace of humour in any one of the speeches delivered in the afternoon. But with so many young fellows, after so successful a day, and under the combined influence of tea and spirits, we could not imagine but that fun and chaff of various kinds, would break out—we made sure of a good Tyrolese song or two—and we were looking forward with much interest to see what I had never seen before—fun and frolic among Germans. But we were doomed to be disappointed. For some time the whole company sat perfectly still, each man talking to his neighbour with as much solemn earnestness as if we were in a section of the Social Science Congress, or waiting for the commencement of a sermon. But soon, to our great dismay, the Herr Präsident got up, and formally announced that it was eight o'clock, and that as we should have to start early in the morning, it would be well to be early in bed. We should be off for the ascent of the Ortler not later than five A.M.; and as it took a long time to get so large and entangled a party under weigh, we were to be roused at three A.M. He would now proceed to allot the sleeping-places among the company, so far as they would go. Now, as there were only ten berths for the accommodation of some twenty or twenty-five persons, it was obvious that their equitable distribution would be a work of no small difficulty; and there was a general tremor of expectation as the Präsident set to work with the most nice discrimination to adjudicate upon the claims of the various aspirants to a night's rest. Couch No. 1 was without hesitation assigned to the fräulein, and No. 2 to an elderly gentleman who acted as her protector, and whom we thenceforth irreverently termed "the wad." The age, position, and personal merits of each candidate were rapidly passed in review, as one by one the ten places were authoritatively disposed of; and the excluded balance of fifteen began, in various degrees of depression, to put to themselves the question, What was to become of *them?* Amongst this excluded balance were my friend and myself, though we had been kindly offered, and had declined, places among the favoured ten. We had visions of passing the night sitting closely packed on the available benches; but our last hope died out as these began to be distributed at the rate of five feet four

per man among the party, and the remainder were to be lodged "up-stairs, on hay, among the guides." In fact, we were to begin, with shame, to take the highest room.

To a man who has known what it is to pass the night on hay among guides—with their unfailing companions—this prospect was the reverse of encouraging. We had noticed that there was a low room, like a dovecote, on the upper floor, taken out of the slope of the slates; and having a fair guess of the character of the accommodation and ventilation it was likely to afford, we clung with desperate tenacity to our seats below, till at last the Präsident authoritatively ordered us off, and prepared to extinguish the lights. Then out we sallied into the frosty night air, the sky ablaze with stars, and stumbled up to the door of the upper room. One glance within was enough to reveal the horrors that lay before us, and to show how dear our delay below had cost us. We were the last of the party to enter; by the light of an expiring candle we could see that while there was just head-room at the side where we entered, the roof sloped away to almost nothing at the other; there was no window, no hole or cranny of any kind capable of letting in one breath of air; the door was fastened tight behind us, and the whole floor, from end to end, was strewn as thick as it could be made to hold with a densely-packed mass of prostrate bodies. It seemed at first as if no amount of squeezing could work out room for two bodies more; but as we groped quietly along to the further end of the room, we lighted on what looked like a slight fissure, or "fault," in the human strata. Heavily and simultaneously we let ourselves drop into the mouth of the opening: it widened gradually beneath us, and as the shock communicated itself along the whole row of sleepers, we gradually worked out for ourselves the space requisite for our night's rest. How utterly vain, however, was any hope of rest under the circumstances, we soon discovered. We were said to be lying on hay; but the sagacious guides, who had been the first to establish themselves, had thickened their beds at the expense of the remainder, and left to us the apology of a few grassy hairs to keep us from the floor. The floor was about as hard as a good deal floor usually is. The noises never ceased, and were exaggerated by the darkness. Some snored; some chattered; almost all expectorated: some, finding sleep impossible, would every now and then find their way to a flask or wine-bottle, with much smacking of the lips. Two of my neighbours indulged in coarse facetious conversation throughout the night, each giggle vibrating through their neighbours four deep on either side; others, overpowered with the heat, kept removing garments and depositing them as chance might direct, so that my friend, once half asleep, awoke to find a greasy boot stuffed half-way down his throat.

The night seemed absolutely interminable; and it can be imagined with what a sense of relief we discovered by the lighting of a candle, and a general commencement of munching among the guides, that the long-wished-for hour of three was approaching. With the first symptom of sound below, we rose from our lairs; and we only realised the full horrors of the atmosphere we had been breathing from the strange shock we experienced, producing a sudden faintness, as we emerged into the cold morning air. Twenty-two persons, more than half of them guides, all of them with that peculiar flavour of stale tobacco and other extraneous matter accumulated about their persons which distinguishes the Alpine guide, had been for seven hours in a room, some twenty feet by twelve, on an average not five feet high, without windows, and by its solid masonry completely satisfying the German standard of comfort by excluding every breath of air. Our companions seemed to have passed the night in perfect comfort. I had often before noticed, but never realised so strongly as on the present occasion, what an advantage in the "struggle for existence" the German possesses from his entire exemption from the necessity of having fresh air to breathe, and have been led to wonder whether the British craving for oxygen, so much encouraged by our doctors, be not a weakness of the same character as our national taste for ardent spirits, and fresh air itself a luxury which should be indulged in only in moderation. I shall not easily forget a visit I paid on a fine summer's morning to a distinguished German professor. He was still in the small bedroom in which he had slept with tight-barred windows all night; he still wore his night-dress, enveloped in a fusty dressing-gown; no signs of ablution were to be seen; he was smoking a cigar—by no means the first smoked in the room since the window had been last opened—and he was writing comfortably and composedly, in an atmosphere which gave him such a complete advantage over me that I was obliged to retreat with my object unattained. I was like a man who cannot dine without fish, or sleep

except on a feather bed, or is the victim of any other form of self-indulgence.

As we descended from our night quarters we felt that, had the light been stronger, we could have *seen* the column of foul air that rushed out of the door along with us. Below we found all astir. One or two of the gentlemen who had had only benches assigned to them, had crept into the vacated berths, and were sound asleep. The remainder were busy preparing tea and coffee, extracting stale viands from much squashed corners, packing their provisions for the day into other people's knapsacks in the impossibility of finding their own, lacing their boots, hunting for spectacles and veils, uncoiling themselves from layers of mufflers, smearing their faces with glycerine, settling disputes between guides as to the ownership of ropes and axes, and performing the thousand operations (washing always excepted) preparatory to a start for the day. As there was no room to turn in, these various operations had to be performed by a process of continual changing rotation and repulsion among the human units that packed the room, analogous to that which Professor Clifford describes as perpetually taking place among the atoms that compose air or water. As on all occasions when eating and drinking are going on promiscuously, the guides naturally found their presence indispensable for the assistance of their masters, and the two hours of preparation prescribed by the Präsident proved to be none too long for the "disentanglement" of the party. At length, shortly before five A.M., the first start for the summit was effected, and the various members of the party proceeded to tell themselves off in parties of two, three, or four under the leadership of their respective guides.

We were given to understand that a short interval should be allowed between the starting of each fresh party; and we soon learnt the reason. Having obtained the Präsident's leave to set off, we started along the rocky ridge of the Tabaretta Wand above us, then struck across a slope of snow, and found ourselves at the top of an awkward-looking *cheminée* or *couloir* of stones, down which we had to descend before commencing the attack of the main ridge. It was eminently a case to which the adage which warns one to be "last in a bog," was applicable: a sheer descent of some four hundred feet down a narrow gully between overhanging cliffs, filled entirely with shingle and loose stones ready to fly downwards on the slightest provocation, and too narrow to afford escape on either side. We could hear the party in front of us letting loose thunders of stone avalanches, and charitably hoping that there might be no other party below them, we gave them time to reach the bottom before plunging into the slithery slope ourselves. And no easy work it was to keep our footing; everything was ready to give way beneath us; and picking our way with all proper mountaineering caution, we had scarcely got half-way down when we espied a blundering party above us just entering on the descent. Another moment, and we should have been exposed to the full fire of the enemy; so leaping into the centre of our gully, with legs stretched out stiff in front, and ice-axes dug deeply as drags into the ground behind, we let ourselves go on the crest of a glissade of stones, and rode triumphant to the bottom. Here we overtook and passed one or two of the parties which had started in front of us, among them a stout gentleman who had started very early with a single guide, and who now appeared to be involved in hopeless difficulties. Helpless of hand and foot, and near-sighted to boot, his guide was endeavouring with infinite labour to hoist him with the rope up a steep series of steps cut in the frozen slope; but as he could neither see the steps in the first instance, nor stand on them when seen, and as his breath was at least as short as his sight, his progress was naturally somewhat slow. To our great amusement, we recognised in him our enthusiastic Italian orator of the day before: the sublime heights reached so easily with his tongue were, alas! inaccessible to his person. On our descent from the summit, some four or five hours afterwards, we again overtook him, hardly a hundred yards from the same spot, painfully retracing his steps over the same ice slope, nor could we learn from any one that he had been seen at any higher level.

The remainder of the ascent was accomplished without difficulty, and calls for no further remark. It was a splendid morning; one of those dawns whose perfect beauty would alone be more than enough to recompense one for any amount of discomforts or fatigues. Not one speck of cloud in the sky the air sparkling with crisp freshness, the snow-world around passing gradually from the most dead grey to the most brilliant white; the horizon warming up with a uniform glow of saffron, till at last a few flashes of red struck upon the highest peaks and ushered in the full glory of a dazzling summer day. Steadily we toiled up one steep

snow slope after another, winding round crevasses and under huge blocks of overhanging *nevé*, till we reached the final slope up to the keel-shaped top; then along the narrow *arrêté* which forms the keel to the small plateau of the actual summit. It was a noble view; as fine as any I have ever seen in the Alps. A cloudless horizon, except as usual in the direction of Monte Rosa, which, with a few doubtful giants of the Oberland, stood out but half disclosed; at our feet all the lovely peaks of the Ortler group: the noble Königspitze, with its tremendous precipice straight before us, Monte Cevedale, Pallon della Mare, &c., and the whole range circling off to the two lovely peaks of San Matteo and Tresero on the right; further to the south the Brenta and Amadello groups, and standing above them all, the jagged outline of the Dolomites. To the east, all the peaks of the Tyrol, from the Gross Glocker to the Weisskugl; to the west, the Bernina group, every peak standing out firm and clear; to the north, the endless sea of peaks rising up from the valleys of the Inn and Rhine, with the Tödi and, as I believe, the less lofty but conspicuous peak of the Sentis closing in the distance.

Fresh arrivals on the top kept constantly contracting our already narrow elbow-room; and when at last the gallant *Fräulein* appeared to complete the party, and stepped in amongst us amid a round of "Hochs!" we numbered no fewer than twenty-four persons, all told, upon a space about as large as an ordinary dining-table. The wind, which had been piercingly cold on our way up, had now subsided, and under the slight shelter of the northern cornice of snow we set to work heartily at our breakfast, basking in the sun, and with the sweet consciousness of successful enterprise. We had ascended from the hut in less than three hours; my German friends almost all assisted by the *Steig-eisen*, or *crampons*, which, despised as they are by the Swiss mountaineer, afford a great advantage to their wearer up a steep and slippery snow-slope, such as we had to ascend that day. The spirits of the party now rose fairly to the occasion; a hoarsely-shouted British chorus, though but little appreciated, extracted a German song in return; and something like enthusiasm was provoked when we called on all present to drink a bumper to the true mountaineer's toast of "Wein, Weib, und Gebirge!" A full hour and a half we sat on, revelling in the view, and naming every peak. Then once more getting into marching order, we separated into our respective parties, and tumbled rapidly down the slopes of snow which it had cost us so much labour to ascend. Without further incident we again reached the hut at about mid-day. Each group was photographed in marching order upon its arrival; and after a welcome draught of wine and water, not unaccompanied by a further snack, and crowned with a glass of a delicious liqueur of which I have forgotten the name, my friend and I began to prepare for our descent to Trafoi. The remainder waited on, to produce a more satisfactory effect by arriving in a compact body at the inn; and after much mutual bowing and pretty speech-making, and the interchange of many cards, and amid general regret that we could not remain to take part in the "after-feast" which was to be held in Trafoi that night, we took our leave of the German-Austrian Alpine Club. The twenty members present raised for us a parting Hoch, which we flattered ourselves we more than answered by two vigorous British cheers.

As we neared the bottom of the valley there occurred the last mountaineering incident of our summer trip. We were descending a dry watercourse, extremely steep, and ending in a still steeper drop below. I was with difficulty keeping myself steady on the loose stones which barely hung upon the slope, when I heard a sudden cry of warning behind, and looking back saw that the guide, some sixty yards above me, had let loose a huge stone in my direction. Down it came, leaping with tremendous strides straight towards me. I was so placed that I had no chance of escaping to one side in time, and so, waiting till the stone was as near me as I dared allow it, I made one wild spring into the air, and, as I alighted, saw the whizzing mass thirty yards below me.

We were soon sighted by the ladies of our party, who awaited us with an account of the continuous roar of revelry, singing, dancing, "wine and skittles," which had been kept up uninterruptedly at the inn during the last twenty-four hours. Our approach had been signalled, and we marched up in triumph amid a roar of maroons discharged for our especial benefit, as being the first to descend of those who had climbed the Ortler.

Thus ended our day with the German-Austrian Alpine Club; and we have more than half a mind to accept the invitation they gave us to attend the next meeting of a similar character, to be held in Botzen, with a view to attacking the Dolomite country, in September of next year.

GEORGE G. RAMSAY.

"THE LAUREL BUSH."

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THE LAUREL BUSH.

An Old-fashioned Love Story.

By the AUTHOR of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

PART III.

WHAT is a "wrecked" life? One which the waves of inexorable fate have beaten to pieces, or one that, like an unseaworthy ship, is ready to go down in any waters? What most destroy us? the things we might well blame ourselves for, only we seldom do, our follies, blunders, errors, not counting actual sins, or the things for which we can blame nobody but Providence—if we dared—such as our losses and griefs, our sicknesses of body and mind; all those afflictions which we call "the visitation of God?" Ay, and so they are, but not sent in wrath, or for ultimate evil. No amount of sorrow need make any human life harmful to man, or unholy before God; as a discontented, unhappy life must needs be unholy; in the sight of Him who in the mysterious economy of the universe seems to have one absolute law—He wastes nothing. He modifies, transmutes, substitutes, re-applies material to new uses; but apparently by Him nothing is ever really lost, nothing thrown away.

Therefore I incline to believe, when I hear people talking of a "wrecked" existence, that, whosoever is to blame, it is not Providence.

Nobody could have applied the term to Fortune Williams, looking at her as she sat in the drawing-room window of a house at Brighton, just where the grey of the Esplanade meets the green of the Downs—a ladies' boarding-school, where she had in her charge two pupils, left behind for the holidays, while the mistress took a few weeks' repose. She sat, watching the sea, which was very beautiful, as even the Brighton sea can be sometimes. Her eyes were soft and calm, her hands were folded on her black silk dress; her pretty little tender-looking hands; unringed, for she was still Miss Williams, still a governess.

But even at thirty-five—and she had now reached that age, nay, passed it—she was not what you would call "old-maidish." Perhaps, because the motherly instinct, naturally very strong in her, had developed more and more. She was one of those governesses—the only sort who ought ever to attempt to be governesses—who really love children, ay, despite their naughtinesses and mischievousnesses, and worrying ways; who feel that, after all, these little ones are "of the kingdom of heaven," and that the task of educating them for that kingdom somehow often brings us nearer to it ourselves.

Her heart, always tender to children, had gone out to them more and more every year; especially after that fatal year, when a man took it, and broke it. No, not broke it, but threw it carelessly away, wounding it so sorely that it never could be quite itself again. But it was a true, and warm, and womanly heart still.

She had never heard of him—Robert Roy—never once, in any way, since that Sunday afternoon when he said, "I will write to-morrow," and did not write, but let her drop from him altogether like a worthless thing. Cruel, somewhat, even to a mere acquaintance;—but to her?

Well, all was past and gone, and the tide of years had flowed over it. Whatever it was—a mistake, a misfortune, or a wrong, nobody knew anything about it. And the wound was healed, in a sort of a way, and chiefly by the unconscious hands of these little "ministering angels," who were angels that never grieved her, except by blotting their copy-books or not learning their lessons. I know it may sound a ridiculous thing that a forlorn governess should be comforted for a lost love by the love of children; but it is true to nature. Women's lives have successive phases, each following the other in natural gradation—maidenhood, wifehood, motherhood: in not one of which, ordinarily, regret we the one before it, to which it is nevertheless impossible to go back. But Fortune's life had had none of these, excepting perhaps her one six-months' dream of love and spring. That being over, she fell back upon autumn days and autumn pleasures—which are very real pleasures, too.

As she sat with the two little girls leaning against her lap—they were Indian children, unaccustomed to tenderness, and had already grown very fond of her—there was a look in her face, not at all like an ancient maiden, or a governess, but almost motherly. You see the like in the faces of the Virgin Mary, as the old monks used to paint her, quaint, and not always lovely, but never common or coarse, and spiritualised by a look of

mingled tenderness and sorrow into something beyond all beauty.

This woman's face had it, so that people who had known Miss Williams as a girl were astonished to find her, as a middle-aged woman, grown "so good-looking." To which one of her pupils once answered, naïvely, "It is because she looks so good."

But this was after ten years. Of the first half of these years the less is said the better. She did not live; she merely endured life. Monotony without—a constant aching within; a restless gnawing want, a perpetual expectation, half hope, half fear; no human being could bear all this without being the worse for it, or the better. But the betterness came afterwards, not at first.

Sometimes her craving to hear the smallest tidings of him, only if he were alive or dead, grew into such an agony, that had it not been for her entire helplessness in the matter, she might have tried some means of gaining information. But, from his sudden change of plans, she was ignorant even of the name of the ship he had sailed by, the firm he had gone to. She could do absolutely nothing, and learn nothing. Hers was something like the "Affliction of Margaret," that poem of Wordsworth's which, when her little pupils recited it—as they often did—made her ready to sob out loud, from the pang of its piteous reality:—

> "I look for ghosts, but none will force
> Their way to me: 'tis falsely said
> That there was ever intercourse
> Betwixt the living and the dead:
> For surely then I should have sight
> Of him I wait for day and night
> With love and longings infinite."

Still, in the depth of her heart she did not believe Robert Roy was dead; for her finger was still empty of that ring—her mother's ring—which he had drawn off, promising its return "when he was dead or she was married." This implied that he never meant to lose sight of her. Nor, indeed, had he wished it, would it have been very difficult to find her, these ten years having been spent entirely in one place, an obscure village in the south of England, where she had lived as governess—first in the squire's family, then the rector's.

From the Dalziel family, where, as she had said to Mr. Roy, she hoped to remain for years, she had drifted away almost immediately; within a few months. At Christmas old Mrs. Dalziel had suddenly died; her son had returned home, sent his four boys to school in Germany, and gone back again to India. There was now, for the first time for half a century, not a single Dalziel left in St. Andrews.

Though all ties were broken connecting her with the dear old city, her boys still wrote to her now and then, and she to them, with a persistency for which her conscience smote her sometimes, knowing it was not wholly for their sakes. But they had never been near her, and she had little expectation of seeing any of them ever again, since by this time she had lived long enough to find out how easily people do drift asunder, and lose all clue to one another, unless some strong firm will, or unconquerable habit of fidelity, exists on one side or the other.

Since the Dalziels, she had only lived in the two families before named, and had been lately driven from the last one by a catastrophe, if it may be called so, which had been the bitterest drop in her cup since the time she left St. Andrews.

The rector—a widower, and a feeble, gentle invalid, to whom naturally she had been kind and tender, regarding him with much the same sort of motherly feeling as she had regarded his children—suddenly asked her to become their mother in reality.

It was a great shock and pang. Almost a temptation; for they all loved her, and wished to keep her. She would have been such a blessing, such a brightness, in that dreary home. And to a woman no longer young, who had seen her youth pass without any brightness in it, God knows what an allurement it is to feel she has still the power of brightening other lives. If Fortune had yielded—if she had said yes, and married the rector—it would have been hardly wonderful, scarcely blameable. Nor would it have been the first time by many times that a good, conscientious, tender-hearted woman has married a man for pure tenderness.

But she did not do it; not even when they clung around her—those forlorn, half-educated, but affectionate girls—entreating her to "marry papa, and make us all happy." She could not—how could she? She felt very kindly to him. He had her sincere respect, almost affection; but when she looked into her own heart, she found there was not in it one atom of love, never had been, for any man alive, except Robert Roy. While he was unmarried, for her to marry would be impossible.

And so she had the wisdom and courage to say to herself, and to them all, "This cannot be;" to put aside the cup of attainable

happiness, which might never have proved real happiness, because founded on an insincerity.

But the pain this cost was so great, the wrench of parting from her poor girls so cruel, that after it Miss Williams had a sharp illness, the first serious illness of her life. She struggled through it, quietly and alone, in one of those excellent "Governesses' Homes," where everybody was very kind to her—some more than kind, affectionate. It was strange, she often thought, what an endless amount of affection followed her wherever she went. She was by no means one of those women who go about the world, moaning that nobody loves them. Everybody loved her, and she knew it—everybody whose love was worth having—except Robert Roy.

Still, her mind never changed; not even when, in the weakness of illness, there would come vague dreams of that peaceful rectory, with its quiet rooms and green garden; of the gentle, kindly-hearted father, and the two loving girls, whom she could have made so happy, and perhaps won happiness herself in the doing of it.

"I am a great fool, some people would say," thought she, with a sad smile; "perhaps rather worse. Perhaps I am acting absolutely wrong in throwing away my chance of doing good. But I cannot help it—I cannot help it."

So she kept to her resolution, writing the occasional notes she had promised to write to her poor forsaken girls, without saying a word of her illness; and when she grew better, though not strong enough to undertake a new situation, finding her money slipping away—though, with her good salaries and small wants, she was not poor, and had already begun to lay up for a lonely old age—she accepted this temporary home at Miss Maclachlan's, at Brighton. Was it—so strange are the under-currents which guide one's outward life—was it because she had found a curious charm in the old lady's Scotch tongue, unheard for years? that the two little pupils were Indian children, and that the house was at the seaside?—and she had never seen the sea since she left St. Andrews.

It was like going back to the days of her youth to sit as now, watching the sunshine glitter on the far-away ocean. The very smell of the sea-weed, the lap-lap of the little waves, brought back old recollections so vividly—old thoughts, some bitter, some sweet, but the sweetness generally overcoming the bitterness.

"I have had all the joy that the world could bestow;
I have lived—I have loved—"

So sings the poet, and truly. Though to this woman love had brought not joy, but sorrow, still she had loved, and it had been the mainstay and stronghold of her life, even though to outsiders it might have appeared little better than a delusion, a dream. Once, and by one only, her whole nature had been drawn out, her ideal of moral right entirely satisfied. And nothing had ever shattered this ideal. She clung to it, as we cling to the memory of our dead children, who are children for ever.

With a passionate fidelity she remembered all Robert Roy's goodness, his rare and noble qualities, resolutely shutting her eyes to what she might have judged severely, had it happened to another person—his total, unexplained, and inexplicable desertion of herself. It was utterly irreconcileable with all she had ever known of him; and being powerless to unravel it, she left it, just as we have to leave many a mystery in heaven and earth, with the humble cry, "I cannot understand—I love."

She loved him, that was all; and sometimes even yet, across that desert of despair, stretching before and behind her, came a wild hope, almost a conviction, that she should meet him again, somewhere, somehow. This day, even, when, after an hour's delicious idleness, she roused herself to take her little girls down to the beach, and sat on the shingle while they played, the sound and sights of the sea brought old times so vividly back, that she could almost have fancied coming behind her the familiar step, the pleasant voice, as when Mr. Roy and his boys used to overtake her on the St. Andrews shore—Robert Roy, a young man, with his life all before him, as was hers. Now, she was middle-aged, and he—he must be over forty by this time. How strange!

Stranger still, that there had never occurred to her one possibility—that he "was not," that God had taken him. But this her heart absolutely refused to accept. So long as he was in it, the world would never be quite empty to her. Afterwards— But, as I said, there are some things which cannot be faced, and this was one of them.

All else she had faced, long ago. She did not grieve now. As she walked with her children, listening to their endless talk, with that patient sympathy which made all children love her, and which she often found was a better help to their education than dozens of lessons, there was on her face that peaceful

expression which is the greatest preservative of youth, the greatest antidote to change. And so it was no wonder that a tall lad, passing and repassing on the Esplanade with another youth, looked at her more than once with great curiosity, and at last advanced with hesitating politeness.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am, if I mistake; but you are so like a lady I once knew, and am now looking for—are you Miss Williams?"

"My name is Williams, certainly; and you"—something in the curly light hair, the mischievous twinkle of the eye, struck her—"you cannot be, it is scarcely possible, David Dalziel?"

"But I am though," cried the lad, shaking her hand as if he would shake it off. "And I call myself very clever to have remembered you, though I was such a little fellow when you left us, and I have only seen your photograph since. But you are not a bit altered, not one bit. And as I knew, by your last letter to Archy, that you were at Brighton, I thought I'd risk it, and speak. Hurra! how very jolly!"

He had grown a handsome lad, the pretty wee Davie, an honest-looking lad too apparently; and she was glad to see him. From the dignity of his eighteen years and five feet ten of height, he looked down upon the governess and patronised her quite tenderly; dismissing his friend, and walking home with her, telling her on the way all his affairs and that of his family, with the volubility of little David Dalziel at St. Andrews.

"No, I've not forgotten St. Andrews one bit, though I was so small. I remember poor old grannie, and her cottage, and the garden, and the Links, and the golfing, and Mr. Roy. By-the-bye, what has become of Mr. Roy?"

The suddenness of the question, nay, the very sound of a name totally silent for so many years, made Fortune's heart throb till its beating was actual pain. Then came a sudden desperate hope, as she answered,—

"I cannot tell. I have never heard anything of him. Have you?"

"No—yet, let me see. I think Archy once got a letter from him, a year or so after he went away; but we lost it somehow, and never answered it. We have never heard anything since."

Miss Williams sat down on one of the benches facing the sea, with a murmured excuse of being "tired." One of her little girls crept beside her, stealing a hand in hers. She held it fast, her own shook so, but gradually she grew quite herself again.

"I have been ill," she explained, "and cannot walk far. Let us sit down here a little. You were speaking about Mr. Roy, David?"

"Yes, what a good fellow he was! We called him Rob Roy, I remember, but only behind his back. He was strict, but he was a jolly old soul for all that. I believe I should know him again any day, as I did you. But perhaps he is dead; people die pretty fast abroad, and ten years is a long time, isn't it?"

"A long time. And you never got any more letters?"

"No, or if they did come, they were lost, being directed probably to the care of poor old grannie, as the first one was. We thought it so odd, after she was dead, you know."

Thus the boy chattered on—his tongue had not shortened with his increasing inches—and every idle word sank down deep in his old governess's heart.

Then it was only her whom Robert Roy had forsaken? He had written to his boys; probably would have gone on writing, had they answered his letter. He was neither faithless nor forgetful. With an ingenuity that might have brought to any listener a smile, or a tear, Miss Williams led the conversation round again, till she could easily ask more concerning that one letter; but David remembered little or nothing except that it was dated from Shanghai, for his brothers had had a discussion whether Shanghai was in China or Japan. Then, boy-like, they had forgotten the whole matter.

"Yes, by this time everybody has forgotten him," thought Fortune to herself, when having bidden David good-bye at her door and arranged to meet him again—he was on a visit at Brighton before matriculating at Oxford next term—she sat down in her own room, with a strangely bewildered feeling. "Mine, all mine," she said, and her heart closed itself over him, her old friend at least, if nothing more, with a tenacity of tenderness as silent as it was strong.

From that day, though she saw, and was determined henceforward to see, as much as she could of young David Dalziel, she never once spoke to him of Mr. Roy.

Still, to have the lad coming about her was a pleasure, a fond link with the past, and to talk to him about his future was a pleasure too. He was the one of all the four—Mr. Roy always said so—who had "brains" enough to become a real student; and instead of following the others to India, he was to go to Oxford and do his best there.

His German education had left him few English friends; he was an affectionate, simple-hearted lad, and now that his mischievous days were done, was taking to thorough hard work. He attached himself to his old governess with an enthusiasm that a lad in his teens often conceives for a woman still young enough to be sympathetic, and intelligent enough to guide, without ruling, the errant fancy of that age. She, too, soon grew very fond of him. It made her strangely happy, this sudden rift of sunshine out of the never-forgotten heaven of her youth, now almost as far off as heaven itself.

I have said she never spoke to David about Mr. Roy, nor did she; but sometimes he spoke, and then she listened. It seemed to cheer her for hours only to hear that name. She grew stronger, gayer, younger. Everybody said how much good the sea was doing her, and so it was; but not exactly in the way people thought. The spell of silence upon her life had been broken, and though she knew all sensible persons would esteem her in this, as in that other matter, a great "fool," still she could not stifle a vague hope that some time or other her blank life might change. Every little wave that swept in from the mysterious ocean, the ocean that lay between them two, seemed to carry a whispering message and lay it at her feet, "Wait and be patient, wait and be patient."

She did wait, and the message came at last.

One day, David Dalziel called, on one of his favourite daily rides, and threw a newspaper down at her door, where she was standing.

"An Indian paper my mother has just sent. There's something in it that will interest you, and——"

His horse galloped off with the unfinished sentence; and supposing it was something concerning his family, she put the paper in her pocket to read at leisure while she sat on the beach. She had almost forgotten it, as she watched the waves, full of that pleasant idleness and dreamy peace so new in her life, and which the sound of the sea so often brings to peaceful hearts, who have no dislike to its monotony, no dread of that solemn thought of infinitude, time and eternity, God and death, and love—which it unconsciously gives, and which I think is the secret why some people say they have "such a horror of the sea-side."

She had none; she loved it, for its sights and sounds were mixed up with all the happiness of her young days. She could have sat all this sunshiny morning on the beach doing absolutely nothing, had she not remembered David's newspaper; which, just to please him, she must look through. She did so, and in the corner among the brief list of names in the obituary, she saw that of "Roy." Not himself as she soon found, as soon as she could see to read, in the sudden blindness that came over her. Not himself. Only his child.

"On Christmas day, at Shanghai, aged three and a half years, Isabella, the only and beloved daughter of Robert and Isabella Roy."

He was alive then. That was her first thought, almost a joyful one, showing how deep had been her secret dread of the contrary. And he was married. His "only and beloved daughter!" Oh! how beloved she could well understand. Married, and a father; and his child was dead.

Many may think it strange (it would be in most women, but it was not in this woman) that the torrent of tears which burst forth, after her first few minutes of dry-eyed anguish, was less for herself, because he was married and she had lost him, than for him, because he had had a child and lost it—he who was so tender of heart, so fond of children. The thought of his grief brought such a consecration with it, that her grief—the grief most women might be expected to feel, on reading suddenly in a newspaper that the man they loved was married to another—did not come. At least not at once. It did not burst upon her, as sorrow does sometimes, like a wild beast out of a jungle, slaying and devouring. She was not slain, not even stunned. After a few minutes it seemed to her as if it had happened long ago—as if she had always known it would happen, and was not astonished.

His "only and beloved daughter!" The words sung themselves in and out of her brain, to the murmur of the sea. How he must have loved the child! She could almost see him with the little one in his arms, or watching over her bed, or standing beside her small coffin. Three years and a half old! Then he must have been married a good while—long and long after she had gone on thinking of him—as no righteous woman ever can go on thinking of another woman's husband.

One burning blush—one shiver from head to foot of mingled agony and shame—one cry of piteous despair, which nobody heard but God—and she was not afraid of

His hearing—and the struggle was over. She saw Robert Roy; with his child in his arms, with his wife by his side, the same and yet a totally different man.

She, too, when she rose up and tried to walk, tried to feel that it was the same sea, the same shore, the same earth and sky—was a different woman. Something was lost, something never to be retrieved on this side the grave, but also something was found.

"He is alive," she said to herself with the same strange joy; for now she knew where he was, and what had happened to him. The silence of all these years was broken, the dead had come to life again, and the lost, in a sense, was found.

Fortune Williams rose up and walked, in more senses than one; went round to fetch her little girls, as she had promised, from that newly-opened delight of children, the Brighton Aquarium; stayed a little with them, admiring the fishes; and when she reached home and found David Dalziel in the drawing-room, met him and thanked him for bringing her the newspaper.

"I suppose it was on account of that obituary notice of Mr. Roy's child," said she, calmly naming the name now. "What a sad thing! But still I am glad to know he is alive and well. So will you be. Shall you write to him?"

"Well, I don't know," answered the lad, carelessly crumpling up the newspaper and throwing it on the fire. Miss Williams made a faint movement to snatch it out, then disguised the gesture in some way, and silently watched it burn. "I don't quite see the use of writing. He's a family man now, and must have forgotten all about his old friends. Don't you think so?"

"Perhaps; only he was not the sort of person easily to forget."

She could defend him now; she could speak of him, and did speak, more than once afterwards, when David referred to the matter. Then the lad quitted Brighton for Oxford, and she was left in her old loneliness.

A loneliness, which I will not speak of.—She herself never referred to that time. After it, she roused herself to begin her life anew in a fresh home, to work hard, not only for daily bread, but for that humble independence which she was determined to win before the dark hour when the most helpful become helpless, and the most independent are driven to fall a piteous burden into the charitable hands of friends or strangers—a thing to her so terrible, that, to save herself from the possibility of it, she who had never leant upon anybody, never had anybody to lean on, became her one almost morbid desire.

She had no dread of a solitary old age, but an old age beholden to either public or private charity was to her intolerable; and she had now few years left her to work in—a governess's life wears women out very fast. She determined to begin to work again immediately, laying by as much as possible yearly, against the days when she could work no more; consulted Miss Maclachlan, who was most kind; and then sought, and was just about going to, another situation, with the highest salary she had yet earned, when an utterly unexpected change altered everything.

IRISH HUSH SONG.

I WOULD hush my lovely laddo*
In the green arbutus shadow,
O'er the fragrant, flowerin' meadow
In the smilin' spring-time.
Sho-heen, shoo lo!
Sho-heen, hoo lo!

I would rock him by the fountain,
By the soothin', silvery fountain,
On the pleasant, purple mountain
In the sultry summer.
Sho-heen, shoo lo!
Sho-heen, hoo lo!

I would smooth my darlint's pillow
By the blue Atlantic billow,
On the shores of Parknasilla,
In the goolden* autumn.
She-heen, shoo lo!
Sho-heen, hoo lo!

I would soothe my child to slumber
By the rosy rustlin' ember,
Through the days of dark December,
Through the stormy winter.
Sho-heen, shoo lo!
Sho-heen, hoo lo!

May no cruel fairy charm him,
May no dread Benshee alarm him!
Flood nor fire nor fever harm him—
Summer, autumn, winter,
Winter, spring, and summer!
Sho-heen, shoo lo!
Sho-heen, hoo lo!

* Little lad.

* Golden.

IN ICELAND.

II.—THE DALES.

THUS are named the many grassy valleys that open upon the Hval, Borgar, and Breida Fiords, on the western coast of Iceland, said to be the softest and most pleasantly attractive part of the island. The district is interesting to those who are familiar with the old Sagas of which it is the scene, as the names mentioned in them still cling to many a homestead, hill, and river, scarcely changed since these ancient days.

After nearly a week at Reykjavik we started again on our travels, the same party, with eleven ponies this time, bound for Akureyri, in the north, meaning there to pick up the Scottish steamer. We could not clearly ascertain, however, if she were to be there, and it afterwards proved she was not there, somewhat to our disappointment, as in consequence we also never reached Akureyri, having to return to Reykjavik to take another boat. But we saw all the more of the charming dale country, and our journey back, by another route, left us nothing to regret.

On the 20th of July we took a conditional last farewell of Reykjavik, and started at eight P.M. instead of six, as we intended, and we considered ourselves punctual, so demoralised had we by this time become in time-keeping. But, what matters time when no one is kept waiting, and there are no trains to catch, and it is light all night? Besides, up the country, as at sea, the extra punctual may make it whatever time they like, and live by their own watches. It is much more important to keep temper than time in this land, as fussy tourists will soon discover; a genuine Icelander will not be hurried, and resents at once any incivility, probably saying nothing, but quietly letting things go all wrong. It was a still warm evening, the air was pleasant, the country was mysteriously half-veiled in the light mist which waved across the edges of the mountains. Where the path skirts the sea-shore close to the break of the low wave, we passed some fishermen dividing their newly-caught grilse and herring into piles, after the old fashion called *kiosa og deila* (choice and deal), one man dividing, and another, with his back turned, assigning the shares. In the Laxdala Saga a certain man named Hall is mentioned, who lived eight hundred years ago, who "thought so much of himself that he wished to have both *kiosa* and *deila* at the fishing;" hence a quarrel, in which he was killed. We bought some herring, a rare change from the usual salmon, and rode on to Mossfell church, drawing rein at the mirk midnight among the churchyard mounds, like Lenore and her spectre lover. We woke to a lovely morning, and breakfasted under the shade of the fragrant haycocks, for all the hill-slope, on which church and parsonage are perched, was astir with haymaking. The bare hills with their light clay or red marl corries recalled, as did the colouring and temperature, the mountain lands of central Italy. The day was so hot, and the pastor and his family so pleasant, that we lingered till one P.M., and then rode off in the blaze of sunshine. We were glad to halt in a red rocky ravine of the mountain we were about to cross, where a clear river flowed in a series of little cascades, the very place for fishing, had it not been so bright, that sketching was the most profitable occupation. As fish and game were now in season, I had brought my trout rod, and Gislason his gun, and, though we did not go out of the way for sport, we often mended our fare *en route*. Rousing Skuli, who slept during our halt on the hillside in the midst of our grazing ponies, we crossed the mountain pass and bog we had passed before on our way from Rennyvellir, the bog a mere trifle in this dry weather, and crossing the last-named valley, we mounted the opposite ridge. Now we rode under lava crags, all wreathed masses of wrenched distorted stuff, which looked as if, when liquid and boiling high, it had suddenly been turned to stone. Down the other side we came upon a lovely quiet reach of the Hval Fiord, like a bit of the clear evening sky lying among the high purple crags which enclosed it. We descended to the shore, and halted for a while about ten at night by the edge of a stream; on one side the Fiord

lay lighted up in bars of red and gold by the sunset; on the other the river fell in an unbroken sheet of foam between two great black square basalt cliffs, a distant snow mountain rising above them. Thence we scrambled on by the edge of the most inland reach of the Fiord, riding towards its head. Before reaching it we turned into the sea itself, a short cut at low water, and rode through it in shallows blown into wide swirls by the rising wind, about two miles to the opposite mountain coast. The night was only a stiller, more mysterious day; hundreds of sea-birds slept on the dim water, but as we roused them it flashed into long lines of silvery light as they rose and broke it in their whirling flight. Then a clear yellow light began to peer over a mountain, it looked like a fire at first, but there appeared instead the very brightest moon I ever saw—too bright by far, said our guide, as it foreboded wind, which was already making the riding less pleasant. On we cantered, over tracks of alternate sand, water, and stones, the morning brightening over the night sky that was never at all dark, and the wind growing furious, screaming in our ears, and raising foamy little waves on the sea. I had reached that dreamy state when the mind refuses all fresh ideas, and I seemed to have been for ever riding a cream-coloured pony with a high hog-mane after a clattering drove of loose horses, when about half-past one in the morning we stopped at apparently a series

Tingvellir, Hill of Laws.

of large mole hills, which were the bær or farm buildings of Hrafner Burg. After long knocking, a very tall man doubled himself up sufficiently to get out at a very low door, and helped to raise the tent; then we crept gladly in, had our coffee, and, in spite of straining ropes, and storm and cold, slept most comfortably till late in the morning.

This day's ride, which I have detailed as a specimen, was really beautiful in the sweet summer weather; but in this odd climate a change of wind to the north brings sudden winter. It froze in the night outside our tent, and the gale continuing in the morning made our journey over the hills impossible. Even washing was difficult in the foamy sea, and was best managed by tying a long string to a big sponge, and sending it out beyond the froth to fetch water. Next day the weather had moderated, and as soon as our ponies could be collected we rode off, bound for Reykholt. On the low mountain pass, over which our way first led, the wind was furious; we could not have faced it had it been worse; and then we rode through more sheltered grassy valleys, past two or three bright blue lakes, but always among hills, coming in the evening to the pretty sunny valley of Reykholt. Cattle and horses grazed here, lively little bulls galloped up to inspect us, and several farms were visible on the slopes. The abundant river ran all in loops down the valley, while we rode quite straight and

forded it, I think, thirteen times. Here and there jets of steam rose from the earth, or leaping fountains of boiling water, it might be, bursting from a rock in the middle of the river, or from the grass, or from a wayside boulder. So copious were they, and so bright, one wished that invalids could come and have the benefit of them, and of the sweet air of the lonely valley. Lonely, though we did see haymakers at a distance, and on this day's journey we did meet one man; the previous day's journey we had seen only a boy and the postman, so we were not troubled by tourists, genial or uncongenial.

Reykholt is chiefly interesting as the home, in the thirteenth century, of the historian Snorro Sturleson, whose history of the kings of Norway is generally allowed to be the best chronicle written in the Middle Ages. Indeed, for animation and interest, it would be hard to find its equal in the whole range of literature. The chief relic of his time is the circular bath it is on record that he built. The excellent masonry of the thirteenth century is still in repair. It is about sixteen feet in diameter, and water-burdoch and dock-leaves droop over the brimming hot water. Something was wrong with the cold-water conduit, however, and it was too hot to bathe in. Why is there but one good bath in Iceland, and that one six hundred years old? Yet it must have been otherwise in former days, as the chief bedroom in a

Baula Mountain. Edge of pass.

house is still called the *bath stofa* (or room). Once upon a time, many hundred years ago, there lived a Norse viking and hero called Ulf Usvo, which means, the Unwashed Wolf. He was killed in a sea-fight, but apparently left a numerous race, so numerous that to this day, up the country in Iceland, it is to be feared his soubriquet would be no great distinction. There are evident difficulties about keeping an earth house clean: washing it might reduce it to mud, and the deposit of peat-smoke within is warm and gives a fine bit of colour; but the other fact, in presence of plenty of fresh cold water, and often of hot water too, ready laid on, is inexplicable, and the worst drawback of Iceland. We were now travelling inland towards the icy hills which loomed larger and larger before us; passing sometimes over stony wastes, sometimes over old lava, pleasantly covered with birch copse about six feet high. We forded the rapid Hvità, whose white waters told of the neighbouring glaciers, and came pretty late to a grassy knoll encircled by a rivulet, where stood the farm of Kalmanstunga. There are depressing moments in all journeys, and this was one of them, as for the first time we had arranged to sleep in a farm. A good deal of roughing and fatigue are involved in Icelandic travel, but they are easily borne, owing to the pure wholesome air, which soon puts the traveller in first-rate condition. It was most pleasant to wake in the tent to its morning freshness, and the

scent of grass and thyme, and we found the churches also quite airy; but in an average farm, the little window of the timber guest-room is not made to open, and the air has to pass through the low winding earthen passage among ever-increasing odours before it reaches the door. Our window did sometimes get broken, but this place was too far inland, and glass therefore too precious, for an accident to happen. Earth houses are discouraged now by the Government. In Reykjavik, timber and stone only are employed: of the latter, of course, there is plenty, but there seems to be a want of lime.

The walls of these earth houses are about two feet thick; on the roof fine grass grows, duly mown for hay; there sit the dogs on the look-out, ready to jump down at any alarm. The passages are winding, to exclude the wind, and often too low to stand in upright; the rooms are mere arched caverns; in the kitchen only are any arrangements for fire, such as a few rough stones to hold the sticks together, and a hole in the roof to let out what smoke is not deposited as soot on the walls. There is little furniture, and often a good deal of dirt. Out of these dismal abodes, however, would come courteous women bearing trays of excellent coffee and delicious cream, which were often served to us on the grass outside. Here at Kalmanstunga the guest-room was not so bad as it looked: it was rather high, so all the oftener did we hit against a low beam which ran right across it. The depressing closeness of the night made the freshness of the morning air outside seem the more delicious.

The interior of Iceland, as is generally known, is a great uninhabited grassless desert, for the population (only about 70,000 for an area one-fourth larger than Ireland) is mostly confined to the sea-shores and neighbouring valleys. In going from coast to coast this desert must be crossed; it edges the inhabited land as the sea does on the other side, and gives it a wild charm,—for us, at least, who suffer from over-population. We were now on the borders of this region, crossing a great valley or plain of old lava, with a background of snow mountains. The lava was rather like a very rent and crevassed glacier, but all black, the sombre colouring being only relieved by the patches of grey and yellow lichen. Right in the middle rose the isolated conical hill, Erick's Jokŭll, with dark crags below, and perpetual snow and ice above. Even on that sunny day, the scene conveyed the strongest impression of vast, weird, remote desolation. We rode over the lava till we reached a great gaping pit, and then dismounting we clambered down over rough rocks into the cave of Surtsheller, which they say runs for two miles underground. The floor of the cavern was of transparent hard ice, covered near the entrance with some inches of water. The last sight of daylight, looking back, was therefore very pretty, as the ice gave a perfect blue reflection of the overarching rocks. Now lighting candles, we scrambled on over icy slopes. Down in the clear depths we could see the strange black shapes of the lava, as Dante saw the traitors like flies in amber in the ice of his frozen Inferno. All this cavern must have been once a huge bubble in the boiling lava, and these fantastic boulders flung from some furious volcano. Then came the frost-giants and made the place their summer palace; for where the cavern is at its highest, and the clear ice stands in tall columns, and fretted arches reaching to the roof, it is curious and pretty enough for any fairy tale. In the light of our torch, the whole place flashed back prismatic colours with a blaze that made our two little candles seem very dim when it was out. At the far end of the cave, in a hollow rock, we found seals and coins and carved names left by former travellers, some of them dating from early in the century. We added our names, as we were the first ladies who had been in the caverns—not that there is any special difficulty about going there, but that, speaking broadly, no ladies travel in Iceland.* We were glad to return to the warm daylight, feeling convinced that the outlaws who once inhabited these caves must soon have become the most rheumatic of men.

Our way hence grew most desolate—over stony plains, between shapeless hills, swept by the keen north wind. A brown desert strewed with stones often succeeds a plain of thick rich grass in Iceland, with as sharp a difference as a ploughed field borders a meadow, and we passed several such alternations this day. At last the country improved, fine-shaped conical mountains opened to the west, and we were glad, after ten hours of travel, to halt at the farm and chapel of Nordtunga, where Gislason left us to ride straight on to the port of Borderey, as we had ascertained the steamer was expected there next day. One advan-

* Madame Ida Pfeiffer, years ago, and three Miss Hopes, who ascended Hecla lately, were the only exceptions we heard of.

tage only accrued from the absence of our cheery guide; as he spoke English about as well as we did, our very broken Icelandic had not hitherto had the same reason to be exercised as now, when we were wholly dependent on it. We found even our slight knowledge of the language most useful, not only for the usual reasons, but because it made the people so friendly. Though it is rash to generalise about the character of a nation after a stay of hardly three months, I will venture to say this, that without some knowledge of their language it is impossible to judge of the character of the Icelanders. This would seem too obvious to be worth mentioning, but for the strange assertions frequently published by hasty tourists who scamper through the country for a few weeks, and talk of the people as if they knew all about them without understanding a word they say. Danish, English, and French are much understood at Reykjavik, but no language except their own is of great use up the country. I have often observed that people there, who at first sight appeared indifferent and reserved, when they heard our Icelandic, which no doubt was enough to make them laugh, at once became full of kindness and interest. They would compliment our lame efforts and try to teach us more, and we used to have plenty of lively talk. Some say Icelanders do not understand a joke; they probably mean an English one, for our experience was that the sarcastic playfulness of the old skalds is not uncommon to this day, and that they venture sometimes to amuse themselves even at the expense of that august being, the Great British Tourist.

We made some progress in talking before we left the island, but we found the grand old language very difficult. The verbs most in use are very strong, and hard to master; nouns are of any of the three genders without rule or reason apparent to foreigners, and have many declensions; everything is declined, even some numerals, and all proper names as in Latin. And the root-vowels frequently change with the cases. Moreover everybody speaks good grammar. The general tone of voice is soft and refined, the language at a distance sounds like well-spoken but rather slurred English, while many old words still used in Scotland which have dropped out of modern English, strike with homely familiarity on the ear. The language is very rich, possessing many words which require a paraphrase to translate them, and it has that conciseness, fire, and nobility of expression in which modern German is so markedly deficient, and which Matthew Arnold refers to the Celtic element in the English language. How he would account for it in this ancient Teutonic tongue I cannot tell.

We stayed three days at Nordtunga, and two of them were miserable, with a dull unchanging iron-grey sky above, and a strong never-ceasing blast blowing from the north, like the current of an icy river. My friend and I asked each other if this was July, and why we came to Iceland. The middle day, the 27th of July, the wind was west, and the weather warm and lovely. We rode over to Mr. Ritchie's salmon fishery at the mouth of the Hvità on Borgar Fiord, some eighteen or twenty miles off, accompanied by the farmer and his wife; we went there partly to beg for bread, as we had only short-bread left, which does not go well with ham and game. We spent a charming day on the pretty rocks below the purple mountains that edge the Borgar Fiord. I do not detail our pleasant ride, it was the old story of bright rivers, deep bogs, green meadows, snow-hills above us, and lovely colouring. But when by eleven P.M. I had got back to my lonely quarters in the chapel, the north wind had returned, and was howling among the rafters, and making such a din that the circling band of grave-mounds which separated me from all living things might have been letting their worst inmates out to shriek in the blasts which shook the little building. However, in spite of too intimate an acquaintance with what are called "popular superstitions," by day-light, I did not envy my friend in the stuffy farm.

On our way north we stopped two nights at Hvammr, where the clergyman and his pretty young wife received us cordially. The house was certainly not good, the passages being like branching caverns where you knocked your head against the roof, and stumbled into puddles of water on the way to the good wooden guest-room. But there were books, and things were clean, and the mistress of the house showed us stores of old and handsome jewellery, and her beautiful Icelandic costume of green cloth and velvet, which we coaxed one of the girls to put on. She looked like the stately heroine of a Saga in it, and I recognised a resemblance to the costume of recumbent figures on old tombs of Normandy.

Then we rode over the desert Holtavordzheide to the northern shore. First mounting over wild rocks above a tumultuous river, we reached a little lonely house on the

edge of the desert land; there lived one woman, earth-red in colour, strange in manner, a sort of mountain gnome. She examined our hands and ears, in search, she said, of gold; in Italy one would have suspected bandit relatives lying in wait further on, but in Iceland it was mere feminine curiosity—the only womanly trait visible in the gnome. This day we met nobody, and there was hardly any track: we plodded as best we could across a high table-land, over bog, or rock, or stones. Snow had fallen there during the late northerly storm, which Gislason had encountered in full fury the night he had ridden from Nord-tunga, and he had had some trouble in forcing the loose ponies against it. Most dreary must this heath be in bad weather, though this day it was not without its own wild charm, especially when from the upland ridge we sighted the northern sea—the Arctic ocean. From thence the ride by a river with many waterfalls was less dreary than above. We stopped at Melar, a big tidy farm in the valley at the head of Hruta Fiord, such a usual halting place for travellers that it is almost an inn. The charges, usually so moderate, were here high enough to make us criticize our accommodation, for there was no "gift horse" in the question, and the Bonder, a rich fellow who sauntered about with a perpetual pipe in his mouth, watching every one else hard at work at the hay, has not fairly grasped the traveller's side of the innkeeper's trade.

I rode next day the ten miles to Borderey in an hour, being unencumbered with baggage; the active ponies hardly slackening their pace over seaweed-covered rocks and bits of bad ground, which could scarcely have been crossed at all by an average English horse. The ancient port of Borderey, which looks large on the map, consists merely of a big store, a merchant's house, and a flag-staff. The merchant, who has lost a leg, and has a special regard for Scottish people, from grateful memories of the late Professor Syme, entertained us hospitably, as did the ladies of his family. It seemed strange to see fashionable wall-papers and white and gold shutters in this remote corner of the world.

The ride back to Melar that sunny evening was delightful. The path overhung the narrow sea, so lonely as regards humanity, but all alive with birds—eider-ducks, sea-gulls, and swans. The great northern diver laughed, the lesser diver wailed, and every discharge of the gun woke on all sides a startling clamour. We splashed across the head of the Fiord to where a herd of three hundred ponies was grazing; of all colours and qualities, tossing their wild manes as they chased over the grass, or standing reflected in the river in the intense sunshine, they enlivened the grassy foreground of the snow-capped hills and rock-bound sea.

No steamer appeared, so after three days we continued our journey to the north up the Hruta Fiord. We were accompanied a good way by an eagle, the coolest of all birds, for Gislason shot him on the wing as he slowly sailed past, and we saw he was hit by the feathers which fell; but the gun was loaded with very small shot, and he seemed to despise us too much even to avoid us, constantly perching beside us a little out of range, and keeping us in sight for miles. Two more eagles came close to us this day, and on the heath we crossed the birds seemed to be wonderfully tame. Then we turned west over waste lands and quaking morasses, commanding fine views of the Hruta, and presently Breida Fiords. It was a grand though gloomy journey, for the day was cloudy, and the landscape, vast in scale, was utterly desolate. Towards evening the sky lighted up behind the mountain-chain to the west, showing range beyond range of the wild hills, which defy the great Atlantic waves in the north-west promontory of Iceland. Wistfully I looked at them with an unappeased craving to explore them. There were reasons against it; but it seemed dull, at such a point of interest, to "pause and make an end." We pitched our comfortable little tent when we were tired, and pitied travellers who go from inn to inn.

Next day we turned regretfully south, and spent three days here and there in Laxdale, which, had it been less pretty, would have been to me full of interest owing to the Sagas. Morris's charming poem of the "Lovers of Gudrun" gives an episode of the quaint old Laxdala Saga, life-like in its simplicity, and bringing ancient days and customs freshly back, especially in this country, essentially unchanged. Dreaming of Kiartan, Bodli, and Gudrun, and all their sad intense story, so long past yet so living still, I rode down to the shores of the Hvammr Fiord. The evening was splendid, and most impressive was that great lonely sea rolling in heavy breakers on the lonely shore. A dark purple mountain rose on one side, and above it was wrapped in a cloud blazing with those celestial colours that one can remember but dimly, and never describe. Little islands showed in

dusky purple against the gold where the Fiord opened into the wider Breida Fiord, and the far mountain-peaks of the north-west peninsula rose beyond. To the south-west another fine mountain-range closed the prospect; here wheeled the sea-gulls, there many swans were sporting; otherwise, with all this extent and beauty, we saw no life.

The parson at Hjardarholt (Kiartan's Hjardarholt) received us kindly. The place is still girdled with the bog where his enemies hid his sword. Opposite, at Hauskuldstadr Farm, still the burn runs below the Tun, or in-field, where Hauskuld overheard his, as he thought, dumb slave telling her little boy how she was the King of Ireland's daughter; eight centuries ago, but the centuries make few changes here. Fortunately they have laid the vampires or walkers-again, as ghosts are called in Icelandic as in Scotch. A very bad one lived hereabouts,—Hrapp,—most unpleasant in life, when he died his family were weak enough to consent to his request that he should be buried head upwards at the kitchen door, that he might still be able to "take a look round;" and a pretty life he led them, for he became a dangerous vampire.

The Laxà, or Salmon River, is very pretty. I rode with our guide to a charming waterfall and dark pool among the grey rocks, where large salmon-trout rose freely to the fly, and showed fine sport in the swirls and rapids lower down. This was a regular fishing day, warm and showery, rare during our stay in Iceland, where the weather was generally, if cloudy, too cold, and if fine, too bright for good fly-fishing. Though so much salmon is taken in boxes, there seems but little sport. I never saw any one fishing with the rod. In very hot weather we have been amused by going down among rocky pools to see the men lower little hand-nets into the water, and then with stones and shouts scaring the salmon, who generally thereupon went into the net by twos and threes, we could not clearly understand on what principle. The salmon are excellent and very abundant. It was charming to watch them, in some rivers, working up stream, sometimes eight or ten in the air at once leaping at the falls. Last year at least they averaged smaller than our Scottish fish, whereas the trout and char, both river and loch, were very large and heavy. Far from all population, there seemed no reason against fishing freely; but some of the rivers, as the one near Reykjavik, are preserved.

We left the Dales by the fine pass of Kvenna-brekka, mounting between walls of shadowy basalt to a table-land with a grand view of icy or purple hills, rendered magnificent that night by the extraordinary splendour of the sunset. Hence we scrambled down into a narrow desolate valley, overhung by the curious conical mountain, Baula, of which I have given a sketch, taken outside the pass. Till lately no one had ascended Baula, which was formerly considered one of the gates of fairy-land, and it is still whispered that those who go up the right way and in the right frame of mind, may meet the elf-folk. Anything seemed possible, as we picked our way after dark over wild rocks, guided chiefly by the glitter of the river; and indeed it is not surprising that the old beliefs should still linger in these solitudes, where man is so insignificant, and nature so powerful. Eastward still, by the long grassy valley of Lundr, where we camped for the last time by a farm called England, *i.e.* meadow-land. Thence, a beautiful mountain ride brought us to Tingvellir, and so back to Reykjavik, after a charming excursion of twenty-two days. It was the more successful because we only travelled on really fine days, never hurrying on in bad weather, which, in Iceland even more than elsewhere, spoils all the enjoyment of travel.

E. J. O.

Cottages in Iceland.

THE CHEVIOT HILLS.

By JAMES GEIKIE, F.R.S.

V.

I HAVE described the condition of the Cheviot district during the climax of the Ice Age as one of intense arctic cold, the whole ridge of hills being then completely smothered in snow and ice. This excessive climate, however, did not last continuously throughout the so-called glacial era, but was interrupted by more than one mild interglacial period. We have evidence in Scotland, as in other countries, to show that the great confluent ice-masses melted away so as to uncover all the low grounds and permit the re-appearance of plants and animals. Rivers again watered the land, and numerous lakes diversified the face of the country. Willows, hazels, and alders grew in the sheltered valleys, oak-trees flourished in the low grounds, and Scotch firs clustered upon the hill-slopes. A strong, grassy vegetation covered wide areas, and sedges and rushes luxuriated in marshy places and encroached upon the margins of the lakes. The mammoth, or woolly-coated elephant, roamed over the land, and among its congeners were the extinct ox, the horse, the Irish elk, and the reindeer. After such a temperate condition of things had continued for some time—probably for thousands of years—the land, during the last interglacial period, became gradually submerged to a depth of upwards of five hundred feet, and a cold, ungenial sea, in which flourished species of northern and arctic shells, covered all the low grounds of Scotland. The cold continuing to increase, our glaciers descended for the last time from the mountains and encroached upon the bed of the sea, until they became confluent, fairly usurping the floor of the German Ocean, and pushing back the western seas as far as, and even beyond, the islands of the Outer Hebrides. There is good reason to believe that such great changes of climate occurred several times during the glacial era, which thus seems to have consisted of an alternation of cold and genial periods. But as the last phase in this extraordinary series of changes was a cold one, during which the great glaciers scoured the face of the country, we now obtain only a few scattered traces of the genial conditions that characterized the preceding mild, interglacial periods. Vegetable accumulations, lake and river deposits, with mammalian remains, marine beds and their shelly contents, were all ploughed up underneath the ice, and to a very large extent entirely demolished. Here and there, however, we find in the till or boulder-clay that marks the last cold period, wasted fragments of trees, tusks of mammoths, and broken sea-shells; while underneath the till we occasionally come upon old lake deposits with vegetable and mammalian remains, or, as the case may be, beds of marine origin well stocked with sea-shells of arctic species. And these freshwater and marine beds repose, in many cases, upon an older accumulation of till, which belongs to some of the earlier cold periods of the glacial era. In the Cheviot district proper, the traces of mild, interglacial conditions are very slight, but in the immediate neighbourhood we find them more strongly marked. Thus, in the valley of the Slitrig, near Hawick, we notice freshwater beds with peaty matter lying between a lower and an upper till or boulder-clay; and interglacial freshwater beds also appear in the neighbouring county of Peebles, particularly in the valley of the Leithan Water. Again, in the valley of the Tweed near Carham, there occur interglacial beds in which I detected numerous bones of water-rats and frogs. These interglacial remains acquire a peculiar interest when we come to view the "superficial deposits" of Scotland in connection with those of England and the continent; for, as I have endeavoured to show elsewhere,* it is most likely that the ancient gravels of England, which contain the earliest traces of man, belong for the most part to interglacial times; and the extraordinary changes of climate described above may therefore have been actually witnessed by human eyes. Indeed, I believe it was the advent of the last cold period of the Ice Age that drove out the old tribes who used the rude flint implements that are now found in the gravel deposits and caves of England, and who occupied the British area along with lions, hippopotami, rhinoceroses, elephants, hyænas, and other animals. The men who entered Britain after the final disappearance of arctic conditions, were more advanced in

* "Great Ice Age," chaps. xxix. *et sqq.*

civilisation, and were accompanied by a very different assemblage of animals—by a group represented by oxen, sheep, dogs, and other creatures, most of which are still indigenous to Britain.

But to return to the Cheviots. When the final cold period had reached its climax, and the ice-sheet began to melt away for the last time, the tops of the hills then once more became uncovered, and large blocks, detached by the action of the frost, fell upon the surface of the glaciers, and were borne down the valleys, some of them to become stranded here and there on the hill-slopes, others to be carried far away from the Cheviot area and dropped at last over Northumberland and Durham, or even farther south. As the melting of the ice continued, and the glacier of the Tweed ceased to reach the sea, great accumulations of gravel and sand were formed. Underneath the ice, sub-glacial streams ploughed out the till, and paved their hidden courses with gravel and sand. In summer time, the heat was probably greater than is now the case in these latitudes, and this high temperature must have given rise to great floods consequent on the melting of the snow and ice, and the fall of excessive rains. The whole surface of the Tweed glacier was abundantly washed with water, which, pouring down by clefts and holes in the ice, swelled all the sub-glacial streams and rivers. At the same time, floods descending from the Lammermuirs and the Cheviots, pushed with them vast quantities of shingle, gravel, and sand, part of which was swept upon the surface of the Tweed glacier, while much seems to have gathered along its flanks, forming banks and ridges running parallel with the course of the valley.

At last the time came when the ice had fairly vanished from the lower reaches of the Tweed, and we now walk over its bed and mark the long ridges and banks of shingle and gravel that were formed by the sub-glacial streams and rivers, and the somewhat similar accumulations that gathered along the sides of the glacier at the foot of the Lammermuir Hills. Here and there, also, we note the heaps (*i.e.* moraines) of shingle, earth, clay, and débris, with large erratics which travelled on the surface of the ice, and were dropped upon the ground as that ice melted away. All the loose erratics that lie at the surface in the lower reaches of the Tweed valley have come from the west. Some of them rest upon hard rock, others upon till, and yet others crown the tops and slopes of gravel and sand hillocks, or appear in low mounds of morainic origin.

In the valleys of the Cheviot Hills one traces the footsteps of the retiring glaciers in mounds and hummocks of rude, earthy débris, blocks, and rock-rubbish. These are terminal moraines, and they indicate certain pauses in the recession of the ice. The most remarkable examples occur in the valley of the Kale Water, at Blinkbonny, a mile or so above the village of Eckford. At that place a bank of moraine matter at one time blocked up the valley of the Kale, and thus formed a wide and extensive lake, that stretched up to and beyond Morebattle. Numerous curious hillocks of gravel and sand are banked against the moraine, and point to the action of the flood-waters that escaped from the melting glacier. Other gravelly moraine mounds occur higher up the same valley, as near Grubbit Mill. These last tell us of a time when the Kale glacier had retreated still further, so as to have its terminal front near where Morebattle now is. Wreaths and hummocks of gravel and sand, extending from Grubbit to the north-east, along the hollow in the hills that leads to Yetholm Loch, indicate the course taken by a portion of the torrents that escaped from the ice in summer-time. In other hill-valleys, similar indications of ancient local glaciers may be seen. Some of the most conspicuous of these appear upon the slopes and in the valleys that drain into the upper reaches of the Jed. They consist chiefly of mounds and hillocks, made up of coarse earthy débris and rock-rubbish; sometimes these are solitary and rest in the throat of a valley, at other times they are scattered all over the hill-slopes and valley-bottom. One can have no doubt as to what they mean—they indicate clearly the presence of insignificant glaciers which were soon to vanish away. The larger and better-defined mounds are true terminal moraines, while the scattered heaps of rubbish point out for us the beds in which the glaciers lay. Thus, from the sea-coast up to the highest ridge of this border country, we follow the spoor of the melting-ice; passing from massive and wide-spread deposits of till, gravel, and sand, and angular débris in the low grounds, up to insignificant heaps and scatterings of rock-rubbish and angular boulders at the higher levels of the country.

Several more or less extensive flats in the hill-valleys indicate the former presence of lakes which have since become obliterated by the action of the streams. But, by far

the most conspicuous example of such silted-up lakes is that of the Kale valley, to which reference has already been made. In the later stages of the Ice Age that river-valley must have existed as a lake from Marlfield up to and beyond Morebattle. Indeed, there is evidence to show that even within historical times a considerable lake overspread the flat grounds in this neighbourhood. The name *Morebattle* is supposed to mean the "village by the lake," and, up to a few years ago, there was a sheet of water called Linton Loch a little to the east of Morebattle. But this has been drained by the proprietor, and is now represented by only two insignificant pools. The present course of the Kale between Marlfield and Kalemouth is of post-glacial age—the old pre-glacial and interglacial course being filled up with drifted materials. As the appearances at this place are somewhat typical of many of the valleys of the Cheviot district, I may briefly summarise the history of the Morebattle lake.

Before the advent of the last great age of ice the Kale would seem to have flowed from Marlfield, close to the line now followed by the turnpike road as far as Easter Wooden, after which it passed near the present sites of Blinkbonny and Mosstower, and so on to the Teviot, which it joined some little distance above Kalemouth. During the Ice Age many of the old river courses were completely choked up with clay, stones, and gravel, so that when the ice melted away the rivers did not always or even often regain their old channels. Thus, in the case of the Kale, we find that the present course of the river below Marlfield is of recent or post-glacial age, having been excavated by the river since the close of the glacial epoch. The old or pre-glacial course lies completely choked up and concealed under the rubbish shot into it at a time when glacier ice filled all the valley of the Kale down to Marlfield. At this latter place the Kale glacier seems to have made a considerable pause—it ceased for some time to retreat—and thus a heavy bank of gravel, sand, shingle, earth, blocks, and angular rubbish gathered in front of it, and obliterated the old river course into which they were dropped. When the glacier at last disappeared, a lake was formed above the morainic dam that closed the valley below Marlfield, and the outflow of the lake took place at a point lying some little distance to the north of the old or pre-glacial course of the Kale. By slow degrees the river excavated a new channel for itself in the Old Red Sandstone rocks, and in doing so gradually lowered the level of the waters. This and the silting action of the Kale and its feeders slowly converted the lake hollow into a broad alluvial flat through which the river now winds its way.

Another extensive lake seems to have occupied the vale of the Teviot between Jedfoot and Eckford, and similar old lake beds occur in several of the hill valleys. One good example is seen in the valley of the Oxnam Water, where the flat tract that extends from the old village of Oxnam up to the foot of the Row Hill indicates the former presence of a lake which has been drained by the stream cutting for itself a gorge in Silurian greywackés and shales. In many other valleys it is easy to see that the streams do not always occupy their pre-glacial courses, and some of the old forsaken courses are still patent enough. Thus a glance at the hollow that extends from Mossburnford on the Jed to Hardenpeel on the Oxnam, is enough to convince one that in pre-glacial and probably in early post-glacial times also a considerable stream has flowed from what is now the vale of the Jed into the valley of the Oxnam.

In all the valleys we meet with striking evidence to show that the streams and rivers must formerly have been larger than they are now. Certain banks and ridges of gravel fringe the valley-slopes at considerable heights, and indicate the action of deeper and broader currents than now make their way towards the sea. It is probable that these high-level gravel terraces date their existence back to the close of the Ice Age, when local glaciers still lingered in some of the mountain-valleys, and when in summer time great floods and torrents descended from the hills; for, as I have already stated, there are good grounds for believing that the summer season was hotter then than it is at present.

An extremely humid climate seems to have characterized Scotland even in post-glacial times, as may be gathered from the phenomena of her peat-mosses. Very little peat occurs on the Scotch side of the Cheviots, and it is conspicuous chiefly on the very crest of the hills, where it attains a thickness that varies from a foot or two up to five or six yards. Here and there we detect the remains of birch under the peat, but the peat itself is composed chiefly of bog-moss and heather. The evidence so abundantly supplied by the peat-mosses in other parts of Scotland shows that after the Ice Age had passed away the

Scottish area became clothed with luxuriant forests of oak, pine, and other trees. At this time the British Islands appear to have been joined to themselves and the continent across the upraised beds of the Irish Sea and the German Ocean. Races of men who used polished stone implements and sailed in canoes that were hollowed out of single oaks inhabited the country, together with certain species of oxen (now either extinct or domesticated), the elk, the beaver, the wolf, and other animals, such as the dog, the sheep, &c., which are still indigenous. The climate was more excessive then than it is now—the summers being warmer, and the winters colder. By-and-by, however, submergence ensued, the great wooded plain that seems once to have extended between Britain and the continent disappeared below the waves, and the climate of this country became more humid. The old forests began to decay and the peat-mosses to increase, until by-and-by large areas in the low grounds passed into the condition of dreary moor and morass, and even the brushwood and stunted trees of the hills died down and became enveloped in a mantle of bog-moss. A study of the present condition of the Scottish peat-mosses leads one to believe that the rate of increase is now much exceeded by the rate of decay, and that the eventual disappearance of the peat that clothes hill-tops and valley-bottoms is only a question of time. The progress of draining and other agricultural operations have no doubt influenced to some extent this somewhat general decay of the peat-mosses; but there is reason to suspect that the change of climate, to which the decay of the peat is due, may really be owing to some cosmical cause. Quite recently an accomplished Norwegian botanist has come to similar conclusions regarding the peat-mosses of the Scandinavian peninsula.

We have now traced the geological history of the Cheviot district down to the "Recent Period." From this point the story of the past must be continued by the archæologist, and into his province I will not trespass further than to indicate some of the more remarkable traces which the early human occupants of the upland valleys have left behind them. Before doing so, however, I may briefly recapitulate the general results we have obtained from our rapid review of the glacial and post-glacial deposits. A study of these has taught us that the Cheviot Hills and the adjoining low grounds partook in those intense arctic conditions under whose influence all Scotland and a large portion of England were buried beneath a wide-spread *mer de glace*. The Cheviots themselves were completely smothered under a mass of glacier ice which extended across the vale of the Tweed, and was continuous over the Lammermuirs with the vast sheet that filled all the great lowlands of central Scotland. But although the Cheviots were thus overwhelmed, they yet served to divide the ice-flow, for we find that the gelid masses moved outwards from the hills towards the valley of the Tweed, turning gradually away to east and south-east to creep over the north part of England. How far south the ice-sheet reached has not yet been determined, but its *moraine profonde* or till may be traced to the edge of the Thames valley; and I have picked up in Norfolk ice-worn fragments of igneous rock, which have been derived from the Cheviots themselves, showing that Scotch ice actually invaded the low grounds south of the Wash. Such severe glacial conditions, after continuing for a long time, were interrupted more than once by intervening periods characterized by a milder and more genial climate. The great *mer de glace* then melted out of the valleys, and for aught that we can say the snow and ice may even have vanished from the hills themselves. Vegetation now covered the country, and herds of the mammoth, the old extinct ox, the Irish elk, the reindeer, the horse, and probably other creatures, roamed over the now-deserted beds of the glaciers. It was probably at this time that Palæolithic man lived in Britain. He was contemporaneous with lions, elephants, rhinoceroses, hippopotami, and other animals of southern and northern habitats — the former living in England when the climate was genial—but being replaced by the northern species when the temperature began again to cool down, and the snow and glaciers were once more reappearing and creeping downwards and outwards from the hills. Towards the close of the last interglacial period the land became submerged to a considerable extent, and species of arctic shells lived over the sites of the drowned land where the mammoth and its congeners had formerly flourished. By-and-by the cold so far increased that another great ice-sheet filled up the shallow sea, and as it slowly ground over the face of the land and the sea-bottom, it scoured out and demolished to a large extent all loose river and lake and marine accumulations. When at last the ice melted away, it left the ground cumbered with stony clay, and with much gravel and sand and

morainic débris. It is underneath these deposits that we yet obtain now and again fragments of the life of the last interglacial period. But in all the regions visited by the final great incursion of the ice, such relics are comparatively rare; it is only when we get beyond the districts that were overwhelmed that the ancient interglacial remains are well-preserved. Beyond the southern extremity reached by the latest ice-sheet, that is to say, in the regions south of the Humber, we find the country often sprinkled with tumultuous heaps and wide-spread sheets of gravel and brick-earth, which seem to owe their origin to the floods and torrents that escaped from the melting ice. These waters, sweeping over the land, carried along with them whatever relics of man and beast lay at the surface, and swept out interglacial river deposits, scattering the materials far and wide over the undulating low grounds of central and eastern England. Mr. S. B. J. Skertchly, of the Geological Survey of England, has shown that such is the origin of the so-called "river-gravels" with ancient flint implements and mammalian remains in the districts watered by the Little Ouse, the Waveney, and other rivers in that part of England. These gravels could not possibly have been deposited by the present rivers, for they are found capping the hills at a height of more than eighty feet above the sources of the streams. The whole aspect of the gravels, indeed, betokens the action of rapid floods and torrents, such as must have been discharged abundantly in summer time from the melting ice-sheet that lay at no great distance to the north.

When the last ice-sheet vanished away, it left the ground covered thickly in many places with its various deposits. Rivers and streams were thus often debarred from their old channels, and were forced to cut out for themselves new courses, partly in drifted materials, and partly in solid rock. A number of lakes then also existed which have since been silted up. So long as glaciers lingered in the hill-valleys, the rivers seem to have flowed in greater volume than they now do. By-and-by the bare and treeless country became clothed with a luxuriant forest growth, and tenanted by animals, many of which are still indigenous to our country, while others are locally extinct, such as the wolf, the beaver, and the wild boar. In some of the old lake beds of the Cheviot district numerous remains of red deer and other animals have been turned out in the search for marl, and in drainage operations, the red-deer antlers being often of very noble dimensions. It seems probable that in early post-glacial times our country was joined to the continent and shared in a continental climate, the summers being then warmer and the winters colder than now. The men who lived in Britain after the final disappearance of the great glaciers used stone implements, which were often polished and highly finished, and they sailed about in canoes, being probably a race of active hunters and fishers. They belong to the archæologist's "Neolithic" or new-stone period — the "Palæolithic" or old-stone period being of much older date, and separated, as I believe, from Neolithic times by the intervention of the last cold period of the Ice Age.

To the forest era succeeded a time when the climate became very humid, a result which may have been due in large part to the separation of Britain from the continent. It was then that the ancient forests began to decay, and peat mosses to increase. How long these humid conditions of climate characterized the country we can hardly say, but we know that nowadays the peat mosses do not grow so rapidly as they once did, and indeed almost everywhere the rate of decay is greater than the rate of increase. This points to a further change of climate, and brings us at once face to face with the present.

And now a few words, in conclusion, as to the old camps and other remains that occur so abundantly in the valleys of the Cheviot Hills. In many of the hill-valleys, especially towards their upper reaches, as in the valleys of the Kale and the Bowmont, almost every hill is marked by the presence of one or more circular or oval camps or forts. They are generally placed in the most defensible positions, on the very tops of the hills or on projecting points and ridges. Most of them are of inconsiderable dimensions, and could not have afforded protection to any large number of men, for many hardly exceed one hundred feet in diameter. Not a few consist of only a single circular or oval rampart with an external ditch—the rampart being composed of the rude débris which was dug out to form the ditch. Others, however, are not only much larger (five to six hundred feet in diameter), but surrounded, in whole or in part, with two or more ramparts separated by intervening ditches; and I noticed that as a rule the side which must have been most easily assailable was protected by several ramparts rising one above the other. From the extraordinary number of these

hill-forts one has the impression that the upper valleys of the Cheviots must at one time have been thickly peopled, probably in pre-Roman times. It is easy to see that the camps or forts overlooking a valley often bear a certain relation to each other, as if the one had been raised to support the other, and not unfrequently we can trace well-marked intrenchments extending across a hill-ridge, or along a hill-slope for a distance of not much short of a mile, and evidently having some strategic connection with the forts or camps in their vicinity. I found no trace of any "dwellings," either near the forts or in the vicinity of the terraces. The only indications of what may have been the walls of such appear within a fortified camp, called the Moat Hill, at Buchtrig. This is an isolated knoll of rock, which has been strongly fortified—large slabs and blocks of the porphyrite of which it is composed having been wedged out with infinite pains to form circular ramparts. The "walls" are of course nearly level with the ground and grassed over, but they indicate little square enclosures, which may very possibly have been huts closely huddled together. This fort is oval, and measures five hundred feet by two hundred and seventy.

In the same neighbourhood we also meet with plentiful marks of ancient cultivation and with places of sepulture—all of which may without much doubt be referred to the same period as the camps and forts. The slopes of the hills are often marked with broad horizontal terraces, that remind one strongly of the "lazy-beds" of the Hebrides. They are evidently the "cultivated grounds" of the hill-men, and doubtless the hill-slopes were selected for various reasons, chief among which would be their retired and somewhat inaccessible position. The ease with which they could be drained and irrigated would be another of their recommendations; and we must bear in mind that at this early date the low grounds were covered with forests and morasses, and therefore not so easily cultivated as the hill-slopes.

Here and there we notice also little conical hillocks or tumuli. They were much more numerous at one time than they now are, and by-and-by they may all disappear. Numbers have, even within recent years, been pulled down, partly to clear the ground, and partly for the sake of the stones of which they are composed. This is much to be regretted; for their destruction simply means the obliteration of historical records, the loss of which can never be made good. I asked a farmer what had become of the tumuli which at one time, according to the Ordnance Survey map, were dotted over the hill behind his house. "If it's the wee knowes (knolls) you mean, I pu'd them down, for they were jist in the way. There was næthing o' importance below the stanes, only a wheen worthless bits o' pottery ware!" And the worthy pointed to a heap of stones behind a neighbouring "dyke," where I afterwards found some fragments of the pottery which had been so ruthlessly demolished. These tumuli are no doubt old burial-places, and much information concerning the habits of our ancient predecessors might often be obtained by a careful examination of the mounds, when it is deemed essential to remove them. But, surely, after all, they might be spared, for they can seldom be so very much "in the way;" and, at all events, if they must be removed, might it not be well to communicate the fact of their approaching demolition to some local archæological society, or to any member of the Berwickshire Naturalists' Club, who for the sake of science would, I feel certain, do what was possible to preserve an accurate account of their contents?

"Standing stones" are met with now and again, either singly or in groups, and sometimes they form circles. It is most likely that they were raised by the same people who made the forts and tilled the horizontal "laze-beds." One can only conjecture that they may have been designed as memorial stones, to mark the place where a chief or person of consequence was slain in battle. They may also mark burial-places, or indicate the site of some deed of prowess or other action or circumstance worthy of being remembered. Antiquarians at one time considered that all these stones were relics of druidical worship; but it is needless to say that this view has long been abandoned. That the ancient inhabitants of the Cheviots may have had some kind of religion is exceedingly probable, but it must have been of a very primitive kind, not more advanced than that of the North American Indians.

Such are some of the more notable relics of the people who lived in the valleys of the Cheviot Hills in pre-Roman times. These valleys, as I have said, seem to have supported a numerous population, who tilled the slopes and probably hunted in the forests of the adjoining low grounds. That they lived in fear of foes is sufficiently evident from the number of their intrenchments and fortified

camps, to which they would betake themselves whenever their enemies appeared.

What effect the Roman occupation had upon the dwellers among these hills we cannot tell. The great "Watling Street" passes right across the Cheviots, and there are some old circular forts and camps quite close to that wonderful road, along which many a battalion of Roman soldiers must have marched, and these forts, if of pre-Roman age, were not at all likely to have been held by the natives after Watling Street was made. In the remoter fastnesses of the hills, however, the old tribes may have continued to crop their "lazy-beds," to hunt, and tend their herds, during the Roman occupation, and the old forts may have been in requisition long after the last Roman had disappeared over the borders.

But I have already, I fear, delayed too long over the old history of the Cheviot Hills, and must now draw my meagre sketches to a close. In my first paper I said that these hills were a *terra incognita* to the tourist. Those who visit the district must not therefore expect to meet with hotel accommodation. But "knowing" pedestrians will not be much disturbed with this information, and will probably find, after they have concluded their wanderings, that the hospitality and general heartiness for which our stalwart Borderers were famous in other days are still as noteworthy characteristics as they used to be.

SKETCH OF A JOURNEY ACROSS AFRICA.

By VERNEY LOVETT CAMERON, Lieutenant Royal Navy.

PART III.

HABIB IBN SALIM, the old trader mentioned in my last number, who housed Dr. Livingstone at Nyangwé, showed me great kindness during my stay there, but most of the other traders were very half-hearted in their welcome. Muinyi Dugumbi, who was supposed to be the head man amongst them, was full of promises of assistance, but he was so absorbed in the delights of his harem of over 300 female slaves, that he did nothing. Some of the other traders neither promised nor did anything, and Syde Merzrui contented himself with begging for beads, instead of trying to procure canoes for me according to his agreement. My whole attention was now concentrated on the means of obtaining canoes to convey us down the Congo to the Falls of Yellala. I was at first told that I could get them at the markets, which are held every fourth day at Nyangwé, but soon found that the Wagenya (a tribe inhabiting a narrow strip on the left bank of the river, to whom all the canoes belonged) would not sell any for such stores as I had to offer, although their repugnance might have been overcome if I had consented to buy slaves from the Arabs and to purchase the canoes with them. This, of course, I was unable to do.

All my efforts, however, were ineffectual; and I was next advised to send men through the strip of country belonging to the Wagenya, to get boats from the people who built them (or rather hacked them out of logs), and who lived in the jungle, about ten miles from the river. I was unable to go myself, and therefore the opportunities which arose of buying shipping were not taken full advantage of, and at the end of three weeks I found myself with only one canoe (which was given to me by Habib ibn Salim), which might have held four or five men and their loads, and apparently with little or no chance of obtaining another.

A party of Arabs, etc., who had been away to the south of the river for some time, making war and fomenting disturbances amongst the natives, principally with the view of obtaining slaves, now returned and brought news that Tipo-tipo (alias Haméd ibn Haméd) was coming to Nyangwé to arrange peace between Russuna, chief of Maréra (a friend of his), and the traders settled at Nyangwé; who would have attacked him (Russuna) had it not been for the intervention of Tipo-tipo.

When Tipo-tipo arrived, he advised me to give up the idea of going down the river in canoes, or of attempting to march along its bank direct from Nyangwé. He told me that if I would go with him to his camp, about ten days' march south by west of Nyangwé, I should then be able to get guides to show me the way to a great lake about fifteen marches west of it, where men came in large

canoes holding from eighty to one hundred people, and the crews of which wore hats and trousers. I had already heard many reports of this lake at Nyangwé, and that the Lualaba fell into it; but now, in addition, two men, belonging to the district in which Tipo-tipo's camp was situated, assured me that they had been there, and gave the name, Sankorra; and also mentioned a small lake called Iki, situated on a river Luwembi, just to the west of the Lomâmi.

After a little consideration, I determined to go with Tipo-tipo to his camp, and thence march to Sankorra, and trust to getting boats from the trouser-wearing traders who, I hoped, would prove to be half-caste Portuguese from Cassanci or thereabouts.

I therefore cleared out of Nyangwé, the night before Tipo-tipo left there, and camped in a village of Wagenya, on the left bank of the Lualaba. I saw most of the men off myself, and as the day was very hot, left Bombay to bring the rest of the caravan and my boxes over after me; but, as usual, trusting to Bombay was like trusting to a broken reed, and he and the other men did not make their appearance till noon on the following day. In addition, several of the men, whom I had seen across myself, managed to slip back, and three deserted altogether, taking with them their guns and ammunition.

The left bank of the Lualaba is low and swampy, with many semi-stagnant backwaters, which render it a very hotbed of fever, whilst the right bank is raised and healthy. When I had got my men and stores together, and ready for the road, I was suffering from a heavy attack of fever, the effect of one night's exposure to the malaria. I managed, however, to struggle on for a long march, which, including an hour's halt, lasted from half-past twelve to between seven and eight P.M., although, for the greater part of the time, I was reeling about like a drunken man from fever and weakness. For the last hour or so, our path led us through tracts covered with gigantic pyramidal ant-hills, which I, in the partial delirium of fever, kept on mistaking for my tent; when at last I did arrive in camp, I was so done, that I was obliged to turn in at once, without being able to eat anything.

The next morning I was able to go on again, and each day saw me getting better. Half way to Tipo-tipo's camp, we halted for a couple of days at Russuna's; but just before reaching his village a row took place, between some of the Wamerima from Nyangwé who accompanied us and the natives, who, thinking that these had come to plunder them again, began a fight, which resulted in the death of two natives; but Tipo-tipo had influence enough to restore peace as soon as he heard of the affair, and made the Nyangwé people pay something to the chief.

During the two days I was at Russuna's I was an object of intense interest to his wives, who would scarcely let me have one moment to myself, and kept on turning up the legs of my pyjamas, to see if I were really white all over: indeed, I had to use a certain amount of restraint, or I believe their curiosity would have led to their undressing me altogether. All these wives of Russuna, about forty or fifty in number, live together in a small village formed of two rows of huts, with one hut in the middle for himself and his mother, on whom devolves the task of keeping the harem. Many of the wives were really very good-looking, and, like many other ladies, seemed quite sensible of their charms.

Between Russuna's and Tipo-tipo's camp, nothing of importance occurred. The country was very pretty and fertile with groves of nutmeg-trees, and enormous quantities of oil palms. Tracks of elephants were very numerous, and we sometimes heard them trumpeting in the jungles.

When I arrived at Tipo-tipo's, though he had always told me only to expect a camp, I found a neatly-built and well-arranged town. There were four or five smaller traders besides. Tipo-tipo and the armed followers from Zanzibar and Unyanyembe amounted to nearly a thousand; in addition to these, slaves and native hangers on may have raised the sum total to upwards of two thousand five hundred. Directly I got to this place I sent some of my men with guides, supplied by Tipo-tipo, to ask permission from the chief of the country to the west of the Lomâmi to pass through his territory, as none of the Arabs had been allowed to pass that way, though native traders were constantly going to and returning from Lake Sankorra, which they reported as being fifteen marches distant. In support of this story, I was shown cloth and beads obtained from traders who came there from the west, and who were the trouser-wearing people I had heard of. The cloth and beads were quite of a different sort from any brought from Zanzibar. Cowries, too, which at Nyangwé were greatly in demand, were here a perfect drug in the market, owing to the large quantities that came from the West Coast.

A couple of days after my arrival I received a state visit from Kasongo, the chief of the district. The first to arrive were drummers and marimba players belonging to several petty chiefs, then a sort of master of the ceremonies with a huge carved stick, followed by the small chiefs, each of whom he announced in due form, and at last Kasongo himself and two of his daughters, with a retinue of men armed with spears, and bows and arrows.

A clear space was formed, in which Kasongo and his daughters went through a sort of dance, accompanied by the musicians, and some singers who chanted a monotonous recitative. When the dance was finished Kasongo came into an open hut, which was the general rendezvous of the traders, and where they usually passed the day. It was now spread with carpets and mats in honour of his arrival.

We had a longish palaver, and Kasongo at first said he would go himself to the chief on the opposite side of the Lomâmi, and try to make terms with him about my passing through to the westward; but afterwards he hauled off, saying that he was too old to travel, and that he would send some of his head men instead, to carry on the negotiations. I waited for a day or two, and then returned Kasongo's visit, accompanied by Tipo-tipo, and most of the principal people amongst the Arabs. I found Kasongo seated in a clear, open grassy plot in the middle of his village, looking clean and tidy, in a dress of grass cloth, and a great contrast in appearance to what he was the day he called on me, when he was tricked out in tawdry, dirty clothes made up for him by the Arabs, and certainly had not then left a very favourable impression on my mind.

Whilst I was at his village both his men and mine who had been to the west of the Lomâmi, returned the answer of the chief, that no people armed with guns had ever passed through his territory, and that if any came he would resist them, and if possible destroy them. I, however, at the same time saw many men who declared they had been both to Lake Sankorra and also to Lake Iki, and I had every reason to believe what they said.

On my return to the Arab settlement, I racked my brains to find what was best to be done, and when Tipo-tipo told me that he had heard of Portuguese traders, whom, from his description, I judged to be about two hundred or two hundred and fifty miles south-south-west from us, I made up my mind to go there and then to try to work back to Sankorra, thus avoiding the chief who had refused us permission to pass.

As soon as Tipo-tipo heard of my determination he gave me three guides, natives of Urna, under charge of Mona Kasanga, son of the chief of Kowamba (a lake on the Lualaba), to show me the road.

My men threw every sort of obstacle in my way, as they were thoroughly afraid of going on through a country where no caravans had passed; some half-dozen deserted the day I started, and although I sent back from the place I halted at, I could get no news about them. They no doubt hid somewhere near Tipo-tipo-ville, and were supported by chums amongst the Zanzibar slaves until I was well away.

Besides giving me the native guides, Tipo-tipo also sent a free man of Zanzibar to accompany me for ten days on my road, but this, although intended as a great help, was rather a hindrance, as he every day said, after about two hours' marching, that the next place at which we could possibly halt was about six or seven hours further on, and therefore we had better camp where we were. In other matters he was very useful, and perhaps his always desiring to halt early arose from an idea which, until I had practically disproved it, seemed very common amongst the Arabs, viz. that a European was unable to march far or fast in Africa.

Our road led us close along the right bank of the Lomâmi, of which we caught glimpses from time to time. We crossed numerous affluents, all of which we had to ford. The country was still fairly level, with hollows grooved out through the sand and pebbles, which formed the upper strata. In these miniature valleys there were always trees, and many very beautiful ferns and mosses; some of these were club mosses over a foot in height. My guides were now getting very doubtful about the road, and as most of the villages through which we passed had been deserted by the inhabitants from an absurd rumour that we were in search of slaves, we were unable to get any directions from them. My guides themselves were all afraid, and kept on trying to work away to the eastward, towards the village of Mona Kasanga's father. At length one day, after having lost the track three times, I took the bull by the horns, and walked on by myself, leaving the guides and caravan to follow me or not as they liked; of course I was pretty sure that they would be much too cowardly to leave me altogether, but they straggled and wandered

all over the country. We camped that night in a village near a large branch of the Lomâmi, called the Lukanzi; the guides persisted that there were no means of crossing it. I asked where the natives of the village were gone to, and was told that they had crossed the river, so I knew that there must be some way to get over to the other side, and sent the guides along a path to find if it led to a bridge. After having been absent some time they returned, and reported that the path came to an end near the river, as it only led to a watering-place. I did not believe this, so I went down the path myself, and four or five hundred yards from the camp, found a large fishing-weir bridge.

Next morning I got the men across, after a very great deal of trouble; they were all in a great fright, as the guides had been cramming them with hobgoblin stories all the night about the natives beyond the river. As soon as we were across I took the lead again, and about a mile from the river, whilst I was passing through a strip of jungle, a native lurking near shot at me, and the arrow glanced off a leathern coat I wore without penetrating. I saw the fellow bolting, and as he was between me and the open, I was able to make him break cover, and, dropping my rifle, I ran him down, and gave him a regular good thrashing.

Soon after this a lot of natives appeared on the path in front of us and wanted to prevent our proceeding any farther, but after half-an-hour's palaver, which ended in my giving them a few beads, we became very good friends, and went on to the village of a chief four miles off, escorted by a mob of black fellows shouting, yelling, and playing on large wooden horns. Here I was told that Kwarumba, a chief whose village had been described to me as lying directly on our road, was only one march distant. I expected to get information from him about the Portuguese, and therefore I was anxious to go on at once, but Mona Kasanga began to give himself airs, saying he was a chief's son, and sorely against my will detained me for a day.

Next morning we went on our road, and after again crossing the Lukanzi by another fishing-weir bridge, arrived in the afternoon at Kwarumba's first village, which was very large and well populated. Here we halted, and I was regularly surrounded by crowds who came to look at me, and to whom the sight of a white man was perfectly novel. I believe many of the people had never even heard of one.

On the following day we marched a short distance, and camped close to the village in which Kwarumba lived. In the afternoon he came to see me, and told me that a short time before, strangers, who were not Arabs, and who wore hats and carried umbrellas, had been close by. This was good news for me, and I concluded that they were the Portuguese of whom I was in search.

After leaving Kwarumba's, the guides again began to give trouble, but I held on to my own course as well as I could until we arrived at Kamwawi, where at first we were well received. I engaged guides to take me down to the chief with whom the strange caravan was stopping, and paid them in advance, and during the whole afternoon women were in our camp selling flour, beans, &c. Next morning, however, I found that my pet goat "Dinah" was missing, and therefore went up to the village to inquire about her; so little did I suspect that anything was wrong, that I did not even take my pistol or gun with me.

I could get no answer about the goat, and the people began throwing spears and shooting arrows at us, so I had to send and get all my party together in the village, and show a bold front. For some time I would not allow my men to fire in return, as I did not know what the shindy was about, and I wanted to try every means to make all straight before I resorted to force. However, as I found the natives getting cheekier and cheekier every minute, I at last allowed some three or four of my men to return their fire, and a native was shot through the leg. Almost directly the row commenced a party of five hundred men or so came up from the road by which we had intended to go, where I believe they had been posted in ambush. When we began to defend ourselves they consented to a parley, notwithstanding their being at least ten to one.

After a few preliminaries, it was decided that the chief of the village and myself should exchange presents, and that one of my men should make brothers with him, after which we should go on our way in peace; but before this could be carried out, another chief with a large body of men came up, and said to the chief of Kamwawi, "Don't be such a fool, they are a small party, and we shall be able to kill or make slaves of them all, and divide their beads and cloth amongst us."

In consequence of his advice the negotiations were broken off; so I, remembering Troubridge at Teneriffe, set fire to a hut and

said that unless I was allowed to go in peace I would burn the whole village. On this we were told that we could go unmolested to a village where our guides said we should be received as friends, and I therefore gave orders to march for it. Notwithstanding their promise, the natives hung about us all the march, which lasted from ten A.M. till

Crossing the River Lukanzi on fishing-weir bridge.

Kasongo's Mussumba.

nearly six P.M., and whenever we passed through a strip of jungle they closed in and began shooting at us, and the "whit, whit" of the long arrows sounded anything but pleasant.

Just before sunset we arrived close to the village (Mkatété), which we had been led to expect would prove a haven of rest, but we were destined to be disappointed. The only answer vouchsafed to the hails of my guides,

as to whether we should be received as friends or not, was a volley of arrows.

I sung out for my men to follow me, a call which was responded to by three or four, and made a dash through a strip of jungle, and across a stream into the village. The natives as soon as they saw us taking the offensive bolted, and the remainder of my men coming

The faculty in Urua (Fetish men or native doctors).

Crossing the Lukoji.

up, I burnt down all the village except four huts, which I utilised as the corners of a species of fortification. By dint of working all night, the morning saw us fairly protected. In this place, which I named "Fort Dinah," in memory of the goat, we remained five days, when the natives finding that we were too hard a nut for them to crack, volunteered to make peace.

On our leaving Fort Dinah we found the

people apparently very friendly, all the little children running after us and saluting us, but at the same time a large number of temporary huts in the villages through which we passed showed that men had come from far and wide to join in the attack on us. The chief of the district now offered to pay us an indemnity, but this I refused to receive, but exchanged presents with him to show that no ill-will was borne on either side.

We then pursued our way with varying fortunes, leaving the valley of the Lomâmi and crossing many streams flowing directly into Lualaba itself. At a place called Mangwa Sanza I heard that the village of Kasongo (the head chief of Urua) was only two or three days distant, and that two caravans were settled there. I wanted to find a guide and go there direct, but Mona Kasanga said that the man pointed out the wrong direction, and that if we took that road we should get into trouble, and he persisted that our right course lay to the E.S.E.

When we had followed this road for three days we came to a village called Mukalombo, and there we found out the reason why Mona Kasanga and the other guides had been deceiving us. Mona Kasanga had heard that having neglected to pay his tribute his father, together with some of his sons, had been killed, and his village destroyed by Kasongo. Mona Kasanga dreading the same fate, was therefore afraid to trust himself in the clutches of Kasongo. Mukalombo was also the home of the second guide, and on this account he had joined with Mona Kasanga in trying to lead me astray. Mona Kasanga now refused to go on any farther with me, and I had to wait till the second man, Kongwé, had done a big drink, and trust to him to show me the road.

Four days' marching west by south brought me to Munza, a large district, where a good deal of iron is worked, and where I found a party of men belonging to Jumah ibn Salim (commonly known as Jumah Merikani), and they promised to give me a man to show the way to Kasongo's. They also told me that the second caravan, of which I had been told, was commanded by a Portuguese from the West Coast. The two remaining guides given me by Tipo-tipo now bolted; but for this I did not much care.

After a day's halt at Munza I went on with Ngöori, a man detailed by Kasongo to act as a sort of dragoman to Jumah Merikani, and after three days arrived at Kilemba, where I was most warmly and hospitably welcomed by Jumah Merikani. I found that Kasongo was away on an excursion to collect tribute and punish those who had neglected to pay it; in this he was assisted by many people, both from the Arab and Portuguese caravans, who were rewarded by being allowed to make slaves of all captives they could obtain.

The day after my arrival, Kendélé, as the Portuguese trader was called by the natives, came over from his camp about a mile distant to call on me. He said he was soon going west, but that he must first collect his various detached parties, which would occupy about a month, and that directly that was done he would make his adieus to Kasongo and start. I asked if he would require any payment, and he said that although he was black, he was all the same as a white man, and never told lies, and he would trust to my generosity. His proper name turned out to be José Antonio Alviz, and he was a native of Dondo on the Kwanza. He eventually proved to be trading from Bihé, though at first he said that he came from Cassanci,* owing to his having heard that I wanted to go there.

As Senhor Alviz said he was not going to start for a month, I determined to employ the time in visiting Lake Mohrya, on which I heard there were regular lake dwellings. I found it difficult to make up my party, as in consequence of my wanting to take only half-a-dozen men with me, all tried to shirk going. At last I made my start on the 30th of October, 1874, and, after marching through a pretty, though half-deserted country, arrived at the lake. This was a mere pond compared to the giant lakes of Africa, and its visible surface was much diminished by floating vegetation; but in the clear waters were the regular lake dwellings.

They were clustered together in villages; each house stood alone, though in many cases only separated a few yards from its neighbour; the intermediate space being filled up by ruined piles of former houses.

In vain did I try to obtain canoes to visit these curious dwellings, analogous to those so vividly revived by Sir Arthur Helps in "Realmah," a book which brought to the notice of modern civilised nations a fair idea of one of the phases through which their ancestors have passed. One of the chief causes of my failure was the presence of a guide furnished by Fumé a Kenna (the wife

* "Cassanci" and "Cassangé" are the Portuguese ways of spelling the name; it would be more correct to spell it Kasanji, but to avoid confusion I will use in this paper "Cassanci."

of Kasongo), who, exercising his prerogative as one of the royal household, used to rob all the country folks he came across. I often remonstrated with him on this practice, and tried to bribe him to refrain, but he said it was his right granted him by his king, and that nothing should prevent his exercising it.

The dwellers in the lake villages were afraid to let me approach them in his company, for fear of similar outrage; but at the same time I should not have been able to have seen the lake at all unless I had been accompanied by a court guide. I contented myself reluctantly with getting as near as I could to one of the villages by walking on the floating vegetation, and taking a good look at it and its inhabitants, and their proceedings through my opera glasses. In addition to this I made a rough sketch of the lake, and one on a larger scale of a single hut. The reason of these lake-dwellers thus defying the power of their suzerain, was that in their insular habitations they considered themselves perfectly free from the danger of the punishments inflicted by him on others of his recalcitrant subjects.

I returned to Kilemba in two days, the second march being over five hours through drenching rain without a check or halt of any kind, and I much astonished my kind friend Jumah Merikani by having got over the distance in so short a time.

Kasongo, I learned, was still absent, and his whereabouts, and time of returning, were very dubious. Kendélé still said he would remain a month, and I therefore endeavoured to get guides from Fumé a Kenna to show me the way to Lake Kassali or Ki Konja,* through which the Lualaba was said to flow. Fumé a Kenna kept on promising to give me men to take me to Kikonja, and two or three times sent one, only, however, to be re-called an hour or two after he had made his appearance. At last, being tired of dawdling, I set out for Kikonja with four or five of Jumah Merikani's men, who had been there to show the way. We arrived at Kowédi, a village about eight miles from the lake, but between us and it flowed the Lovoi, which the chief of Kowédi said he had orders from Kasongo to prevent my crossing. As I heard Kasongo was only two marches off, I sent men to find him and ask permission to cross the Lovoi. Unfortunately, before they could reach his camp, he had set off on one of his erratic cruises, and they returned without having seen him. The reason for the orders to prevent my crossing the Lovoi was that Daiyi, a brother of Kasongo, who laid claim to the kingdom and had a considerable number of followers, was residing with the chief of the lake. I sent men back to Kilemba to ask Fumé a Kenna for guides, and also managed to send men across to Kikonja to try to get the chief there (whose name was also Kikonja) to use his influence with the chief of Kowédi to allow me to cross the Lovoi. This latter brought me back reliable reports about the lake, and also the news that Kikonja wanted to see me, but that the chief of Kowédi refused to allow me to go on till he had orders from Kasongo to that effect. One day, notwithstanding all these obstacles, I managed to get a distant view of the lake. After waiting for over three weeks for the guides from Fumé a Kenna to come, I determined to return to Kilemba, more especially as I had been very ill with dysentery, and thought that milk, with which I used to be liberally supplied by Jumah Merikani, who kept a large flock of goats, would do me more good than any medicine.

The same day that I arrived at Kilemba, I met guides coming from Fumé a Kenna, who evidently wished *apparently* to help me, whilst in *reality* she, in consequence of orders from Kasongo, was doing her best to thwart me.

On my arrival I found that during my absence Kasongo had returned and again started off, leaving orders that I was on no account to be allowed to depart without seeing him, and also desiring that notice of my arrival should be sent to him at once. Kendélé had all his ivory lashed and packed, and said that when Kasongo came back he would require a few days to say good-bye to him, and that after that there was nothing more to detain us, and that we should get to Benguèlla, which I now learnt was his destination, in about seventy days. Six weeks elapsed (a dreary time) before Kasongo turned up, though I sent many messengers to say I was waiting at Kilemba and wanted to get away. The only thing I had to help the time along, was the discovery that my people had stolen nearly all my beads in the vain hope of forcing me to retrace my steps. Jumah Merikani, how-

* In Livingstone's last journals, p. 335, vol. i., he mentions Eyele ibn Habib, saying that Lufira and Lualaba fell into Lake Kinkonza (evidently into my Kikonja, which I also heard received the Lufira). In one of his letters he also mentions the Lualaba flowing from a lake N.N.E. into Chowambe, which by many was supposed to be the Mwuta Nzigé (Albert Nyanza), but which, I think, may safely be identified with Kowamba, a small lake lying N.N.E. from east end of Kikonja, and into which Lualaba falls.

ever, stood my friend and supplied me with stores which I expected would be sufficient to last to Benguella, or at all events to Bihé, where I should be able to get enough to reach the coast. Kasongo's advent was, however, by no means the signal for our immediate departure, for he had to swagger and talk big about his greatness, and hold meetings to impress me suitably. One day he held a very large levée, at which all the neighbouring chiefs were assembled to do him homage, and where he made a very long speech, in which he asserted that he was the greatest man in all the world, and that the only one that could at all compare with him was Mata Yafa, his friend and relation, who is chief of Ulûnda.

After this display I thought we were right for the road, but Kendélé first wanted an agreement made out as to what he was to receive for the work he was to do, and when this was arranged he began to give himself airs, and to find excuses for delaying our start. First, I heard that he was going to build a house for Kasongo, and when I remonstrated, he said that it was false, but a few days afterwards he owned that the report was true, but that it would not detain us more than a few days, as the house to be built was precisely similar to that in which he was living, and which he declared was finished in four days.

We left Kilemba for Totela, where the house was to be built, on the 25th of February, 1875, and made a very dawdling march of four days, besides halting two or three in order to give Kendélé an opportunity of stealing food, as he issued no rations whatever to any one. In fact, even he himself and his women lived on a portion of the plunder brought in by his people, and which he used to extort from them as leader of the caravan. Besides his own carriers, there were also independent bands of people of Bihé and Lovalé who ravaged the country in all directions, and were under no restraint whatever. Kasongo, instead of checking these ruffians, gave them free leave to do as they liked (he even encouraged them in their atrocities) if in return they would go with him when he went to punish any of his villages, either for not paying tribute at all or whose tribute he thought insufficient. On these occasions all the adult males who could not escape were shot down like dogs, and the women and children seized as slaves.

The house was built almost entirely by my men, and under my superintendence, or it would never have been finished at all, but even when it was completed there were still more delays. A party of Kendélé's men had gone to Kanyoka, a place on the boundary between Kasongo's and Mata Yafa's kingdoms, some time before I arrived at Kilemba, and as nothing had been heard of them since, Kendélé refused to start without them, and we had to wait until men had gone and brought them back. They did not return until the 27th of May, and in the mean time Coimbra (Kendélé's second man) was off on a slave-hunting expedition, much to my disgust and annoyance.

On the 28th my camp was burnt down by the carelessness of one of my men, and I very nearly lost journals and all I possessed; but, owing to the coolness and pluck of my servant Jumah, everything important inside the tent was saved, though the tent itself was burnt.

A few days afterwards we started for Lunga Mandis, a sub-chief of Kasongo's, ten days (short marches) south by west of us. Here we were detained nearly three weeks waiting for the wretch Coimbra, and only got off at last by dint of constant growls and remonstrances. After the first march we were detained a day by slaves running away and their owners going to look for them. The next morning, just as we were packed up and ready for the road, news came that Coimbra would arrive in the course of the day, and Kendélé said we must wait for him.

Sure enough, in the course of the day Coimbra came in, driving a string of fifty or sixty wretched women tied together with knotted cords, and all heavily laden with plunder, and several with babies in their arms. These poor creatures represented twenty or thirty villages burnt down, and I am sure a population of two hundred and fifty to three hundred people utterly destroyed. About three or four hundred more may have escaped to other villages. There were now in the caravan upwards of fifteen hundred slaves, all of them obtained by plunder and murder from a country which has only lately been tapped to supply slaves for export.

The rest of my journey to the West Coast I will describe in the next number.

[The Editor has much pleasure in publishing the following explanation sent him by Lieutenant Cameron, in reference to some remarks made by him at the Colonial Institute. The Editor hopes that there are few Missionary Societies in this country so foolish as to employ agents whose qualifications have

not been thoroughly tested, or who, when actually engaged, are permitted to labour without supervision. He is glad not only to endorse what Lieutenant Cameron says respecting the Universities' mission, but to express his belief that similar confidence may be placed in the well-equipped Scotch mission recently sent to Livingstonia.—Ed. G. W.]

It has been supposed, from what I said on the evening I had the honour to address the members of the Colonial Institute, that I intended to disparage the work of missionaries, or to endeavour to dissuade men from following that noblest of callings. I am sorry to have been so misunderstood. Nothing, according to my ideas, can be grander than the man who devotes his life, his talents, and his energies to missionary labours. But what I wanted to urge was, that proper care should be taken in the selection of missionaries.

In ordinary affairs of life every candidate for employment has his qualifications for the post he seeks carefully considered and weighed by able men, and has during his labours to submit to close and constant supervision.

Missionaries, on the contrary, are frequently taken on their own recommendation, and are often subject to no supervision whatever.

With regard to what I said about the necessity that missionaries should be gentlemen, I maintain I am in the right. Who could be better fitted for this glorious work than such men as Bishops Mackenzie, Patteson, Selwyn, Heber, and Crowther, and I would add Drs. Moffat and Livingstone, who were one and all Christian gentlemen in the truest sense of the word?

Real work is, I believe, being done by the Universities' mission, so ably conducted by the learned Bishop Steere.

BOOKING THROUGH.

IF the reader takes up a railway map of the United Kingdom, he will at once see that it is hardly possible to travel a long distance without passing over several lines of railway, the property of different companies. In going from London to Inverness, for example, the London and North-Western, the Caledonian, and Highland lines are traversed. Or, if the East-Coast route be taken, then the Great Northern, the North-Eastern, the North British, the Caledonian and Highland railways are used. In going from Darlington to Cardiff the North-Eastern, the Lancashire and Yorkshire, the London and North-Western, and the Rhymney Railways are passed over; while between Lynn and Inverness there lie no fewer than six different lines. Has it ever struck the reader to inquire how it comes that, in spite of these facts, he can book through from London to Inverness, or from Lynn to Stirling, or even to Dingwall, without the trouble of taking out fresh tickets at the junctions? Imagine the wholly different aspect things would wear for the railway-travelling public, if each company only booked over its own line; the constant worry of changing, the bustle of re-booking, the hunting up of luggage, and the conveying of it from station to station, it may be at considerable distance from each other; for unfriendly railway companies might not of themselves court close proximity in their termini. It is evident on the face of it that a stop would at once be put to extended excursion tickets, to circular tours, and to all that elaborate system of easy holiday travelling which is, year by year, becoming more and more a necessity of our modern life at high-pressure. And bad as it would certainly be for passengers, it would be yet worse for goods traffic. Indeed, it is difficult to see how, under such conditions as we have supposed, with constant unlading from waggon to waggon and cart to cart, the millions of tons of goods of all kinds could ever get to their journeys' end. Certainly for the class of goods coming under the head of "perishable" there would not be much chance. Yet such would inevitably be the position, both for goods and passengers, were there not in existence an institution, supported by the railway companies, yet in a sense apart from them, which unites them as though into one body, notwithstanding divergent interests at many points, at once for their own ultimate benefit and for the unspeakable comfort of the community. Seeing that all are so largely indebted to a machinery which, on the whole, is so little known, we cannot but believe that our sketch of this system will be read with interest by not a few.

In Seymour Street, Euston Square, London,

there is a compact-looking, but somewhat dingy building, with another "fresh from the mason's hand" close to it, known as the Railway Clearing House. It is in this establishment that the magic work of booking through is really accomplished. Here are a staff of some fourteen hundred clerks, who, under a secretary and four chief clerks, may be said to supervise and adjust all the through railway traffic of the kingdom, there being but a few miles of straggling local railways which are not in connection with it. In addition to this staff at the head office, there are about four hundred agents or "number-takers" who are placed at the various junctions where the lines meet. The duty of these agents is to take note, by name and number, of every carriage, waggon, and cover-sheet that may pass on to a foreign company's line, and the date of such transfer. Accounts are regularly forwarded by them to the Railway Clearing House, and these reports, together with passenger tickets and returns regularly forwarded from the stations themselves, furnish the materials from which the staff of the Clearing House busily work out their results day by day. The first process to which this chaotic mass of documents is submitted is that of "sorting." For this a detachment of messengers is retained, who refer each paper to its proper chest, from which they are conveyed by boys to the various departments, of which there are four, with many divisions.

The first and by far the largest department is that of *Merchandise*, which may be said to comprise the half of the whole work of the House. This takes cognisance of all traffic distinct from that of passenger trains; and the main features of the process are easily indicated. Each station makes return of all its outward traffic wholly distinct from that of its inward traffic; and the first piece of work is to check the outward returns of the forwarding station with the inward returns of the receiving station. In the case of any discrepancy, of course, it is necessary that the stations should be corresponded with, and the returns rectified; and not seldom much trouble is involved in this. If, however, the returns are found to correspond exactly, the next step is to make due allocation to each company. But before this is finally done, it is necessary to settle the matter of "terminals," that is, the allotment of allowances for the Despatching and the Receiving Company, including collection, cartage, loading, unloading, delivery, &c. This having been deducted from the total, each of the companies concerned is then credited in exact proportion to the mileage of their lines over which the goods have been conveyed. This would seem to be on the whole a very simple matter; but it is complicated by many special arrangements; and in not a few cases the routes over which the commodities may have travelled cannot be learned from the station returns. In this event their route must be traced out by reference to the numbers of the waggons in which they were sent. This is ascertained from the returns made by the number-takers at the various junctions. Besides, there are different working arrangements. In some cases the goods are hauled and in others not hauled by companies over whose lines other companies have running powers. Between Brighton and Aberdeen, for example, a waggon must pass over a portion of the London, Chatham, and Dover and Metropolitan lines, from Battersea to Ludgate, and from Ludgate to King's Cross; so that, while the Great Northern must be credited with the hauling over these lines, the companies themselves must be credited with the due amount for the wear and tear of their metals. As the last outcome of the work in this department, the accounts of the companies are so made up as to show at once how much money is due to or from them, both inwards and outwards, at the end of the month, and how much each company has to receive from each of its station agents. In the event of loss, say, by the failure of a trader, the same principle is applied. The Clearing House allocates to each of the companies concerned its proper proportion, which, as in the other case, is implicitly accepted by them. So, too, in any dispute that may arise. The Clearing House acts the part of a neutral, dividing the undisputed portion of the receipts, and holding the rest in trust till the parties agree.

Broadly taken, we have this as the result of the Clearing House work applied to merchandise, that any station on any railway can invoice and forward goods to any other station in the country to which through rates have been agreed, and the companies need not in the least trouble themselves over the proportions of the rates charged, assured as they are that this will be accomplished for them. We have in a very complete account published in the *Railway Flysheet* the following very good illustration of the exactitude of the process of tracing out details and balancing accounts:—

"When a city man returning to his suburban retreat passes a goods train composed of Great

Northern waggons (carrying goods from various towns in the north of England), hauled by a North Western Company's engine, on the North London Company's railway (if it ever strikes him to think of the matter at all), he must imagine that it is utterly impossible that each company concerned should ever get its correct proportion of the receipts from the carriage of the miscellaneous consignments of goods which it contains, and yet it is a fact, that the Clearing House accounts are made up with such minuteness of detail, and facility of reference, that any error, however small the amount, can be easily pointed out and duly remedied."

The next department takes the name of *Coaching*, and is concerned with everything carried by through passenger trains, animate and inanimate. It is divided into two sections —parcels and passengers. Of the work of each we shall give a general outline.

(1) *Parcels.*—It is clear that as the bulk of the parcels so carried are comparatively small, no trace can be kept of them by the numbers on the vehicles they were conveyed in, as in the case of goods. It is therefore necessary to have a regular system of way-bills, with an efficient check at each junction, and this has been found to a large extent in perforating stamps. If the parcels and the way-bills have kept together, all is easy; but if they should chance to get separated, as in busy times will not unfrequently occur through the haste or the ignorance of porters, a great deal of work is imposed on the Clearing House in tracing out and identifying them. Here, too, a certain amount is allowed for collection and delivery, and the remainder equally divided according to the mileage. We should mention, however, that for parcels the terminal allowances, for a reason easily guessed, are at a fixed rate per parcel; the receiving company getting double the allowance of the forwarding company. Accounts are made up in a manner somewhat similar to that of the merchandise department, and with the same exactitude, only that the actual division of receipts is here half-yearly instead of monthly. Notwithstanding their smaller scale, we can well believe that the compilation of these accounts is a yet more complex and tedious matter than that of the goods' accounts.

(2) *Passengers.*—Our readers will not have failed to observe that on "through tickets" there are not only a very plentiful amount of numberings, but that at each junction a process of perforating is carried on, which toward the end does not seem to improve the symmetry of the valued bit of cardboard. These marks each mean something important to a Clearing-House clerk. The tickets run in regular order of numbers; so that the first thing done in the Clearing House, after all the tickets have been arranged by some twenty-five boys constantly employed at this task, is to ascertain that the commencing and the closing numbers issued for the month by the ticket-clerk exactly agree. The perforated marks again show to the experienced eye at a glance whether or not the proper route, or what route has been taken. The ticket-clerk has forwarded to the Clearing House the halves of the children's tickets that were reserved by him at the time of issue, and these having been allowed for, as well as any omission of issue that may have been detected, the preparation of the companies' credits is begun. These show for each company interested full particulars of the progressive numbers, the non-issued and children's tickets, the number of tickets sold, and the proportions of the fares due to the company for whom the account is prepared; each return, as entered, has to be balanced so as to ensure the total of the credits in the various accounts agreeing with the total station debits. A similar course has to be adopted with other station returns, and it consequently results that a company is a debtor for the fares it has received on account of other companies, and creditor in respect of the fares other companies have collected on its behalf. A complete check, as will be seen, is thus not only kept up as between the various companies, but as between them and their various employées.

The next is the *Mileage* department. Though the amount of money cleared by it is small compared with that of the other departments, it is, in some respects, the most important of all. It really constitutes the foundation of a great part of the Clearing House system. It deals with the rolling-stocks of the various companies, carefully follows each item, and ensures speedy return. In the early days of railways, constant difficulties arose about carriages and waggons. Many of them were kept possession of for weeks and months, and were greatly injured; some, indeed, were never traced, and were entirely lost to their owners. It is here that the main purpose of the number-takers at the various junctions comes into full view. Every carriage, waggon, and sheet passes under their scrutiny, is made careful note of, and followed in its course from the beginning of its journey to the end; the one number-taker checking and supplementing the other. On their reports the railway Clear-

ing House credits the owning company of each carriage or waggon with an agreed rate per mile the moment it passes to another line. The London and North-Western, for example, send their through traffic over the Caledonian line, and the mileage charged for their "foreign carriages," as they are called, is settled at three farthings per mile. At the end of the month the bill for mileage against the North-Western will amount, say to £8,000; but, on the other hand, there is a *per contra* in the form of mileage against the Caledonian, which has also been sending carriages and passengers over the London and North-Western, and both accounts go to the Clearing House. Taken together, they may amount to about £20,000, yet the set-off of the one against the other may be no more than £10 or £20. Again, should the stipulated time have been exceeded before the vehicle is returned to the owners, a demurrage charge per day is made. The rates of mileage and demurrage are of course to compensate the owners for the wear and tear of their stock while in the hands of others. Thus, if a first-class carriage be sent from Euston to Edinburgh, the Scotch Railway is bound to return it to Euston at once, whether full or empty. If it is not sent back 10*s.* a day is charged against the company retaining it, and so on down to second and third-class carriages and to waggons, which are only charged 3*s.* a day. The mileage charges are made quarterly. On one side of each balance sheet is shown the charges due from all companies, to the owners of one stock, on the other the earnings of all stocks on the line of one company. And, as we have said, the difference is then either received or paid by the Clearing House.

The number of miles charged through the Mileage Department per annum is about four hundred and thirty-nine millions; the number of days upon which demurrage is charged is upwards of one million, involving yearly, nearly twenty-nine millions of entries.

A most important department of the work of the Clearing House is that connected with *Lost Luggage*. Every station is required to report at once to the Clearing House, with exact details, the presence of any unclaimed luggage, and all inquiries made by passengers for missing luggage are at once forwarded to it from the various railway offices. The descriptions are carefully compared, and the finding station instructed how to dispose of the property; the Clearing House again being advised that it has been duly received at the station where it should be delivered to its owner. The value of this department to the public can hardly be overrated. Officials are fallible, and mistakes are most likely when traffic is greatest; and the companies have shown wisdom in thus providing a central department where the matter can be thoroughly and expeditiously dealt with. Scarce anything is more distressing than the loss of personal luggage; but those who happen to be unfortunate in this regard may take heart, for few absolute losses are experienced—so thorough is the Clearing House system. Over one hundred and fifty thousand packages are annually restored to their owners—many of them doubtless containing valuable articles. Being, however, nearly all locked portmanteaus, dressing-bags, carpet-bags, and trunks, it is impossible to estimate their worth exactly, but half a million sterling annually would be quite within the mark.

This great establishment is managed by a committee appointed from the directorate of the different railways. The chairman is Lord Wolverton, whose father, Mr. Carr Glyn, was one of its first supporters, and did much to reconcile the railway companies to it, while as yet they were slow to see its merits and its great capacities of growth. The administration is in the hands of Mr. P. W. Dawson, who has been fortunate in seeing it rapidly "grow from more to more" under his hands in recent years. In 1842, when it was started by Mr. Kenneth Morison, in Drummond Street, it had only five clerks; in 1866 it had upwards of four hundred; to-day, as we have seen, it has over fourteen hundred. Three years after its institution, there were only sixteen companies on its books. Ten years later there were seventy-three. Now, as we have said, there are only one or two small unimportant lines not connected with it, while it embraces many lines of steam-boats. The total extent of lines under its jurisdiction in December, 1874, was 15,400 miles.

In addition to the fixed conferences of the delegates from the railway directorates, regular meetings take place of the managers of the various lines to arrange any differences that may arise with respect to particular points; and special meetings are called in the event of any question coming forward of immediate and pressing importance. For all these arrangements, by which a settlement is ensured without delay, and without such disturbance of friendly relations as might soon come to affect the public comfort, we are indebted to the Railway Clearing

House, which prepared the way for this amicable relationship, and has managed to maintain it.

"The plan of the Clearing House," says the *Times*, "is simple in the extreme. It may be said to represent the combined interest of the railway companies united in a voluntary association under the provisions of an Act of Parliament. No company is obliged to join it unless it chooses, and any company can withdraw from its association at a brief notice. Practically, however, this permission to withdraw is of small avail, for no company can really conduct its business without the assistance of the Clearing House. . . What has always been desired by theorists—namely, one vast amalgamated, general railway system—has been virtually brought about by the labours of this Clearing House, with this difference, that as each line has its representative on the Clearing House committee, each member looks after the interests of the line from which he is accredited with a vigilance which no merely central board could ever do. In fact, a central board would be nothing but a gigantic monopoly full of prejudice and hostilities, and without much motive to either economy or efficiency. In such a case the division of labour became the only element of success. The lines being distributed among a number of proprietaries, the energy of different boards of directors, the watchfulness of the various bodies of shareholders, and the wholesome emulation between the companies are all brought to bear through the Clearing House on the successful working of the lines, and the public derive the benefit of a through system of booking as if there were only one railway company and one set of shareholders throughout the kingdom. . . Our whole railway system would be as nothing without the Clearing House, which affords another illustration of the great truth that the British railway public is the best served railway public in the world, and on the whole, the least grateful."

The much abused railway director, however, is in this seen to be wiser in his generation than he generally gets credit for. For here he has his disputes settled by committees of delegates who are chosen for the purpose, and who determine which company is in fault for damage, claims for delays, &c., &c. Heavy law expenses are thus saved, and those concerned have the satisfaction of knowing that whoever loses, railway companies and not lawyers pocket the cash. This, we are inclined to think, is a great feature in the usefulness of the Railway Clearing House.

In connection with the establishment there are various benevolent and other societies, which show the warm interest taken by the heads in the moral and intellectual condition of those under them, as many details in the arrangements of the rooms decisively show that health and physical comfort have likewise been well considered. The most prominent of these are the Contingent and the Superannuation Funds, both organized on an admirable basis. The latter, which is open to all railway companies, parties to the Clearing House, was established mainly through the exertions of Mr. Dawson, after similar schemes had repeatedly fallen aside. The subscription is two and a-half per cent. upon the salary of the subscriber, his company or committee subscribing the same amount. There are about two thousand members, and an accumulated fund of about £20,000, five railway companies having joined. We were much pleased also to see that, through the liberality of the directors, the staff of the Clearing House are in possession of an admirable library of some eight thousand volumes, to which a permanent librarian is attached, also of a reading-room, well supplied with newspapers and magazines, where lectures and entertainments of varied character are given during the winter months. They are also provided with handsome kitchen, luncheon bar, and dining-hall, in which cheap but substantial dinners, luncheons, teas, &c., are provided daily for upwards of a thousand clerks—an arrangement which doubtless does something to maintain the admirable sanitary condition of the House. There is also a co-operative store, which, like the dining-hall, is managed by a committee of the clerks. We were much indebted to Mr. Rider for his courtesy in showing us over the whole place, and clearly and exhaustively answering the many questions we were tempted to ask him.

H. A. PAGE.

NATIONAL HEALTH.

III.—HEALTH AND OCCUPATION.

THAT man was born to live by the sweat of his brow is a figure of speech, the truthfulness of which remains as perfect now as on the day when it was first spoken. Who tries to break that law wrestles with all the forces of nature, and is brought foolishly prostrate. "I will lay up," says the foolish man, "so much wealth out of the present that my children and children's children shall never require to work. They, at all events, shall not be sons and daughters of toil." Under the influence of this sentiment some

men work in such disobedience to natural rule, that they themselves die in the middle stages of their life. They would wonder if they could see the folly of the sacrifice. To work for his own health and means of subsistence; to work for this from the first working times until the close of life; to work for those who are young and dependent upon him until they too can work as he has done for health and life; to work a little in advance for those of his who may continue to demand from their own weakness more care and aid,—these are true duties belonging to every man. Pressed far beyond this bound, the effort becomes unjust, and injustice in natural things has its certain rectification. The law is absolute. Man shall live by the sweat of his brow.

To the children of the earth, the earth is presented as a garden, and the primitive ideal of the life that is, as a life planted in a garden, is the simplest and truest. "Here," nature tells her children, "here is the great sphere for your labour. It is your property to discover and to conquer to its utmost bounds of sea and land. Make it, if you will, a garden of richness, and pleasure, and delight, for it is yours also to enjoy. Some of you in this sphere must overlook and govern; some must teach the ignorant; some must tend the feeble and sick; some must make and invent new instruments for the handicrafts, and find new modes of transit from place to place; some must till; some hew their way into the earth, and find new treasures; some must recreate the created, and bring forth forms of natural beauty on stone or canvas that shall delight the eye and cheer the heart; some must be the treasurers and scientific re-distributors of the wealth which the toilers have extracted from the earth; some must be scribes who watch and score the work that is done for other ages to read; some must sing songs, or tell tales, or bring up to sight the life of the past, for the rest and delectation of the workers of every class; some must survey the whole field of labour, and teach from the observation those lessons of morality, of health, of goodness which observation makes known as the best lessons for rules of life, of the life of all. But all must work: the whole generation of labourers, be it ever so great, cannot work so as to lessen the labour of its successor. New knowledge, new labour, new responsibility." Still, age on age, there is the garden that must be supervised, weeded, embellished. It dies with its children, it rises again with them. An age may be strained in work to the utmost, and die at its work, and still the next age must strain and die. The garden itself never rests: in steady revolution, in time and space it knows no rest, and allows none. That cunning old knave of a gardener there, coming out of the dark grotto, who has pillaged the earth unjustly, or has pillaged the wallets of his fellows with such infinite skill that he cannot be punished, he has a store securely hidden, so he thinks, which none but those who are privileged to be directed by the insane scroll which he calls his last will and testament, can find and use. These happy born, will not, like him, have to work in the garden, but will walk about in it buying its pleasures, its health, its slaves. Impossible! If they be ever so cautious, they cannot battle against the perpetual motion. If they do, they clash and are annihilated. The result is, that out of sense of self-preservation they will fall at last into a gang, and work with the rest. Nay, if the cunning old man uses his hand to perpetuate himself in what he considers immutable materials,—in marble, in stone,—he fails; for they change also, or are changed. They too die, and are reformed for new work.

In the garden of life there must then be universal work from universal man. Here we start on firm ground. Without work universal there can be no health universal. Here, again, we start on firm ground, and this now is the basis of our argument. We say soundly enough occupation, or work, is necessary for health. The question to be studied is how near in the present stage of the cultivation of the garden of life have we approached to those measurements of labour, and to those natural and necessary industries which are in accord with a life that is healthy and therewith happy.

As in this spirit of inquiry we look at the work that is in progress in the garden, we cannot, I regret to say, be satisfied with the prospect. There are a great many idle clashers there in all ranks, who ought to be at work, but who are making collisions simply with those who are in train. There are a great many who are doomed to work who ought not be in train, owing to their physical weakness. There are a great many who are in train at work that is too heavy, too long, too laborious. There are a great many who are in train at work which is positively injurious to themselves and others, planting poisonous seeds where only wholesome fruits or flowers should grow. In some sections of the garden of life there are many who stand ready to slay, who are trained to

fight to the death the owners of other sections if a mere quarrel should arise; and there are in certain sections, great hives of workers fabricating the instruments of death for the slayers. Truly, the primitive garden, the Paradise, is not yet regained.

When we come to the scientific consideration of the relation of work to health, we are led, in the first place, to study the relation of work to life. Health is a detail, life a principal. If we can determine, as a preliminary fact, how the years of life of men following different pursuits in some important sections of the garden, are modified by the labour, and if we find there are great variations in this respect, then we are enabled to judge by the relative mortality the leading truths, and by a comparison of value of life to judge also of the value of health in different grades of workers. Afterwards we can enter into detail on the classes, and inquire what in particular classes are the particular variations of health, and how far they depend on the labour of the class.

Up to the present time the information that has been obtained on this subject has been extremely limited. I mean by this accurate information, based on so many carefully recorded observations, that the inferences to be drawn from them may be safely accepted. At last, in this country, under the able designing hand of Dr. William Farr,—whose labours will be better known as time reveals them, and which, indeed, are so great, that time is necessary to unroll them,—at last, under his hand, we have obtained so much information respecting life and occupation in the part of the garden of the world called England, that a good solid basis is laid for the support of the most valuable records of general structure and of detail. We know now, in respect to seventy well-defined sets of workers in the garden, in England, what is the value of the life under each class. We can set class against class, and without any danger, in this instance, of exciting collision or ill-feeling, can compare one class with another.

I propose to take these facts as they have been drawn up for our study. They lie before me in an original table which for a course of lectures recently delivered at the Society of Arts on the subject before us, I was permitted to receive from the Registrar-General's office, and which will, I hope, be easily construed from the history of it I am about to write.

My authority sets forth by extracting from his returns of mortality, which now are sufficiently perfect for the purpose, the annual death-rate in England and Wales of males aged fifteen years and upwards, who were engaged in seventy occupations during the three years 1861, 1862, and 1871. He shows (*a*) the years of life belonging to these different occupations in 1861, 1862, 1871. (*b*) The deaths in each class that were actually recorded in the said three years. (*c*) The deaths that would have occurred according to a standard rate of deaths derived from the mean rate of all the deaths. (*d*) The names of each of the seventy occupations. (*e*) The deaths of these males aged fifteen and upwards engaged in the seventy defined occupations in comparison per cent. with the deaths per cent. of males of all the occupations. (*f*) Lastly, the authority gives the annual death of the males of the seventy occupations per thousand, living at eight groups of ages, from the age of fifteen years to that of seventy-five and upwards.

It will be seen by this outline how comprehensively the information supplied is laid out. I admit that in course of time the information will be enlarged upon, and, in some details, perhaps, modified. Indeed, it is now put forward with these explanations on the face of it. But, approximately, it is so near to the truth, we need not cavil at details: it is the best knowledge yet acquired on the subject upon which it treats, it has been collected with infinite labour, and it calls for grateful acknowledgment.

As the facts which have accumulated in the manner above described are surveyed, the most striking of all is the disparity in value of life between the representatives of different occupations. Taking one hundred as the standard of deaths of all who are employed in all the occupations named, *i.e.* as the mean of the whole number of deaths equally divided, we discover that some of the classes of workers in the English garden die at the rate of sixty-three as compared with the standard, while others die at the rate of one hundred and forty-three. These are the extremes of the scale, the top and bottom, taking the class of life that presents the highest vitality at the top, and the class that presents the lowest vitality at the bottom. Between these come varied degrees of vitality amongst the different classes, from the highest to the lowest degree, in forty-five gradations.

The workers who stand at the head of vitality are the barristers. The deaths recorded in their class in the three years from which the observation is derived, were one hundred and thirty-five; the deaths

that would have occurred amongst them in the same period if they had been in the mean rule of deaths, that is to say if they shared the common rate of deaths with all the others, would have been two hundred and fifteen. The rate of their deaths was sixty-three compared by the standard.

The next in order on the list of those who present a high vitality is the class composed of the clergy of the Established Church of England. The deaths in this class were actually one thousand one hundred and five in the three years: the deaths that would have occurred amongst them according to the standard rate, would have been one thousand five hundred and forty-seven. The rate of their deaths compared with the total of all the deaths of all the classes was seventy-one to a hundred. The good health and longevity of the clergy has long been observed, both in England and in Switzerland, but that it was so superior in its totality had certainly not before been surmised.

Under the head of Protestant ministers are placed all the other ministers of England and Wales who, preaching Protestant principles, are not included under the title of ministers of the Established Church. These are a very slight degree lower in the vital scale: they rank as seventy-five by the standard.

Next in order to these ministers come the class of men in trade known as grocers. These yielded an actual mortality in the three years of three thousand one hundred and sixty. By the mean standard they would have yielded four thousand one hundred and seventy-three. The rate of their mortality compared with the standard of the hundred was seventy-six.

In another very large group of traders who combine grocers' business with other forms of shop-keeping the same favourable condition did not precisely obtain, but still it was not greatly altered. The deaths were at the rate of seventy-seven. After the grocers come a small class of a very different order, a class not destined probably to remain always on the books of the statistician. This class is made up of gamekeepers. The rate of their mortality was eighty.

The large class of superintendent tillers of the soil known as farmers and graziers are the next favoured. Their mortality is eighty-five as compared with the standard of a hundred. They are followed by the civil engineers eighty-six, booksellers and publishers eighty-seven, and wheelwrights eighty-eight. Next to the wheelwrights are the silk manufacturers who rate at eighty-nine, and who are specially worthy of notice because they contrast, as we shall see in due time, most favourably by the side of some other workers in textile manufactures.

Labourers, including the whole class of agricultural workers, and carpenters and joiners succeed in order: they each present a mortality of ninety-one, and compare a degree favourably with the little class of men who are known as bankers, and whose rate of death is ninety-two. Next to them are the whole class of male domestic servants, who yield a rate of ninety-three deaths in proportion to the hundred.

Sawyers, a rather large class of working men, present a little higher mortality, ninety-five. Brass manufacturers and braziers present ninety-six as their rate, and paper manufacturers and musical instrument makers present the same, viz., ninety-six. Gunsmiths and blacksmiths rise to ninety-seven. Shoemakers, iron and steel manufacturers, and tanners and curriers rise to ninety-eight. Bakers complete the list of those who stand on the favourable side of the standard in the scale. They exhibit a mortality of ninety-nine compared with the standard of one hundred as the mean.

We have now descended step by step along the scale until we have arrived at the classes of men who out of the seventy occupations under our cognizance yield the average mortality. These are two in number. They are engine and machine makers, and wool and worsted manufacturers.

To place the computations in perfect simplicity of statement, we may rest here, and, in a line, run back the order from the standard to the lowest degree of mortality. It will run then in this way.—To the hundred that would have died by an equality of deaths throughout the whole of the seventy classes of workers, there died ninety-nine bakers; ninety-eight tanners and curriers, iron and steel manufacturers, and shoemakers; ninety-seven blacksmiths and gunsmiths; ninety-six musical instrument makers, paper manufacturers, brass manufacturers and braziers; ninety-five sawyers; ninety-three domestic servants; ninety-two bankers; ninety-one carpenters, joiners, and labourers; eighty-nine silk manufacturers; eighty-eight wheelwrights; eighty-seven booksellers and publishers; eighty-six civil engineers; eighty-five farmers and graziers; eighty gamekeepers; seventy-seven grocers and shopkeepers; seventy-six grocers; seventy-five Protestant

ministers; seventy-one clergymen of the Established Church; and, sixty-three gentlemen of the long robe—barristers.

As we resume our narrative and proceed on our way the picture becomes sadder. We leave the standard of a hundred in which engine and machine makers, and wool and worsted makers were enrolled, to see before us a long list of forty-three classes in whom the rate of vitality is lower and the rate of mortality higher than the standard. At the first the difference is very small, but it falls to a figure a little more important than the figure on the other or favourable side. The classes which depart first from the standard in the downward direction are iron, copper, tin, and lead manufacturers. They rank as a hundred and one, and in this respect stand side by side with bakers and confectioners. The schoolmasters and solicitors come next at one hundred and two. After these follow the millers, and, side by side with them in respect to rate of mortality, the Roman Catholic priests. These both have a mortality of one hundred and three compared by the standard. The comparison is very strange in regard to the priest of the Roman Catholic Church when it is made with that of the ministers of the Church of England or with Protestant ministers. Watchmakers come in order after the priest and miller, they rank as one hundred and four; and one step below them are the tobacco manufacturers, who rate at one hundred and five.

We reach at this point another representative class of the strictly professional order, in the men belonging to the science and art of physic. They, one would think, living only to learn the laws of health and of life, might surely be on a level with the other professions, and might rank above such hardly conducted lives as those of the baker, blacksmith, sawyer, domestic servant, or farm labourer. It is not so: these men who labour to save life stand six degrees down in the scale below the standard, thirty-five degrees below the most favoured class of all, the barristers, thirty-four below the clergy of the Established Church, and three below the priests of the Roman Catholic Church. They rate as one hundred and six, and by their side are the ship-builders, who yield the same figure.

Messengers and porters, coachmakers, and ropemakers are three classes which lie together and next in order: they rank as one hundred and seven.

The class of shopkeepers known as drapers are immediately lower on the list; they rank as one hundred and eight. It is of importance, for reasons I shall ultimately have to offer, to compare these shopkeepers with the grocers, between whom and themselves there is so wide a difference in the matter of mortality. Next to the drapers come the tailors, who stand at one hundred and nine on the list, and with them the workers in cotton, flax, and silk manufacture, who also stand at one hundred and nine. Respecting this last-named group an error of classification has crept into the account, which it will be well to avoid in future tables. The wool and worsted manufacturers have already been estimated in previous and distinct classes, and have been found to be favourably placed. They are here mixed with the cotton and flax workers, probably because in the cotton and flax manufacturers, from which the returns are obtained, there are some wool and silk workers also; but these, by being blended with the others, vitiate the calculation, because they lighten the mortality. However, they are so grouped, and we must take them with this correction, in the order in which they are placed, viz., as rating at one hundred and nine.

The two groups which succeed are one degree lower in the scale, one hundred and ten. These are chemists and druggists, and commercial travellers, and following them a degree lower still, viz., one hundred and eleven, are the insurance service and commercial clerks, and butchers. Carvers and gilders rank at a hundred and twelve, farriers at a hundred and thirteen, and miners, cotton and flax manufacturers (taken together,) and printers, at a hundred and fifteen; bookbinders rate at a hundred and sixteen, glass manufacturers and fishmongers at a hundred and nineteen, and plumbers and painters at a hundred and twenty.

Fourteen occupations remain on the list, which are remarkable, in that they present the highest mortalities. They begin with railway engine-drivers, officers, and servants, tool, file, and saw makers, and harbour and dock labourers, all of which classes have a mortality of one hundred and twenty-one. Hatters, coppersmiths, and needle manufacturers are still more unfavourably placed, viz., at a hundred and twenty-three; manufacturing chemists, and dye and colour manufacturers run down a degree further, viz., to a hundred and twenty-four; hairdressers sink to a hundred and twenty-seven; bargemen to a hundred and twenty-nine, and carmen, carriers, and draymen, together with

horse-keepers and grooms, to a hundred and thirty-one.

The last three classes on the list are of all the most exceptional. They are (*a*) inn and hotel keepers, licensed victuallers, or publicans (*b*), earthenware manufacturers, and (*c*) coachmen (not domestic) and cabmen. In the first two of these classes, the rate of mortality computed by the standard of one hundred as the mean is one hundred and thirty-eight. In the last-named group the rate is one hundred and forty-three. In other words, for every hundred who die of the representatives of the seventy occupations collectively, there die one hundred and thirty-eight innkeepers and earthenware workers, and one hundred and forty-three cabmen and non-domestic coachmen. The last class die as two to one compared with the clergy of the Established Church.

The three groups of occupations thus signalised stand out in a peculiar light, and offer a strangely striking example of the influence of occupation on health and life. Of the groups themselves, the earthenware manufacturers are a very small group, the total of the deaths recorded against them in the three years being only one thousand, three hundred, and twenty. The coachmen and cabmen, though larger in number, the deaths recorded against them being in the three years two thousand, two hundred, and thirteen, constitute also a comparatively small group. The innkeepers, on the other hand, are a large class, the number of deaths recorded against them for the three years being seven thousand, one hundred, and twenty-seven. We are obliged, therefore, to place this class of workers in the lowest part of the scale of vitality of all the great classes of workers in England and Wales. I may add that if we were to depart from our table and make search among all the minor occupations not included in the seventy that have come under notice, none other could be found that is so disadvantageously placed in relation to value of life.

In the history given in the above passages I have recorded the leading facts bearing on life and occupation in this country in so far as they are officially authenticated. They may be accepted as fair representations of the facts of other countries similarly civilised. In respect to health they show at once that the conditions conducive to good health must indeed be little cared for in a community some classes of which die at the rate of two to one over other classes, and in which those who are now most favourably circumstanced are actually not themselves up to the natural standard of health and longevity.

The fact of the mere loss of life incident to occupation conveys but a faint idea of the amount of disease that is induced and that leads to the fatal results. Diseases of the lungs, of the heart, of the liver and kidneys, of the brain and other parts of the nervous system, are the chief maladies which bring about the mortality.

As we glance with scientific appreciation over the facts revealed by the history that has been collected, and which is now in our possession, several points stand prominently forward. It will not be lost time to look at one or two of these.

In the first place, we are led to see that the degree of mortality, and therefore, as may be fairly inferred, the degree of ill-health incident to an occupation, is not of necessity connected with the occupation, but is due to some error, which may perhaps be very slight, but which, continuously persisted in, is extremely fatal. Let us glance, for example, at the facts relating to the two trades, the grocer's and the draper's trade. In the work carried out by the labourers in those businesses there cannot be any great difference in the amount of work done nor in the hours of work. Neither can there be any marked or sufficient difference in respect to social advantages. The draper lives as well, is sheltered as well, is or may be as well provided with recreative pleasures as the grocer. They both live in the same communities, exposed to common general influences and to similar anxieties in reference to business affairs. It is not probable, and indeed there is not the slightest reason to assume, that the grocer leads, as a rule, a more temperate or more perfect moral life than the draper. Yet there is this extraordinary difference between them, that by a mean of a hundred as a standard for men belonging to seventy occupations, only seventy-six grocers die to one hundred and eight drapers, and this in males varying in age from fifteen to seventy-five years. When we analyze the phenomena we find that this great difference is produced at definite periods of life; that from fifteeen years up to fifty-five the mortality at every period is in excess amongst the drapers. From all these facts we are driven to infer that the evil which is at work is of an acute kind, influencing life in its earlier stages, and if we inquire one step further we discover that the evil lies in diseases affecting the organs of respiration, such as consumption and bronchial phthisis. The explanation is at hand without mystery.

The grocer lives in an open shop with doors rarely closed from morning to night. He deals in goods which give off little dust. He is rapid in his movements, and keeps himself warm by exercise, without the aid of hot stoves and thick raiment. The draper, on the other hand, works in a close atmosphere. His shop-door is on swing hinges, and is commonly blocked up with rolls of woollen or cotton material. His shop is literally stuffed with goods. He is engaged handling goods which fill the air with fluff and dust. He warms up his place with stoves, and from morning to night he keeps up his temperature by artificial means. Under these conditions he becomes first dyspeptic, thin, pale, and anæmic, then consumptive or bronchial, and so he succumbs. The source of evil here is easily traced, and is as easily removable. It belongs to the occupation as a matter of ignorance, not of necessity. It is a type of many similar errors connected with those occupations which yield the highest mortalities.

In other examples the degree of danger connected with the occupation is so closely connected with it that it is inseparable, although at first sight the connection may not seem necessary. One who casually compares the life of the members of the profession of the church with the life of the members of the profession of medicine might think that between the two professions there was little reason for difference of value of life. Yet by the standard we have obtained it follows that for every seventy-one clergymen who die, one hundred and six doctors die. When we come to the cause of this difference, we find that up to thirty-five years of age the deaths are in proportion of two of the doctors to one of the clergy, and that from this period of life through every decade the excess of mortality, in a lesser ratio, continues amongst the Æsculapian fraternity. Here the cause of difference lies in the difference of occupation purely. The extreme labour of learning, and the danger of the learning through which the man of physic has to pass before he attains his qualification, are the great causes of his mortality in early life: later, the struggle to live, coupled with the day and night watching; and later still, the increasing watchfulness and anxiety which come with success—these causes all add to the failure of physical health and to the loss of life which succeeds thereupon in this class of workers. In short, whoever enters the profession of medicine must enter it knowing that, compared with the clerical and other professions, he must accept a shorter lease of life than theirs, in compensation for the longer leases of life it is his high privilege to confer on all his brethren.

There are classes of labourers who, engaged at very laborious work, die in very different proportions because their work is carried on under different conditions. The dock labourer's work is not actually harder than the farm labourer's. Yet the dock labourer dies at the rate of a hundred and twenty-one, the farm labourer at the rate of ninety-one. In this case the greater exposure of the dock worker to physical accident, and to extremes of cold and wet, are the determining causes of his greater mortality. The same may be said in respect to the differences between the bargemen and the blacksmiths.

There are classes of labour in which the great mortality that prevails amongst the workers is due to want of scientific care in carrying away products of the labour which are given off as volatile refuse. These products are dusts, or gases, or vapours which the worker breathes or receives into his lungs, and the presence of which in the air is sufficient to convert a light and easy occupation into a seriously fatal pursuit. The work of the hairdresser cannot possibly be esteemed a more laborious art than that of the wheelwright. But the hairdressers who are all day inhaling a close atmosphere charged with fine particles of hair-dust die at the rate of one hundred and twenty-seven, while the wheelwrights, who are toiling in all weathers in the open shed, die at the rate of eighty-eight. It is quite unnecessary that any such differences as these should exist. The fatality from impure air charged with dusts is so much ignorant destruction of life.

There are classes of workers who present high mortalities, from the circumstance that they are exposed directly to poisonous compounds which, absorbed by their body, produce fatal disease. The workers in lead, plumbers, painters, and potters, and the workers in some chemical factories, and at some chemical pursuits, such as photography, afford illustrations of this nature. The labour of plumbers and painters is not more severe than that of carpenters and joiners, but the death-rate of the former is as a hundred and twenty to ninety-one of the latter. The cause of the difference in this instance is the exposure to lead, chiefly, and some other similar cause is at work in the other examples of high mortality, referred to under this head.

In many of these examples all the danger is induced by deficient cleanliness on the part of the worker, and by the combined efforts of workmen and of science all the evils may in time be removed.

The most startling fact of all in reference to occupation and health is that which is told of the innkeepers and publicans. This class of the community is really at the lowest of the vital scale. The cause, unhappily, is not difficult to discover. There is nothing in the occupation of an innkeeper, as an occupation, which can account for its unhealthiness on ordinary grounds of labour. It is not an occupation which exposes those who fill it to physical danger, as the work of the miner or the engine-driver does. It is not an occupation which makes great demands on the physical organism, like that of the blacksmith or rope-maker. It is not an occupation which leads men into solemn charges and responsibilities, like those of the physican, solicitor, or clergyman. It is not an occupation which brings those who follow it to the miseries of want and starvation. Why, then, is it the occupation most nearly allied to death? The answer is simply told. The occupation is the one the most nearly allied to alcohol. This agent of death, which diffuses danger more or less amongst all classes of workers in our part of the garden of life, tempts most rapidly into destruction those who are the dispensers of it. The influence of this one agent vitiates to some extent every calculation on the vitality of classes of men; here it stands out on its own ground, telling its effects on its chosen servants, and teaching a lesson by the fruits it yields in them, which, if the one lesson stood alone, were a sufficient recompense for all the labour through which the facts, that have now passed before us have been collected.

On the whole, we are brought to the conclusion, as we cast a final survey over the different groups of workers in the section of the garden represented in this nation, that the injuries inflicted in the name of work are most irregularly distributed, and the inference is fair that much of the labour from which injury occurs is carried to a degree far beyond the fulfilment of that natural law, with the statement of which this chapter was opened, viz., that man shall live by the sweat of his brow. Of the members of the seventy occupations we have specially studied, not one does too little work, many do a great deal too much, and probably so long as there is human competition, excess of labour will prevail, and will be a certain cause of an excess of mortality above the natural standard. But the real dangers, the series of causes, which lead to the great excesses of mortality, and which, I believe, add a sixth of the current excesses, are to be sought outside the occupations as mere departments of human industry and skill. They lie in the conditions under which the skill and the industry are developed and pursued; conditions nearly every one of which are removable without a breath of injury to the art or business itself, whatever it may be.

BENJAMIN W. RICHARDSON.

ONE OF THE SEVENS.

"We spend our years as a tale that is told."—Ps. xc. 9.
"Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life."—Ps. xxiii. 6.

SEVEN times ten—they came and fled,
Fled as fleeth a morning dream;—
My tale is told, my say is said,
I read the past by Memory's beam.

Seven times ten, with untold woe
For sin unseen by all save One,
For evil thoughts that come and go,
For evil deeds, for good undone.

I've mourned the loss of precious things,
I've wept beside the honoured dead,
Health has flown and riches had wings,
And thus the seventy years were sped.

With wayward steps my path I trod,
But oh! what mercies marked my way!
The love that led my soul to God
Has turned my darkness into day.

Seven times ten;—all fades not yet,—
Sweet flowers, and fields, and books are mine,
Dear friends are round my table set,
And daily gifts of corn and wine.

Safe hid beneath o'ershadowing wings,
Age need not fear the winter blast;
Sure watered by celestial springs,
The path has verdure to the last.

For countless gifts, for bounteous grace,
Break forth my soul in songs of praise,
To Him whose love redeems our race,
And crowns with blessing all our days.

By Him is every want supplied;
And not alone from youth to age,
In death we live, for He hath died
To win our glorious heritage.

S. W.

"WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH."

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WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH.

By the AUTHOR of "Lady Bell," Etc.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—A LETTER FROM THE WILDERNESS, AND A LETTER FROM THE WORLD.

LIZZIE BLENNERHASSET having been cheerfully resigned by her relations to Pleasance, and having survived the removal to the Manor, began with the stimulus of change, and still more with an object in life which Dick's departure had withdrawn from her, to make a gradual recovery. By the time spring had come she was restored to nearly her usual state of health, and was able to resume her old occupation of dressmaking, which she practised for a season at the Manor.

Pleasance was earnest in working with her, not only to cheat time and thought, but with a faint expectation that if she could acquire a certain amount of skill in dressmaking, in addition to her other qualifications, she had a chance of being retained by the new mistress of the Manor, supposing she were the wife of the new head man and the mother of a family. Pleasance might become so valuable an auxiliary, that in such a case she might be solicited to remain and give her help in the household.

Pleasance clung to the old place. It is only after people go one after another, and leave a place vacant, that the place itself assumes the value it is capable of assuming, in such circumstances, in a man or a woman's eyes. To give up the animal world of the Manor, too, would be like giving up the last wrecks that were left out of a fortune.

Thus the winter, which Pleasance had once thought would fly on the wings of love, wore past until there was a spring feeling in the air; rooks were cawing, the few little birds of the east county were singing in the afternoons; and there were snowdrops and aconite and colt's-foot in the garden, and primroses budding under the hedge-rows.

The advent of the new mistress to the Manor was close at hand, causing Lizzie Blennerhasset to speak incessantly of going home to the smithy and Pleasance to reflect silently with a slight throb of her stunned and stricken heart, what farther changes might be involved to her in the movement.

But first there came one of those letters to the Manor which, unless during Mrs. Balls's last illness, had been like angels' visits, few and far between, and which had ceased altogether since last autumn.

This letter was not to Pleasance, but to Lizzie, and it came, of course, circuitously after having made a lengthened stay at the smithy. It was a letter from Long Dick. It had been written many weeks before, at a farm far up in the back woods of Canada, to which his feet hastening to leave the Manor and Saxford behind them, and to shake off their very dust, had reached. The writer had found heart of grace to convey an assurance of his welfare and of something more to the woman who had loved the very ground he had trodden upon.

"Dear Liz," Long Dick had contrived to indite in his laboured and still curiously defective calligraphy and orthography, "This comes to tell ee I d' be well, and hopes you be the same. Times ain't so bad with me as they 'a been, and Cain-a-day ain't a bad country by harf, an it weren't smo'red with wood—leastways this bitten, and no meadows or beasteses as at home; but mappen the less like home the bessern for some folks. There d' be grand sticks on trees, and sich a number on them that the housen—sich as there is—be built on wood and not on stone, which do seem a waste. But where they 'a room for corn it d' grow grand. I were a cruel brute to you last mornin, but I were hard druv, desperate like, you knows that and bears no malice. You 'a never bore me nowt but 'eavens goodness sin' I bore you out on the fire.

"There mun a been a marriage at Manor

long or now, and mappen he 'a gotten my berth—Wool! why not? he 'a gotten what I held a deal dearer; and I wunno be sich a grudgin beast as grudge him thatten to the bargain. He were 'nation smart and 'ould learn, he 'ould, and he were not a bad chap an he had not crossed my road and took—what he took; and he drew me out on Broad at risk's life, though I wish he 'ad left me there asoakin and adriftin with poor owd Punch. But there I d' be a smitin' your poor tender little heart again and turnin you sick and dizzy, as I can see, though I be knots and fadoms on sea water on the udder side of the world. I meant no sich ill deed. I just wished you to see and to say to them as may be axin—to her and to him, as I were doin well and gettin high wages at this farm, and were hearty a-seein on strange sights, and not wantin to spile sport. For she 'ould kinder go thinking on me, and grievin for me at times; and so 'ould he, dang him! for he were like a woman he were, in some things, though he were manful enough in udders. And so I d' be your cousin and frien till death, Dick Blennerhasset.

"I wuss all well at smithy. Tell uncle I 'a shod a power on horses sin I came, thanks to his learnin. I 'a thoughts on settin up a smithy of my owncet in back woods. Clem will be pleased for to hear there d' be fiddles out here. I heard en at Quebec, which is a town just bigger and finer than Cheam, the day I landed. Tell Missus Balls I ware astin for her."

There was nothing wonderful in this letter except its general ignorance and generosity. Pleasance made much of the last, telling herself sadly, that here was one poor stout foolish fellow in whom she had not been mistaken.

But though Pleasance had always been inclined to think well of Long Dick, and though she thought better of him now than ever, it remained a mystery to her what Lizzie Blennerhasset made of the letter, with its tardy brief acknowledgment of the obligation to her who had well-nigh died for the love of the writer. Without looking beyond the few brief references to Lizzie's self which were not its primary motive, and yet without arguing from them the wild conclusion of Dick's loving her at last—Lizzie was in the seventh heaven. "He 'a minded me and written to me afore all—he 'a minded my sufferin for him—he 'a minded my wery ways and looks."

Long Dick's letter had been something of a lively incident from the outer world in the quiet domestic life of the Manor, heralding the great public event of the arrival of the new representative of Lawyer Lockwood and the substitute for Mrs. Balls.

The letter had helped to diversify the last week, and distract attention and conversation from what was becoming its chief theme—namely, a close revision of all that had reached Saxford in rumour and gossip of the distinguishing peculiarities of the coming housekeeper and dairywoman.

On one of these last days Pleasance had missed a lamb which had lost its dam, and which had therefore fallen largely to the women to rear.

Pleasance had gone after what she had believed the traces of the lamb as far as the shoulder of the moor, and looking down into the hollow and seeing the vagrant as she had expected, lying chewing its juvenile cud in a sheltered nook, she had descended after it, and sat down to rest, ere she resumed her homeward way.

It was one of those sweet days in early spring, in which the sun does not seem so much to shine broadly, as to brood lovingly, with a thousand subtle influences, over the earth beneath him springing up to meet his smile. Yet, there was enough sunshine to cause what was one of the most characteristic features of the moor on a fine day, the endless procession of cloud shadows which pursued over its brown and green surface the cloud march in the sky. Pleasance sat watching them, and then turned to the one windmill which was in view, and regarded its swinging arms till she grew giddy.

On and on raced the clouds, round and round whirled the sails. Was it like the continuity of human history, never broken for individual disaster? Was it what men are sometimes tempted to count the pitiless will of fate always weaving—never in this life displaying the finished pattern that might seem to make the burden and the care, the pain and the tears of the process worth it?

Then a barge glided in sight like a signal stroke of destiny, bringing a token out of a far country; and contemporaneously with the barge appeared Lizzie coming to seek Pleasance, and holding in her hand—pausing momentarily as she limped along to rest, and to spell out a few words—the letter which she could say by heart.

"Oh, there she is with her letter again," sighed Pleasance, a little pettishly. "I think her head is turned with that letter, I wish she had spared it to me here."

It seemed mean to complain of being

asked to share Lizzie's small taste of happiness, which she relished so keenly, and for which she was so humbly grateful. Before she came up to Pleasance the latter had begun to reproach herself and to seek to bring herself into a better frame of mind. Yet it was hard to listen to Lizzie's ecstasies on a spot to which Pleasance did not care to come at all, and where she had always to put a supreme force upon herself to resist the current of recollection.

But it was not the old—it was another letter which by an odd coincidence had come again to Lizzie, a letter from Clem in London this time. "And it d' be all about music, practices, concer's, and sich like, as nobry but hisself 'ould care to hear about," said Lizzie, with a little contempt of her brother's epistolary powers—"not a word about the Queen, or the palaces and towers, and shops or nor'n. I ain't patience to read it through till night—there, Pleasance, you may 'a it, and see what you can make on it. Mor, I 'a seen the day Far'er 'ould 'a gev he a good hidin for such a letter, but now 'tis his bizness, and that d' make a differ. You can take your time, dinner will not be ready yet a while; and the lamb will foller when she sees you, athout trouble."

Pleasance let Lizzie drop the letter into her lap and go. Why should not Pleasance read Clem's letter and hear his account of a progress, the coming about of which was like a fairy tale? Why should not she read it all the more that the rough village genius, though he might have left behind him in his village many to envy what was to them his sudden unaccountable promotion, could find no real sympathizer even among his nearest relations?

Clem had come later from regular schooling than Long Dick, besides, since he had gone up to try whether he might not be admitted to an academy of music he had been put on a course of preparatory general education, which was doing its best to make a less utterly illiterate lad of him; while he was spurred on in the wider field that would otherwise have had no attraction for him by the fact that without being to a certain extent "a scholard," he would never be a musician worthy of the name. On the other hand, except with reference to music, Clem's parts were duller than Long Dick's, and many of his rustic turns of thought and habits of expression were the next thing to inveterate. It was therefore, through a strange, almost incomprehensible jumble of stiff gnarled pot-hooks—here and there softened by late efforts into more flowing and symmetrical penmanship.

He had played before "a first fiddle" of repute, and been not only heard to the end, but encouragingly told to work on; however, he was to work at nothing but exercises for a long time. He had been sent or taken to this hall and that society to hear—the music of the spheres to Clem—he was in another world, and was exalted and engrossed.

At last Clem diverged from his precious musical information. With a pant for breath and a great heart-throb Pleasance read, "Since the day I comed and were boarded here, I have seed little of Mister Douglas, him we was used to call Joel Wray; my eye! ain't he been a stunner, and he married to Madam and all! But he d' be reckoned a batchelor man here, as I 'ad plain positive proof. I was going to say I have seen little on Mister Douglas since I came up to town as they say here, for why I hear he 'ave been in France with his mother and sister. But first 'twere through him that I got to them concerts and oratorios I have been telling you of, and now that he is comed home—that is to town again, I expect that I shall get to mor'n and be at the Albert Hall, or at the Philharmonic or the Sacred, or the Monday Pops, or at the Crystal Palace every blessed day and night, so you see I have little time to write. But I was to tell you more about Joel, that's young Squire Douglas, being looked on as a batchelor man here. I was in the Park, that's not like no squire's park near Saxford, but all flower gardens here—and gen'lemen and ladies riding and driving there. I were leaning against the rail with some other fellers, when by comes Joel—I wish you saw him, young Lockwood were nothing to him—in a swell's coat and hat, and riding a chestnut mare, and two young ladies to right and left of him, and a groom as were like a gen'leman himself aridin behind them. That weren't like the wheat-hoeing in the Thirty-acre, or the harvestin, no, nor his weddin down at Saxford. Well, but he saw me, and while he reddened up, he nodded to me as frank as you like; and I touched my cap, not my hair, to my patron as they calls him here—main proud that he were that frien'ly. 'Who's that nob?' says a feller near me to a feller a-staring at me as if I were a bigger chap, along on my master's nod.

"'Oh, that is young Douglas of Shardleigh,' says his mate; 'he is a rich beggar, his father was the great manufacturer in the north, who left such a deal of tin.'

"'I know all about him,' sings out a third

man, 'I come from his part of the country; he has just returned; he has been abroad with his family for the mother's health; but they have come back early, though the east winds ain't gone yet, because Miss Douglas, who has her share of the old manufacturer's tin, is to come out this season. She was the young lady next us; the other young lady is a friend, a Miss Wyndham, on a visit in Grosvenor Square. They say she and Douglas are to make a marriage.' And the others went on to cry, what a great catch it were for a young lady, and were she a fortune herself, or a beauty, or connecked high to get en?"

Pleasance read and took in the sense, laid down the letter on the heather beside her, and looked around her with a dazed look. There was not a living creature within sight except the little strayed lamb beginning to find that it had strayed, to grow weary of and frightened at the freedom it had coveted, to get up and run here and there, without discovering its foster mother, to bleat piteously, and at last to start in a hurried trot in the opposite direction from the Manor.

Pleasance did not rise to prevent it; she still looked about her with that blank bewildered look. Was this the Manor moor that she had known all her life, and where she had come and sat and sewed or read in peaceful content, during her spare moments, hundreds of times? Was that the same grey stone she had avoided sedulously this morning, and on which Joel Wray had thrown himself, when he had brought her there, and placed her by his side, under the August sunset, the night he came back from Cheam? He had told her in the very next breath to that in which he had spoken of the solemn mystery of death, and of the drowned men, whose distant hearths were made cold, and over whom he had mourned so tenderly, that he coveted her for his love and his wife, with whom to spend the rest of his days. Was she the same woman who had heard that tale?

Pleasance covered her face with her hands, and thought. She was, after all, in spite of the early womanliness which circumstances had imparted to her character—in spite of her close, practical familiarity with such real life, in its unvarnished toil and care, joy and sorrow, as that with which she had come in contact—in spite of her habitual mental feeding on and thorough digesting of a few worthy books—very inexperienced. She was so inexperienced that, in so far as knowledge of the world—the conventional world, went, she might have credited the most violently improbable circumstance, or combination of circumstances, almost as easily as the most ignorant of the village girls around her.

But Pleasance had one potent defence against such credulity. Any base and vile act was so far removed from herself that she could not, without great difficulty, conceive of it in another—far less in another whom she had believed to know well, and whom she had learned to love dearly.

Therefore Pleasance did not for a moment give way to the folly of holding that Archie Douglas could be about to marry another woman. But the idle report that had been brought in Clem's letter to Saxford, opened Pleasance's eyes, as her quiet, self-concentrated life recently had not been able to do, to the utter falseness of the position which both she and Archie Douglas occupied.

There could have been no such public acknowledgment of their marriage, as she had rendered doubly difficult by her rupture with him, and her refusal to accompany him to his friends, and of which, so far as it had concerned herself, she had never thought, since it did not seem to matter to her, dwelling near the village where the marriage had been publicly celebrated, and where it was well known. Whether Archie Douglas had suffered himself to be withheld from telling his family; or whether he had told them, and it had been their policy to seek to hush up the affair, so that it was with their connivance that he was living in the world as a single man, Pleasance could not tell. All she knew and felt with strong conviction was, that the secret must be kept no longer in the interests of justice, that justice which lay so near Pleasance's heart. Archie Douglas and others must be thought of in the humiliation and misery of the situation. The truth must be told at any sacrifice of the pride of which he had so often accused her, and of the poor peace that was left her.

For Archie Douglas's own sake, to save him from a snare which would grow upon him year by year, and wind about and entangle him—holding him the while in fetters, becoming always the more hateful and maddening—until it should eat into and poison all that was manly and honourable in him. Pleasance would go through fire and water, would subject herself to desperate pains and penalties.

But there were others besides Archie Douglas to whom the permanent, even partial, concealment of his marriage might work grievous wrong and unhappiness. His mother and sister—whether deeply injured

by him, or whether guilty of abetting him, must be sufferers.

At that moment it recurred to Pleasance's mind that the name of the girl referred to was Wyndham. That had been her aunt's name, and the consideration made Pleasance pause even then with a curious sense of fatality and retribution. But Wyndham was not an uncommon name in England; and Pleasance's mind was too much occupied with thoughts which agitated her profoundly, to admit of her dwelling on vague possibilities, or on speculations which had to do with the remote tribulations of her girlhood.

When she reached the Manor she came without the lamb, and looking so strange to Lizzie's eyes that Lizzie at once forgot the missing animal, and assailed Pleasance—

"What 'a come to you? There be'nt snakes on the moor as in the meador; but be you bitten, Pleasance?"

"No, Lizzie; but I have been making up my mind to go right away to London, no less, before there is a change here. I may hear of something that would suit me," said Pleasance, with a slight tremulousness in her voice. "I should see a little of the world, and I can pay for my fancy, you know," she ended, with an attempt at a smile.

"She d' be seekin' if she can hear tidin's on that thief in the wood, her man, afore she tries summat new, poor mawther; though she 'ont let on about it," said Lizzie to herself, unconsciously shaking her head, while she answered aloud with determined cheerfulness, "Wool! it is no more than nat'ral, and you young and hearty, and with a bit on money to spen'. You'll get Clem to go about with you, and len' you a han' in need, if so be that he can be got from his scrapin' and fiddlin'. I'll go home a day or two sooner, that's all; but you'll come back, Pleasance?"

"I mean to," said Pleasance quickly; "where else can I go to?"

"And you 'a got Clem's letter with the places written down; keep it. I 'a seen enough on his croshets and quivers."

Poor Pleasance caught at the chance with its small compensation, though she had supposed that she had ceased to care what the world—her little village world—said; and though she was going for a time out of hearing of its gabble. She knew from the welcome relief afforded her by the hope of the news which Clem had given being confined to herself, with its farther circulation suppressed, that it would still have stung her keenly to have had the slander of Archie Douglas's speedy infidelity, in addition to his desertion, go abroad. It would at once have been caught up and swallowed wholesale, and become the talk of Saxford in her absence, while her errand and its probable consequences would have been enlarged upon in every coarse and grotesque light.

CHAPTER XXXV.—PLEASANCE GOES.

PLEASANCE was so anxious to do what she was called on to do without loss of time, and to avoid all observation in doing it, that she set out the very next day, without going to the village and making preparations, and without speaking to a single soul save Lizzie, in whose charge Pleasance left her few worldly goods, consisting principally of Mrs. Balls's effects.

It was the same season of the year, too, only a little earlier, and in the morning, not in the evening of a fine spring day, such as that of yesterday, or of nine years ago when Anne and Pleasance had arrived in the east country. And as she walked with the rapidity of a fixed intent through the fields to the station, carrying in her hand all the luggage which she took with her in the very old carriage-bag that she had brought to the Manor, she could not help recalling that first day, and asking herself was she turning her back on another portion of her life? Yet she did mean, as she had said to Lizzie Blennerhasset, to come back. She could neither see nor desire any other course or refuge, except the path which custom had rendered easy to her, and the home among the homely people whom she knew, and who bore her some respect, and were not unfriendly towards her.

In other circumstances, Pleasance's sound and well-gifted nature might have eagerly responded to the novelty and exhilaration of such a journey, and risen with elasticity to the anticipation of fresh experience and a fresh world. But she had been only four months ago cruelly taken by surprise and driven desperate. Her rooted convictions and prejudices, her loyal adherence to a chosen standard, and her tender feelings had all been up in arms and in hard conflict, so that the wounds of that conflict must remain long unhealed, and the scars would prove ineffaceable. And she still bore a heavy, crushing burden of steadfast opposition to whatever culpable weakness of herself or another might beset her in her self-appointed task.

As it was, Pleasance saw everything with the sedateness and impassiveness, the half-tired, half-hopeless spirit that has only just

come up out of the deep waters, and can hardly so much as imagine that there is any safe footing, not to say pleasant path, left for the wayfarers in this troublous journey of life.

Pleasance took her seat in a third-class carriage scantily occupied at this hour with sober, serious, working people going to work a few miles down the line, or to market at the next town. She was herself the most serious of the party, so much so that one of them, a frank woman, asked her pointedly if she had lost a good place, or if she had been sent for home to wait on some deadly sick relation, or had she got her pocket picked?

When the neighbourhood of London presented itself, with its unmistakable increase of brick and lime, extending farther and farther in new and half-built houses into a waste which is neither town nor country, with ancient country tea-gardens left stranded in an advancing suburb, with cemeteries and breweries and a smoke-cloud—the more perceptible on this occasion that the spring day was sinking down in chill greyness after the fashion of spring days—beginning to be hung out like a grim pall over all, Pleasance did rouse herself from her private troubles.

However pressing these troubles might be, this was London, the great city of the modern world, the first look on which was an event in the life of any creature breathing thoughtful breath—any creature, great or small, young or old, care-laden or care-free.

Pleasance had had her dreams of seeing London for the first time, as most country-bred men and women have had theirs from childhood. Not so long ago she had made her plans to be taken there and shown its wonders by a duly qualified cicerone, who would have delighted in his office, and in whom she could have put boundless faith. The plans had broken down, and it was under such auspices as she never could have anticipated that she, like many another gazer, was catching her earliest glimpse of London—was looking at the ugly wilderness of mean houses which, from whatever side a traveller enters, soonest meets his view, and asking herself could this be great London, great in power, knowledge, and benevolence, the biggest, wealthiest, busiest city in the universe?

Pleasance thought, with a stolen sigh, that she had been right to prefer, when the choice seemed offered to her, a country life to a town life, and to judge that the fate of working people in all the essentials of air and sunshine, space and nature, was infinitely preferable to what life could be in a huge city, to which necessity and higher wages drew them.

Lastly, a great ache and misery smote her with the vivid comprehension that she had come to that London in which he was dwelling at this very time, but in a region far apart from her, and with which she would have nothing to do.

Pleasance arrived at her station dauntlessly, with no protection save her humble independence, her modest dignity, and a little money in her pocket. She had no idea that she ran any personal risk, that her beautiful face could expose her to annoyance, or that the dozen sovereigns, which she had put into a purse, that was stitched into her pocket, might prove to her a snare rather than a safeguard. She did not know a house to go to in the millions of houses in London, since she had no intention of seeking Archie Douglas in his mother's house, or of applying to Clem Blennerhasset in his boarding-house. What she thought of was to ask some respectable man or woman—she had no fear of not meeting or not knowing such when she did meet him or her—to tell her where she could find a quiet inn for third-class travellers where she might "put up," as she called it, in the mean time.

She was as ignorant of London ways as any foreign girl set down in its thronged and bewildering streets. But intrepid intelligent innocence is its own passport even in London.

Pleasance hit on her respectable man in one of the railway guards, a circumstance which was so far fortunate for her theory, since in addition to his credited incorruptibility, he was bound by his official duties to help and stand by travellers. "Can you direct me to a quiet inn for third-class travellers where I may get lodgings and will pay my way?" said Pleasance, with that most transparent simplicity of hers.

The man looked at her, thought for an instant, and then called a trusty old porter, who guided her through one or two of the city streets, the noise of which half deafened her, to a comparatively retired back street. There, at the sign of the Yorkshire Grey, was such an old-fashioned inn, as is still the head-quarters of some of the carriers' carts which remain on the metropolitan roads.

The place was quiet as Pleasance had wished. It "did" a limited regular business, and was kept by sedate elderly people, a widow and her daughter, punctilious in their line, who, though they laid themselves out for carriers, and were much better accustomed

to them than to wandering damsels of any degree, were still not unwilling to admit any respectable guest.

Pleasance had succeeded admirably, considering the chances, even to her instalment in a tidy little bed-room which looked out over an assemblage of roofs to the sky, and outside the window of which there was a box of thyme brought there from a country garden, by a carrier of floral tastes.

Pleasance had nothing more to do than order a cup of tea, and bread and butter, brought to her with an additional offering of water-cresses by the staid old landlady herself. When the day was done, she was at liberty to seek what sleep she could find in the excitement of her new surroundings, with the muffled roar of London, and the squalling of back-settlement cats, contending in her ears. She was bound to get rid of her fatigue, and to nerve herself for the arduous undertaking that lay before her.

Though the Yorkshire Grey kept early hours, Pleasance, with her country farm-house habits, was earlier still, and having dressed and read the lessons which she had learnt to read with Anne at Miss Cayley's, and prayed out of her devout earnest heart, she was restless for breakfast that she might be stirring. It was not to visit the sights of London—Pleasance's heart was far too full for that. Indeed with reference to the old plans—old, yet not of a year or half a year's standing—which she had made about London, she felt rather inclined to grow heart-sick at the thought of the great gardens at Kew, the Crystal Palace, the museums, picture galleries, and theatres. If it were not to fortify herself against the outcries of such as Lizzie Blennerhasset, she would be tempted not to go near the sights. It was to take some definite step in the fulfilment of her mission, to do something towards freeing herself from being a party to a false concealment, and then to hurry away from London and bury herself once more down in the country, that Pleasance longed.

As soon as Pleasance had breakfasted, she started under the direction of the landlady to walk to the nearest thoroughfare and its first cabstand, when, calling a cab and entering it, she told the driver to take her to some of the fine streets and squares, and past a particular house of which she gave the address. He was then to bring her back to his stand.

Whether the man regarded the order as peculiar or not, he made no demur in obeying it. In the rawness of the morning, while the sun was still fighting a piteous battle with a combination of smoke, fog, and mist, Pleasance was driven by Piccadilly and Park Lane in the first place. She sat and gazed about her with a rush of colour to her cheeks, though she was driving there all alone. She marked the entrance to Hyde Park and the Row, where two or three straggling horses were being aired, and where she easily guessed that Archie Douglas must have been riding with his sister and friend, when Clem Blennerhasset saw them. Would they ride there every day, according to the practice of the great folks in novels? But she tried to put away the overpowering vision, with the suggestion which it brought, and to gratify the impulse that had led her there. She could look around and make her observations undisturbed, in the comparative ease and retirement of the cab. It was not to her a shabby ramshackle vehicle given to doubtful freights, drawn by a scarecrow of a horse, and dear at its hire, but as fine and complete an equipage, horse excepted, as it appears to a country child, come to town for its holidays. It would be a privilege to have such a carriage at command for the payment, not of a shilling, but a crown.

Pleasance marvelled and admired, in spite of the asperity which caused her to contrast those hundreds of lordly mansions, not with the hideous dens in the squalid courts of which she had not dreamt, but even with the myriads of mean houses from which she had shrunk on her entrance into London. She was tempted to think the natural, foolish, short-sighted thought, how could the inhabitants of the one region bear to conceive of the existence of the other? Did they deliberately propose to themselves, like Dives, to take to themselves the good things here, while they left the next world and its chances to their poor brethren?

At last the cabman turned into Grosvenor Square, and Pleasance, sitting far back in the cab and holding her breath, saw an inclosure of large houses with grass and trees in the centre. The door of one mansion was open, and a portly porter, in red breeches and laced coat—the very finest-looking man in point of dress that Pleasance had ever seen—was revealed, already lolling in his oaken chair, with his huge morocco-bound book before him. On the steps of another house two exquisites of footmen were airing their perfection of livery.

The particular house in the square was reached. Pleasance's driver passed slowly,

while he looked back at her with a significant motion of his whip, and an idle wonder why the dickens this fine-looking, better sort of working-girl, nursery-maid, or shop-woman wanted to look at this house above all others?

Pleasance, now that she was there, hardly dared to glance out and see the spacious front of the house, the great flight of steps to the closed door, and the verandah with its azaleas and rose-bays. The windows airing the rooms within, were thrown wide, and disclosed glimpses of a rich confusion of satin and lace hangings, tall gilt chandeliers like gold trees with gold flowers, pots on pedestals with more growing flowers, and the gleam of a white statue.

Pleasance was not dazzled and abashed by unusual achievements of masonry and upholstery. But she was an imaginative woman, with the union of pride and humility often found in imaginative people. She could appreciate intensely, in a sense, the accompaniments of wealth and station from which she recoiled, and which she rejected absolutely for herself; while she was more convinced than she had ever been that she had neither part nor lot in such matters.

She was forced to come up to London and tell the truth, though it should bring dismay and disaster into this great house. The son of the house had wandered from his sphere, and in his wilful caprice and deceit, and in her ignorance, had compassed such a marriage as became neither of them, and Pleasance must publish the marriage, and go back to her elected portion, though he, as well as she, should thenceforth live lonely in his lot. She would never share it with him, to be an affront to his people, even though she should die at last of the honour—not the happiness, like the lady of Burleigh—and thus free him and all concerned from an incubus.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—THE ENCOUNTER IN THE PARK.

THE afternoon had turned out a dry, half-bright, half-cloudy, windy March afternoon. Pleasance made her way alone and on foot, guiding herself by the landmarks that she had noted from the cab, to the Park, on the chance of seeing Archie Douglas there. She was feverishly restless to accomplish her object, and she thought that if she could meet him in the Park, and he would turn aside and speak with her, she might tell him in as few words as she could command what her errand was—that it was right, for his honour and for the good of all, that their marriage should be publicly known, however sharp the penalty to him. She could not help it; she would have spared him if she could; and it would be all that she would ever cause him to suffer. She meant that in the long regret which must be the portion of both their lives, since both were alike spoilt, she would ask nothing further of him, and make no other appeal to him.

She found no impediment to her entrance into the Park, though with other foot-passengers she had to run for her life in crossing the path of the high-bred horses pawing and prancing as they dashed into the drive. She walked along the footway, and gazed wistfully, and yet neither enviously nor covetously, but with a certain combined desire and fear in her eyes, as she had gazed at the houses in the western square in the morning, at the carriage-company and the riders. They seemed to Pleasance very numerous, though Easter was not come, and the Park was only half frequented.

Surely among so many she would find the one she sought, and in the solitude which a crowd afforded, she would be able to walk apart with him a few yards, and tell him what she had to tell without their association or anything unusual in their aspect towards each other, being remarked upon. She wandered up and down the broad path, keeping near the gate for a greater precaution—not able to divert her attention for a moment to the budding trees or the spring flower-beds of which Clem Blennerhasset had spoken, incapable of taking her eyes from every carriage-party, or even single horseman that entered, without seeing the face she longed, yet dreaded to see—till she grew weary.

The blustering March wind blew about and battered her, beating in her face, taking away her breath, ruffling her hair and disordering her dress. The fine white dust changed her black clothes to grey, got into her eyes and gritted between her teeth. She could not venture to go into a side walk lest she should miss her aim. It did not enter into her head to sit down, while she reflected that here was nothing of the freedom, freshness, and endless variety of a country walk, and thought that the town was a poor exchange for the country to any class. She began to feel pity for the ladies—many of them with pale, delicate-featured faces like what Anne's had been—half broiling, half shivering between the bursts of bright sunshine and the keen wind, as they sat in

their furs and silks, going the monotonous round in the carriages.

At last Pleasance's watching eyes lit up with a flash of attainment, while she trembled so that she was forced to stand still.

There was the same group in the very order that Clem Blennerhasset had described it, but Pleasance saw only one member—the one by whom she distinguished the whole. Archie Douglas—whom she had last seen in his working-suit on their wedding-day, with his arms stretched out in a final passionate appeal to her—was there clad as a gentleman riding a spirited horse, and chatting smilingly with his companions on each hand.

Pleasance stood waiting among the little crowd of idlers and spectators of various ranks, but principally of men from clubs,

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barracks, and offices, that gather about the Park railings on a favourable spring afternoon.

The riding-party was very near her, when she took two or three quick steps forward—so blindly that she was within a hair's breadth of striking against one of the lady's horses, causing it to shy and rear.

"Hie there!" "Hallo, you get out of the way," "Hold on, young woman," was shouted in various keys by the bystanders, including a peremptory policeman. But Archie Douglas was yet quicker and more imperative. He leapt from his horse on the instant, and motioned to the groom a few paces behind him to take the animal off his hands. His face had changed from the good-natured, quickly-interested, and amused look which

belonged to it as its common expression, to an eager flush of excitement and disturbance.

His sister, whose horse had been the one startled, mistook his action. "Why have you got off, Archie?" she called to him as she continued to pat the neck of her restive horse. "There is no need; Lady Alice has come to herself; it was just a jib at that unlucky woman."

The policeman was reminding Pleasance, in a forcible manner, that she was invading forbidden territory, and must keep to her own ground, that of the pedestrians. "You ain't to walk under the 'osses' noses. What do you expeck? If you want to cross, there is room enough, if you look out for it."

"I don't want to cross," said Pleasance distinctly, in the hearing of all the curious by-standers, prepared to take a lively interest in the altercation and the scene generally. "I have business with that gentleman."

Archie Douglas was acknowledging the business by the energy with which he was getting rid of his horse, and bidding his sister and her friend ride on.

"But what can she seek, Archie?" the matter-of-fact young sister, not to be set aside, persisted in asking. "Is she from Shardleigh? Why does she stop us here?"

"Come away, Jane," said her more tractable companion; "leave Mr. Douglas to settle his business."

But Jane Douglas did not stir.

The ring forming an audience, among whom were some personal acquaintances of Archie Douglas, was rapidly taking in all the bearings of the case. The investigation passing from Pleasance's dusty common black woollen gown and jacket, and dowdy straw bonnet, to her youth and beauty—when one came to remark it, and to the manifest trouble in her face, was ending in one miserable conclusion.

"Do come away, Jane," urged Miss Wyndham in a low tone, "we are not wanted here;" while she said to herself, "The stupid, stubborn little goose, she will cause a greater *esclandre* where Archie is concerned than anything that has gone before."

The policeman, in the interests of society, was as pressing in his efforts to get Pleasance to move on or off, and leave the Row clear, for other riders were coming up, to whom the stoppage must prove an impediment. "Come, come, young 'oman, you hadn't ought to think of transacting bizziness here. You must seek the gent, if so be you have anything to say to him, some other wheres, and you and he can speak private."

Pleasance lifted up her head. Instinctively she penetrated the shameful misconstruction put upon her relations with Archie Douglas. Some painful experience in the class in which she had lived might have taught even her modesty to fear it beforehand; but the apprehension had not occurred to her before. The blood rushed to her cheeks, adding tenfold to her beauty under all its disadvantages. She looked indignantly full in the faces—pitying, condemning, amused—all bent on her; she turned with swift piteous appeal to Archie Douglas.

If he faltered or failed her at that critical moment, she would despise him from the bottom of her heart then and for ever; she would know a depth of misery which she had not yet fathomed, insomuch as contempt is an infinitely lower abyss than wrath.

But Archie Douglas, however he might err, was far enough from a coward. He took the one brave step that was open to him, without a second's hesitation. He went up to the policeman and tapped him on the shoulder. "My man," he said, in a clear, audible voice, "you would not come between man and wife?" He looked round on his thunderstruck sister. "Jane," he said in an accent so decided that it sounded cool, "you must know that there are stronger claims upon me than even yours and Miss Wyndham's. But you need not ride home unattended; there is General Protheroe from his afternoon whist," and he indicated a grey-haired officer advancing to salute them with military precision, and in profound ignorance of the scene on which he was about to break in. He was hailed by Archie Douglas. With a steadiness and calmness that only well-read students of human nature could refer to the pitch of excitement, he said, "General, may I ask you to ride on with my sister and Miss Wyndham, and see them home (I think my mother has been expecting a visit from her old friend ever since we came to town). I have to look after Mrs. Douglas?"

"Mrs. Douglas! Who? Where?" cried the General, gazing about him in a bewildered manner, and neglecting his courteous assurances of pride and pleasure in the commission summarily entrusted to him. "I thought you meant that I was to take the young ladies to Grosvenor Place, and meet Mrs. Douglas there?"

"So you will, I hope, but there may be more than one Mrs. Douglas," replied

Archie Douglas, with a somewhat spasmodic smile, as he drew Pleasance's arm within his, before she knew what he was about, and walked away with her, leaving the liveliest sensation and dismay behind them.

Rica Wyndham broke the spell. "General Protheroe," she said, "don't you think this is not a day for sitting still in the open air for five minutes? I am dying with cold, and even my poor horse is beginning to shiver. Let me have a canter."

The gallant General took the cue with the alacrity and intrepidity of a soldier, and complied at once with the young lady's request—Jane Douglas being under the necessity of riding on with the others, as if they fled from the thrills and shrugs and amazed tumult which the electric shock of her brother's wild words had occasioned.

Almost before the girl could think, the spectators of the scene, with their tell-tale faces, were left far behind. Amidst the familiar features of the Park, with their special conventionality, Jane would have been tempted to accuse her eyes and ears of grossly deceiving her, and her imagination of having conjured up an outrageously improbable incident, if she had not retained evidence to the contrary in the continued absence of her brother, and in the sight, when she chose to look over her shoulder, of Evans, the groom, still encumbered with the led horse.

The rapid riding hindered speaking. When the party at last slackened their pace, Rica Wyndham and General Protheroe, though one of them had experienced a sharp disappointment, fell immediately into the polite hypocrisy of speaking on entirely neutral and uninteresting topics.

But Jane Douglas was very young, and, as far as a girl of her position and prospects could be, very new to the world; and she seized the first opportunity, when General Protheroe rode aside for a moment to put his hand on his daughter-in-law's carriage door and exchange a few words with her, to adjure her friend, "What on earth can it mean, Rica? Archie could not be joking in such horribly bad taste—it would not be a bit like him—and he looked quite in earnest."

"I should leave the matter to him, dear, if I were you," replied Rica Wyndham in a lightly soothing, indifferent tone, admirably assumed. "Let him explain it as he pleases and when he pleases, or let him leave it unexplained. There are circumstances in which curiosity is dangerous and a tremendous blunder, especially on the part of us girls. You are a dear little girl, Jane, and are not supposed to know anything of the world—no more am I, though I am older, and have been out for two seasons. All I know is, that we must be careful to preserve unimpaired the charming bloom of our ignorance."

Jane Douglas was not a fool. She understood that Rica implied that Jane's brother Archie had some secret which it would be no credit any more than it would be a satisfaction for him to divulge.

Jane's heart burnt hotly within her. She was sufficiently trained and tutored not to say straight out to Rica Wyndham that she, Jane, hated Rica for her speech; but Jane did hate Rica at the moment, when, with grave youthful dignity, not unbecoming, she attempted to rebuke her companion.

"You are quite mistaken, Rica, so far as my brother Archie is concerned. He has no secrets from mamma and me—at least," —(for there smote upon Jane the recollection that Archie had certainly had a secret from his family within the last few months, but she managed to finish with unabated confidence and sisterly pride), "I am sure there is no act of Archie's which he might not proclaim before the whole world."

"I am glad to hear it," said Rica Wyndham, with a little additional curl of the fine lips that curled so naturally; "but I think you might be satisfied with having such a paragon of a brother, and not seek to quarrel with me on his behalf. Poor me! I confess I have not very much faith in paragons, perhaps less than in ordinary mortals like my brother Tom, who is good enough as brothers go, but who is certainly not calculated to diminish my unbelief."

CHAPTER XXXVII.—AN UNWIFELY WIFE.

ARCHIE DOUGLAS did not speak till he had taken Pleasance out of the Park gate close to them. Then he asked her, in a voice the agitation of which he could no longer restrain, to what place he should direct the cab which he was about to call, as they could not speak together in the public streets.

Pleasance, in addition to her other sources of distress, had become painfully conscious that she had been wrong in approaching him in the Park, and that he might have cause to reproach her for acting as she had done. She told him her address without resistance or reservation, and suffered him to put her into a cab and to enter it after her.

When they had driven off he leant forward and said, "Pleasance, is Mrs. Balls dead?

Have you come to me?" and his voice was tremulous with feeling.

If Pleasance had cared to read his meaning, it might have been plain to her that her empire—widely removed from each other as she, as well as others, saw the two—could be restored by a single word. He was ready to forgive all the wounds inflicted on his pride and his love by her former obstinate rejection of him, and of his penitence for having deceived her, and by her spurning the advantages which other women would have prized.

But Pleasance did not speak the word. She said, sadly yet firmly, looking down because of the anguish that tugged at her heart-strings when her eyes met his, while she remained resolute not to put upon him a burden that he could not bear, or subject herself to a trial which she should not know how to suffer. "I have not come because I wanted you, Archie, I have not come to stay."

He was repelled and thrown back upon himself. It seemed to him from her words that she was there in sheer perversity to expose their unhappy position, and to thwart and torture him.

"Then what is your business with me?" he asked, leaning back and folding his arms to endure, while his whole tone and manner changed in her estimation to those of the grand seigneur—a change which appeared to put a world of different experiences, different motives, different passions and prejudices, between him and Pleasance.

"Is our marriage known to your people?" she asked him, with the simple, courageous directness which nothing could daunt or turn aside, though her heart might be broken. "I can understand that it was a great mistake for you as well as for me; but, unfortunately, that does not help us to put an end to it, and since that is true, the whole truth should be told. Don't you think so?"

She spoke quietly, so dispassionately as at once to chill and exasperate him.

"To stoop to concealment would not only be a great error which would increase every evil a thousand fold," she was remonstrating strongly, yet in a manner not entirely removed from that elder sister's or mother's fashion in which she had often spoken to him in happier circumstances—"it would be terribly unjust to others."

"To whom we are to serve as a warning, I suppose," he spoke with sharp irony. "Did you never think," he demanded, while a flush came over his face, "how you wrought to shame me, as you are doing this day?"

"No, no," she cried, in an agony of denial.

"Yes," he affirmed, with stern indignation. "Did you never consider how cruelly hard, well-nigh impossible, you made it for me to tell of the marriage to the friends to whom you would not accompany me, when we had quarrelled and parted on our very wedding day?"

"Still, if it had to be told," she said.

"You may rest satisfied," he exclaimed, with the passionate scorn of himself and her into which he had worked himself. "To-night the foolish story will be over all London—all London that knows anything of me, and nothing of you."

He was thinking, while he spoke, of what had been to him the unapproachable attractions which had won him—ay, and which he was angrily conscious at this moment were as powerful as ever to subdue him.

"The concealment is at an end," he assured her; "but whether the end has been brought about with any regard to me and my share in the misfortune—whether I might not have been consulted, or even warned, as to the mode of the announcement—whether there might not have been some respect paid to my duty to my people, which would have led me to prepare them for the blow that must come unexpectedly upon them—I leave you to judge."

She listened half wistfully, half shrinkingly, to his hot taunts, and then she half rose. "Let me go," she implored him. "We are only making ourselves more miserable. Contention between us can do no good, and is horrible. I thought we might have both seen what was for our mutual good—the best that can be for either of us—and consented to part, in a sort, friends. Since that is not to be—and perhaps we had better never have met again—let us part now."

"So be it," he said moodily, motioning her back to her seat. "I shall rid you of my company, if this is all that you have come up from the country to say to me, after a whole quarter of a year has passed. Can it be," he cried, a new and more heinous offence suggesting itself to his excited imagination, "that you could suspect because I kept silence, driven to it by your own conduct—that I should be false to such vows, however fruitless? Have you grossly insulted me by believing that of me? Base enough to be even criminal—was that what you thought me?"

"No, so help me," she pledged herself solemnly and despairingly. "It is idle speaking, if you doubt my word," for he had

made a gesture of incredulity; "but I did not believe it for an instant—I could not believe it, and I knew that, if the time ever came that you could be so miserable as to commit a great sin, it must have been your having had to do with me—your having suffered yourself to be beguiled into an acted lie, that could have tempted and driven you to the awful fall."

So far from being propitiated, the bare idea sent him nearly beside himself. "Pleasance," he said, uttering her name with fierce emphasis, "you have paid me back well for my error in imagining that you would be, after all, pleased to find that I had many advantages to lay at your feet, while I gloried, poor fool! in laying them there. In return, you have conceived me capable of such villainous treachery as it might drive mad the most miserable wretch bearing the name of man, only to be accused of."

"Oh! don't you see that we must part?" was all that she said in answer to his violence, writhing, and ringing her hands.

"As you will," he said, in sullen resentment, giving the driver a signal to stop, and then, as he opened the door, and was about to step out, half-blinded, into the tumult of the City, he realised that he was leaving her there unprotected, and far from her country village, with its familiar scenes and faces.

He turned round with his white, contracted face, from which the pleasant youthfulness had vanished, and said stiffly, "I am bound to see after your safety. You may think little of such an obligation, but as I am a man and a gentleman, it weighs upon me."

She hastened to give him what relief she could. "I am quite safe in a respectable inn close to the North-eastern Railway, which will take me home," she assured him eagerly, with a mixture of *naïveté* and sense. "You may inquire, if it will be a satisfaction to you," she added quickly.

It was as if she had said, "You are aware of the terms on which we stand. Our mutual inclination now, as well as your assurance when we parted, that you would not force me to fulfil obligations that I had entered upon without my knowledge, and to which I had no mind, will prevent you from attempting to alter these terms."

He bent his head, and leapt out on the pavement, disappearing the next moment among the passers-by, while the cab took Pleasance within sight of the Yorkshire Grey.

There entered into the old carriers' inn the most utterly jaded guest that Mrs. Tovey, the old landlady, had ever beheld return from sight-seeing. She refused all refreshments too, and shut herself into her little room, causing Mrs. Tovey and her daughter, who were knowing in their respectability, sundry qualms lest they should have been mistaken, after all, in their conclusions. They feared that this fine, open-faced, quiet-spoken country girl, who called herself simply Pleasance Douglas, though she wore something like a marriage-ring on her finger, might prove to be one of those reckless outcasts, who carry bottles of laudanum in their travelling-bags, manage to kindle charcoal in strange bedrooms, or slip out and contrive to throw themselves over one of the city bridges, and are brought back hideous, dripping heaps to await inquests.

But Pleasance merely sat down on a chair, and took off her bonnet to lighten her aching head, which she hung, as she clasped her hands on her knees, and moaned to herself.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—THE REPORT TO MRS. DOUGLAS.

"Oh, mamma, something dreadful has happened!" cried Jane Douglas impetuously, and without any preparation, entering her mother's private sitting-room in the house in Grosvenor Square.

Mrs. Douglas's room was marked by studied simplicity, and some elegance in the white muslin of its draperies, the number of fine water-colour paintings by good artists in water colours, Frederick Walker, Fripp, and Thomas, which adorned it, and the perfume of lily of the valley and violets which pervaded it. To the daughter of the house it was the dearest, prettiest room in it, just like mamma herself, who was so true and kind, while yet thoroughly refined and very clever, far, far cleverer than Jane, and almost—Jane thought—than Archie. Yet Archie had taken his degree with fair credit, and had even been a prizeman one proud year, down at dear old King's, while he was considered a reading-man, if only in a desultory, and not in a strictly classical fashion.

Jane herself, as she stood there in her riding-habit, was not at all like Archie, and was not so pretty for a woman as he was handsome for a man. Jane was like her father, the son of the Cumberland dalesman, the great manufacturer. Her complexion, instead of being dark, was very fair, with somewhat dead-coloured flaxen hair of that shade called *gris cendré*, to which the French are partial. Her face had a certain square-

ness, her very teeth were square in their slight projection over the nether lip. It was a face that showed honesty and affectionateness with some character and will—yet to be developed, but had little that was spirituelle or imaginative. Any claims to beauty which Jane Douglas possessed, depended on the high-bred look of her perfect training, and on the attraction which *gris cendré* in hair has in itself to a considerable section of the community, in addition to the delicately fair complexion which usually accompanies it.

Mrs. Douglas, as she came into the room before Jane had time to speak to her again, was like her son, except that she was little for a woman, while he was at least middle-sized for a man. She had been a very pretty woman, with a dark, fine little face, bearing unmistakable marks of an impressionable and intellectually fanciful nature—and this not merely in the quick dark eyes, but in the sensitive mouth, with its short upper lip, the small peaked chin, the clearly cut but slightly up-tilted nose with its flexible nostrils, the delicately pencilled flexible eyebrows, and the waviness and silkiness of the dark hair.

Mrs. Douglas, though she had a grown-up son and a daughter ready to come out, and though she had suffered from bad health—indeed perhaps because of that bad health—was still young-looking. For that matter she was one of those women who, never having owed anything to fresh and brilliant tints, and who retaining slenderness of figure, delicacy of outline, and above all susceptibility of temperament, never do look old, and preserve far on in life dainty, fascinating, personal charms. Doubtless this abiding youthfulness and mature loveliness were enhanced in Mrs. Douglas's case, by the fact that she was scrupulous in remembering the strict tale of her years, and the dignity of that advanced stage of matronhood which reckons a grown-up son and daughter as its chief treasures. She dressed in an exquisitely quiet sober fashion, with lace hanging about her head, softly matching the few streaks of grey in her hair, and shading her throat, and in gowns of rich, soft stuff—silk, or cashmere, black or grey or lilac, smoke-coloured or heather-coloured. Her ornaments, which supplied all the brilliance that the still sparkling eyes and speaking features lacked, to relieve the low tone of the picture, were rarely any other than a diamond-set locket containing her husband's hair, a bracelet with her children's portraits, and sapphire and opal rings, each, as she would tell, a cherished souvenir.

"You look heated, child, sit down and rest while you can," said Mrs. Douglas, in her sympathetic, slightly plaintive tones.

"Mamma," burst out Jane once more in her distinct, abrupt, rather highly-pitched, though well-modulated voice, "something terrible has happened."

"Good heavens, child, what? Nothing to your brother?" cried Mrs. Douglas, with a gasp, sitting down on the nearest seat, her hand on her heart, and growing very pale.

"I have frightened you, mamma," said Jane, remorsefully; "there is nothing wrong with Archie—with his health at least."

"What is it, then?" asked Mrs. Douglas, beginning to recover voice, breath, and colour. "My dear, I thought you had more sense," she could not help adding, expecting to hear some cock-and-bull story of a girlish misadventure.

"Well, but, mamma, it is dreadful," persisted Jane, very seriously; "wait till you hear. Just as Archie and Rica and I had turned into the Park on our ride, a woman came up so suddenly that she startled Lady Alice. Archie got down in an instant, I thought because he imagined that I was not able to manage for myself, but it seems the woman had business with him. A policeman wished to send her out of the middle of the Row, when, oh! mamma, Archie flew forward and prevented it, and called her his 'wife,' and 'Mrs. Douglas,' and went away with her, sending us on with General Protheroe, who came home with us. Rica asked him to come in, but I could not, and I was so thankful when he refused."

Mrs. Douglas had sat astounded, confounded, till Jane's last words, when she exclaimed with energy,—

"Impossible, Jane, you are speaking nonsense. Archie may have said something frank and familiar, he is—well, peculiar in his ideas, dear fellow, and apt to be too confiding, and to think all the world as single-hearted and enthusiastic as he is himself. He may even have said something which sounded to you very friendly, for I am afraid he is rash and imprudent, and has encouraged absolute intimacy in unsuitable quarters; but, 'wife,' or 'Mrs. Douglas,' never, Jane, never."

"Indeed, indeed, mamma, I am not mistaken," Jane was not to be shaken in her testimony; "of course I thought my ears were deceiving me, or that I must be going mad, but I looked round and saw everybody with the same expression. And Rica heard it, too, you can speak to her, mamma."

"You must be wrong—you cannot fail to be wrong," said Mrs. Douglas, with gathering agitation, clasping her hands tightly together. "Did you know the woman? Was she young or old? What did she look like?"

"I hardly saw her, but I am sure she must have been a young woman, else she could not have stepped out so quickly, or ventured so near the horses' feet. I have an impression she would have been nice-looking, only she was very shabbily dressed, much more shabbily than Cobbes" (naming her mother's maid) "would have walked out."

Mrs. Douglas, in spite of her declared unbelief, could not restrain a groan. And where was the use of restraint, if Jane had heard what she believed she had heard? and more than that, she would never be put past believing that she had heard it?

"My poor unhappy boy, if he has got into any miserable entanglement, such as I dreaded for him, so soon as I heard of his mad adventure, what can be done?" lamented his mother openly. "He has not been like himself since he came back and we went abroad. I have noticed his restlessness and his uncertain temper, very different from his old elastic spirits and cheery good-humour."

"But, mamma, it cannot be anything really bad," remonstrated Jane, "not in Archie. He has always been so good and kind. You remember that his tutor said there was not a steadier, more blameless young fellow in his college, and we were so proud because we knew that it was true. And when he is the head of the house down at Shardleigh, with so many people looking up to him and flattering him—I know they do, because they flatter me sometimes, so that they must flatter Archie ten times more; he is not a bit spoilt. Mamma, when I asked Rica what it could possibly mean"—Jane paused, and her fair complexion flashed scarlet with the culminating injury of the day—"she made me furious. I understood what she meant, though I have not even had Rica Wyndham's two seasons out—that Archie had done something wicked and shameful, which it was not for his sister and for other girls to hear. Mamma, how dared she say such a thing of Archie?" cried Jane passionately.

"My dear, you are worth a thousand Ricas," said her mother, taking her daughter's hands, drawing her face down and kissing it with a tender sigh. "Rica Wyndham is, for her age, the incarnation of worldliness. I could not understand what attraction, except that of reverses, drew Archie to her!" exclaimed Mrs. Douglas with a momentary shade of satisfaction rising to the surface of her speech, speedily to sink down again in her trouble. "But to learn a lesson from these worldly people, we must speak no more of this incredible, wretched story till I have talked it over with Archie. I must speak to him face to face on the subject; it is far too terribly serious a matter to be passed over." She admitted, in a degree, the depth of her fear, even while she clung to her profession of incredulity. "There is no help for it." Mrs. Douglas sighed and twisted the rings nervously on her taper fingers, while she looked round almost with timidity for the help that was not to be found.

"Why should you not speak to him face to face?" inquired the much bolder, unsophisticated girl; "it must be much the best plan, and what Archie would like best. If you had any fault to find with me, anything to call me to account for, I should greatly prefer you to speak to me myself, and at once."

"There is a difference," alleged Mrs. Douglas, half impatiently, half with a faint smile on her tremulous lips. "Archie is a young man, and the master of Shardleigh, as you say. He is his own master, though he is also my son, and he has already asserted his right to take his own way in what he was so possessed as to regard his duty, poor fatherless, romantic, imprudent lad," observed his mother in a low parenthesis, in which there was a singular mixture of admiration and pity. "A young man will not brook to be taken to task like a girl; and the master of Shardleigh, though Archie is hardly conscious himself of the effect of his position upon him, is still less likely to bear being called in question and censured."

"But, mamma," urged Jane, returning to the charge, "even if Archie has been dreadfully foolish and wrong—since he ought to have consulted you—in marrying far beneath him, and in taking his wife from a humble station, to which, to be sure, papa once belonged—although it will be a great trial to us, and perhaps very disagreeable for a time, still it is not so very, very wrong, and beyond remedy. It is not as if he had done anything really bad, after which we should never have held up our heads again."

It will be seen from this speech that Jane Douglas was still, and that more from character than age, not beyond the stage of an *enfant terrible*. In fact her honest, matter-

of-fact brains, were undisturbed by imaginative anticipations and comparisons. She had already cudgelled out the conclusion that, as mamma herself must have made in her day a decided misalliance, except, indeed, in the matter of the fortune which papa had acquired—still, if money made the chief difference between Archie's case and that of his parents, then Jane, who had all her life been reaping the benefit of that money, as well as of her mother's gentle descent, could not see that Archie had been so much more guilty than his elders.

"My dear Jane, you know nothing about it," said her mother hastily, with her vexation beginning to get the better of her indulgence. "How should you, when you are a mere girl? I wish you would not say anything more to me about this matter. I know that you cannot help feeling keenly interested, and I appreciate your fidelity to your brother, my love; but you must leave me to meet him now. That is a trial enough in itself, and until I have got it over I cannot bear to discuss the subject even with you."

Thus dismissed, Jane went to her own room, greatly perplexed, and a little aggrieved and hurt; for she, as well as Archie, had been spoilt. It was hard for her to realise that there were at last to be secrets even more momentous than Archie's strange adventure among working men, between the three who had once formed a united household; and also that her mother could dispense with her daughter's sympathy and support in a question that concerned both of them so nearly.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—TALKING TO ARCHIE.

It would have been a trial for any mother to meet her son and require from him the explanation that Mrs. Douglas had to require from Archie. It was a special trial for Mrs. Douglas, because she was, with many good qualities, always impelled to a cautious, vacillating policy. She had managed in this manner to lose her authority over her son, and even to shake his respect for her, while she had retained his affection. Yet she was like him in many respects, particularly in her love of giving pleasure, and her shrinking from giving pain.

Mrs. Douglas was not intentionally double-minded or hypocritical, but she had the misfortune to have stronger sympathies than principles. She was carried away by her impulses a great deal farther than she had fixed convictions to confirm her progress, and thus she was continually falling a victim to reaction, secretly retracing her steps, and seeking to balance her advances.

When she, the youngest daughter of a poor county family, had consented to marry a *nouveau riche* in the person of the great manufacturer, already the squire of Shardleigh, she had said with some amount of truth that she was not making a mere *mariage de convenance.* Her heart was in it. She was proud of the independence and energy which had enabled her husband to make his own fortune and found a family. She delighted in his plain, unaffected manliness.

Mrs. Douglas had enjoyed so much of a heart as to feel all this. But still it remained a fact that no woman had a livelier sense of the advantages of long descent and of generations of culture. She would never have renounced them for the sake of her husband, or become the wife of Archibald Douglas, the manufacturer, had he not also been the squire of Shardleigh.

And after Mrs. Douglas was the mistress of Shardleigh, though she avoided the bad taste of trying to sever her husband abruptly from his old business connections, and to set him at variance with his old friends, she made her delicate health, with the frequent necessity for her wintering abroad, the excuse for withdrawing him more and more from trade and manufactures. She contrived that he should see less and less of the Lancashire comrades and their wives, to whom she had always been, when she did meet them, perfectly gracious. She had by no means relished, though her husband had lived in blissful ignorance of the dislike—which its entertainer had been too much of a woman even to venture to own in so many words to herself—the stories that Mr. Douglas had been in the habit of refreshing himself and regaling his children, by telling them. He had loved to dwell on his primitive early home, his mother riding to market with her farm produce, and his own boyish ventures in trading.

In accordance with her inconsistent character, Mrs. Douglas had at first admired and encouraged in her son the gracious sentiment of common brotherliness, the large development of charity, and that strain of a romantic, chivalrous temperament, which had led him to indulge in dreams of enterprise, and especially of reform for the old sinning and erring, but always hopeful and always to be rescued world.

She had drawn back when she saw, too late, the extreme direction in which Archie's

tendencies were leading him—not to disquisition in Parliament, not to the trial of an allotment system, not to the furtherance of co-operation in trade, not even to the foundation of a Utopia; but to the absurd radicalism of establishing a practical acquaintance with men's needs and penalties, so as to enlighten himself by personal experience, and to establish a claim on his neighbour's confidence. And it was precisely where his mother stopped short that Archie Douglas went far beyond her.

To a woman like Mrs. Douglas the apprehension that Archie had clenched his alliance with the people by a low marriage, so utterly rash and ill-advised that even he recoiled from making it known, foreboded a terrible misfortune.

Yet she was sufficiently a good woman to have one comfort, though she had not acknowledged it to Jane — poor Janey! who was so presumptuous and silly in counting the cost. In her inmost heart she was proudly, almost tearfully, grateful for the knowledge that her boy, however fanatical and unfortunate, was out of the category and beyond the comprehension of a woman of Rica Wyndham's type. He was what his tutor had indicated as pure-minded as his sister; he could look his own mother in the face where every other woman in the world was concerned. This consciousness was a thing to be devoutly thankful for, while it was also a thing to be taken for granted in relation to Archie. But it existed somehow so deep down in her nature, and so far apart from ordinary worldly considerations, that she could not bring it up and dwell upon it so as to be reassured by it.

That reference which Jane had thrown out in the innocence of her heart to her father's origin had done no good. Mrs. Douglas knew, none better, that with all her husband's attainments, with all the man's large liberality of heart, which nobody had been more ready to grant than she, and in spite of the extraordinary business talents which had given him a special kind of distinction and power, she had always had to contend with the results of his early disadvantages.

If Archie had been so left to himself, so possessed as to take, in the madness of the moment, a low-born, low-bred wife, who would compromise him for the rest of his days, that wife could not be compared to his father. There was little chance of redeeming qualities being found in her. And Mrs. Douglas was not singular in this condemnation of Pleasance unseen and unheard.

What could Mrs. Douglas conjecture with regard to her son's choice, of which he was already ashamed, but that she had been, at the best, some barn-door beauty—coarse, rude, and hopelessly ignorant and narrow-minded?

In addition to every other source of trouble, Mrs. Douglas was hampered and stultified by the peculiar relations existing between her and her son. She had always been on terms of familiar affection with him, yet at the same time she had long accustomed herself to deal with him in all grave concerns by deputy. She would employ such friends as Mr. Selincourt—and her winning ways enabled her to command many allies in the most unlikely quarters; or she would appoint Mr. Woodcock, the confidential family lawyer, to remonstrate with Archie on his eccentric theories and practices. She had very seldom, from his boyhood, taken it upon her to tax him with an offence, and bring him to confess and make the best of it, as she now proposed to do. Her usual line of conduct had been induced partly by an uneasy semi-consciousness that Archie penetrated what was false and hollow in herself, partly by the exaggerated impression which she, a squire's daughter, held of the importance of her son's position as the young squire of Shardleigh, so that she could only treat him as a queen-mother would treat a reigning prince. But it had now become impossible to call in even the most honourable and trustworthy of councillors.

After Mrs. Douglas had given directions that her son should come to her immediately on his return to the house, her sensations, bodily and mental, were not to be envied. She sat growing chiller and chiller under her apprehensions, in her pretty, pleasant room which the sun had ceased to visit for the day, and where she had prevented a servant's coming to put fresh coals on the fire when she was about to hear Jane's story, so that the fire had been suffered to go out, and Mrs. Douglas could not have it rekindled lest Archie should enter in the middle of the process. Cold, watching, and trepidation were severe trials upon Mrs. Douglas's delicate organization, which had been cared for and petted in turn by parents, husband, and children.

Archie came straight home from his short interview with Pleasance, and went directly to his mother's room, when he was told that she wished to see him, as if he had been the most tractable son in England.

He knew, without the request which had

been made to him, that she must have heard something, and she knew that he must be so far prepared. That was some relief. There was no room left for finessing and going about the bush, to bring him of his own accord to the point. She might have been prompted to that, but it would have required an exercise of self-control and tact to which she felt she was at this moment unequal.

It was sufficient for mother and son to look into each other's pale, agitated faces. Mrs. Douglas gave up the elaborate programme which she had been striving to arrange, and addressed the culprit with a tender reproach in place of a guarded accusation.

"Can it be, Archie, that you have been in trouble, and your mother has not known it?"

He was sensibly touched—all the more so that he had just been wounded and stung to the quick by what he regarded as the obduracy rather than the infatuation of Pleasance.

"It is true, mother, that your kindness, however much I may have tried it, has never yet failed me," he said, speaking as much to himself as to her, sitting down on the couch beside her, even leaning his aching head for an instant caressingly against her shoulder.

"And it never shall fail you, Archie," said Mrs. Douglas, in one of her fervent asseverations. "But to enable me to help you, you must tell me what has happened."

"I mean to tell you all that there is to tell, and no thanks to me when I cannot withhold it any longer," said Archie, directing a passing sarcasm against himself, "but don't press me too much, particularly as neither you nor anybody else can help me."

"Don't say so, my dear boy, only let me hear the truth. I am sure of the truth from you," she hastened to add, when she observed him wince, "and we shall see what can be done."

"Nothing can be done," he said again, gloomily. "When I went off to see for myself what working-folks were like," he began his story in haste, and with undisguised bitterness, "I went so far as to marry a working girl without your knowledge. We were married in Saxford church, down in Suffolk. Selincourt saw it. He walked in by chance just after the ceremony, which he left me to publish. But don't break your heart, mother," he interrupted his statement sardonically, and as if he were affording grim compensation for the ejaculation of distress which Mrs. Douglas could not restrain at this confirmation of Jane's account, and of her own worst fears, "she will not trouble you; she will have nothing to do with you and me—I have seen the last of her."

Mrs. Douglas drew back for the second time this day shocked and appalled. She had thought that the utmost which she had dreaded from Archie's extraordinary notions had come upon her, but she found that there might be more terrible evils to follow.

The solution of the difficulty which occurred to her, though it might eventually restore Archie's freedom, would be dearly bought, and was what Mrs. Douglas had not bargained for.

"Has it come to that?" she asked, scarcely knowing what she said in her dismay and grief, "that you have married a woman whom I cannot speak to, and whom you can never own? Oh! Archie, my poor lost boy, you who were so good, how could you be so left to yourself?"

He started up in a passion of denial.

"Mother, are you out of your senses? or do you want to drive me out of mine? She was the nearest to perfection of any woman I ever knew. It was because she was too good for me that she gave me up. Mother, why are such good women pitiless in their intolerance?" he asked half wistfully, half wrathfully.

"His foolish infatuation is not extinguished, after all," thought his mother pityingly, and with a shade of scorn for which she might forgive herself, since it was very painful to her. Still she owned the sense of a hideous burden removed from her. His good name, the name of his father and Jane, which she, too, bore, would not be dragged through the mire. Nevertheless the strait remained a grievous and disastrous strait.

"I cannot understand you, Archie," she preferred to say in a safely ambiguous and—though she did not intend it—in a colder protest.

"I mean," said Archie impatiently, almost savagely, "that she, a working woman, has no wish to be a lady—the less so that her father was a gentleman, since she had an awful experience in her youth of what a lady can do. She does not covet, she absolutely rejects, the distinction which such as you would grudge her. She married me as a working man. It was without her knowledge and against her will that I sought to raise her to my position. She will not consent to be raised. She cannot pardon my presumption, and the deception of which I was guilty."

It was an extraordinary story, and Mrs. Douglas, who might have listened to it, and

had a word to say for it, had it concerned any other than Archie, at once set on it the seal of disbelief which it was likely to receive from men and women of the world. Poor Archie! he was doubly taken in; he was just the fellow to have his confidence thoroughly abused. Of course the girl had known what she was about, and had seen through any flimsy disguise which the young squire of Shardleigh could think to assume.

Mrs. Douglas caught at the chance—something to break the blow, something to give time, a reprieve which might, she could not tell how, in the chapter of accidents, end by proving a deliverance.

She had already, while she was awaiting her son, taken the resolution, that if the suggestion of Archie's having made a secret low marriage should prove true, Mrs. Douglas knew only too well how fast such a disparaging rumour with regard to a young man in Archie Douglas's position spreads and establishes itself in London—then she would employ once more the excuse of her delicate health, to give up for the present season the idea of bringing out the only daughter, for which she had been detaining Archie, against his inclinations, in town. He had been wishing to break loose and go down on his own account to Shardleigh, or to start off again to the ends of the earth, for anything that she had been able to discover. She had learnt the secret of his discontent. As it was, she would go down to Shardleigh herself. Jane was young, her coming out might very well be delayed, she would not mind it; anything would be better than for her to make her entrance into society with a cloud hanging over her brother.

In the meantime the cloud might pass, at least the story would grow stale. It was all very sad and painful, and doubly distressing when one considered how brilliant Archie's prospects had been!

Here was the opportunity for diplomatic temporising which came so naturally and was so dear to Mrs. Douglas, not so much from inherent falseness as because she was radically weak in her cleverness.

Therefore Mrs. Douglas did not urge on Archie what, even according to her conception of the case, would have been the manliest and wisest course, reconciliation with his wife. She did not offer to become a mediator between them, with the end in view, of supporting him by countenancing his wife, and making the best that was left to be made of a bad business. She acquiesced—all the more unjustifiably because in her ignorance and prejudice she had taken up an entire misconception of the facts—as if it were incontestable, that his wife would not assume her place, and that he was parted from her.

Mrs. Douglas's solitary suggestion was, "If there is such incompatibility between you and the girl you have made your wife, as to require your separation, something must be done for her. You have given her your name, she cannot be allowed to go on working for her support, it would not be consistent with your honour, Archie."

"She is welcome to all I have, for that matter, but I do not see how she is to be got to take a fraction of it. You do not know her, mother," he said, brusquely. He was secretly in a rage with his mother for not contradicting him, for not reminding him that marriage was binding and sacred, for not enjoining on him at least to try to be reconciled to Pleasance by all patient efforts to remove or lessen the obstacles between them, although he could not conceive that Mrs. Douglas's doing so would have been of any avail. In the middle of his indignation also, there was a strange tormenting sense of absurdity in the idea, that his mother should be solemnly begging him to make a provision for Pleasance, because she bore his name, and because it would not befit his duty and dignity to leave her to her own resources, and to let her want. And all the time he would have laid his whole possessions at her feet, and she would not listen.

"Archie, don't you think that you had better send for Mr. Woodcock, confide all to him, hear what he will say, and get him to make some arrangement?" Mrs. Douglas said farther, anxiously and earnestly.

Archie was disappointed in his mother, but he had known what he had to expect, and the disappointment was not very deep. Besides, it was swallowed up in a greater disappointment. He was a little contemptuous as well as disappointed. "You may send for whom you please," he said, ungraciously turning on his heel like the spoiled lad he had been, and putting a hasty end to the discussion which was gall and wormwood to him, "you may make what arrangements you think fit, I shall not interfere. There is her present address," and he put down a card on which he had written it, "only remember that she is not to be molested, or forced into any course that she does not choose, for any consideration with which I have to do."

There was nothing that his mother could have liked better, after the catastrophe which

had befallen Archie, than this arrangement. "My dear," she said, with affectionate emphasis, "I shall do the very best I can for you since you trust me, in this sad affair. I shall not only seek to do what is becoming on your part" (forgetting that he had just forbidden her to consider him), "I shall strive to judge what is best for the poor young woman's welfare. You hear that I am not blaming her, Archie."

"Better not, mother," he turned when he was at the door to say sternly, "for this is not merely the ordinary story where both parties are to blame—only the man is the more to blame; all the blame is mine."

CHAPTER XL.—MR. WOODCOCK'S ROVING COMMISSION.

Mr. Woodcock was not an old family servant of the Douglases, seeing that the great manufacturer had raised himself, and hereditary family servants were inadmissible in what was only the second generation. In a sense Mr. Woodcock was a servant to no man; he was a well-born, well-bred old lawyer, who was on perfect equality with all save the very highest of his clients. His father and grandfather before him had been law agents to the former owners of Shardleigh; and their valuable familiarity with its resources, had rendered the agency an heirloom of the firm which every new proprietor was likely for his own sake to acknowledge.

Archie Douglas's father had gladly availed himself of Mr. Woodcock's assistance, and had been on cordial terms with him. Thus the agent had a double interest in Archie—who had grown up under his own eye, and to some extent under his guidance, both as the son of his friend and as the young squire of Shardleigh.

Mr. Woodcock had a sort of fatherly regard for both of the young Douglases, but upon the whole he was fondest of Archie, though he put most dependence on Jane. He had also a considerable liking for Mrs. Douglas while enduring some amount of provocation from her, and while retaliating by laughing at her civilly and in his sleeve—processes of which the lady was naturally unaware.

Mr. Woodcock, in appearance hale, handsome, white-haired, and ruddy—more like a country squire himself than a city man—was an acute, practical elderly gentleman, just turned sixty. He was not without a recollection of youthful aspirations of his own, which had not been strictly confined to the law courts; and he had a humorous side to his nature, equivalent to an assurance of some amount of large-heartedness, however well kept in hand. He had heard many queer stories from clients in his day, and was prepared to receive any addition to his store without experiencing or expressing much surprise or emotion of any kind. It did cut him up a little that young Archie Douglas was the black sheep in this case; but Mr. Woodcock had already been in possession of premises which, according to his judgment, ought to have prepared him for the catastrophe.

Mr. Woodcock sat in Mrs. Douglas's room in the house in Grosvenor Place. He had been brought there for a very special private interview, and had heard her version of the story without interruption.

"So my friend Archie has gone and done it?" he asked, rather in a tone of regretful assent than as raising an objection, sitting nodding his head in distinct, emphatic nods.

It was a significant circumstance of the generation and of the people that neither Mrs. Douglas nor Mr. Woodcock entertained for a moment the slightest suspicion of Archie's perfect sincerity in his marriage, however little satisfaction he might have derived from it, and however reluctant he might have shown himself to make it known. All the reference which Mr. Woodcock made to this point, was, that he should communicate with Selincourt, and take a run down to the parish of Saxford, in order to see that the marriage was duly attested, for where a man like Douglas of Shardleigh was concerned, his lawyer must be particular.

"Well, madam," Mr. Woodcock was saying (he had an old-fashioned habit of addressing a lady as "madam"), "we might have expected it since those days when he would come off his pony in crossing Shard Common, to let the young village beggars have a ride; and above all since that outbreak a few months ago, when he would play Christopher Sly in a reverse fashion all his own. He has been badly bitten with philanthropy, and has had a pretty strong tinge of Christian socialism from his birth."

"But what is to be done?" asked Mrs. Douglas, concealing her impatience and annoyance at the old lawyer's coolness and apparent disposition to philosophize over the disaster under the languor which her delicacy of health and the effects of the blow she had received warranted.

"I should say this plunge would cure him," answered Mr. Woodcock promptly,

not without a sardonic twinkle in his eye. "There will be no more of even political see-sawing. He will be henceforth as stout a Tory, if there be such an animal left, as you, madam, can desire."

"Oh, what do his political opinions signify now?" Mrs. Douglas was driven to protest, in plaintive vexation. "It is the *fiasco* which the poor boy has made of his personal affairs that is the misery. Is it not hard when our boy's prospects were so brilliant, were they not? that he should contrive to mar them frightfully, and he barely five-and-twenty?"

"He has not done his prospects any good, certainly," admitted the adviser, still with professional wariness. "I am not at all sure that he has not earned his experience not to meddle in other people's affairs or to mix separate interests, at much too high a price."

"You may say so," said poor Mrs. Douglas, with a groan. "He might have married into any of the best families in the country; he had everything in his favour, everything to recommend him; or he might have remained single, at least while he had us to make a home for him at Shardleigh. It is grievous to think that his very singleness of heart and generosity—what made him so much better and dearer than other young men—have led him so far astray, and left him so easy a prey."

"The result is not a contradiction, but rather in natural sequence. My dear Mrs. Douglas, you are no worse off than your neighbours—I mean, of course, your neighbours who have highflying sons; only in Archie's case I should have expected the punishment—the rue, if you will have it so—to have taken a different form. I did think that he had sufficient brains and heart to cause him to make such a bargain as he could and would stick to, for better, for worse—and that, being what he is, his bargain would have stuck to him. My humble opinion agrees with yours so far, that what you call his goodness—and I have no reason to suppose that he is not the honest, hare-brained enthusiast we took him to be—should have been to this extent his safeguard. I cannot understand, and I confess I like least of all, this rapid mutual revulsion between the pair. I should not mind, as a lawyer, hearing the young woman's version of the story."

"That is just what we wish you to do," said Mrs. Douglas eagerly; "that is, we shall be thankful if you will have the goodness to go to her, and see if she will come to terms—if she will consent to any arrangement that will be for Archie's credit and comfort—all the credit and comfort that are left to him, poor fellow. I am sure you will do me the justice to believe that I am very sorry for the young woman who has taken so mistaken a step."

"You will excuse me, madam, for doubting whether, when the Rubicon is passed, there can be any arrangement save one, that is for Archie's abiding credit," said Mr. Woodcock plainly. "I am sensible that it is my office to be a go-between, a 'redder,' as they call it in Scotland," allowed Mr. Woodcock, with a shrug of his shoulders, "but if the redder is to come between man and wife, I should prefer to speak to the man first. You will forgive me again, Mrs. Douglas, but I must trouble Archie with regard to my credentials."

"By all means," said Mrs. Douglas, with a courteous deference to the lawyer's scruples that would have concealed from most people a shade of stiffness in her consent. "Come back to dinner, and talk to Archie afterwards. You are privileged, and you have my authority to speak to him on the subject; but I am afraid that even you will find it a difficult and disagreeable task."

"Where is the task worthy of the name that is not both difficult and disagreeable?" demanded the old lawyer, rising gallantly to the encounter.

"She is utterly incapable of any stage-mother's villainy," reflected Mr. Woodcock, when the interview was at an end. "I have always thought her a good sort of woman and mother, so far as warring instincts and influences would let her. She is a production of high civilisation and of a certain amount of liberal, even kindly sentiment, grafted on class exclusiveness and self-indulgence. The best thing about her is that she makes no pretence of cynicism. But just because she is what she is, with a shaky moral backbone, and beset by a tendency to subtlety and finesse, she is not to be trusted in so delicate a matter. But there is more than Archie's credit to be considered—ah! she spoke the truth, the lad had fine prospects, which, if he could but have been sufficiently immoral to think chiefly of himself, he might have escaped making ducks and drakes of. There is the future of the property to think of. Even his sister's welfare is implicated; but no. I doubt that poor Archie, having contrived to make a low marriage—he should know best, and he is doing what he can to prove that he has found it dis-

graceful—has severed the close alliance with his sister. It will be the duty of her guardians, of whom I am one, to separate brother and sister in time to come. I am not sentimental, but I remember them as two pretty children, of whom Douglas was as proud and fond as most fathers are silly enough to be. And he used to hug himself on their being boy and girl, and such a pair of friends as the four or five years between them permitted—Archie would look after Jane, and see that she was not put upon ; and Jane would soften and sweeten Archie, as if the softening and sweetening were not likely to be on the other side, when Jane has the father's fibre and Archie is the mother in ideal with a man's ballast. And here is the end of it, that they should be forbidden each other's presence, and hardly know each other by the time they come to die."

It was on the day after the scene in the Park that Mr. Woodcock dined in Grosvenor Square for the purpose of "tackling" Archie on his delinquency, and trying to arrive at a clearer comprehension of it.

Already the vague sense of something terribly wrong brooded mysteriously over those quarters of the house where no direct intimation had been given of the nature of the wrong. It was simply identified with the young master and a woman who, according to Evans the groom's tale, had made up to Mr. Douglas when he was riding with the young ladies in the Park. The servants, headed by Mr. Debree, the elderly butler, and Mrs. Ramsay, the middle-aged housekeeper—both of whom had something of Archie's mother's mingled pride in, and pity for, him, as a fine fellow with a screw loose—united with their solemn curiosity, much compassion for Archie and strong condemnation of his visionary foes.

Archie sedulously avoided his mother and sister. Mrs. Douglas, in her turn, shunned Jane, who would seek farther information, and would suggest the most outrageous line of conduct, such as the family's immediately adopting its strange daughter-in-law (Jane remained ignorant of the discord between Archie and his wife), and her becoming Jane's pupil. Then, perhaps, at some distant date, Archie's wife would grow so tamed and civilised that she would reward them all, and be another pet of mamma's. Mamma was very willing to have pets, and very good in making allowance for them. And she had such a nice estimation of the little which she knew of the virtues and sacrifices of those lower ranks so far removed from her. Jane concluded that her mother loved them for the sake of her father, because he had been a man of humble birth, and had built up his own fortune—facts of which his widow must be naturally proud.

Rica Wyndham showed herself the least affected by the pervading agitation, and behaved with great self-command. She represented the social proprieties, looked and spoke as if nothing were happening, and overcame the awkwardness of being a third party in a house which is in the half-smothered spasms of an unconfessed domestic crisis. She proved the advantage of the presence of a competent outsider who can play the world to perfection, and compel the actors themselves to an equally well-bred and desirable restraint over themselves—nay, to an obligatory keeping up of the ball in the intercourse of life.

Rica Wyndham had never looked better, or shown to greater social advantage than she did at the dinner, where there was only Mr. Woodcock to pay much heed to her, and he noticed her rather with the critical acumen of a student of humanity than with an overflowing regard for the genus of which she formed a striking specimen. She had a good middle-sized figure, only slightly disfigured as yet by too great an inclination to embonpoint; a complexion of creamy whiteness, contrasting well with her black eyes—those half-shut eyes which seem singularly divided between sleep and laughter—silky black hair, and very delicately pencilled black eyebrows. Her features were rather small, but very pretty, including a small aquiline nose and clearly cut and curved mouth, with the corners inclining upwards. But the distinction of the face was, that it was that of a *moqueuse*, who not only took the world as she found it, and bore its rubs with remarkable philosophy for so young a woman, but who found much to laugh at in its most unpleasant contradictions. Those who knew her best said that there was a proud and passionate nature underlying the sunny, rippled surface; but the depths were rarely stirred. Doubtless Rica was one of the women who judge that strong feeling is neither becoming nor wholesome, and who deliberately cultivate a gay and light-hearted indifference.

At this dinner Rica was taking her diversion, and making her own out of Mrs. Douglas's melancholy rallies, anxiously elaborate forbearance and excessive gentleness in conversation. She was amusing herself with Jane's silent, breathless absorption,

and her impulsive, mute appeals to Mr. Woodcock, her father's friend, who had always been specially friendly to her, and who was called in like a physician, and would surely set this horrible embroilment right by approving of and supporting her plans. Rica was rather enjoying in a half contemptuous way Archie's spasmodic firmness and his fitful efforts to back her in maintaining the flippant raillery in which he had indulged with her lately, and from which nothing was sacred.

Poor Archie Douglas! Rica reflected. He was not mawkishly sentimental, and pale to boot, in his goodness, like his mother, or like his sister, a very green goose. She revenged herself when he pulled her up suddenly for one of her flights. It had been a laughingly supercilious estimate of something or other—the last gallant adventure in travel, the last high attainment in art, the last story of noble self-devotion and faithful toil, which were to be their own reward, such an incident as would have kindled Pleasance Hatton's cheeks and eyes with a sympathetic radiance. And Rica said to him in an undertone, "You had better bite me, and make a short end of me."

He was forced to bite his own lips instead, to redden, and say, laughing back to her, that he hoped never to see the end of her, she could not be *de trop*, &c.

That irksome nonsense came to an end with the withdrawal of the ladies; but, unfortunately, Archie was only released from Scylla to encounter Charybdis. He knew what would come when he and Mr. Woodcock were left to look at the flowers in the epergne, to trifle with the nutcrakers, and to pass the wine.

Archie Douglas was manly enough in many respects, but he felt as if his punishment was more than he could bear, and that he could hardly endure what he had brought upon himself. In addition to every other source of rebellion, from the element of boyishness in Archie, he had got it into his head that Mrs. Douglas had dealt unfairly with him in setting Woodcock at him, and in not finishing off the matter herself, particularly when it could come to nothing among them.

Mr. Woodcock was a very different man from Mr. Selincourt, but he too bore in mind that Archie Douglas was his own master and the master of Shardleigh. He waited for a little time, to let Archie have the chance of introducing the business himself, in his own way, and when he would not avail himself of the opportunity, then Mr. Woodcock was valiant to make the plunge necessary to break the ice.

"Archie," he said, looking into his glass to spare the young man, "your mother has consulted me, and given me leave to speak to you. It seems you have committed a very imprudent act, got yourself into a shocking mess, in short."

"I suppose I am not the first fellow who has got himself into a mess without the help of a lawyer," said Archie, defiantly, looking his senior in the face.

"No, nor will you be the last," said Mr. Woodcock, returning the look, "but I have always found it the best thing in these cases to dismiss generalities and stick to particulars. I put it in this way to you, my friend Archie. I do not wish to pry into your affairs, but if my experience can be of the least use to you, it is a pity that you should not avail yourself of it. Here is my view of the matter," he went on, thinking to make confession easier to his listener. "You began by putting yourself into a difficult, and I must say a false, position. Your excited fancy was caught by some girl's face which struck you as fairer in its rustic simplicity than beauty adorned in the most orthodox fashion. Without more ado, rather set on flame by the idea of social objections, and despising all ulterior consequences, as you semi-poetic fellows are prone to do, you set yourself to woo and win your peasant nymph. Having succeeded in your object, you found that your pearl of dew was—well, but a drop of ordinary rain-water after all. She was, in all probability—excuse me Douglas, I am bound to speak out—very ignorant, perhaps a little stupid and silly, even coarse, poor thing. She fretted, bored, and affronted you, and so you had a quarrel, and went your different ways. All very well, at least not altogether ill, had you been merely lovers, but unfortunately you were a great deal more. If a man has simply made a great mistake in the contract, he is bound to bear the consequences of his shortsightedness, and he is not the only—generally not the chief sufferer. The evil may not be irremediable—with youth, there is a tolerably wide scope for hope, thank God; but even if the error were beyond compensation, who should pay the penalty but the original offender?"

"You are altogether wrong. There are more things in the world than even you dream of in your philosophy, Woodcock." He spoke in a tone of such bitter mockery that it fairly silenced his adviser.

There was a pause, and when the family friend spoke again, it was much more formally and briefly. "Am I to understand that your separation from your wife does not admit of a reconciliation?"

"It does not," said Archie, "since it lies with her, and not with me."

The admission confirmed Mr. Woodcock in his suspicion. "At the same time you propose to admit the marriage, and do not seek to have it annulled, if that were possible?" he asked again stiffly.

"It is not possible," declared Archie, sternly—"it is not possible from your own showing, however sorely the man or the woman may repent of it."

"Then I conclude that you are prepared to make a provision for the woman to whom you have given your name, and from whom you do not desire to take it. She cannot be left to herself or to other people for her support in the future. Her maintenance is not only your obligation, it will be your wisest course to give her an interest in living peaceably and decorously apart from you."

"You may give her Shardleigh if you like, and if she will have it," broke in Archie.

This speech, with its impulsiveness and lavish generosity, was much more like the Archie of old, and it softened Mr. Woodcock, who was beginning to harden against the culprit sitting in youthful haggardness and wretchedness opposite him.

"Softly, my dear boy, that is out of the question. But there is the old dowager house down at Stone Cross, that is far enough away from Shardleigh and the rest of you, and is a quiet place. She might occupy that with a suitable allowance."

Mr. Woodcock could get nothing farther out of Archie than to let his wife have what Mr. Woodcock would, or rather what she would take. Archie would enter into no particulars, and vouchsafe no explanation.

THE COMMUNION-TABLE IN CHESTER CATHEDRAL.

"In the place where He was crucified there was a garden."—St. John xix. 41.

I.—INTRODUCTION.

LET no one suppose, because I avoid the word "Altar" in this paper, that I am about to enter into any of the questions of the day, which cause excitement in connection with Rubrics and Ritual. Whether in their triviality or in their seriousness such questions are quite out of harmony with the spirit of what I am writing here. It is indeed quite true that the word "Altar" was, under the combined action of Convocation and Parliament, carefully removed from our English Book of Common Prayer, and never reinstated; and that this change is significant. This fact, like other facts of the Prayer Book, has its claim on the loyalty of those who have solemnly given to it their adhesion; such a change too, deliberately made and deliberately retained, has of course, its connection with Doctrine; but such questions do not concern us here.*

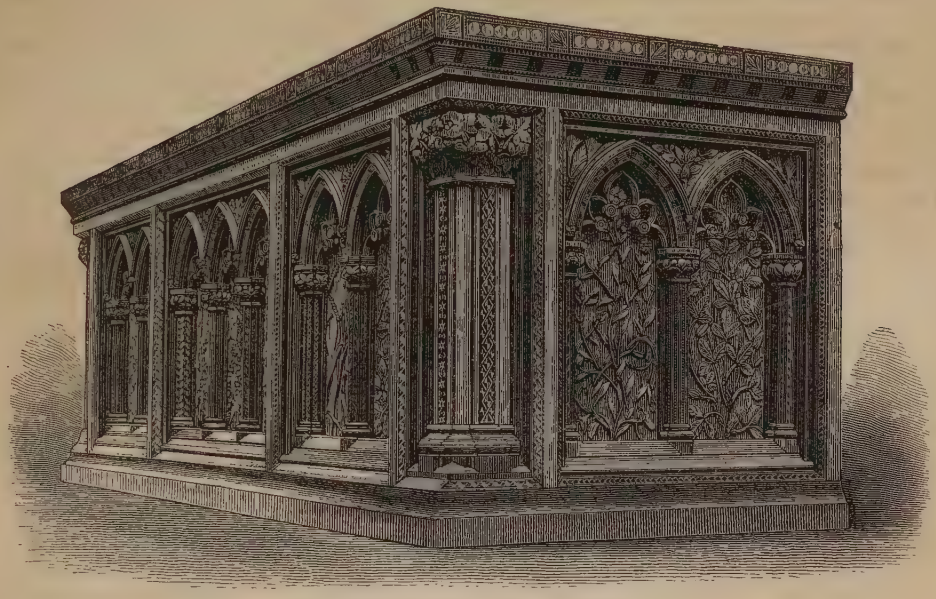
In the eighty-second Canon of the Church of England it is directed that there is to be "a decent Communion-Table" in every church. It was of course requisite that this condition should be fulfilled in the Choir of Chester Cathedral, as it now appears after prolonged and careful restoration. It is equally clear that this part of the furniture of the choir ought to be beautiful. In any case I think the word "decent" denotes something more than the mere absence of squalor and untidiness; and in a cathedral, which has marked features of elegance and dignity, I presume that it means something more than that which it would mean in an ordinary parish church. Rich wood-work, too, is a characteristic of this cathedral. Moreover, I have been very anxious that its decorative parts should, while consistent with one another and with the whole, be made subservient to purposes of instruction—and instruction harmonious with the Bible. And once more, I was desirous to escape, more or less, from those ecclesiastical and artistic ruts, which, as it seems to me, confine us too narrowly. Thus it occurred to me that a very useful suggestion might be furnished by the thought of a Garden in connection with the fact of the Crucifixion, and that the Holy Table in this cathedral might suitably receive its decoration from the forms

* I may be allowed to refer here to a paper in Good Words for 1873, by Dean Stanley, on "The Altar in Westminster Abbey." See also some remarks by the late Canon Kingsley at p. 330 of a paper on "Grots and Groves" in Good Words for 1871.

of the plants connected with our Saviour's Passion.

While these thoughts were in my mind, I unexpectedly obtained the help of a worker in art, who entered warmly into my feelings,* and, still more unexpectedly, obtained a gift of wood from Palestine, which adds extremely to the value of this part of our cathedral-choir, and, indeed, gives to it an interest, which, so far as I know, is not possessed by any other church in Christendom.† The top of the table is a very grand slab of oak from Bashan, the panels which present the surface-decorations are olive‡ from the Holy Land, and the shafts at the angles are of cedar from Lebanon. The different plants which form the subjects of ornamentation will be mentioned presently in order, and with such remarks as, I trust, may lead to serious, reverent, and thankful feelings. What has been found to one mind suggestive of religious thought may be similarly suggestive to other minds. These introductory paragraphs may conclude with a further reference to the general subject.

This general subject is found in those words of St. John that are prefixed to this article. "In the place where the Lord was crucified there was a Garden." Let me ask that particular attention may be given to the word *crucified*. We all associate the *entombment* of our Lord with "a garden." And we cannot avoid this. The very "gardener" is mentioned by St. John in the account of what took place in the dim morning of the Resurrection.§ And to this point we shall come in due order before we close. But St. John is here speaking, not of the entombment, but of the crucifixion. It is not the grave of Christ, but the cross of Christ, which is here connected with the "garden."



The Communion Table in Chester Cathedral.

I very much doubt whether we are altogether correct in our popular conception of the place of the crucifixion, as made familiar to us in pictures,—which we are apt to imagine as a dreary, squalid, and cursed place, made dismal with bones and skulls. No doubt Golgotha denotes in some sense "a place of a skull," for this we are expressly told,* but probably this has reference to the form and appearance of the ground. At all events, it was the law and custom of the Jews, that the remains of the dead should be *buried;* and, on the other theory, we should

* Mr. G. F. Armitage, of Townfield House, Altrincham, has carved all the panels except one. The general structure of the Table, as well as of the Re-Table (designed by Sir Gilbert Scott) which surmounts it, is the work of Messrs. Farmer and Brindley.

† Mr. Henry Lee, of Sedgeley Park, near Manchester, generously gave me these woods, which he himself brought from Palestine.

‡ Some small portions of the wood of the Mount of Olives itself are also added in one part of the work.

§ John xx. 15.

* Matt. xxvii. 33.

expect Calvary to have been called "the place of skulls,"—not of one skull, but of several. However this may be, the above-quoted sentence in St. John's Gospel puts side by side for us the Cross and the Garden; and, taking this juxta-position into our minds, and meditating upon it, we can find our way to some subjects of very edifying thought. It is not indeed necessary to suppose that the cross of our Lord and the crosses of the two thieves were actually set up in the midst of a garden. All that we need assume is that the garden was close at hand. All that I ask of the reader at this point, is to follow the invitation of the Evangelist, and to set the Cross and the Garden in his mind together, and to blend the associations of the one with the associations of the other.

The juxtaposition and the contrast are very striking. On the one hand is all that is most intense in sorrow and anguish, shame and dishonour, weariness and desolation; on the other hand are freshness and fragrance, prosperous growth, fruitfulness and beauty. There is one general salutary lesson in this, which, looking at the subject as a whole, we should not lose sight of. It seems to associate the thought of the Cross with all the fair products of Nature, and with all human industry in connection with the plants given to Man for use. A solemn and chastening benediction seems to come over all this wide world of beauty and fruitfulness from the presence of the Cross in the Garden.

But we can follow this thought further by help of various recorded particulars in connection with the story of our Saviour's Passion. A sacred analogy of this kind appears to run through the whole narrative. I propose to pursue this analogy by help of these particulars. We shall see this conjunction of the Cross and the Garden in various aspects, as we notice in succession plants and trees which receive a prominent mention in this solemn history. This is the principle on which the decoration of the Communion Table in Chester Cathedral has been arranged. Nor do I think that there is anything forced or unnatural in such a method. In pursuing this train of thought, I merely seek to put together what we find regarding this subject in the Scriptures. The result seems to me a proof and illustration of the extreme richness of the Bible, and of its power to yield us unexpected and most instructive views, even if we traverse it by small secluded bye-paths, along which we have never found our way before.

II.—BRANCHES OF PALM-TREES.

Among the plants and trees that are named in the history of our Saviour's Passion, we begin, as is natural, with *the Palm*. For two reasons this beginning is natural. First, the palm was in ancient times, of all vegetable growths, the most characteristic of Palestine; and, secondly, in the opening scene of the solemn week, which the work of art now before us commemorates, the triumphal approach of our Lord from the Mount of Olives to Jerusalem, "branches of palm-trees" are conspicuously mentioned.*

As to the first point, one of the saddest outward changes in the present condition of the Holy Land is that the stately form of the palm-tree is almost gone. But in the days of the early Roman Empire—which is the time of which we are now speaking—the state of things in this respect was very different. The great writer of that period on Natural History says, "Judæa is famous for its palms." The general name of Phœnicia was derived from the Greek name for this tree. All through the occupation of this land by the Jews, whether independent or as subjects, the noble aspect of this tree was a familiar thing in town and in country. The solitary palm-tree of Deborah lives for ever in the history of the Hebrews. The palm-groves of Jericho were proverbial, as we learn even from the Latin poets. When the country was finally subdued and ruined, its fate was represented on the coins of the Empire by a captive weeping under a palm-tree.

Art, too, in earlier times, among the Hebrews themselves, had made use of this familiar form of trunk and foliage; for both in the real temple of Solomon and in the visionary temple of Ezekiel, the palm-tree is one of the subjects of sculptured decoration. In the latter this form appears not only on the posts of the temple, but as the adornment of walls and doors, in combination with cherubim; and Ezekiel having been a captive on the banks of the Chebar, we naturally look for the suggestions of his vision in that Assyrian architecture with which recent discoveries have made us acquainted, and where palm-trees interchanging with animal forms are frequently seen employed in decoration.† But the literal temple of Solomon seems to bring us in contact with the indigenous growth of this tree in Palestine, and there we find it employed for surface ornamentation, with cherubim and open flowers and chain-work, while, overlaying and covering these ornaments, was "gold fitted upon the carved

* John xii. 13. † Ezek. xl. 16; xli. 18.

work.* Thus the Table, which we are now examining and describing, and in which carved palm-leaves are introduced here and there, has in its decoration something in common with the old Hebrew Temple, while they are further connected together by the fact that in both cases the material employed is olive wood from Palestine.

There is a meaning, however, in the palm-leaves, which we see in the spandrels and on the edges of this Communion Table, which they could not have had in any period before the week of our Lord's Passion. And here let us turn back to the growth of this tree near Jerusalem. It is most to our purpose to observe that this growth is very particularly connected in Scripture with the Mount of Olives. In that famous passage of Nehemiah, which tells us how the people were directed, at the Feast of Tabernacles, to "go forth *unto the mount*, and to fetch olive-branches, and pine-branches, and palm-branches,"† the mount here denoted is the Mount of Olives. The name of the village of Bethany on that hill denotes "the house of dates," which are the fruit of the palm-tree. When our Lord, shortly before He was to suffer upon the cross, looked down from the western ridge of this hill upon Jerusalem and wept over it, there is little doubt that palm-leaves were rustling near Him or overhead; and now, when the Crucifixion is still nearer, and when we have immediately before our thoughts His approach to Jerusalem down the descent of this very Mount of Olives, we have the "branches of palm-trees" mentioned by St. John—branches, as appears from the expression in the original, torn from the trees that grew in the gardens along the road by which He passed.

This brings us to that other topic to which reference was made, as justifying our introduction of, and beginning with, the palm-tree. This great gathering of people in a triumphal procession, with joyful acclamations and with "branches of palm-trees," forms the true starting-point for that week of dark suffering and sorrow which we term Passion Week. The meaning of the palm-branches cannot be mistaken. Though agony and death were in prospect, they were a token of joy. The Cross was in a Garden. Among the Heathen peoples of that day the palm was an emblem of victory, as could be shown by manifold illustrations. Here, however, we ought rather to think of the subject in connection with the feeling of the *Jewish* people; and we discover one indication of their feeling in the custom of the Feast of Tabernacles. In the original directions for this feast, as given in the Book of Leviticus, we find it said: "Ye shall take you on the first day the boughs of goodly trees, *branches of palm-trees* . . . . and ye shall rejoice before the Lord your God seven days."* This was always the custom afterwards; and we have seen an illustration in the passage quoted from the Book of Nehemiah. And this, probably, is the association which we should take with us when we seek to interpret what we read in the Book of Revelation: "After this I beheld, and lo! a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations and kindreds, and people and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed in white robes and *palms* in their hands, and cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God, which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb."†

Thus, even in the mysterious visions of the Apocalypse, we find the palm among the imagery which surrounds "the Lamb that was slain;" and before these meditations are closed, we shall find that we can discern there, in *another* sense, the Cross in the Garden. But let us pause at present with the entry into Jerusalem. It was a joyous moment. We begin our Passion Week with the acclamations of children, and the welcome of an eager crowd and the waving of green leaves; and this beginning is truthful according to the Scriptures. The joy soon passed away. Behind this hearty and innocent enthusiasm was the deep malignity of the enemies of Christ. The palm-leaves were soon to be intermingled with the thorns. But still we have this earliest scene most carefully recorded and most strongly impressed on our minds. We must not forget that the palm—emblematic of life and victory—was among the plants of the Garden which surrounded the Cross; and this fact is set vividly before our minds in the rich embroidery, the gift of a generous donor, and the work of skilful hands, which is laid on the Communion Table of our restored Cathedral.‡

III.—BREAD AND WINE.

In illustrating, on the method here adopted, the solemn events of Passion Week, there is

* 1 Kings vi. 29, 32, 35; and 2 Chron. iii. 5. See 1 Kings vi. 36 for the employment of the same form of decoration in metal-work for the Temple.
† Neh. viii. 15.

* Lev. xxiii. 40. † Rev. vii. 9, 10.
‡ This gift is due to Mrs. Brown, of High Lane, near Stockport.

no need why we should follow the exact order of those events. We are dealing with Poetry rather than Chronology: and Poetry, in its way, is quite as true as Chronology. The panels are so arranged as to exhibit on the front of the Communion Table, in combination with the Thorn, the Vine and the Wheat which indicate the Eucharist, while the northern end is representative of the Crucifixion, and the southern of the Entombment. Still it is desirable in the description to follow, on the whole, the correct sequence of events. It was after the Lord had instituted the Eucharist that He went with His disciples to Mount Olivet; and it was after the agony, under the olive-trees of that mount, that He was crowned with thorns. To these subjects we shall pass in due order. At this point we turn to the Vine and the Wheat.

There are many aspects of the Lord's Supper. Here we touch only one. But it is an advantage, that in contemplating it in this one aspect we are taken quite away from painful discussions, and led to dwell on the simplicity of this ordinance, as originally instituted. How the Church has suffered, and how individual souls have suffered, from the speculations and debates which have entangled and complicated the simplicity of Christ's institution!

"Bread and wine, which the Lord hath commanded to be received"—such are the words of the English Church Catechism—adapted to children, and adapted, no less, to those who are older. What a loving instruction there is for us in this simple institution! How evidently it is the same voice which speaks to us in the parables! The familiar products of the earth, the familiar results of human industry, the fair forms of vegetable growth, God's good gifts in nature for practical use—these are made the vehicles of the highest and most solemn teaching. The cornfield and the vineyard are thus ordained, by the most sacred appointment, to become to us a perpetual parable. To use the words which have been taken as a motto to this course of illustrative description, we have here again the Cross in the midst of a Garden: for we must remember that a garden, in the Jewish sense of the word, was not so much a place of flowers, for fragrance and beauty, as a place of cultivation, for utility and for the supply of the wants of life. The Cross, viewed in this connection, seems to associate the thought of Redemption with all our common industry, and with the daily domestic experience of every family in the world.

And here, too, we must pause for a moment to think of the great beauty of these outward forms of the vine and the corn-plant. Nature and Grace are in harmony together, and together they give suggestions to Art. There are at this time much doubt and debate concerning the decoration of our churches. We cannot make a mistake, as regards either taste or theology, if, while thinking of the cross of Christ, we make even a lavish use of these fair and familiar growths of our cultivated gardens, the vineyard and the cornfield, to which so Divine a consecration has been given.

"Corn and wine," in the language of Holy Scripture, is the expression used to denote all that is needed for support, for strength, and for prosperity. When Isaac blessed Jacob, supposing him to be Esau, he said, "God give thee of the dew of heaven, and the fulness of the earth, and plenty of corn and wine;" and when the agonized cry of intreaty came from Esau, the answer was, "Behold! with corn and wine have I sustained him."* In the Book of Deuteronomy, the general blessing of Moses on the Promised Land is this: "Israel shall dwell in safety alone: the fountain of Jacob shall be upon a land of corn and wine."† When spiritual blessing is contrasted in the Psalms with general worldly prosperity, the expression is: "Thou hast put gladness in my heart since the time when their corn and wine increased:"‡ and in one of the chapters of Jeremiah, which are now appointed to be read in our churches during Passion Week, the utter desolation of famine and weakness in Jerusalem is described by saying: "The children swoon in the streets of the city: they say to their mothers, Where is corn and wine?" §

All this sacred analogy of Scriptural language was surely in the mind of Christ when He said, "I am the true vine: without Me ye can do nothing:"‖ and again (still referring to Himself): "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."¶ And, surely there is this (though also there is more than this) in the Eucharist. We see the Cross in the Garden, when we read the word of the institution: "As they did eat, Jesus took bread and blessed, and brake it and gave to them and said, This is my body. And He took the cup, and when He had given thanks, He said unto them, This is my

* Gen. xxvii. 28, 37.
† Deut. xxxiii. 28.
‡ Ps. iv. 7.
‖ Lam. ii. 11, 12.
§ John xiv. 1, 5.
¶ John xii. 24.

blood of the New Testament, which is shed for many. Verily I say unto you, I will drink no more of the fruit of the vine till I drink it new in the kingdom of God.—And when they had sung a hymn, they went out to the Mount of Olives." *

Bread and Wine—That we may the better appreciate the large Biblical range of this expression, let us combine these notices of the Eucharist with a reference to that passage in the Book of Genesis, which is the first where that rich and comprehensive phrase occurs in the Scripture. It is the earliest mention, indeed, even of "bread," though it must be added, with a melancholy remembrance of man's infirmity and sin, that it is not the earliest mention of "wine."† We are told that after Abram's victory over the kings who had invaded his kinsman's territory, "Melchizedek, king of Salem, brought forth bread and wine: and he was the priest of the most high God—and he blessed him and said, Blessed be Abram of the most high God, possessor of Heaven and Earth, and blessed be the most high God, which hath delivered thine enemies into thine hand; and Abram gave him tithes of all."‡ It is a mysterious passage; but we have an echo of it in the Book of Psalms, where it is said that "Christ is a Priest for ever after the order of Melchizedek:"§ and this is again caught up and repeated in louder and more distinct tones in the Epistle to the Hebrews:|| so that we see, without any doubt, in Melchizedek a type of Christ, and in this passage of the Book of Genesis a dim foreshadowing of what He is in relation to ourselves.

"He brought forth bread and wine." Can we fail to see in this an anticipation of the Eucharist? And is not the rich meaning of this ordinance (or at least one part of this rich meaning) given to us in the very choice of those things in the outward world, which express to us prosperity, support, and strength? Nature itself interprets to us the grace of the sacrament.

"And Melchizedek blessed Abram." And surely Christ blesses us with all spiritual blessing in every part of our lives, and especially in this sacred ordinance. "And Melchizedek blessed God," who had given Abram the victory. And Christ, our Great High Priest, leads our praises for the victory which has been given to us. Let us not forget the conclusion. It is a conclusion strictly in harmony with one of the closing prayers of our Communion Service. "Abram gave to Melchizedek tithes of all." Let an offering go up to Him from everything that we have of wealth, of time, of opportunity, of talent, of the affection of the heart! "By Him let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually, that is, the fruit of our lips giving thanks to His name. To do good and to communicate forget not: for with such sacrifices God is well pleased."*

* Mark xiv. 22—24. † See Gen. ix. 20—25.
‡ Gen. xiv. 18—20. § Psalm cx. 4.
|| Heb. v. 6; vii. 17, 21.

IV.—THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

It was remarked in an earlier part of these meditations that in the time of the Gospel History the palm-tree was cultivated in the gardens on the Mount of Olives. This must have caused a great difference in the aspect of certain parts of that high ridge of rounded hill on the east side of Jerusalem, as compared with the aspect which they wear now. The olives, indeed, from which it receives its name, are abundant there in our own day as they were always, and still remain a living link between the past and the present. But then there was a *combination* of cultivated trees which is now no longer to be seen; and when a breeze came over the hill, there was not only the grey rippling foliage of the olive, but the waving and rustling of the palm-leaves high over head.

And the same varied and beautiful combination of leaf and stem must have been common in other parts of Palestine. We saw that the palm-tree used to be abundant in that land of old; and the olive now grows freely in it everywhere. Almost every village has its grove of olives. But there is another combination which brought these two trees together, and which it is more to our purpose to adduce here. I mean *the combination of art*. I referred above to the sculpturing of palm-trees in the decoration of Solomon's Temple. Now the wood that was used for this carving was, in one case at least, olive wood. This was in the doors at the entering in of the holiest place. "For the entering of the oracle he made doors of olive-tree . . . and he carved upon them carvings of cherubims and palm trees and open flowers, and overlaid them with gold, and spread gold upon the cherubims and the palm-trees."† Thus the associations of sacred art bring together for us these two characteristic trees of Palestine. Moreover, the cherubims within the oracle were made of olive wood.‡ We are familiar now with the qualities of

* Heb. xiii. 15, 16. † 1 Kings vi. 31, 32.
‡ 1 Kings vi. 23.

such wood for work of this kind—its fine hard grain, its charming colour: and artists dealt with it then as they deal with it now; so that here again, in this continued exertion of human industry and skill on the same material, we have a living link between the past and the present.

As to the use of olive wood in the case before our notice. it is enough to repeat what was said before, that all those panels on which are carved the representations of plants connected with our Saviour's Passion are of this material, and brought from Palestine. It should indeed be added that there are in the structure of this Communion Table some small fragments of olive wood from the Mount of Olives itself: nor must I forget that the beautiful cloth which rests on the Table is edged by a border of olive-leaves.

No tree is more closely associated than the olive with the history and civilisation of man. Our concern, however, with it here is in its *sacred* relations—and not simply in its general connection with Judæa and the Jewish people, though that too is a subject of deep religious interest—but with the most sacred relation of all, so that the Olive may be seen to have a place in that *Garden* which surrounds the *Cross*.

"In the place where the Lord was crucified, there was a garden:" and of this literal fact we have, so to speak, an anticipation in Gethsemane, which was on the slope of the Mount of Olives. It is from St. John that we learn that Gethsemane was a garden. With St. Matthew it is simply "a place called Gethsemane." St. Mark says, that "when they had sung a hymn they went out to the Mount of Olives." St. Luke adds something more, when he says that "He came out, and went, as He was wont, to the Mount of Olives:" but he does not name Gethsemane. Neither indeed does St. John; but he says, "When Jesus had spoken these words, He went forth with His disciples over the brook Kedron, *where was a garden*, into which He entered, and His disciples;" and he adds, "Judas also, which betrayed Him, knew the place, for Jesus ofttimes resorted thither with His disciples."*

It strikes us as remarkable that St. John only should tell us that the place of the agony was a garden, when we remember that he only says that "in the place where the Lord was crucified was a garden," and he only names "the gardener" in the account of the Resurrection, and he only specifies the "branches of palm-trees" in describing the triumphal approach to Jerusalem down the descent of the Mount of Olives. There seems in St. John's reminiscences of these events, and in his feeling about them, a consistency in minute particulars which is worthy of note. It is not too much to say that the thought of a garden in connection with our Lord's sufferings was strongly impressed on this apostle's mind. We must remember also, that he was one of the three who were intimately associated with Christ in His agony under the shadow of these olive-trees of Gethsemane, and that none of the other Evangelists had this experience.* He seems, as it were, especially appointed to associate us with what he himself felt regarding the Saviour's sufferings, and the scenes by which these sufferings were surrounded.

We have at this moment before us just one point of all this solemn recollection in the mind and heart of St. John. Round Jerusalem, as round any city of considerable size, there must have been many gardens—many enclosed spots of ground, where flowers and fruits were tended, where palm-branches could be gathered, and where olive-trees were cultivated. One such place was Gethsemane. Here the agony took place. The shadow of the crucifixion came over our Saviour's soul, when He was in this place of calm repose and solemn beauty. The Passover moon was then at its full, and the flowers and foliage were pale and fair in the moonlight. What the agony of the soul of Christ was we cannot fully understand: but it must partly have been the anticipation of His death; and yet the scene around Him spoke of nothing but peace. The Cross was in a Garden. This juxtaposition of the utmost anguish of spirit with the delicate charm of nature and the solemnity of outward objects is not without its instruction for us; and it is consistent with the analogy, which, in connection with this work of art, we are endeavouring to trace.

The deeper thoughts connected with our Saviour's anguish must be left here untouched. For such impressions on the heart silent and solitary thought are the best opportunity. All that I have dared to give here is a frame of olive-leaves for the earnest prayer, "By Thine agony and bloody sweat: Good Lord, deliver us!"

J. S. HOWSON.

* John xviii. 12.

* Matt. xxvi. 37; Mark xiv. 33.

SUNDAY EVENING READINGS.

III.—THE BIBLE.

THE possession of one single copy of God's Word, in any one room in our house, brings with it a very solemn responsibility. Every one of God's gifts carries with it a corresponding responsibility. To be possessed of power or influence; to be blessed with intellectual vigour and strength; to be possessed of leisure, or of comfortable means, or of opportunities of doing good to our fellow-creatures—to be possessed of any one of these things brings with it a very real and serious danger. The gift must be used, or it will become a curse; the talent must be employed, or it will condemn us at last!

And so to possess just one Bible, a little volume which cost us perhaps a few shillings, or only a few pence, is really a matter which ought not to be lightly esteemed by any. To have just one Bible, lying on our table at home, to see it, then, day after day, to be able to read it day after day, to be able to store up in our minds the words of truth, of wisdom, and of affection which it contains—this, I say, is a gift, a privilege of unspeakable importance, and it brings with it a serious responsibility.

For what is the Bible? It is a book, or rather it is a collection of books, which reveals to us, as no other book has ever done, something of the nature, the ways, the will—something of the mighty purposes of that Almighty Being to whom we have given the name of God. The Bible is the solemn message of the Eternal Father, to us His ignorant, wayward children. It is the inspired record of God's dealings with man, and of man's dealings with God in the wonderful past. The Bible contains God's thoughts, God's messages, God's warnings, God's promises, dictated by His love and power, but written down by human instrumentality, and clothed in human language. The kernel is divine, though the shell be human. The spirit is heavenly, though the letter be earthly.

Or take another view of the matter. This life of ours is a pilgrimage. We are slowly and laboriously groping our way through the toils and troubles of life, looking for and hasting unto a better, a nobler, a purer life than any which we can live here. We want a light to guide our steps. We need something to show us the right and the true path, amidst the confusing labyrinth of earthly tracks, and the discordant noise of earthly cries. The Bible is the guide-book which God has given to us to show us the way to heaven. The Psalmist realised this more than three thousand years ago, when he wrote those words, "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet." Happy are they who feel and understand this; blessed are they who value and use this lamp!

And, then, let us consider what the Bible contains. It contains, as I have already said, an account of God's dealings with man, and of man's dealings with God. First, we have a record of God's personal dealings with the patriarchs of the human race. We are told how that He gave personal instructions and promises to Adam, to Noah, to Abraham, to Moses, to Joshua. Then, next, we have an account of His dealings with His own chosen people; their going down into Egypt, their deliverance from the tyrant's power, their wanderings in the wilderness, their ultimate possession of the Promised Land. Then, also, we have the giving of that magnificent code of moral laws, which is even now binding on us Christians; that moral law which is the eternal proof and sign of God's great love to us, that moral law, which is no set of arbitrary rules, and meaningless regulations, but which marks out for us the path of holiness and obedience, the path of purity and love, the only path which will take us at last to the very presence of the all holy God. Then, passing on, we read how God punished His people for their rebellion and their sin, how at last He sent them into slavery and almost destroyed them as a nation. Then we come to the poetical books of the Old Testament, the grand imagery and the majestic language of the Book of Job, the tender, heart-stirring words of the Psalms—words which find an echo in every spiritual heart, words which fit in so well with our ever-varying moods and circumstances, whether of sadness or joy, whether of prosperity or adversity. Then, lastly, we have the noble words of the Prophets, their passionate denunciations of wickedness, their glorious declarations of coming joy, their earnest advocacy of spiritual, heart-felt religion, their fiery attacks upon merely formal religion, the mechanical recitation of prayers, the mechanical offering of sacrifices and keeping of feasts.

Then we turn to the New Testament; and here we find four separate biographies of the grandest and the noblest man who has ever walked this earth; four separate biographies

of Him who was perfect God, as well as perfect man, and who lived and who died, both to be to us a sacrifice for sin, and also an example of a perfect, a holy, an absolutely spotless life.

Then, again, we have, first, the doings, and, secondly, the writings of some of the Saviour's noblest followers and most intimate friends. We have the passionate appeals and the elaborate arguments of St. Paul, the earnest, practical words of St. Peter, the strong common-sense of St. James, and the loving, affectionate exhortations of St. John. The whole book is worthily concluded by a magnificent series of visions, a magnificent array of prophecies, which speak to us of the final triumph of good over evil, of God over Satan; the final triumph of all God's redeemed people, their endless rest, their endless blessedness, in the new heavens and the new earth, which His love and His power is preparing for them as their everlasting home.

Let us observe, then, lastly, the wonderful variety of this book. In one place we have glorious descriptions of the power, the greatness, the goodness of God; in another place we have noble portraits of some of the grandest of His servants, some of the greatest heroes of the human race. In one passage we have strains of the tenderest poetry, in another the sternest denunciations of hypocrisy, the most crushing onslaught upon vice and sin. If we are sad and disheartened, here we can find promises of endless love and guidance; if we are languid and weary, we can solace ourselves with prophecies of coming glory, and of endless rest; if our sins are a burden to us, here is the *one* way pointed out by which to obtain pardon, the *one* fountain opened for sin and uncleanness; if we are mourning the departure of dear friends who have finished their course here on earth, we are told how they rest from their labours, how that they are safe under God's care, and in God's hands. If we are thinking with dread and alarm about our own departure, fearing the advent of the silent messenger, are there not promises of God's presence and of God's love in that most trying and solemn hour? "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the floods, they shall not overflow thee."

This is a book for all seasons, for all ranks, for all ages, for all circumstances. It is God's gift to us, to show us the way to everlasting life.

E. V. HALL.

SONNET.

ON A FOREIGN WAR-SHIP'S SALUTE TO THE QUEEN'S STANDARD AT OSBORNE, 1875.

By the MARQUIS OF LORNE.

WITH their deep tones, monotonous and slow,
The cannons' voices roll along the sea;
But 'tis in reverence, and to work no woe,
Those sounds here strike the shore, and onward flee
Past the oak woods, that climb the grassy lea,
To strike thy terraces, and palace fair,
With stately salutation; offered thee
Who of these potent realms the crown dost wear.
So to the fabric of our future fame,
Set in the green oak of our nation's might,
Shall History's voice, with measured praise, proclaim
Thy life-long love of justice and of right;
And the good era that thy reign hath been;
To hail thee, reverently, Victoria, Queen.

"THE LAUREL BUSH."

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THE LAUREL BUSH.

An Old-fashioned Love Story.

By the AUTHOR of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

PART IV.

THE fly was already at the door, and Miss Williams, with her small luggage, would in five minutes have departed, followed by the good wishes of all the household, from Miss Maclachlan's school to her new situation, when the postman passed and left a letter for her.

"I will put it in my pocket and read it in the train," she said, with a slight change of colour. For she recognised the handwriting of that good man who had loved her, and whom she could not love.

"Better read it now. No time like the present," observed Miss Maclachlan.

Miss Williams did so. As soon as she was fairly started, and alone in the fly, she opened it; with hands slightly trembling, for she was touched by the persistence of the good rector, and his faithfulness to her, a poor governess, when he might have married, as they said in his neighbourhood, "anybody." He would never marry anybody now—he was dying.

"I have come to feel how wrong I was," he wrote, "in ever trying to change our happy relations together. I have suffered for this—so have we all. But it is too late for regret now. My time has come. Do not grieve yourself by imagining it has come the faster through any decision of yours, but by slow inevitable disease, which the doctors have only lately discovered. Nothing could have saved me. Be satisfied that there is no cause for you to give yourself one minute's pain." (How she sobbed over those shaky lines, more even than over the newspaper lines which she had read that sunshiny morning on the shore!) "Remember only, that you made me very happy—me and all mine—for years; that I loved you, as even at my age a man can love; as I shall love you to the end, which cannot be very far off now. Would you dislike coming to see me just once again? My girls will be so very glad, and nobody will remark it, for nobody knows anything. Besides, what matter? I am dying. Come if you can, within a week or so; they tell me I may last thus long. And I want to consult with you about my children. Therefore I will not say good-bye now, only good night, and God bless you."

But it was good-bye, after all. Though she did not wait the week; indeed, she waited for nothing, considered nothing, except her gratitude to this good man—the only man who had loved her, and her affection for the two girls, who would soon be fatherless; though she sent a telegram from Brighton to say she was coming, and arrived within twenty-four hours, still—she came too late.

When she reached the village she heard that his sufferings were all over; and a few yards from his garden wall, in the shadow of the churchyard lime-tree, the old sexton was busy re-opening, after fourteen years, the family grave, where he was to be laid beside his wife the day after to-morrow. His two daughters, sitting alone together in the melancholy house, heard Miss Williams enter, and ran to meet her. With a feeling of nearness and tenderness such as she had scarcely ever felt for any human being, she clasped them close, and let them weep their hearts out in her motherly arms.

Thus the current of her whole life was changed; for, when Mr. Moseley's will was opened, it was found that, besides leaving Miss Williams a handsome legacy, carefully explained as being given "in gratitude for her care of his children," he had chosen her as their guardian, until they came of age, or married, entreating her to reside with them and desiring them to pay her all the respect due to "a near and dear relative." The tenderness with which he had arranged everything, down to the minutest points, for them and herself, even amidst all his bodily sufferings, and in face of the supreme hour—which he had met, his daughters said, with a marvellous calmness, even joy—touched Fortune as perhaps nothing had ever touched her in all her life before. When she stood with her two poor orphans beside their father's grave, and returned with them to the desolate house, vowing within herself to be to them, all but in name, the mother he had wished her to be, this sense of duty—the strange new duty which had suddenly come to fill her empty life—was so strong, that she forgot everything else—even Robert Roy.

And for months afterwards—months of anxious business, involving the leaving of the Rectory, and the taking of a temporary house in the village, until they could decide

where finally to settle—Miss Williams had scarcely a moment or a thought to spare for any beyond the vivid present. Past and future faded away together, except so far as concerned her girls.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," were words which had helped her through many a dark time. Now, with all her might, she did her motherly duty to the orphan girls, and as she did so, by-and-by she began strangely to enjoy it, and to find also not a little of motherly pride and pleasure in them. She had no time to think of herself at all, or of the great blow which had fallen, the great change which had come, rendering it impossible for her to let herself feel as she had used to feel, dream as she used to dream, for years and years past. That one pathetic line,—

"I darena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin,"

burnt itself into her heart, and needed nothing more.

"My children! I must only love my children now," was her continual thought, and she believed she did so.

It was not until spring came, healing the girls' grief as naturally as it covered their father's grave with violets and primroses, and making them cling a little less to home and her, a little more to the returning pleasures of their youth, for they were two pretty girls, well-born, with tolerable fortunes, and likely to be much sought after;—not until the spring days left her much alone, did Fortune's mind recur to an idea which had struck her once, and then been set aside, to write to Robert Roy. Why should she not? Just a few friendly lines, telling him how, after long years, she had seen his name in the papers; how sorry she was, and yet glad—glad to think he was alive and well, and married; how she sent all kindly wishes to his wife and himself, and so on. In short, the sort of letter that anybody might write or receive, whatever had been the previous link between them.

And she wrote it, on an April day, one of those first days of spring which make young hearts throb with a vague delight, a nameless hope; and older ones—but is there any age when hope is quite dead? I think not, even to those who know that the only spring that will ever come to them will dawn in the world everlasting.

When her girls, entering, offered to post her letter, and Miss Williams answered gently that she would rather post it herself, as it required a foreign stamp, how little they guessed all that lay underneath, and how, over the first few lines, her hand had shaken so that she had to copy it three times. But the address, "Robert Roy, Esquire, Shanghai"—all she could put, but she had little doubt it would find him—was written with that firm clear hand which he had so often admired, saying he wished she could teach his boys to write as well. Would he recognise it? Would he be glad or sorry, or only indifferent? Had the world changed him? or, if she could look at him now, would he be the same Robert Roy—simple, true, sincere, and brave—every inch a man and a gentleman?

For the instant the old misery came back; the sharp, sharp pain; but she smothered it down. His dead child—his living, unknown wife—came between, with their soft ghostly hands. He was still himself; she hoped, absolutely unchanged; but he was hers no more. Yet, that strange yearning, the same which had impelled Mr. Moseley to write and say, "Come and see me before I die," seemed impelling her to stretch a hand out across the seas—"Have you forgotten me? I have never forgotten you." As she passed through the churchyard on her way to the village, and saw the rector's grave lie smiling in the evening sunshine, Fortune thought what a strange lot hers had been. The man who had loved her, the man whom she had loved, were equally lost to her; equally dead and buried. And yet she lived still—her busy, active, and not unhappy life. It was God's will, all; and it was best.

Another six months went by, and she still remained in the same place, though talking daily of leaving. They began to go into society again, she and her girls, and to receive visitors now and then: among the rest, David Dalziel, who had preserved his affectionate fidelity even when he went back to college, and had began to discover somehow that the direct road from Oxford to everywhere, was through this secluded village. I am afraid Miss Williams was not as alive as she ought to have been to this fact, and to the other fact that Helen and Janetta were not quite children now; but she let the young people be happy, and was happy with them, after her fashion. Still, hers was less happiness than peace; the deep peace which a storm-tossed vessel finds when kindly fate has towed it into harbour; with torn sails and broken masts, maybe, but still safe, never needing to go to sea any more.

She had come to that point in life when

we cease to be "afraid of evil tidings;" since nothing is likely to happen to us beyond what has happened. She told herself that she did not look forward to the answer from Shanghai, if indeed any came; nevertheless, she had ascertained what time the return mail would be likely to bring it. And, almost punctual to the day, a letter arrived with the postmark, "Shanghai." Not his letter, nor his handwriting at all. And besides, it was addressed to "*Mrs.* Williams."

A shudder of fear, the only fear which could strike her now—that he might be dead—made Fortune stand irresolute a moment: then go up to her own room before she opened it.

"MADAM,—I beg to apologize for having read nearly through your letter before comprehending that it was not meant for me, but probably for another Mr. Robert Roy, who left this place not long after I came here, and between whom and myself some confusion arose, till we became intimate, and discovered that we were most likely distant, very distant cousins. He came from St. Andrews, and was head clerk in a firm here, doing a very good business in tea and silk, until they mixed themselves up in the opium trade, which Mr. Roy, with one or two more of our community here, thought so objectionable that at last he threw up his situation and determined to seek his fortunes in Australia. It was a pity, for he was in a good way to get on rapidly; but everybody who knew him agreed it was just the sort of thing he was sure to do, and some respected him highly for doing it. He was indeed what we Scotch call 'weel respeckit' wherever he went. But he was a reserved man: made few intimate friends, though those he did make were warmly attached to him. My family were; and though it is now five years since we have heard anything of or from him, we remember him still."

Five years! The letter dropped from her hands. Lost and found, yet found and lost. What might not have happened to him in five years? But she read on, dry-eyed; women do not weep very much or very easily at her age.

"I will do my utmost, madam, that your letter shall reach the hands for which I am sure it was intended; but that may take some time, my only clue to Mr. Roy's whereabouts being the chance that he has left his address with our branch house at Melbourne. I cannot think he is dead, because such tidings pass rapidly from one to another in our colonial communities, and he was too much beloved for his death to excite no concern.

"I make this long explanation because it strikes me you may be a lady, a friend or relative of Mr. Roy's, concerning whom he employed me to make some inquiries, only you say so very little—absolutely nothing—of yourself in your letter, that I cannot be at all certain if you are the same person. She was a governess in a family named Dalziel, living at St. Andrews. He said he had written to that family repeatedly, but got no answer, and then asked me, if anything resulted from my inquiries, to write to him to the care of our Melbourne house. But no news ever came, and I never wrote to him, for which my wife still blames me exceedingly. She thanks you, dear madam, for the kind things you say about our poor child, though meant for another person. We have seven boys, but little Bell was our youngest, and our hearts' delight. She died after six hours' illness.

"Again begging you to pardon my unconscious offence in reading a stranger's letter, and the length of this one,

"I remain your very obedient servant,

"R. ROY.

"P.S.—I ought to say that this Mr. Robert Roy seemed between thirty-five and forty, tall, dark-haired, walked with a slight stoop. He had, I believe, no near relatives whatever, and I never heard of his having been married."

Unquestionably Miss Williams did well in retiring to her chamber and locking the door before she opened the letter. It is a mistake to suppose that at thirty-five or forty—or what age?—women cease to feel. I once was walking with an old maiden lady, talking of a character in a book. "He reminded me," she said, "of the very best man I ever knew, whom I saw a good deal of when I was a girl;" and to the natural question, was he alive, she answered, "No; he died while he was still young." Her voice kept its ordinary tone, but there came a slight flush on the cheek, a sudden quiver over the whole withered face—she was some years past seventy—and I felt I could not say another word.

Nor shall I say a word now of Fortune Williams, when she had read through and wholly taken in the contents of this letter.

Life began for her again—life on a new and yet on the old basis; for it was still

waiting, waiting—she seemed to be among those whose lot it is to "stand and wait" all their days. But it was not now in that absolute darkness and silence which it used to be. She knew that in all human probability Robert Roy was alive still somewhere, and hope never could wholly die out of the world so long as he was in it. His career too, if not prosperous in worldly things, had been one to make any heart that loved him content—content and proud. For if he had failed in his fortunes, was it not from doing what she would most have wished him to do—the right, at all costs? Nor had he quite forgotten her, since even so late as five years back he had been making inquiries about her. Also, he was then unmarried.

But human nature is weak, and human hearts are so hungry sometimes.

"Oh, if he had only loved me, and told me so!" she said sometimes, as piteously as fifteen years ago. But the tears which followed were not, as then, a storm of passionate despair—only a quiet, sorrowful rain.

For what could she do? Nothing. Now, as ever, her part seemed just to fold her hands and endure. If alive, he might be found some day; but now she could not find him —Oh, if she could! Had she been the man and he the woman—nay, had she been still herself, a poor lonely governess, having to earn every crumb of her own bitter bread, yet knowing that he loved her, might not things have been different? Had she belonged to him, they would never have lost one another. She would have sought him, as Evangeline sought Gabriel, half the world over.

And little did her two girls imagine as they called her downstairs that night, secretly wondering what important business could make "Auntie" keep tea waiting fully five minutes, and set her after tea to read some of the "pretty poetry," especially Longfellow's, which they had a fancy for,—little did they think, those two happy creatures, listening to their middle-aged governess, who read so well that sometimes her voice actually faltered over the lines, how there was being transacted under their very eyes a story which in its "constant anguish of patience" was scarcely less pathetic than that of Acadia.

For nearly a year after that letter came, the little family of which Miss Williams was the head, went on in its innocent quiet way, always planning, yet never making a change, until at last fate drove them to it.

Neither Helen nor Janetta were very healthy girls, and at last a London doctor gave as his absolute fiat that they must cease to live in their warm inland village, and migrate, for some years at any rate, to a bracing seaside place.

Whereupon David Dalziel, who had somehow established himself as the one masculine adviser of the family, suggested St. Andrews. Bracing enough it was, at any rate: he remembered the winds used almost to cut his nose off. And it was such a nice place too—so pretty, with such excellent society. He was sure the young ladies would find it charming. Did Miss Williams remember the walk by the shore, and the golfing across the Links?

"Quite as well as you could have done, at the early age of seven," she suggested, smiling. "Why are you so very anxious we should go to live at St. Andrews?"

The young fellow blushed all over his kindly eager face, and then frankly owned he had a motive. His grandmother's cottage, which she had left to him, the youngest and her pet always, was now unlet. He meant perhaps to go and live at it himself, when—when he was of age and could afford it; but in the meantime he was a poor solitary bachelor; and—and—

"And you would like us to keep your nest warm for you till you can claim it? You want us for your tenants, eh, David?"

"Just that. You've hit it. Couldn't wish better. In fact, I have already written to my trustees to drive the hardest bargain possible."

Which was an ingenious modification of the truth, as she afterwards found; but evidently the lad had set his heart upon the thing. And she?

At first she had shrunk back from the plan with a shiver almost of fear. It was like having to meet face to face something—some one—long dead. To walk among the old familiar places, to see the old familiar sea and shore, nay, to live in the very same house, haunted, as houses are sometimes, every room and every nook, with ghosts—yet with such innocent ghosts— Could she bear it?

There are some people who have an actual terror of the past—who the moment a thing ceases to be pleasurable, fly from it, would willingly bury it out of sight for ever. But others have no fear of their harmless dead—dead hopes, memories, loves—can sit by a grave-side, or look behind them at a dim spectral shape, without grief, without

dread, only with tenderness. This woman could.

After a long wakeful night, spent in very serious thought for every one's good, not excluding her own—since there is a certain point beyond which one has no right to forget oneself, and perpetual martyrs rarely make very pleasant heads of families—she said to her girls next morning, that she thought David Dalziel's brilliant idea had a great deal of sense in it; St. Andrews was a very nice place, and the cottage there would exactly suit their finances, while the tenure upon which he proposed they should hold it (from term to term) would also fit in with their undecided future; because, as all knew, whenever Helen or Janetta married, each would just take her fortune and go, leaving Miss Williams with her little legacy, above want certainly, but not exactly a millionaire.

These and other points she set before them in her practical fashion, just as if her heart did not leap—sometimes with pleasure, sometimes with pain—at the very thought of St. Andrews, and as if to see herself sit daily and hourly face to face with her old self, the ghost of her own youth, would be a quite easy thing.

The girls were delighted. They left all to Auntie, as was their habit to do. Burdens naturally fall upon the shoulders fitted for them, and which seem even to have a faculty for drawing them down there. Miss Williams's new duties had developed in her a whole range of new qualities, dormant during her governess life. Nobody knew better than she how to manage a house and guide a family. The girls soon felt that Auntie might have been a mother all her days, she was so thoroughly motherly; and they gave up everything into her hands.

So the whole matter was settled, David rejoicing exceedingly, and considering it "jolly fun," and quite like a bit out of a play, that his former governess should come back as his tenant, and inhabit the old familiar cottage.

"And I'll take a run over to see you as soon as the long vacation begins, just to teach the young ladies golfing. Mr. Roy taught all us boys, you know; and we'll take that very walk he used to take us, across the Links and along the sands to the Eden. Wasn't it the river Eden, Miss Williams? I am sure I remember it. I think I am very good at remembering."

"Very."

Other people were also "good at remembering." During the first few weeks after they settled down at St. Andrews, the girls noticed that Auntie became excessively pale, and was sometimes quite "distrait" and bewildered-looking, which was little wonder, considering all she had to do and to arrange. But she got better in time. The cottage was so sweet, the sea so fresh, the whole place so charming. Slowly Miss Williams's ordinary looks returned—the "good" looks which her girls so energetically protested she had now, if never before. They never allowed her to confess herself old by caps or shawls, or any of those pretty temporary hindrances to the march of Time. She resisted not; she let them dress her as they pleased, in a reasonable way, for she felt they loved her; and as to her age, why, *she* knew it, and knew that nothing could alter it, so what did it matter? She smiled, and tried to look as nice and as young as she could, for her girls' sake.

I suppose there are such things as broken or breaking hearts, even at St. Andrews, but it is certainly not a likely place for them. They have little chance against the fresh exhilarating air, strong as new wine; the wild sea-waves, the soothing sands, giving with health of body wholesomeness of mind. By-and-by the busy world recovered its old face to Fortune Williams—not the world as she once dreamed of it, but the real world, as she had fought through it all these years.

"I was ever a fighter, so one fight more!" as she read sometimes in the "pretty" poetry her girls were always asking for—read steadily, even when she came to the last verse in that passionate "Prospice:"—

> "Till, sudden, the worst turns the best to the brave,
> The black minute's at end:
> And the elements rage, the fiend voices that rave
> Shall dwindle, shall blend,
> Shall change, shall become first a peace, then a joy,
> Then a light—then thy breast,
> O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
> And with God be the rest!"

To that life to come — during all the burden and heat of the day (no, the afternoon, a time, faded, yet hot and busy still, which is often a very trying bit of woman's life) she now often begun yearningly to look. To meet him again, even in old age, or with death between, was her only desire. Yet she did her duty still, and enjoyed all she could, knowing that one by one the years were hurrying onwards, and the night coming, "in which no man can work."

Faithful to his promise, about the middle of July David Dalziel appeared, in overflowing

spirits, having done very well at college. He was such a boy still, in character and behaviour; though—as he carefully informed the family—now twenty-one and a man, expecting to be treated as such. He was their landlord too, and drew up the agreement in his own name, meaning to be a lawyer, and having enough to live on—something better than bread and salt, "till I can earn a fortune, as I certainly mean to do, some day."

And he looked at Janetta, who looked down on the parlour carpet—as young people will. Alas! I fear that the eyes of her anxious friend and governess were not half wide enough open to the fact that these young folk were no longer boys and girls, and that things might happen—in fact, were almost certain to happen — which had happened to herself in her youth—making life not quite easy to her, as it seemed to be to these two bright girls.

Yet they were so bright, and their relations with David Dalziel were so frank and free—in fact, the young fellow himself was such a thoroughly good fellow, so very difficult to shut her door against, even if she had thought of so doing. But she did not. She let him come and go, "miserable bachelor" as he proclaimed himself, with all his kith and kin across the seas, and cast not a thought to the future, or to the sad necessity which sometimes occurs to parents and guardians—of shutting the stable door *after* the steed is stolen.

Especially as, not long after David appeared, there happened a certain thing—a very small thing to all but her, and yet to her it was, for the time being, utterly overwhelming. It absorbed all her thoughts into one maddened channel, where they writhed and raved and dashed themselves blindly against inevitable fate. For the first time in her life this patient woman felt as if endurance were *not* the right thing; as if wild shrieks of pain, bitter outcries against Providence, would be somehow easier, better: might reach His throne, so that even now He might listen and hear.

The thing was this. One day, waiting for some one beside the laurel-bush at her gate —the old familiar bush, though it had grown and grown till its branches, which used to drag on the gravel, now covered the path entirely —she overheard David explaining to Janetta how he and his brothers and Mr. Roy had made the wooden letter-box, which actually existed still, though in very ruinous condition.

"And no wonder, after fifteen years and more. It is fully that old, isn't it, Miss Williams? You will have to superannuate it shortly, and return to the old original letter-box—my letter-box, which I remember so well. I do believe I could find it still."

Kneeling down, he thrust his hand through the thick barricade of leaves, into the very heart of the tree.

"I've found it. I declare I've found it; the identical hole in the trunk where I used to put all my treasures—my "magpie's nest," as they called it, where I hid everything I could find. What a mischievous young scamp I was!"

"Very," said Miss Williams affectionately, laying a gentle hand on his curls—"pretty" still, though cropped down to the frightful modern fashion. Secretly she was rather proud of him, this tall young fellow, whom she had had on her lap many a time.

"Curious! it all comes back to me—even to the very last thing I hid here, the day before we left—which was a letter."

"A letter!" — Miss Williams slightly started—"what letter?"

"One I found lying under the laurel-bush, quite hidden by its leaves. It was all soaked with rain; I dried it in the sun, and then put it in my letter-box, telling nobody, for I meant to deliver it myself at the hall-door, with a loud ring—an English postman's ring. Our Scotch one used to blow his horn, you remember?"

"Yes," said Miss Williams. She was leaning against the fatal bush, pale to the very lips, but her veil was down; nobody saw. "What sort of a letter was it, David? Who was it to? Did you notice the handwriting?"

"Why, I was such a little fellow," and he looked up in wonder and slight concern. "How could I remember? Some letter that somebody had dropped, perhaps, in taking the rest out of the box. It could not matter—certainly not now. You would not bring my youthful misdeeds up against me, would you?" And he turned up a half comical, half pitiful face.

Fortune's first impulse—what was it? She hardly knew. But her second was that safest, easiest thing—now grown into the habit and refuge of her whole life—silence.

"No, it certainly does not matter now."

A deadly sickness came over her. What if this letter were Robert Roy's, asking her that question which, he said, no man ought ever to ask a woman twice? And she had never seen it—never answered it. So, of

course, he went away. Her whole life—nay, two whole lives—had been destroyed, and by a mere accident—the aimless mischief of a child's innocent hand. She could never prove it, but it might have been so. And alas, alas, God, the merciful God, had allowed it to be so!

Which is the worst, to wake up suddenly and find that our life has been wrecked by our own folly, mistake, or sin, or that it has been done for us, either directly by the hand of Providence, or indirectly through some innocent—nay, possibly not innocent, but intentional hand? In both cases, the agony is equally sharp—the sharper because irremediable.

All these thoughts, vivid as lightning, and as rapid, darted through poor Fortune's brain during the few moments that she stood with her hand on David's shoulder, while he drew from his magpie's nest a heterogeneous mass of rubbish—pebbles, snail-shells, bits of glass and china, fragments, even, of broken toys.

"Just look there! What ghosts of my childhood, as people would say! Dead and buried, though." And he laughed merrily—he in the full tide and glory of his youth.

Fortune Williams looked down on his happy face—this lad that really loved her, would not have hurt her for the world; and her determination was made. He should never know anything. Nothing should ever know anything. The "dead and buried" of fifteen years ago must be dead and buried for ever.

"David," she said, "just out of curiosity, put your hand down to the very bottom of that hole, and see if you can fish up the mysterious letter."

Then she waited, just as one would wait at the edge of some long-closed grave, to see if the dead could possibly be claimed as our dead, even if but a handful of unhonored bones.

No, it was not possible. Nobody could expect it, after such a lapse of time. Something David pulled out—it might be paper, it might be rags. It was too dry to be moss or earth, but no one could have recognised it as a letter.

"Give it me," said Miss Williams, holding out her hand.

David put the little heap of "rubbish" therein. She regarded it a moment, and then scattered it on the gravel—"dust to dust," as we say in our funeral service. But she said nothing.

At that moment the young people they were waiting for came to the other side of the gate, clubs in hand. David and the two Miss Moseleys had by this time now become perfectly mad for golf, as is the fashion of the place. They proceeded across the Links, Miss Williams accompanying them, as in duty bound. But she said she was "rather tired," and, leaving them in charge of another chaperone—if chaperones are ever wanted, or needed, in those merry Links of St. Andrews—came home alone.

THE SERVICE OF STEAM.

II.—THE ROMANCE OF RAILWAYS.

By F. SCOTT RUSSELL, F.R.S.

NEAR half a century of experience of Railways has established them as an important element of civilised human life; not merely in England, where they were earliest tried and developed, but around the world, wherever civilisation has spread and settled. To one who, like myself, saw and assisted in the early trials of iron ways and of steam-horse power, it now reads like romance to be told that the laying a couple of iron bars side by side along a stone road or a wooden way, and letting the wheels of a waggon go along them, was a grand invention; and that another grand invention, viz., to turn round the wheels of the waggon by putting a small steam-engine and its boiler on springs above them, was in those days a difficult and distinguished achievement. But it was so. I say this memory of the past may seem to the youth of nowadays nearly incredible. But to one who, like myself, knew and felt and endured such difficulties at a time when they were, socially, intellectually, and materially insuperable—that past is a strange weird but instructive memory.

From that simple beginning to lay two bars of iron side by side and settle them fast and firm in place, and that next step to place waggons on them, with one in front carrying a steam engine and boiler, and turning round its own wheels, and dragging the others along with it, over the iron bars, let us now pass on to the modern railway system of half a century of growth, and see what we

have got. Railways permeate the crowded ways of London, and carry its four millions of hard-working citizens, daily, from rest to work and from work to rest; and take them out into their suburban or country homes; and on their high-days and holidays take their wives and families to their sports, pastimes, and recreations. What would a London holiday of four millions now be if London were left without railways? And what is a comparatively new London luxury for distances near our homes, is a wide-spread convenience which makes all England and Scotland one great community. Railways make all their cities one with London. Men go to sleep in one city, and wake up in another. Men do to-day's work in England, and to-morrow's in Scotland. Edinburgh and Glasgow, which I remember as three days and three nights from London, or seventy-two hours' travel, are now within twelve hours.

Thus in half a century all England is covered by railways; scarcely a small town or large village is without its railway; some enjoy the luxury of two or three ways to the same place. Belgium, France, Germany, Austria, Russia, speedily followed our example, and gave their inhabitants the benefit of our experience. In Europe only Spain and Turkey lag behind, and allow their golden sunshine, and fertile soil, and manly and sober working races of men, to lie waste uncultured and uncivilised. But they, too, are waking up; a few lines exist in Spain, and Turkey has begun and means to continue that junction of European with Asiatic railways which can be so admirably effected across the narrow straits of the Bosphorus. India already enjoys the benefits of railways, which have given great value to the products of her soil, and have saved her nations from the calamities of pestilence and famine; and the Indian system of railways, having had all the benefits of our past experience, is much more economically constructed and wisely administered than our own, and so pays us back by better example the lessons it has learned from ourselves.

When once Turkey carries European railways across the Bosphorus, through Asia Minor, by ancient Nineveh and Bagdad, into Persia, we shall get so near to India by railway, that the Indian railway system will only have to extend itself westward a few hundred miles to meet the Turkish railways through Persia, and then our English railway system and our Indian railway system will form, with European railways, one continuous united group. A very moderate number of miles, and a very modest number of millions, and a very few years' work, will accomplish this most desirable union of English with Indian railways. At modern English express speed, the Overland Indian Mail Train, furnished with the luxury of American palace trains, will then leave London on Friday night, pass Vienna on Saturday night, cross the Bosphorus on Sunday night, pass by Nineveh towards Bagdad on Monday night, and by Topahan cross Persia on Tuesday, joining the India Railway system for Bombay and Calcutta on Wednesday. When the happy moment arrives that our rulers find the will, we will find the ways, and the means are at hand. Our English empire and our Indian empire will then be "one and indivisible."

This, of course, is in the Romance of Railways, for it is still in the future. But it is this way that events point; and this lies in the near future for which we have to exercise invention and forethought. But it is perhaps in America that the romance of railway construction has been most speedily and successfully turned into reality. America owes more of its material wealth and prosperity to railways than perhaps any other country. The Atlantic and Pacific Oceans are united across the continent of North America by a single line of railway, joining the great cities of New York and San Francisco by six days and six nights of continuous travel, which enables the enterprising traveller to complete his journey right round the world in all the luxuries of "palatial steamships" and a "palace train." Here, then, the Americans have shown us another episode of the romance of railways, in which the younger English have first "followed the old country," and next, "bettered the example!"

Standing, therefore, where we now stand, what may we look forward to in the future as the coming romance of railways? Let us study the matter, and see where the lines of the past, prolonged forwards from our present standpoint, are conducting us to in the coming times. We are surely going ahead! but whither, and how far?

To guess at the railways of the future, we must take a rather wide view of the facts of the present, and see what they do for us. The circumference of the earth has of late years grown very small, according to our new notions of time and distance. An express train can go sixty miles an hour, or a mile a minute. Our globe is at most only twenty-four thousand miles round, taken round in the latitude of John o' Groat's House, it is only twelve thousand miles about. A thousand

miles in twenty-four hours is a moderate speed of an English express train; therefore, if there were a great circle on *terra firma* right round the globe, and a railway twenty-four thousand miles long, and an American palace train going at English express speed, an enterprising pleasure party could "do the round tour" in twenty-four days, or, including stoppages, say one month.

That, however, is a part of the romance of railways, not likely to become matter of fact, for the continents of Europe do not join nicely on to one another so as to form complete great circles; and the narrow straits and channels of the seas do not fit in conveniently, as at the Straits of Dover, or as at the sweet waters of the Bosphorus, so as to be bridged over by channel ferries transporting entire trains, or to be vaulted over by iron vaults in single spans, or to be dived under by subterranean tunnels. It seems as if it was not in the romance of the future that any single railway will girdle round the earth; for the oceans and their steam palaces will still strive to keep their share in the marvellous services which the speedy, safe, and luxurious transport of land and ocean render to the modern travel of civilised nations.

Let us now take a more limited and useful, if less romantic, view of what we may consider the near-at-hand future of the railway transport of our own generation. That trains in our own country will become safer and more punctual, is a hope we may reasonably entertain. That railway trains in England should possess all the conveniences and comforts of railway trains in America, we may reasonably expect. That express trains should go faster, we can hardly desire. That railway travel should cost less, we can scarcely hope, so long as our railways are "merchant ventures," instead of national works. That railways will speedily come to be regarded as great departments of public service in all well-ordered states, and will be organized for the common good, there can be no doubt. Belgium, Switzerland, and Germany have proved the enormous benefit of wise national organizations of railway traffic for the public good.

But England is perhaps the country in which the railway system is most completely developed and most widely employed. The little islands of Great Britain have over sixteen thousand miles of railways; while Germany has twelve thousand, and France ten thousand miles. The wide-spreading territories of Russia have already ten thousand miles, and Austria has nine thousand. Italy has already four thousand, and wide-spreading, fertile Spain has only three thousand. Turkey and Egypt, together, have only twelve hundred, while Sweden and Norway have two thousand.

India has over five thousand miles, and America over fifty thousand! If less than half a century have thus covered England with railways, and spread them thus rapidly over the civilised lands of Europe; if younger England has sown the inventions of Old England thus broadcast over the New World; if even the less civilised nations of the world have already begun to make experiments at least of railway transport;—what may we expect of the coming half-century of growing enterprise and widening civilisation?

It seems to me that the railway will be in the coming time, in the hands of civilising, colonising, peace-loving nations, the pioneer of civilisation. In our own India, railways have brought immeasurable benefit to every district through which they pass. Every railway station becomes a market, to which the wealth of the soil is brought by the natives, and where it is sold to high profit, and where, in exchange, they can obtain all the newest products of modern civilisation. A railway in an uncultured country is a social revolution, and, wisely conducted, is a measureless blessing to the people of the soil. The people travel and get knowledge; they labour and grow rich; their prejudices of caste and class and village disappear; they become, in short, cultured, educated, and civilised.

Benefiting, then, by the experience of the past, and believing in the great benefits we may anticipate in the future, of wide-spreading railways; let us consider what it is well for us to do about railways so as to make them for those who come after us matters of the greatest good. Now, in this, as in all matters of the common good, there is but one way to make sure and safe progress—I mean the way of cultivating and enlightening public opinion. In our free land, all classes have opinion and exercise influence. When all classes are well informed and enlightened in railway matters, railways will be well conducted, and will work for the good of all. When knowledge is in the hands of few, and the public are ignorant, the benefit of better knowledge will be confined to the few who have it. Men who are no judges will be content with ill-managed railways; men who know what a railway should be, will expect to find it "up to the mark."

If, therefore, we care to see the benefits of the modern railway system rapidly extended to the promotion of the well-being of all the members of our Christian community, and of the human family, let us take a serious interest in understanding what a railway is; how it is well or ill managed; what it should cost; and what it might become with wise foresight and able direction and good purpose. In short, let us first make an ideal railway, and then try if we cannot realise it, and so complete the romance of railways.

The way to understand the practical nature of a railway, and to judge of the difference between a good and a bad line of railway—to decide whether railway traffic is ill or well managed—is first of all to master the general principles on which a railway is designed and constructed, and then to study the practical details requisite for its good working.

Now it so happens that the construction of the locomotive engine is the key to all the other elements of the modern railway system. You may have the best railway in the world, and yet, unless your locomotive engines have been wisely designed so as to suit the particular nature of that railway, its traffic will be unsuccessful. The engines good for one line of railway and one sort of traffic are altogether ineffectual and wasteful on a railway of a different character, or a traffic of another class. Locomotives are as different in use and character as a race-horse is from the team of a brewer's waggon, or a plough-horse from a hunter. We shall therefore commence our studies of the romance of modern railways with the study of the moving power which gives life and value to the modern railway, and which has made the steam horse one of the most marvellous of human creations. We shall first study how the steam horse is planned out and designed to suit its purpose. Second, how the iron road is made fit to receive and carry the steam horse and its load. Third, how the locomotive is made. Fourthly, how it is driven. Fifthly, how it can be made to go up-hill and down-hill. Lastly, how railways can be made and managed with speed, safety, punctuality, profit, and public good.

I.—THE STEAM HORSE OR LOCOMOTIVE.

Building steam-engines, locomotives, and steam-ships, seems scarcely, at first sight, fit matter for "Good Words." It is matter of "Good Works" rather than Words. Nevertheless good thoughts are the germs of good deeds; and after these good thoughts have borne good fruit in worthy deeds, there can be no harm, but good, in spreading them wide-cast in "Good Words," as they may afterwards spring up into workful life in other young minds, and so blossom and bring forth still better fruit in future life many days hence.

Good works in the engineer's life are both a means and a result of high moral feeling, of noble character. The man who has to bring new beings into our matter world, has to become "a creator." He who out of his own head brings into useful, helpful existence in this world that which has never before been seen there, has done good service both in the sight of God and man.

The first locomotive engine running along the ground on its own wheels must have been a marvellous sight. The first little steam boat propelled by paddle-wheels, and running round a little lake, must have been a weird vision. When I was young I made a pilgrimage to that lake—I found an old woman there who had not, until this time, even seen a steam-ship. When I asked her if she had ever seen a steam-boat on her own lake, she said, "Oh na, sir!" When I showed her a wooden rib of the ship, which I found on the bank, she said, "Ou ay, sir! that was a boat that gaed by reek!" and she then added, that her young man ran round after the boat, as hard as he could go, and that it beat him. Fancy the delight of that Miller of Dalswinton when he saw this boat built out of his own head running round his own little lake. The imagination which built that doubtless forecast the time when many such "should go to and fro, and knowledge be increased."

The romantic story has been told of a young American who, in the early days before steam navigation existed, is said to have thought and executed the following fascinating fancy:—Living on a lone farm in the far-out country, he first made a steam-engine, which he fed with the wood he hewed in the forest. He made this engine first of all to turn round his mill-wheel, and grind his corn. When it had ground the corn, he filled a waggon with the sacks, and set the same steam-engine and its little boiler on the back of the waggon to turn round the wheels and push the waggon from behind, he himself guiding it in front. After a long land travel he came to a wide river, with the market-town opposite. Here he set both corn and engine in the ferry-boat, and made the engine turn round a wheel which paddled the boat across the ferry, and delivered the corn safe in the market! This story is so good that it should be true.

And though in 1775 it reads like romance, in 1875 it is merely fact. At present, a steam-engine ploughs the furrows, a steam-engine sows the seed, a steam-engine reaps the crop, a steam-engine thrashes the straw, a steam-engine grinds the corn, a steam train transports the sacks to the seaside, a steam-ship takes them across the sea, a steam hoist empties the hold and fills the market-waggon, a steam mill bakes the bread—in short, the steam-engine earns and delivers our means of life. The romance of last century has become the daily life of our own.

It may therefore be well worth our while to give some of our thought to the marvellous means by which we live now, and to consider how far the mechanical creations of man's genius have in them the elements of coming good or coming ill. Steam-engines increase our wealth—do they increase our well-being? Steam-engines make us strong—do they help us to grow good?

Human power in steam-engines, as in all else, is power for good or evil. When man's moving thought is the good of all about him, steam will strongly aid him to do good. When man's moving thought is to carry out in the world that which he thinks this world was made for, and so help on the plans of the Great World Maker, then truly the creation of the steam-engine may become one of the worthiest works of working man.

Of all the mechanical creations of man's fancy, the locomotive steam-engine is perhaps the nearest to the creation of an animal. The old traditions of the alchemists and the necromancers represent them as looking forward to the creation of a human being as the ultimate achievement of their science and skill. What would they have thought had they seen a locomotive engine? It feeds on mineral carbon and water, just as an ox feeds on vegetable carbon and water. It carries its own food and water just as the camel of the desert carries its spare supply for the long journeys over the sands. It has also the faculty of picking up its own supply of water from the roadside, as it races along at sixty miles an hour, or a mile a minute, or a hundred feet a second. It can carry a greater weight than an elephant, can drag a heavier load than a team of oxen, make a longer journey than a string of camels, and go with its load more rapidly than the fleetest race-horse!

Surely this is a triumph of human thought, insight, and skill! Surely the man who has done this may be proud of his work! But when he has done all this, he becomes the humblest of worshippers of that far greater Mind, who made the whole world in one, to travel along a fixed line of spring, summer, autumn, and winter through the heavens, with all the precision of a mathematical line of rails, forming an exquisite oval route right round the sun, and going ever on year by year at a pace of thousands of miles an hour!

Although to the uninitiated there may not seem to be much difference between the locomotive engines of one line and another, yet essentially they are most various. Many lines of railway are covered with most foolish engines, quite unsuited for the work of that line, and simply taken from any merchant who has offered to sell them *cheap* to the directors of the company. The fact that on some lines ignorant men are made directors, is one of the great evils of our English railways. On their lines you will see the most mongrel collections of engines of all patterns, few alike; and there you see that the cost is great, the profit of the company small, and the public service bad.

A railway directed by intelligent and experienced directors, who have chosen a wise and trustworthy engineer, will be found to have only a few patterns of engine, adapted carefully each to its special kind of duty, and being all made after the same model, are much cheaper, more durable, and kept in more perfect working order than a mixed variety. In practice it is found that each line of railway has its own special character of traffic, its own special requisites in the character of the line, and its own special conveniences or difficulties of maintenance and repair, and that therefore the engine good for one line is bad for the other.

II.—THE DESIGNER OF THE LOCOMOTIVE.

The engineers who have the merit of the good work done by locomotive engines are three—the engineer who plans out the engine; the engineer who builds the engine according to plan; the engineer who makes the engine do her work.

These are perhaps rather degrees of engineering than essentially different kinds of skill and work. Practically, however, they are different sorts of men. One may be called the civil engineer, or engine planner; one, the mechanical engineer, or engine builder; one, the working engineer, or engine driver.

We cannot do better in our attempt to put the good works of these engineers into

words, than consider, first, what the special duties are of each of these men who has to do with creating a locomotive engine.

The Civil Engineer.

The civil engineer is the man who has possibly both to make the railway itself, and to settle the plan of engine to be used for drawing the loads of goods and of passengers along that line.

In order, therefore, to appreciate the character of an engine, and the capacity of its designing engineer, you must enter a little into the nature and difficulties of the task he undertakes.

The chief requisites of a locomotive engine fit for its work, are two—*Grip* and *Go*.

Grip is probably still, as it was from the beginning, one of the least understood qualities of an engine. A good grip is a much rarer quality than good go. An engine to go fast is easy, and along a level line is common enough. An engine to carry heavy trains up steep lines, with steady speed, in regular time—that is the difficulty, that is the rare engine, that has grip as well as go!

What, then, is grip, and how is it to be got? Grip is the holding on by something in order to pull another out of its place, or move it. If you are on the ice, and try to draw something after you, you slip, and fall, and fail to pull; but if you get hold of a rope tied to a tree, or if you have nails in your boots which take hold of the ice, you can both draw and push with effect. The rails of a railway are smooth as ice. If you attempt to pull a load up an incline by walking on the rails, you merely slip—you can't pull anything after you. Your feet take no hold on the rails—you want grip.

This was one of the great difficulties of early engineering—How can an engine get grip on a smooth iron rail? Its wheels must merely slip, and spin round, and drawing heavy loads must be impossible. So the early engineers thought hauling trains by long ropes the only wise way to make heavy loads move along smooth rails. Later on, they gave the rails teeth, so as to bite the wheels of an engine, and so by turning the wheels of the engine round, and making the teeth along a rail hold the teeth around the wheel. These teeth gave the grip.

But the teeth soon came to an end. They wore out, they broke down, and the grip they gave was gone. In later days the secret of grip came out. Meanwhile strange blunders in railway engineering devoured millions of English capital. Few men knew that by the wise use of grip, heavy trains could be drawn up steep lines of railway. These millions of money were wasted in taking lines of rail a long way round, or in boring through heights costly tunnels, costing from a guinea to two guineas for each inch forward, and level lines of broad gauges made where they cost double the usual capital, merely because some able engineers of the day were ignorant of the principles of grip.

The principles of grip as now known are these:—If a smooth, flat sheet of iron lie on another smooth, flat sheet of iron, and you try to pull it, or make it slide along, it will not slide, or slip, or drag along, until you push or pull it with some force. If the upper plate of iron weigh seven pounds, you must pull it or push it along with a force of one pound, or it will not budge. If it weigh seven cwt., you must push or pull it with a force of one cwt., or it will not budge. If it weigh seven tons, you must push it along with a power of one ton, or it will stay still.

What is this hold which one smooth plate has on another to keep it fast, and not allow it to slip or slide? Answer—No one knows. Some people call it friction. But "friction" is only a Latin word for keeping fast or holding back, and means nothing. What friction is, the Americans may call stick-tion. But that tells us nothing. What we do know is this—That two smooth faces of metal brought close together, embrace each other, cling together, and will not part; nor will either give the other the slip, and let the other go, but under a compulsion—the measure of one-seventh of the whole weight, with which one presses on the other.

This measure of grip—one-seventh of the pressing weight—is a fundamental principle which underlies the whole construction, design, and performance of the modern locomotive engine. It is the measure of all a locomotive can do; and a great art of engine building and design is to do the most with this one-seventh of the weight, moving or moved.

The enemy of "grip" is "slip." The metal of the driving-wheel of the engine grips the metal of the rail, with the regular force of one-seventh of the weight pressing them together, only when both are dry. When they are damp, the strength of grip is lowered. Instead of a grip of one ton being caused by a weight of seven tons, as is true on dry rails, on damp rails it requires ten tons of weight pressing wheel and rail together, to give a grip of one ton. This

must always be kept in mind, both in planning engines and in settling the measure of the work they can do in any given day or climate. On a railway in Asia Minor I have known the traction done all the year round with an effective grip of one ton in seven, while in the damp of England it was in general only one ton in ten.

How it comes that "damp" makes slip, when "dry" gives grip, is an interesting speculation. We all know the love water has for solids, how it clings to them, and how hard it is to drive off. We call this "capillary attraction," but of the nature and cause these big words tell us nothing.

What we do know is, that in the absence of damp, iron clings to iron with one-seventh of the pressing force. What we know is, that damp clings to iron and takes away so much of the clinging force as to require more pressure in the degree of ten to seven—a difference, let us say, of thirty per cent.

The practical sum and substance of all this study about grip and slip in a locomotive engine is as follows.

A pair of engine wheels pressed down by a load of seven tons have a grip of one ton, and can therefore push a train forward with a driving force of two thousand two hundred and forty pounds, in dry weather. A pair of engine wheels pressed down by a load of seven tons, have a grip of six hundred and seventy-two pounds less in damp weather, than in dry, and can therefore push a train forward with only fifteen hundred and sixty-eight pounds or seven-tenths of a ton of driving force. It follows, therefore, that for our climate in damp weather the driving wheels of an engine should be loaded with a weight of ten tons for each ton of driving force they are meant to give.

In all we have now said about "grip," or adhesion of wheels to rails, or the measure of pushing force got by the grip of engine wheels on rails, we have been going straight to the root of the whole matter of railway construction and engine construction. Unluckily engineers in history began at the other end of the matter, and so made multitudes of gigantic failures, the traditions of which still infest our profession, deteriorate their work, and injure the efficiency and economy of railways.

"Grip" being the first condition of railway propulsion, we can proceed after duly appreciating and accurately measuring that to its result, viz., "go."

In practice we want three classes of trains, and three corresponding classes of engines.

One we call express engines.
One we call ordinary engines.
One we call goods engines.
One we want to go sixty miles an hour.
One we want to go forty miles an hour.
One we want to go twenty miles an hour.

These are the speeds wanted on common English railways. Foreign lines and exceptional lines may have quite other aims. With steeper lines and other circumstances of trade and commerce and local wants come exceptional engines.

1. *The Express Engine.*

How to go sixty miles an hour, is therefore the first chief condition of the engineer's plan for a locomotive engine.

This problem, to go sixty miles an hour, is in some ways the easiest, and in others the hardest. Through a tolerably level country, it is easy; over very steep roads it is not attempted.

Early engineers, men of eminence, had a notion about speeds of sixty or one hundred miles an hour, which was curious, not unnatural, but disastrous, costly, and wrong. But as wrong is often merely the way to right, we shall do well to follow out the way they went and see where they landed. Speed! speed at all cost! was the cry of a time. How to get it seemed to some easy. Let us examine this question of great go or high speed as it was then treated.

The grand solution of the question was this—

Great go means great wheels.
Little go means little wheels.

There was the mystery solved! I remember in these earlier days to have seen an engine, built for a great railway, with wheels some twelve feet high or more. It was a strange sight. Of course, to carry such wheels, a broad base was necessary. Our common railways give five feet for the breadth or tread of the wheels, seven feet was the width of rails for these tall wheels. These notions about big wheels giving great speed to a railway train, were one-sided exaggeration of some plain and simple truths which we may now examine.

To go sixty miles an hour by turning round a pair of wheels, in a locomotive engine, is a problem done now in England every day. It is more really wonderful than it now seems, it is also more simple than its really marvellous nature might suggest.

To go sixty miles an hour, it is convenient to take a pair of seven-feet wheels. A wheel seven feet diameter measures twenty-two feet round the rim; that is, if we roll it along

a road, it will roll forward twenty-two feet in turning once round. In giving it two turns forward it will travel forty-four feet forward. In three turns it will travel sixty-six feet; and in four turns round it will go forward eighty-eight feet. These numbers deserve to be remembered.

The value of these numbers consists in the fact that each of them represents a railway speed. If a train travel forward twenty-two feet in a second of time, it will go fifteen miles an hour. If a train travel forward forty-four feet in a second of time, it goes thirty miles an hour. If it travel sixty-six feet a second, that gives forty-five miles an hour. If a train travel forward eighty-eight feet a second, that is our sought speed of sixty miles an hour.

This brings us to the important practical result, that if we wish a locomotive engine with seven-feet wheels to drive a train forward sixty miles an hour, we must so use our power as to compel these seven-feet wheels to go round four times in every second of time, and to take the train forward four times twenty-two feet a second, and so give a speed of eighty-eight feet per second to the wheels and the train.

It is difficult to realise this speed to one's self. In walking four miles an hour, I move my feet two paces forward in every second of time, or say six feet per second. My legs are about the same length as the spokes of the seven-feet wheel. To go sixty miles an hour my legs would require to take twenty-two steps in every second of time instead of two. It is almost impossible to fancy such a thing. But if we take a race-horse we can easier understand it. Imagine a race-horse able to cover twenty-two feet at a bound, and able to make four bounds in a second, that would give the eighty-eight feet. This our racing engine does by four turns a second of its wheels, twenty-two feet in girth.

The difficulty of driving our train sixty miles an hour has now resolved itself into giving our engine power to make its wheels turn round four times each second, and with sufficient grip on the rails to drag the train with it at that speed. These facts suffice to show why an express engine has a pair of driving wheels something near seven feet diameter; why those wheels have to spin round four times in every second of time; why if you stand by the railway as it passes, you feel a whirlwind or storm rush past you at the well-known speed of a hurricane, or eighty-eight feet a second, one mile a minute, and sixty miles an hour.

At sixty miles an hour, what load of train can the express engine draw? How many passengers and how much luggage can it convey?

At sixty miles an hour, the race-horse is overburdened if it carry one heavy rider; seven pounds wins the race or loses it. How many tons will overweight one racing engine?

At sixty miles an hour, our express engine can drive a train of ten passenger carriages and two luggage vans. That we may call a weight of sixty-six tons to seventy-seven tons, along a good level line.

As our engine has only one pair of driving-wheels (the middle pair), and the two other pairs merely help to carry its own weight, this middle pair has to do all the work. If the load of the whole engine itself be thirty-three tons, and if each pair of wheels carry its equal share of the engine load, then the driving-wheels are pressed down with eleven tons weight on the rails. This is enough pressure on the rails to give the one ton of grip wanted to pull the train.

But the engine has not only to draw the train of sixty-six or seventy-seven tons: it has to draw itself along and to carry with it its own supply of fuel and water. This is a further demand, both for additional grip on the rails and for further driving power in the engine itself. That, however, is a matter we shall have to consider later on. That we may consider as part of the engine's own affairs, to be considered afterwards by the engine-builder and engine-driver. At present we are merely considering the useful work the engine has got to do for the railway and the public service, in drawing trains of passengers and goods along the line of railway at the speed of the hurricane; and we have seen that seven-feet wheels, running round four turns a second, and forward eighty-eight feet a second, loaded with ten to eleven tons on the pair of driving-wheels, and having a grip on the rails of one ton, are equal to the duty of dragging say seventy tons weight of express train sixty miles an hour.

2. *The Slower Coupled Engine.*

If we now see clearly what a locomotive engine has to do, in order to gain a speed of sixty miles an hour, and to draw after it a train of sixty-six to seventy-seven tons of railway passengers, carriages, and luggage, we may next pass to the question, what is the difficulty of drawing a train, to carry much more weight, at a slower speed? Is it a greater difficulty or a less difficulty to draw a heavy train slow or a light train quick?

I give my own opinion when I say I think it harder to design an engine to draw heavy loads slow than light loads quick. I will now show why.

Suppose I take an excellent express engine, such as I have already noticed, with its pair of driving-wheels seven feet high; let us see what I could do with it if I wanted to take a heavy load slow. Suppose I attach it to a heavy goods train, and I should be content to take double the weight at half the speed. Would it go? No! The wheels would slip, spin round, but not go. The reason of this failure is not want of go; it is want of grip.

To make an engine fit for a heavier load and a smaller speed, what must we do? Simply increase the grip.

But we have now got all the grip our wheels can exert on rails in our common damp air, and we cannot get more.

Answer.—There are two ways to get more grip:—

First. Double the load on the engine driving-wheels.

Second. Double the number of driving-wheels.

Both these ways have been tried.

If an engine weigh thirty-three tons, then, instead of spreading the load of thirty-three tons equally among the wheels, why not concentrate double the load on one pair of wheels, that pair being the driving-wheels, and so give them double weight and double grip on the rails?

That has been tried and been quite successful, but it destroys the railway! Too much weight on one pair of wheels weakens, wears out, and breaks down the rails and the road, causes accidents, and ruins the railway.

The wiser way is the other way. Do not overload a single pair of wheels, load two pair of wheels instead of one pair, make two pairs both pull the load equally, make both do equal work; and thus each with a light load will together drag the double load. This way is simple and good, and yet it was neither soon nor generally adopted. It seemed so much simpler and easier to put a double load on one pair of driving-wheels than to make two do effectual work by halving it between them, that it was introduced slowly and unwillingly.

Coupled engines, as they are now called, are the one legitimate engine for the driving of heavier loads, whether at higher speed or at lower, for the one effectual reason that they give double grip without doubling the strain on the rails and the road. This, then, is the second class of engines which requires to be provided for the general traffic of an ordinary railway. They are the class of engines in general use for passenger trains of ordinary speed. That they are somewhat more complex than engines with a single pair of driving-wheels is true, but their chief merit far outweighs slight difficulties or defects, which able engine-builders overcome by wise ingenuity, and knowing engine-drivers foresee and take precautions against.

With wise railway directors, these coupled engines should be a favoured class, and with able engineers they will be wisely proportioned to the nature of work to be done on each line. The diameter of the coupled pairs need not be so large as the diameter of a single express pair of wheels. A coupled pair of wheels, just over six feet diameter, making three turns round in each second, will go forward twenty feet a turn, or sixty feet a second, or just over forty miles an hour, being the speed wanted for ordinary railway trains.

This second class of engine, with four wheels in couples, driving the train, will draw a train of the usual mixed class employed in ordinary passenger, luggage, and mixed traffic, at forty miles an hour, and of double the weight of an express train, by means of the double grip of the rails got by the two pairs of driving-wheels. Whereas the single pair could take sixty-six to seventy-seven tons load at sixty miles an hour, this coupled engine will take a hundred and fifty tons forty miles an hour; and this is a great convenience and a great gain.

3. *The Heavy Goods Engine.*

But a third class of engine is wanted, possessing still greater dragging power; and that is merely done by following out what was done before to get the coupled engine. The principle of the coupled engine is this: that whereas out of six wheels which are used to carry the engine itself, only two are used to draw the train, we get our second engine by coupling a second pair to the first pair, and making both drag equally; and thus we double our grip and our dragging power.

Let us, then, take another step the same way. As there are six wheels to carry the engine, why not make all six do the dragging as well as the carrying?

This was the happy thought which gave us the power to drag the enormous long trains of heavy laden goods waggons which we see

passing along—so long that their waggons seem countless.

Couple all the six wheels of an engine to the machinery, in such a way that every wheel grips the rails and drags the train, and all with equal power, and the great problem is done.

This is practically achieved, with considerable difficulties which the engine-builder has to conquer, and with a good deal of care on the part of the engine-driver to prevent the engine from hurting itself and hurting the trains and the rails. For as in other matters, so in engines, increased power gives power to do good or to do harm, according as its use is wise or unwise.

Engines with three pairs of driving-wheels are engines of triple dragging power. Effectually they are even more than this, for the following reason—that, while their grip on the rails is tripled, the power required to take their own weight forward is very little greater with three couples of driving-wheels than with one couple.

This comes from the fact, that the express engine, with a single pair of driving-wheels, weighed nearly as much as this goods engine weighs with three pairs. If we take the express engine as being some thirty or thirty-three tons, then the goods engine may weigh thirty-three to thirty-six tons, and there will then be a weight on each pair of wheels of eleven or twelve tons, with merely this odds, that in the latter case all three drive equally.

In like manner, the second class of engine has three pairs of carrying wheels; and of these, two pairs only are drivers; and the weight of this engine need not be much greater than the engine with a single pair.

These facts make it plain to us, what an enormous gain railway traffic can obtain by this very simple invention of coupled wheels. It has long been known and used; but it is not so well understood, nor so wisely employed, as to be as universally and appropriately applied as it might be. It is at once a grand resource for economy, punctuality, efficiency, and even speed under difficulty.

Taking now a goods engine, weighing thirty-three to thirty-six tons; giving it six wheels, of fifteen feet round the rim, or a little less than five feet diameter—making only two turns of the wheel per second, this engine would drag a train twenty miles an hour; and making three turns of the wheel per second, would drag the train thirty miles an hour; and the weight of such a train along the level might be over three hundred tons, or ten times the weight of itself.

4. *Conclusion of the Design.*

If the civil engineer who has to settle the design of the locomotive engines for his own railway is wise, he will stop at the point where we have arrived; and having settled the weights of the engines, the sizes and numbers of their carrying wheels and driving-wheels, the speeds they are to go at, and the weights of trains they have to draw, he will leave the rest of the design to the engine builder. Wise engineers know that they make a great blunder when they meddle in engine building an inch further than their own specialty requires; and most of the blunders in locomotive engines—and they are numerous—come from civil engineers who don't know enough, meddling with engine building, and trying to show off in knowledge and skill which they have not got.

The wisest railway engineers I have known followed this course. They laid down imperatively the characteristics of the engines wanted for the special character of their railway, and the peculiar nature of its traffic; they selected the most able and trustworthy men as engine builders, to construct their engines; and they left them to choose all the details on their own responsibility, and to construct their engines their own way. I have always seen this mode of action more successful than the method of meddling with other men's work.

Whether this method has been followed or not, you can always find out by looking at the assemblage of locomotives to be seen around any great railway station. If the line has been built and equipped by an able and responsible engineer, you will be struck by the fact that there are only three varieties of engines; that they are all identical in those three groups; and that there are no varieties, or diversities, or deviations from the standard. When you look further into the matter, you will find that these engines look in better condition than other engines. Being identical, they are better made, better understood, and better cared for, than if they were a various multitude, dissimilar, worse understood, and worse provided for.

ACROSS THE DOWNS.

RIGHT across the downs,
Up hill and down hill,
Where the shadowy upland frowns
Underneath the mill,
And the sails whirr round and round
With a lithsome spring and bound.

All along the path,
Curving here and there,
Where the fragrant aftermath
Fondly scents the air,
And the flocks of South-Down sheep
Browse along the shelving steep.

In the valley grows
Blooming heath and thyme,
And a little rillet flows,
Rippling rustic rhyme,—
Which a listening linnet learns,
And to melting music turns.

Here's an ancient oak,
Ivy overgrown,
Has escaped the woodman's stroke,
And still it holds its own,—
Watered by the tiny rill,
Green, and bearing acorns still.

Climbing up the slope,
Hear the sky-bound lark
Sing his song of joy and hope,
Clear and piercing. Hark!
Nearing heaven he soars and sings,
Rippling on the breeze's wings.

Right across the downs,
Where the sea's in sight,
And the glowing sun embrowns
Golden cornfields bright,
Hamlets, villages, and towns,
Shimmer right across the downs.

SKETCH OF A JOURNEY ACROSS AFRICA.

By VERNEY LOVETT CAMERON, Lieutenant Royal Navy.

PART IV.

WE got under way the day after Coimbra's arrival, and crossing the Lovoi on a fishing-weir bridge, we entered the country of Ussambi.

Ussambi is a sort of debateable ground (like the Scottish marshes of old) between Urua and Ulûnda. The people say that they are properly under the rule of Kasongo, but that they are forced to pay tribute to Mata Yafa also, as his territory is so close, especially on the north-west, that he can easily harry them in case of their opposing his claims. Besides the extortions they are subjected to by these two chiefs, they also suffer from the raids of Msiri (a Mnyamwèsi), who has established himself at Katanga by force of arms, and now sends armed parties in all directions in search of slaves and other plunder. The slaves thus obtained, he sends to Unyanyembe and the West Coast, receiving in exchange cloth, guns, and powder. The guns and powder enable him to retain his position, and he is also greatly assisted by large armed caravans from Bihé, commanded by confidential slaves of Portuguese who use his territory as a safe basis from whence to start their numerous slaving expeditions. These Portuguese are generally accompanied by a few of Msiri's own people, in order that these blackguards may be considered as acting under his orders, and thereby spreading the terror of his name far and wide; besides this advantage, he receives a large proportion of the slaves captured in these raids.

The people of Ussambi, growing wise by experience, are now congregating in large villages, well protected by wide and deep ditches and embankments, and are rapidly sub-dividing into a number of small and independent tribes only bound together by the necessity of defence against the common enemy "the slave trader." The country of Ussambi is one pleasant to the eye and well watered; woods, meadows, streams, and cultivated grounds succeeding each other in agreeable diversity.

Whilst passing through Ussambi I heard that Mata Yafa was only a few miles distant from my camp, being then on his way to Kasongo in order to seek his protection assistance. In consequence of some unheard-of cruelties he had committed on women, an elder sister, whose rank was nearly equal to his own, had formed a conspiracy, saying, "I also am a woman," and driven him out of the country. He only just managed to escape with his life, accompanied by a few followers who still remained faithful to him, and when I heard of him he was skulking along through the jungle, afraid to enter any village. What his reception by Kasongo may have been is a momentous question for the peace of Central Africa.

After Ussambi we came into Ulûnda, part of the dominions proper of Mata Yafa, whose own immediate relations and their followers are Warua. Mr. Cooley, in his learned works on Africa, says that Alunda, from Mulûnda, means "wilds," but seems to think that the Pombeiros who crossed from Cassanci to Tété in the early part of the century were mistaken in talking of Arundas (Walûnda, according to correct etymology) as a separate race. I believe that Ulûnda, being, in fact, almost entirely covered with forests, and the people being very wild and savage, the country is called Ulûnda, or "the wild country," and the people Walunda, or "the wild people."

The chiefs of all the important districts belong to the dominant race of the Warua.

The huts of the Walûnda are smaller than any other permanent habitations I have seen in Africa, and are as a rule scattered about the country in clusters of three or four situated in the middle of small clearings, each of which just suffices to support the one family who inhabits it.

Whilst passing through Ulûnda we crossed many important affluents of the Lualaba or Congo, and in its western one of our camps was close to Lulua (well-known to geographers), whilst the source of the Liambaiyé, or Zambézi, was only ten or twelve miles to the south of us. I was fortunately able to fix the exact position of this camp by a very extensive set of lunars, and it may in future be considered as a crucial position for other travellers to take their departure from.

After Ulûnda we first passed through a country at present considered as neutral ground, but which is rapidly being colonised

by the people of Lovalé. Lovalé is a country of considerable extent; the eastern portions are very similar to Ulûnda, but as we proceeded westward we came upon large plains, which, in the rainy season, are nearly covered with water, and are then well-nigh impassable.

It is from these inundations that the inhabitants derive the greater portion of their wealth. When the waters are out, innumerable fishes, principally siluri (or mud fish), swarm forth from the rivers and spread themselves all over the country. The inhabitants take advantage of the slight inequalities of level to form small dams by which, when the floods subside, the fishes are confined, and are then easily captured by the natives, who dry them, and barter them with passing caravans and with their neighbours. So eager are the tribes on either side for these fish, that they refuse all other articles of barter from caravans who have passed through these piscatorial districts. I cannot admire their taste, and I fancy that if a Fishmongers' Company existed in Africa, not only a portion, but the whole amount brought for sale would be condemned. In order to gratify this peculiar taste of the people we were to meet on our road, we were obliged to lay in a large stock of this half-rotten fish, and the effluvia arising from it made our camp nearly pestilential.

The place where we halted to buy in our cargo was very near the point at which Dr. Livingstone's original route from Sekeletu's to Loanda crossed mine. The chief he met there was the same I saw, and he remembered Livingstone well, owing to the fact of his riding an ox, but I was unable to fix the exact position of the meeting, as since then the chief has shifted the location of his village four or five times.

In Lovalé we had a good many very annoying, though not serious, troubles with the natives. They had innumerable fetishes, and every time any fetish was offended a fine was levied, and as a stranger had no means of finding out what was "fetish" and what was not, these fines were very numerous and vexatious. Certain trees might not be cut down to build a camp, against others no gun might be leant, some paths might not be traversed by a stranger, and so on *ad infinitum*. As nearly every man in Lovalé was armed with a gun, they considered themselves powerful enough to insist on all these bothering regulations. The cowardly bullies from Bihé now showed themselves in their true light, very different from what they appeared to be in Urua. There, strong in the possession of firearms (of which the natives knew nothing), they robbed and maltreated every one; here they cringed and sneaked, and were often robbed in their turn.

After Lovalé we came to Kibokwé, where the country began to get more broken and hilly than any we had seen for a long time. We now began to ascend towards the western edge of the Basins of the Congo and the Zambézi. Here the fish which we had bought in Lovalé were in demand, but I soon exhausted all my stock, and if I had not been able to purchase a little cloth at a most exorbitant price from some people of Bihé, who were out collecting beeswax, we should have starved. The only product of Kibokwé which is exported is beeswax. From the honey the natives make a sort of mead, which was in taste very like the strong Scotch ales. At one village at which we halted the chief offered me some in a china pint mug, which, as I was very thirsty, I emptied at a pull. He held me in great admiration as this potent draught took no effect on my head, and followed me to our two next camps to give me drink before starting in the mornings. He brought a little pot with him, in which he warmed the mead, and as the mornings were then raw and cold this "Doch an dorroch" did not prove at all unacceptable. After Kibokwé we passed out of the basins of the Congo and the Zambési (the affluents of which are so interlaced with each other that it was almost impossible to determine the actual watershed), and came into that of the Kwanza. After crossing the Kwanza (which here some distance above the falls was a fine navigable stream) we arrived at Komananté, in Bihé, where Kendélé (or Alviz) had his settlement. Although he said he was a civilised man, his establishment was little better than that of the natives, and the pigs shared the houses with him and his friends as freely as if they paid the "rint."

At Komananté I was delayed a week before I could procure a guide from Kendélé, to show me the road to the coast. Kendélé himself remained up in Bihé, in order to dispose of some of his slaves for beeswax and ivory; the others he retained to sell at the coast.

When I left Komananté, I had first to go to the town of Kagnombé, the chief of Bihé, as my guide would have been afraid to return if it had been known he had guided a white man through Bihé without taking him to see Kagnombé. Kagnombé's town proved to be the largest I had ever seen in Africa, but Kagnombé (or, as he called himself, King Antonio Kagnombé) was a most

despicable specimen of a negro. He said he had been to Loanda, but the only result of his travels seemed to be a grafting of the worst European vices on those already engrained in his nature.

The day I left Kagnombé's, I arrived at the settlement of Senhor Guilhermé Gonçalves, where I was most kindly and hospitably received, and felt as if I were once more getting into civilisation. Senhor Gonçalves has been settled at Bihé for about thirty-three years, and all his establishment (for a place in the wild) was wonderfully well *monté*. He has planted orange-trees, vines, roses, &c., which all grow to perfection. Great hedges of roses, thirty feet high, covered with blossom! Senhor Gonçalves was an old officer of the Portuguese navy, and a very gentlemanlike man, but had become so completely habituated to African life, that, after a short stay in Lisbon, he had felt obliged to return to Bihé, where he had arrived only a few days before I did. The day after, I came to Senhor João Baptista Ferreira's settlement, where I was also most kindly received; but I am sorry to say that he is a man calculated to do an immense deal of harm in Africa. He has travelled far (nearly up to Kasongo's country on one occasion), but being utterly uneducated, and almost solely dependent on the slave-trade for his profits, cannot fail to lower the prestige of the "white man" amongst the natives.

Close to the village of João Baptista is that of Silva Porto, famous for his journey with Syde ibn Habib half across Africa. His place is now in the charge of slaves, who make frequent trips to Katanga for copper, slaves, and ivory, whilst he himself lives in comfort at Benguélla.

After one day's halt at João Baptista's, we started for Benguélla, but after only four days' marching, we were delayed by the illness of the wife of our chief native guide, and, after all, had to leave him with her, and to go on with one of his brothers. Besides the natives, I had also a black Portuguese called Manoel, from Dondo, supplied to me by Alviz, who formed a very favourable contrast to that individual, as he endeavoured to assist me in every way in his power.

When we were on our road again, we came into the lovely and fertile country of Bailunda, the chief of which I visited in his village, situated on a rocky hill, standing by itself in the middle of a plain. To reach his hut, which was perched on the very summit, I had to pass through no fewer than seven stockades; besides this, the path was so steep in places, that we had a regular scramble to get up.

Two or three days after leaving him we got into a very mountainous country, and the rainy season being in full swing, the men began to break down: four or five of them had to be carried, and one poor fellow died. The day after his death, I found that, in bringing up the rear of the caravan, I was about nine hours doing what might easily be done in three under ordinary circumstances, owing to the number of men who were unable to march, and who kept on halting. On my arrival in camp, I therefore made up my mind to throw away everything I could possibly spare, and pressing on to the coast, now one hundred and twenty-six miles distant, with a few of the best men to send back assistance to the others. I accordingly threw away boat, remains of tent bed, everything but a blanket and a shift of clothes.

The next morning I went on with Manoel and six other men, and after five days' stiff marching across a very rough and mountainous country, arrived at Katombéla, a suburb of Benguélla.

Here I was most warmly welcomed by Monsieur Charles Cauchoix, an ex-lieutenant of the French navy, who rendered me every assistance in his power. The day I got in, scurvy broke out with great violence on me, and by the evening I found I could neither speak nor swallow. Cauchoix started off with me in a hammock for Benguélla at two A.M., to place me at once under the care of Dr. Cavacho, in charge of the military hospital there, to whose kind and scientific treatment I in a great measure owe my life. The Portuguese Governor, Major Brito, was most kind, giving lodging and rations to my men, and from him and all the inhabitants of Benguélla I received every sort of hospitality.

After about a fortnight at Benguélla, I was given a passage for myself and followers to Loanda on board the Portuguese mail steamer *Bengo*. When we arrived at Loanda, I landed as quickly as possible, and got up to the consul's before he knew of my arrival. I was not a very prepossessing-looking individual at the time, but when, on his coming out, I said, "Come to report myself from Zanzibar—overland," he caught hold of me by both shoulders, and said, "Cameron, by God!"

Captain Hopkins (the consul) did everything he possibly could for me, and I shall

never be able to repay all his kindness to me. The other English at Loanda, Messrs. Newton, Carnegie, and others, received and welcomed me most warmly, and the time I was obliged to stay there till I could get my men started for Zanzibar, passed away far more pleasantly than sojourns on the West Coast usually do.

My most cordial thanks are also due to the Governor-General, Admiral Andradé, and his aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Mello, of the Portuguese navy. The latter, having served in our own navy for some years, was quite an Englishman in his ideas, and always was considered as one of the English society at Loanda. As soon as my men were despatched, I started for England by the next homeward-bound English steamer, and, after a tedious and uneventful voyage of fifty-four days, arrived at Liverpool on the 2nd of April. I think I may now say good-bye to my readers, and hope that they will get through their "Journey across Africa" with less difficulty than I did.

KNOWLEDGE WORKETH FAITH.

"They that know Thy name will put their trust in Thee."—PSALM IX. 10.

THE Name, according to Eastern usage, stands for the attributes, the character, of the person, for that by which we are able to know Him, and understand what He is. So that we may take this sentence to mean—they that know Thy character, who know what Thou art, will put their trust in Thee, because of what they know. The knowledge will lead to the trust, which is trust in a person—"in Thee." This is a testimony to the personality of God. It throws the light of David's pious thought and feeling (assuming the psalm to be his) on that question of a personal God and of the possibility of knowing Him, with which, in these days, many minds are exercised. To him, as to every man of a thoughtful spirit, life must have been full of mystery—nature full of wonder. The man who wrote the words, "Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid Thine hand upon me. Such knowledge is too wonderful for me: it is high, I cannot attain unto it,"—had doubtless felt his spirit overwhelmed within him at the awful thought of the all-encompassing power to which all the powers of his own life were as nothing. He who wrote, "When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars which Thou hast ordained, what is man that Thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that Thou visitest him?"—must have realised, as keenly as any of us can, the difficulty of understanding how any power, so vast as to be able to rule those heavenly hosts and to manifest its control throughout the universe, can yet stand in an intimate relation to man, "whose breath is in his nostrils," and who is "crushed before the moth," and can in any way be known by him. And yet David got out of these difficulties, and into a region where they did not trouble him, not by the road of scepticism, but by that of faith. I do not mean that he shut his eyes to every difficulty, and closed his mind against every doubt, resolving that in spite of all he would stick to his childhood's belief in the God of whom Moses had written, of whom Samuel had spoken, in whom Israel had been taught to believe. That is not the way of faith, but of credulity; not of the mind that is ready to learn, but of the mind that is ready to be imposed upon, and subdued to serve the ends of those who impose upon it. But David's was the mind and spirit to which all highest truth reveals itself, the earnest mind, the reverent spirit, preserved, by its own delicate instinct, from hard self-confidence, from impatient discontent, from hasty judgments upon the mysteries of life,—that is content to say, "With Thee is the fountain of life: in Thy light shall I see light." To a man in whom was such a spirit, the world with all its varied scenes, and life with its manifold changes, and nature with its stately order, brought revelations of that which was greater than themselves. In these he recognised the ways of One, who, though Himself "past finding out," was yet made manifest in these. Where the man of a hard and doubting mind, and unresponsive spirit, saw and heard only the common sights and sounds of nature, which disclosed nothing that had a spiritual meaning, he could see an invisible hand stretching forth the heavens like a curtain, and scooping out the channels of the great deep; clothing the sunny slopes with the vine and olive; sending the springs into the valleys that run among the hills. In the earthquake and volcano he discerned the act of one who looked on the

earth and it trembled, who touched the hills and they smoked. In the thunder he heard the voice of the Eternal dividing the flames of fire, and making the wilderness to shake. In the unbroken order of nature, which marches on from day to day, and from year to year, "unhasting, unresting," he saw, not a dull and soul-less force doing its work with the harsh precision of a machine, but the constant expression of the will of a Ruler, of whose infinite kingdom order must ever be the law: he perceived day unto day uttering speech, and night unto night teaching knowledge, and a kindly power crowning the year with goodness, so that the earth was satisfied with the fruit of His works. In the course of his own life, and of the lives of those around him, he beheld like evidences of a gracious influence guiding and controlling. That power, which he acknowledged to be too great and wonderful for him to understand, he yet knew to be one from whose oversight and care he could not, even if he would, escape. The wings of the morning would not carry him beyond its reach. The darkness of midnight would not hide him from the Presence, before which the night shone even as the day. And all this, not because he was a man of poetic imagination, whose spirit naturally rose from the earth to those "high regions where the pure forms dwell;" but because he was of that reverent and humble heart which is fitted to receive divine revelation, and able to lay hold of those things which, while hidden from "the wise and prudent," are "revealed to babes." He came, through the discipline of life, through his observation of nature, through his acquaintance with men and things, to know the name of the Lord; that is, to detect in all these the revelation of a divine character and will and government, and to master the great fact, true for all ages and generations of men under all creeds and dispensations, that life is an Education, in which there is a divine power on the side of what is good and true. But David did not stop at this. The discovery of a power that "makes for righteousness" was not enough for his spirit to rest on. A power, after all, is abstract and impersonal. Faith requires a person. And David rose to the idea of a Divine Person. He felt that the manifestations of order, of control, of intelligence, of righteousness, which he discerned in nature and in life, bore witness to a living source of all that was fair and true and right. He felt that these were not mere phases or properties of nature, but were the characteristics of a living Being. They who came to know these, read in them the letters of a "name," the name of the All-wise, Almighty, Everlasting, and saw in them the parts of a Divine character.

What we learn of the world, of nature, and of human life, teaches us that encircling these are certain laws that rule not only the visible universe, but the heart and conscience of mankind,—that there is over all a certain controlling order, and an unseen but awful power everywhere making itself to be felt. And if we consider these heedfully, as those who wish to master their meaning must, we perceive that the law, the order, the power are pervaded by one purpose and marked by one character, are parts of a great whole; and this conducts us to the belief in one mind and will in which they must have originated, and of which they are the manifestations. It is much the same lesson that St. Paul teaches when he says, "Experience worketh hope." He does not mean that our experience of ourselves or our experience of others leads us to be hopeful for ourselves, or for them, or to think better of ourselves or of them, for such experience too often creates only disappointment and distrust; but experience of life, of its trials, crosses, lessons, and of the ways of God which we learn to trace through all these, "worketh hope," leads us to hope in His unfailing goodness, to believe that behind all darkness there is light, to trust

> "That somehow good
> Will be final goal of ill—
> To pangs of nature, sins of will,
> Defects of doubt, and taints of blood."

And so, too, we may say knowledge worketh faith. Experience of the ways by which we are led through life, if we be thoughtful and earnest, leads us to understand the character of God who leads us; and to understand His character is to have faith in Him. "They that know Thy name will put their trust in Thee." This, which was the experience of the writer of this ninth psalm, should be ours also. If it is not, I suspect the fault is our own: it certainly is not His who tries to guide our life to a good and noble issue. We sometimes hear people complaining of the way by which they are led, and of their lot in life. We hear it said of this man or the other, "Oh! the world has gone against him. He has got soured, or hardened, or has fallen into unbelief; and little wonder, for his burden was too heavy. Poor man! he never had a fair chance." Men speak about heresy and atheism, but there is no kind of talk fuller of

heresy and atheism than this; for this would imply that God cared so little about the life of His creatures that He laid down no plan of it for them; that He either took no care as to what should befall them, or deliberately sent them temptations which they could not resist, and burdens which they could not carry; and, though Himself the fountain of light, allowed them to sink down into the blackness of darkness for ever, without stretching out a hand to help. What kind of God would this be? Is it possible to imagine that God, if He be indeed possessed of divine goodness and power, could ever send His children anything that is not intended to bring them nearer to Himself—that is not, if they will use it rightly, a road by which they may come to Him—or that anything could proceed from Him which should tend to shake confidence or extinguish faith? If the result of aught that befalls us in life is to do this, we may be sure we are using the disciplines of life wrongly, that we are turning away from them because of their painfulness, and refusing to receive them as the messages, nay, as the very gifts, of God; that we are looking on them as if they were accidental mischances and troubles, and not as though they were parts of a divine plan laid down for us by a Father. For each man's life is a plan of God. We may thwart the plan, and by so doing bring evils and pains upon ourselves; but these, too, come not at random. They proceed from God as the inevitable results, or, in other phrase, the natural recompenses, of having gone against His law and will. There is nothing arbitrary in these recompenses. They are the effect of which our transgression is the cause. They come to us along the road of absolute law. If we would keep out of their reach, we must do the will of God—do what is right: not doing right because it is His will, but doing His will because it is right.

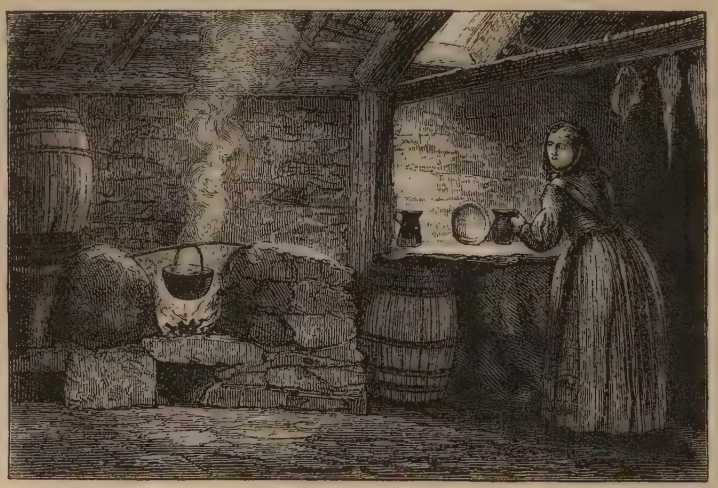
The faith to which God would lead us—that trust in Him which knowledge of His character, as revealed in His laws and dealings, should work in us—is not the mere confidence with which the mind assents to a proposition which it sees to be true, or accepts a fact of which it has sufficient proof. It is the spirit of trustfulness, and act of trust, in which one being commits itself to another, in the assurance that the other is worthy of the trust. If you are travelling through a strange land, and have to find your own way, you seek a guide who can lead you whither you wish to go. If you are wise, you will not take any one of whose ability you cannot get some evidence, of whose past services you do not receive a good account, whom others who have travelled with him do not recommend. But if you do find such an one, you will wholly trust yourself to his guidance, and act on no advice but his. Having come to know his name, you will trust in him. And just so on the great life journey. If we are careful to inquire, as those who really wish to make their way safely, we shall discover that there is one Guide who has never been known to mislead; and, once convinced of that, we will entrust ourselves to Him, to be by Him guided, governed, and kept for ever. We will say to Him, "We commit ourselves to Thee. If the road be rough, we shall not complain, for Thou art leading us thereby. If the night be dark, we shall not be afraid, for Thou art with us. We will obey Thy voice in all perplexity and temptation—Thy voice as it speaks to us in our conscience, or in Thy word. We will look at all times to Him who has passed by this way before us, who came from Thee and returned to Thee, and so we shall be safe." It is only as we thus trust ourselves to God that the true spiritual life can grow within us. "Be it unto you according to your faith" is the principle laid down by Christ, and always true of all spiritual life. There is no law of the spiritual kingdom more true and more universal. The life of science grows according to the proportion of discovery, the life of knowledge according to the proportion of learning, the life of the Spirit according to the proportion of faith. For the life of the Spirit is the Divine life, the life of Christ reproduced in us; and it is only as we trust ourselves to God the Father, through Him the Son, that the Divine can enter into us and find a home wherein it may abide and grow—grow to that perfect righteousness which no law can create, but which is the fruit of faith, and to that perfect fellowship with the Father which those only can attain in whom is the Spirit of the Son, the Spirit which quickens the eternal life which is "hid with Christ in God," but made manifest in those who are united to God through Him.

R. HERBERT STORY, D.D.

IN ICELAND.

III.—THE SULPHUR MOUNTAINS.

REYKJAVIK, where we spent at different intervals as much as a month, was unusually lively last year, owing to the sitting of the first Alting or parliament of Iceland, since the recent grant of a constitution. Till the other day the Danes, though their own government is constitutional, were despotic in Iceland, not from right of conquest, or any other right, for when they acquired the island by treaty they were pledged to uphold its old laws, but simply because they were the strongest. Indeed, the history of the connection between Iceland and Denmark was, till quite lately, a mere history of wrongs. A country dependent on trade for all its corn, for the very necessaries of life, especially requires free trade, but in the seventeenth century the Danes imposed on Iceland a commercial bondage almost incredible in its injustice. The government sold to certain Danish merchants, at a high price, the absolute monopoly of the Icelandic trade; no Icelander was allowed to trade with any but a Dane, not even with a countryman. He could not legally sell a fish at sea to another ship. The Danes imposed their



Eldhus, or kitchen.

own prices on exports and imports; what these were we may judge from an instance. The skippund (a certain weight of fish) was in 1782 worth from thirty to forty dollars in the outer markets, but in Iceland it had to be sold to the Danes at seven dollars. No wonder that the population diminished, that lands were deserted, enterprise languished, and the deep-sea fishing fell entirely into the hands of foreigners, where it remains to this day. The wonder seems, not that the country retrograded, but that it existed, that the love of it was strong enough to enable the people to fight the battle at all against such a severe climate and such disastrous laws. The year after this monopoly was first imposed, it is on record that three hundred people died of famine. But when more than a century later the misfortunes of the great volcanic eruptions of 1783 were added to the other burdens, and nine thousand people had perished from want, at last the Danes consented to relax their code so far as to make trade legal with all Danish subjects, which had an immediate good effect. Since that time the restrictions have been, though very gradually, removed, and since 1854 trade has been free. The population, in spite of a good deal of emigration, is now steadily on the increase, and the country thrives, but it may be observed that till quite lately it has not had any fair chance. Now that it forms so large a part of the territory of the reduced Danish monarchy, it is to be hoped that that government will in all ways foster and develop the island, instead of actually preying upon its resources. I cannot here enter

upon the dry subject of the new constitution, but though it seems not yet, to British ideas, sufficiently free from government trammels, no doubt it is a step in the right direction, as was the visit of the King of Denmark at the Millenary of 1874.

The Alting worked and talked in rooms at the college all through the hot weather of July and August—it is to be hoped to good purpose; and on the last day of August there was a great departure of country members, who rode off in the holiday mood of people who had got through a hard task, attended by a cavalcade of friends, who some miles off shared with them a lively picnic and parting stirrup-cup. A picnic, ending perhaps in a dance, is a favourite amusement at Reykjavik, and seems a merry one, especially the gallop home in the evening, as every one, even foreign sailors, must ride.

Reykjavik became to us quite a home. We were given pleasant rooms in the hospitable house of our guide and his wife; the view of the Fiord from our windows, of which I gave a sketch in a former number, was charming; but after all it was a town, indeed the focus of our ideas was adjusted into feeling that it was a capital city, and we longed for the wilds again. So, it was with no small satisfaction that one lovely summer day, we journeyed with ten ponies along a good road to the merchant station of Hafnar Fiord, bound for the conical range of Sulphur Mountains to the south at Krisuvik. Beyond this pretty sea inlet, with its bustle, shipping, and neat wooden

Waterfall near Hvalfiord.

houses, we came out on the great lava stream which spreads over most of the south-west promontory of Reykjanes. Far and wide we could only see a great blackened plain, broken up by the shattered shapes that surged out of it, in which imagination could trace towers and pinnacles, or a bear, or a dragon, winged and barbed, anything but respectable rocks and stones. The lava over which we rode was often marked with swirling ripples, as if suddenly congealed in the act of boiling, often tilted up steeply, by a newer stream that had forced a way beneath it, constantly traversed by cracks made in cooling, which widened in places into cavernous pits whose sides were decked with delicate ferns, rock flowers, and cistus; but above grew nothing but a grey and yellow lichen, giving the impression that a long stillness had succeeded the commotion of ancient times. The hills near which we rode were like a range of gigantic cinders, and still smoking in places: we crossed them where a peak had evidently collapsed, and formed a caldron-shaped valley or enormous crater called the Kettle. On the other side, steaming yellow streams ran down the black gullies, and great disconnected rocks, too big to be called boulders, strewed the gloomy valley beneath. I had years ago seen Vesuvius in eruption, and been on the edge of red-hot lava streams, but for stern impressiveness it was not to compare with this burnt-out landscape; there was about it a forlorn horror and a far-spread desolation that are indescribable; it looked as if no one had ever been there before—like a lunar landscape in a tele-

scope; and the very bad language * we had heard applied to Icelandic scenery, which had seemed such a libel in the soft valleys of the west, or among the grand hills of the north, we now felt was quite accounted for. We lodged for two nights in the tiny chapel at Krisuvik, apparently calculated for one hermit only, and more like an old clothes shop than a church, owing to the garments hanging from the beams. But very refreshing was the verdure and the view over the sea at Krisuvik; even the bog was refreshing after the journey over these hideous hills.

We visited next day the neighbouring sulphur-mine, at present unworked; and a curious place it was. A valley and hillside of hot white clay traversed by a yellowish burn, with a back-ground of black rocks and red corries. Bright-coloured varieties of stones and mud were strewn about, formed no doubt by the play of sulphur and ferric compounds, and the whole place was dotted with puffs of vapour, in which some of the sulphur was escaping into the air, in combination, to judge by the smell, with hydrogen; but a good deal was deposited in powder or crystals round each little crater, and more might no doubt be condensed. In the wide valley below lay a little lake of as intense a blue-green as any in Switzerland; great boulders strewed its desolate shores, and more cinder-shaped hills trended away northward, glowing red and purple in the brilliant atmosphere. We went cautiously over the hot white mud to the top of the hill where the red rocks edged the white clay, gathering various specimens of the mineral called here Krisuvik, copper carbonates, and pretty crystals of sulphur, these last not proving afterwards stable. It seems a pity that all this mineral wealth should lie here neglected, but the difficulty of transport must be against the profitable working of this mine.

We returned to Reykjavik by the shores of a clear green lake, which has lately sunk so much in its bed as to make it possible to ride beneath the precipices that descend, however, in places so sheer into the water as to make deep fording necessary; it was a pretty ride on that lovely day, though nothing could be gloomier than the scarred aspect of the mountains all round where no grass grew. This is a much easier way to Krisuvik than the one over the lava, which was formerly the only one, and before long we had reached a pleasant grassy region, fragrant with juniper and bog myrtle, where quick riding was possible again. We made a last halt by the banks of a mysterious little river, called the Kallir à, which here, after a bright and brawling course, disappears suddenly into a cleft in the lava crust, and must find some cavernous way to the distant sea.

Our appetite for what might be called sub-volcanic wonders being rather whetted than appeased, we started again on the 1st of September to explore the promontory of Reykjanes, the scene of recent as well as ancient volcanic agitation, there having been a great disturbance here in the year 1831, at which time one of the Gaifowl Skerries tumbled into the sea. From Hafner Fiord we followed the line of coast over dull unpicturesque lava, disintegrated into a stony flat, and bearing the same relation in interest to that near Krisuvik that a moraine does to a glacier. The rough track was chiefly marked by deep yellow mud. In bad weather it would have been most dreary, but what place would not be transfigured by so pure an atmosphere that the smallest details of the distant mountain range were quite interesting from their clearness; and so bright a sunshine that the browns and greys of the rocky waste shone with jewel-like lustre against the blue sea?

On the second afternoon we came to a sort of grass oasis on the lava field, and it was pleasant to have turf once more under the ponies' feet.

We soon reached Kirkjuvogr, which consists of three large timber farm-houses, each with its own numerous out-buildings, and a good-sized, well-kept black and white church. Everything here was neat and thriving; the turf walls were trimmed to the utmost straightness, the houses were clean, the wind, even after it had blown over the farms, was deliciously fresh and sweet and laden doubtless with ozone, for close by the great Atlantic rollers were riding in from the west, and dissolving on the low red rocks in clouds of foam which sprinkled the window-panes, while the air was filled with the concussion of the sea. Three brothers had occupied these farms, one had lately died, but his widow still lived in his house, and received us most kindly, while the two gentlemen who shared this excursion with us found quarters in the other houses. One of these gentlemen was Mr. W. L. Watts, who had just explored the unknown wastes of the Vatna Jokull, thus drawing a line across the great blank space of a hundred miles and more,

* The Danish proverb runs thus:—"God made the world, but the devil made Iceland."

that occupies the south-east of the map of Iceland. For two seasons he had tried in vain to make the passage, and his success this third time had delighted every one the more, as only Icelanders had accompanied him. He certainly had the valuable quality in an explorer of inspiring his guides, or rather followers, with a personal enthusiasm which would have made them dare anything for him. We were all entertained here for two days, just as if we had been friends in an English country house; a party of strangers except Mr. Gislason, whose wife was a daughter of the house, and who therefore did the honours as host. There was a great charm about this family settlement, the Bonders were fine-looking athletic men, well known for their energy and hardihood; they owned some large fishing boats, and had done good service in cases of wreck which had occurred in the stormy seas which bordered their pasture lands.

A word here as to paying for quarters in Iceland. The traditional habit of the people is to entertain strangers freely, but except in places like Kirkjuvogr, where the means are evidently ample, I do not think it fair in tourists to avail themselves of a custom which is a good one among countrymen who are likely to require sometimes the hospitality they give at other times. We met with much real hospitality, and with kindness that could not be paid for, even when we gave money; occasionally in good houses they took nothing, but generally we gave a fair equivalent for food and trouble. And twice or thrice there was an attempted overcharge. Travellers would do well to ascertain the fair prices, so as not to be either mean or lavish when no definite charge is made, and yet something is expected, by people too poor to give away the provisions which through long transport become pretty expensive.

Morning dawned grey and cloudy, an exception to our usual good luck in weather. Nevertheless, we started to ride to the desolate point of Reykjanes. We went over a great waste of gunpowder-coloured sand, which made an effective back-ground for the one break in its unity, a long pale green grass growing so sparsely that the single blades knotted themselves in graceful curves loosely over the dark sand. In the distance were rocky piles, so architectural in shape that they seemed hardly natural. One was like Winchester Cathedral greatly magnified. Near it rose a pyramid so geometrical that it was hard to believe that it was no hand of man, but the wild volcanic forces, that had piled it up. Deeper among the overhanging lava crags we rode; far and wide all was a mountainous desolation; till at last the air grew warm, the ground smoking and treacherous, and the ravine opened on a green hillside, sloping towards the cone of a recent volcano, where abundant clouds of steam rolled up from various places. Here we dismounted, in about the strangest spot I had yet seen. There was a caldron or crater some fifty or sixty feet in diameter of bluish mud, all in a boil, bubbling and wreathing up in circular ripples. The overhanging sides were jagged, and the ground above was rotten—a regular boiling bog, in which you sank through cohesive hot mud, into thinner,

Icelandic lady, full-dress.

more scalding stuff, and might easily sink far too deeply to be pleasant. Gislason being tenant of the place, and having at one time worked a quarry here, knew his ground as far as so shifting an affair could be known, and we followed him carefully; but we were all more or less in the hot mud. Little hot craters opened here and there, and in another great caldron red mud boiled instead of blue. This bewitched-looking place had of course its corresponding dreary legend attached to it—of a murderess who was executed in the neighbourhood, but would not lie quiet, but scoured these hills as a vampire, frightening folk out of their wits, which proves that the population has decreased, for there is absolutely no one now far and wide

to frighten. At last a holy man of developed spiritual powers confronted the vampire and forced it to enter the blue mud crater, where it was compelled to go round and round the converging circles till it reached the centre, where the gluey mud dragged it down, destroying the ghastly half-life of the body, though the unquiet spirit may still be seen flitting over the livid boiling grave it can never leave! We examined the quarry, where a pure white clay lay on a rock of hydrated silica, which was friable at the top, but grew harder as you dug deeper. Perhaps a fine porcelain clay may be found here, and Iceland may some day produce her own choice china. Of that I am no judge, nor of the rarity of the certainly very pretty bit of chemical action we saw going on here at a point where the steam was issuing strongly from some mud which impinged on the lava rock. The men broke the earth off the rock with their pickaxes, pulling a little rapidly down with their hands, though it was almost too hot to touch even for a moment. Then, as the vapour rose and grew rapidly condensed in the cold air, we saw the lava rock glance all over, apparently in the very process of being silver-plated. This was owing to the aluminum sublimised in the vapour being, through contact with the air, precipitated and deposited on the rock, silvering it over, while we watched, in the prettiest fashion.

On remounting, we rode towards the point of Reykjanes, so well remembered as a peril of the sea in our late stormy voyage, and those weird rocks like giant buildings, which had been in sight all this time. But the grey weather was changing for the worse, a sea-fog rolled up, thick rain set in, and it was of no use to go any further; we could have seen nothing, and the wilderness we had crossed would have been bad riding after dark; so we turned reluctantly homewards. We rode fast over rock and sand, my pony springing over the obstacles I did not see, till not too soon in the gathering darkness we hit on a real tract, and cantered over the grass full tilt for the lights of Kirkjuvogr. By 9.30 we were all doing justice to an excellent dinner in a comfortable, dark-wainscoted room at one of the farms, the dash of the sea outside, and the rattle of the wind and rain at the casements only adding zest to the mirth within, though it made us a little anxious about our plan for returning to Reykjavik by sea the following day. By morning, however, the storm had abated, and the sun shone brightly on the wet fields and subsiding sea. We had a farewell repast at each farm, and after many cordial good-byes and a stirrup cup or two, we rode off about noon, in two hours, to Njardavik, a creek where our boat awaited us. First, of course, came coffee in the farm, where we were all questioned and patronised by a composed boy, who seemed to be the master of the house. He said he was twelve years old, but evidently considered years could add nothing to his importance. The most impassive of an impassive race, he gazed at us so fixedly that we tried all together to look him out of countenance, but failed utterly. Our large-sized open boat was waiting for us, with two masts, and six men in her; such a boat as those smaller craft mentioned in the Sagas, which, after crossing the ocean more or less successfully, swarmed up the rivers of England and France, with their crews of bold Vikingr. Gislason took the helm, we cleared the land with our oars, and soon had the sails up, and were making fair way over the tumbling blue waves. It took us only about five hours to reach the jetty at Reykjavik, so we had made a very short cut home.

We certainly felt after this expedition that, unless its mineral wealth can be made available, Guldbringe, or Goldbringing Sissel, was rather a misnomer, for the wild desert we had been crossing. Much of the interior of Iceland is in the same plight, useless land, except for the pleasure of travelling, unless the mines can be worked. The real wealth of the country is in live stock, the grass in the inhabited parts is beautiful, and in many places would support far more cattle than it does in summer; but their winter keep, depending now entirely on hay, is the difficulty. Round each farm is a well-manured Tun, or infield, yielding a heavy crop of hay. Beyond are the unmanured fields, where inferior wild hay, called út-hey, is gathered, and there is generally besides a great range of summer mountain pasture. In this farming, the hay crop, always so dependent on weather for being well got in, is too important, there should be two strings to every bow; and that second string might surely be found in the turnip. It grows well in patches about Reykjavik, and would only need ploughs, which are very rare, and sustained labour, which is also not common, to succeed elsewhere. The summer, though warm, is too short, and the frost too long in the ground, for any sort of corn to be a safe crop; but a store of turnips to help the cattle through the winter would be invaluable.

It is always well that the door of emigration should be open to restless spirits, especially in a country without corn; but there is a want of hands rather than of labour in Iceland in summer. We came upon none of those signs of over-population, too common here in our own country, wages are good, and steady work would probably be as well rewarded there as in the locust-haunted plains of the far west of America. Only within the last few years has Iceland had a chance of retrieving itself from the distress produced by the burdens on trade. Farms which were known—before these burdens were imposed—to keep forty cows, now keep six or seven, but they might keep forty again, it is said, if people worked hard in summer to provide their winter food. The fisheries, also, are not half-worked, there is a great deal of inshore fishing, and a good trade in salt fish, with France and Spain especially, bringing, among other things, good cheap wine to Reykjavik; but the very profitable deep-sea fishing is virtually in the hands of the French. This is chiefly for want of large fishing vessels, and in these the Icelanders dare not invest, till some safe means of insurance are provided. There is no bank on the island, and the Bonders are said to be rather attached to the unprofitable form of stocking-heel and tea-pot investments. A better style of house-building in the country is the most needed improvement, but of course the scarcity of fuel and timber makes that difficult to attain; though the coasting steamer which has begun to ply this year regularly, and can bring materials more within reach of the farmers, will be a great convenience.

Improvements — all we who write of Iceland seem ready with our suggestions of improvements, but are we sure after all on which side the balance really weighs? It would be a dull world indeed if we were all improved to the same point. On landing in Scotland after our tour, it certainly struck us that the people looked clean—and unhappy. As refreshing as the uncontaminated air, is the absence of that money-winning, money-loving care which weighs upon our people. An Icelander may be a sharp hand at a bargain, but he is soon content with his position; if he have enough to put him beyond the fear of want, he neither covets, nor esteems, nor requires wealth. The Bonder, however poor in money, is generally well off in the essentials of life; his farm gives him good meat and dairy produce, good clothing and wool for trade. He is owner of wide lands, and has the independent dignity of the lord of the soil. He has his fishing and shooting, and his long pleasant rides, not over dull highways, but across the free country "beloved of horses." His servants, if independent in their ways, are educated and well-bred companions; their indolence may hamper him, but on their honesty and kindliness he may rely; crime, stealing, and violence are almost unknown; gay and easy tempers are the rule.

There is a good deal of drunkenness here and there; but statistically, the Icelanders are behind the Scotch in their consumption of alcohol, drinking something less than two gallons per head, and they are not helped by the women. But with the exception of a few veteran and known topers, it is rarely that a man is drunk on duty; it is at supper that the drinking begins, as in the old times, or when friends start on a journey, or at a wedding or funeral feast. Reykjavik is a well-behaved little town, and for such scenes as our streets present on a holiday evening, or our country places, on the descent of an excursion train, there is no sort of parallel. We saw no abject poverty, no one even insufficiently clad; those who are not well off themselves, seem at least to have well-to-do and helpful cousins, for the people are within reach of each other and know each other. The country can never be rich or support a large population; all the more refreshing is it to be able here to realise the advantages of the earlier simpler forms of life, the real pastoral age when wealth meant sheep and cattle, and people felt towards each other as friendly neighbours, not as competing crowds. So long may it be before our feverish civilisation succeeds in improving away the charm of this rough and simple land.

I have mentioned our last expedition, for September was advancing, long dark nights and frosty days made us aware that the pleasant summer was over, and that it was high time to cross again the stormy autumnal sea; and most appropriately, we saw the last of the Iceland coast under the arch of a brilliant aurora, which presaged a rough passage home.

E. J. O.

WORK AMONG THE BOSNIAN FUGITIVES.

MORE than one-sixth of the Christian inhabitants of Bosnia and the Herzegovina have fled over since August last into the neighbouring territories of Austria, Serbia, and Montenegro.

We are now returning to England for a short time, after five months spent among the fugitive Bosnians in Slavonia and Croatia. Our work there is the application of funds collected for the relief of their distress, and for the rescue of some of their children from ignorance and want. A sad sight indeed it is to behold the ragged and miserable population of the unwholesome border-lands of Turkey, in many places even more than doubled by the yet more ragged and miserable strangers, whose bare lives, scarce saved in their flight, have been just kept from starvation by the allowance granted them by the Austrian Government. Their number is constantly increasing by fresh arrivals. It is hopeless to expect it to diminish; to expect unarmed Christians to return, seeking waste places where once stood their now destroyed homes, amid an armed and exasperated Mussulman population; when even foreign consuls in a civilised Turkish city, Salonica, where the Moslems number but one-fourth of the inhabitants, are brutally murdered by an infuriated Mahommedan mob; when in Brod, the first Turkish village on the high-road from Austria to Serajevo, the accession of the new sultan was celebrated by tossing the heads of three Christian insurgents about the market-place.

But what led to the revolt in which these Christian homes have been destroyed and this savage fury of revenge mutually excited?

Few English people having visited Bosnia, and these few for the most part only for some days or weeks, the normal condition of the Christians in that Turk-ruled European land has been up to the present time unnoticed and unknown. In Serajevo, the capital of the province, where the presence of the European consuls has hitherto kept the Turks on their best behaviour, I used to find it very difficult to obtain reliable accounts of Turkish cruelties perpetrated in the distant parts of the country which I had not visited. The wretched Christians were too terrified to speak. Turkish vengeance would have too surely pursued the reporters. When I complained to one of the more intelligent among the fugitives of the difficulty which I had found in Bosnia in getting the Christians to speak openly to me, he answered, "Why, we dared not complain to one another; how, then, should we tell strangers what happened? I did not dare to tell my friend, lest he should quarrel with me and betray me, or get drunk and repeat what I had said. The Turks would have marked me as a dangerous man, and I should have been imprisoned on some excuse or other, or have been put out of the way." I said to him, "Well, at least you may tell me now you are on Austrian ground, and the Turks cannot hear you." In the course of our conversation he spoke as follows:—"The extortions of the tax-gatherers and the beys (landowners), and the irregular exactions of the zaptiehs (police officers), have reached a point never known before. What with the eighth paid to the government, the third or half to the bey, the tax in exemption of military service, the taxes for pigs, cattle, and everything we have and have not, there remains nothing for us villagers to live upon. I have seen men driven into pigsties and shut up there in cold and hunger until they paid, hung up from the rafters of their houses with their heads downwards in the smoke, until they disclose where their little stores are hidden. I have known them hung up from trees, and water poured down them in the freezing cold; I have known them fastened barefoot to run behind the bey's cart; I have known women and maidens at work in the fields suffer the extreme of brutal violence or be forcibly carried off to Turkish houses. If we complained or reported, we were imprisoned or put to death."

Now the same true and horrid tale I have heard repeated again and again throughout the length and breadth of the land. These were causes enough, indeed, to account for the rising. Encouraged no doubt it was by promises of help from without, and from so-called Serbian emissaries and agitators, who, however, to my certain knowledge, were, with some few exceptions, native Bosnians and Herzegovinians living in exile in Serbia and Austria. The inhabitants of the Serbian principality are of the same race and speech as the Bosnians, and the Serbs dwelling in Austria are all exiles, of a more or less recent date, from the countries conquered by the Turks. In the neighbourhood of Pakratz, in Slavonia, we found the whole Serb or Pravoslav population mindful of their Bosnian

origin, and for the most part looking forward to the time when they shall return to their own beautiful land, to the "Bosna ponosna" of their songs, the "lofty Bosnia" whose hills command the lower and less fertile lands of the Save. Some of them are already there, fighting among the insurgents. Many fugitives settled in Slavonia after the unsuccessful risings of 1858 and 1861; and to this part of the country inhabited by their own people and kin have thronged the fugitives of 1875. Some of these old refugees have become owners of small well-won property, and have received the new-comers with a beautiful and generous hospitality. I give the following instances of these families:— 1. A small miserable-looking hut of two partitions, one of which, open to the weather, served as kitchen and pigstye, the other as dwelling and sleeping place for two families. One family consisted of father, mother, and grandfather, with five children; the other family, father, mother, and three children. The family who owned the hut were Bosnians who fled from Turkey in 1858, and had earned enough to buy this hut and a little piece of land. They had taken in the other Bosnian family who fled here last September. The room was stifling; there was not one single article of furniture in the hut except a kind of open box. A naked babe, born on the flight, lay asleep on the earth floor in a man's tattered jacket. 2. A driver whom we sometimes employed we discovered to be a Bosnian who came over seventeen years ago with his father, mother, and brother. They had been so industrious as to be able to buy a small house and a piece of land for one thousand guldens from the landlady of our inn, who told us the story, remarking that the two young men were so good to their old mother that no wonder they had a blessing. One of them had gone over to Bosnia to fight, the other remained to labour and to mind the home. 3. A family of five brothers, all married, living in a zadruga or house-communion, still common in Slavonia, and in which each family, and each member of a family, has a share in the common property. One of these brothers took it in turn to remain at home and superintend the little community; the others were among the insurgents.

After having visited several places in the Croatian and Slavonian military frontier, we took up our temporary abode at Pakratz, thence establishing and organizing schools for the children of the fugitives. These schools have been our chief aim from the commencement, but it was some weeks before we could find a teacher. The beginning was at length made in the following manner. We were conversing with a Bosnian insurgent, one of those who had been living for some years in exile in Serbia, and had crossed the frontier into his own country at the beginning of the rising last August. He had now come over into Austria, most probably in order to recruit his band among his friends and relations. He was a fine tall man with a very striking countenance, and what the old Serbian song describes as the "glad, bright eye of heroes." While we were talking, an old man came up and joined us. He was dressed like a Grenzer or Austrian borderer, in sheepskin jacket, military great-coat, and blue trousers. "He is one of us," said the Bosnian, "and the very best among us all." After the unsuccessful rising in 1858, he settled in Slavonia, acquired land, built a hut, and was living with his children and grandchildren on the produce of his few cattle and crops. In reply to our inquiry about the Bosnian fugitives in his village, he told us that he had living in his hut a poor crippled young man who was absolutely destitute, and who did not receive the Austrian Government allowance because he had been assigned to a distant Catholic village where he could not bear to go. The Austrian Government, with good reason, objected to the immense crowding of the Bosnian fugitives in the district of Pakratz, and was anxious to equalise their distribution along the frontier. This poor cripple, said the old man, was very clever, and had been a schoolmaster in Bosnia. Hoping that he would prove to be the very person we were seeking, we sent for him to come to us the next day. A more despondent, haggard-looking object I scarcely ever saw. We made him write before us, and read a Serbian psalm. He read with a feeling and expression rare in Bosnia, and we were struck with his singularly intellectual development of forehead. The next day we drove to the village of Kukunjevac, where we heard it would be possible to obtain the old deserted school-house. By the courtesy of the knez, or elder of the village, the arrangement was immediately made, the knez offering to take the young schoolmaster into his house until a sleeping-place in the dilapidated building could be repaired. In two or three days the school was opened (March 6th). The poor young man has displayed unusual skill and energy; the change in his appearance, now that he is earning his own bread in his own vocation, is very remarkable. He has already

taught some of the elder boys to read, and they have received Serbian Testaments as a reward. The accompanying sketch is from a photograph taken on the spot. It shows the old village school-house, now occupied by our Bosnians, and the new building where the little native Slavonians are taught. Our crippled schoolmaster is seen in the group among his scholars, with his little hump-backed cousin, who is come to live with him, that he may learn to read and write. On the other side is a group of Bosnian men and women.

After this first discovery, by dint of sending messages and letters along the frontier among the fugitives, we at length found seven other

Bosnian fugitives' school.

Our Bosnian orphans at Pakratz, dancing the "Kolo."

teachers, and have now eight Bosnian schools, attended by upwards of four hundred children. We leave them, during our temporary absence, under the superintendence of the excellent professor of the Serb training-school at Pakratz, who is bestowing much time and trouble on these schools, and showing the ill-trained Bosnian schoolmaster how to teach. Whole communities having come over *en masse* from Bosnian villages, we may expect that these schoolmasters, in event of the fugitives' return, will accompany the communities in which they are now established, and continue at home the schools started in exile. One or two of the more gifted among them will receive a year's training at Pakratz, before

returning to Bosnia. Most of these schoolmasters had served in the insurgent bands, but are glad to return to their own calling. One of them, however, a fine strong young man, and very clever, came in the deepest dejection to offer himself as schoolmaster. "To my shame," said he, "I am come. I was sent away from the troop in Bosnia by my elder brothers, because all the men of our family, sixteen in all, brothers and cousins, are fighting. I am sent away that there may be the chance of one of our name remaining alive." This young man is well known, and his story is perfectly true. He was named to us by his old uncle, the Nestor of his district, who is now himself in Bosnia to do or die.

Having spoken so much of the insurgents, I should mention that Miss Johnston and I found it impossible to help Bosnian women and children without coming in contact with these "crusaders," for the simple reason that every Bosnian child's father, brother, or uncle is an insurgent, or would be if he could but obtain arms. One of our hardest tasks was the absolute necessity we were under to refuse helping them in any way to buy arms and ammunition; to have done so, would have been to compromise our whole special work. But, at the express desire of some of our subscribers, a few sick wounded men have been cared for.

The group of little children dancing the Kolo is composed of the little orphan girls who have been provided with comfortable homes in families in Pakratz, to attend school. These little girls wear the national dress of Turkish Croatia, a loose shirt of strong coarse calico, with a girdle of warm stuff, and a large red cotton cross on the sleeve. A long black jacket without sleeves, and a woollen petticoat, were added in the cold weather. The red fez, which should complete the costume, was not easily attainable.

Small-pox and typhus in some districts are still carrying off many victims, and the mortality among young children has been very great. The Austrian authorities have in many places ordered vaccination among the refugees, but as the decree had not yet reached the neighbourhood of Pakratz, we ordered direct from the cow-pock establishment at Steinamanger vaccine with which two children from six schools have been vaccinated, and from these the others. I may mention here a curious custom: people are to be seen in Slavonia who have been vaccinated in the form of a cross on their faces, one mark on the forehead and chin, and one on each cheek.

We have expended upwards of £700 in clothing and blankets. One of our last visits was to a village in the hills at some distance from Parkatz, where no linen had been distributed. Little children scarcely covered in ragged filthy shirts; among the women one over one hundred years old, who had known better days in her own land, but who now received with thankfulness some bread which we had with us. Tall, hungry-looking men standing about idle, unable to obtain work, prevented only by lack of ammunition from going across to join their brethren in combat for the freedom of their native land. "We cannot fight the Turks with our pipes," they say, "and we have nothing else." They know too well the fate that would await them if they were to return without arms on the faith of Turkish promises.

In another village we found an old widow woman spinning the coloured worsted with which the Serbian shirts are embroidered. She told us a sad tale of misery, confirmed by the kind Slavonian woman in whose house she lived. We gave her a small sum of money, and as we turned away we heard her saying, "The Lord God has sent this to me." There are beams of light in the darkness of the picture. Here is an instance among many others:—One day when some thousand fugitives were assembled to be newly numbered in the principal place of the district, we saw a Slavonian peasant leading a little Bosnian boy. The man had brought this little orphan two hours' distance that he might be written down to receive his five farthings a day, the Austrian allowance for children. We inquired what he meant to do with him. He answered, "I will never give him up to anybody; he shall be brought up with my own children." We offered him linen for a little shirt, which he accepted with an air of dignity.

A fortnight before we came away, four orphans were brought to us by a young Bosnian from a village six hours distant. We could not but accept the care of the two girls of fourteen or fifteen, who gave themselves to us to do what we would with them, as they said, that they might belong to some one; but finding it impossible to put them to service in Pakratz, we determined to send them with our maidservant, who was returning to Prague, to our branch Home for elder girls training in that place. It so happened that we were sitting under the cool shade of

the acacia trees in the inn garden when this group presented themselves, and the neighbour, hearing the conversation, called to us from the adjoining enclosure, that her husband, a cart-maker, wanted an apprentice, and would take one of the boys. We promised to find clothing, and the agreement was then and there concluded over the hedge. The boy immediately entered upon his new employment, and promises well. The other boy is placed with a tailor, thus making six orphan apprentices for whom we have agreed to find clothes.

All these arrangements, on the pitiably small scale within our power, have been made with the view of turning the time of exile to account as a season of education and preparation for the future which awaits this brave and gifted race on their deliverance from the fierce and foul tyranny of the Turk.*

A. P. IRBY.

* Donations for the Bosnian and Herzegovinian Fugitives' Orphan Relief Fund are received at Messrs. Twining's Bank, 215, Strand, London; and at the Clydesdale Bank and all its branches, in Scotland.

NATIONAL HEALTH.

IV.—HEALTH AND HABITATION.

IN the last forty years of the present century, the subject of habitations in relation to the health of inhabitants, has come prominently forward for discussion amongst architects, men of science, and social reformers. At present the subject is one of the most prominent. Societies, voluntary and philanthropic, commercial and philanthropic, or commercial purely, are cropping up in all directions to give it consideration. Scarcely a week passes that does not bring forth some outline of a new plan or suggestion for improvements in human habitations individually or collectively. Nor is the wave of active thought on this matter confined to this kingdom: it is extending throughout all parts of the civilised world, in remote wilds, where the builders can begin *de novo*, as well as in crowded cities, ancient squalid towns, and villages. If the condition of mind thus striving after improvement be continued for another forty years, we may expect to see England so transformed, in respect to her private buildings, that our grandfathers, if they could revisit their old haunts, could hardly recognise them as their homes on the earth.

It was high time that these changes should be commenced, for surely nothing could be worse than the conditions of the homes of the masses of the people. At no period in the history of England has sanitary architecture had a chance of trial, sanitary science being a new implantation on the English mind, and, indeed, on the mind of the world. It was only the other day in the history of science, less than a century and a half ago, that the composition and vital part of the atmospheric air were discovered; and it is within the last fifty years of the present century that the great discovery of the diffusion of gases, and of the distribution of hurtful gases and vapours in the atmospheric sea, was fully made known.

Previous to these revelations, all idea of purification of the air by what we now call ventilation, was necessarily of the crudest kind, and, indeed, until their announcement, the builders of houses in later stages of civilisation were worse providers of pure air in dwelling places than the more primitive. Dr. Stephen Hales, who in 1733 was the first to discover the physical and physiological importance of the air and the means of good ventilation, very correctly showed that the substitution of the closed stove in dwelling-rooms for the old-fashioned open chimney, which up to his time had prevailed, was an innovation attended with danger. "What," says he, "we call a close warm air, such as has been long confined in a room, without having the vapours in it carried off by communicating with the open air, is apt to give us more or less uneasiness in proportion to the quantities of vapours which are floating in it. For which reason the German stoves, which heat the air in a room without the free admittance of fresh air to carry off the vapours that are raised, as also the modern invention (A.D. 1733) to convey heated air into rooms through hot flues, seem not so well contrived to favour a free respiration as our common method of *fires in open chimneys*, which fires are continually conveying a large stream of heated air out of the room up the chimney, which stream must necessarily be supplied with equal

quantities of fresh air through the doors and windows and crannies of them."

The good genius of Hales in supplying the idea of ventilation of houses, gave a new and truly great direction to the principles of house construction. Like many good suggestions and discoveries, his idea has been obliged to tarry for a very long time. At this day it is but imperfectly realised.

The errors that have prevailed in past time in the construction of human habitations have not been confined to errors connected with ventilation. The political aspects of nations in their developments have tended largely to the developments of faulty and unwholesome constructions. When the great king or earlder-man built his castle he built for protection from enemies of human kind, rather than for protection against those hidden enemies, mysterious pestilences and hereditary diseases. He had to herd up his armed retainers within his thick walls in large numbers, he had to let his slaves live out in such surrounding huts as they by rude instinct could rudely build. The sons of the church who erected the magnificent churches and cathedrals and abbeys, built in perfection of taste of construction, but with little view to health. The spots selected for their residences were spots well selected for protection from bleak winds, for shelter of woods, for choice of springs of water, for running streams, for forest glades, and for easy foundations of highway and road; but here the conditions for health ceased. There was no provision against dampness of air, closeness of air, impurity of air, impurity of water. Half the conditions of health were reached, the rest were left untouched.

It would be unfair in reviewing the work of the first builders of human habitations, to criticise them too keenly by the light of modern science. They built from necessity, and it were hard to scold them if they did not discover what we have but just learned, viz., that in a house there are certain internal necessities for health which are as important as external situation, and which cannot be neglected without incurring the certain penalty of disease and excess of mortality. The first builders raised their various shelters and houses to meet the variations of seasons, to keep out wind and rain, to give protection from the heat of the sun or to fulfil some such other general service. To learn how to ventilate, how to warm, how to light, how to drain, how to secure a pure water supply, was a process or series of processes which could not be made matter of practice in scientific form until science had shown the object and value and plan of those arts.

With all their necessary shortcomings in respect to sanitary requirements the ancient architects were far less culpable than their masters, the politicians, who determined to a large extent both principles and practice. The original necessity for erecting fortified cities, with their high walls, surrounding moats, narrow streets, closed gates, and central castle, created a stern defiance to all the natural or domiciliary requirements for health. The necessity, however, created a method which became an example, so that when more peaceful times were reached the plans of the city were laid out after the old system and included many of its vices. These bad plans remain to the present hour in many instances, and much of the labour of the sanitarian has to be expended in correcting them.

It is impossible to overestimate the dangers and miseries which have followed, and have been dependent on the fundamental errors of the walled town and city. In such centres the great plagues of the world have found their great resting places. In the streets of these places the poor miserable rickety, scrofulous, consumptive, pale children of the earth have been reared; in the streets of these places the crimes of the massed communities have been engendered together with the diseases, and the crimes and diseases have nourished each other.

The imitative process in building has had yet further evils in details. In imitation of the castle great public buildings such as gaols have taken the character of the castle, with the result that when great plagues affected and infected central communities they found in these places their foci. Thus, out of the gaol stepped the black assize. The prisoners poisoned in their cells poisoned in turn the officers of the courts of justice, and innocent and guilty alike were swept away. To what extent ignorance on these subjects prevailed a few centuries ago is shown by a practice which is hardly yet extinguished. It was believed during those darker times that the odour which rises from the plant known as rue is a preventive of contagion, and so before my Lord Judge there was laid a bunch of this innocent plant, on which his lordship might regale through his sense of smell whenever he desired. The rue, it was assumed, stood between the fever-stricken wretch in the dock and his lordship on the bench. Within present memory the custom has remained of placing the rue on the bench for his lordship, but the charm is dispelled.

The castle, as we have seen, was not the only building from which the habitations of mankind took their origin by the process of imitation. The cloister was to some extent also in fault. The cloister became the model of the asylum for the insane, and the asylum for the insane became in turn the model of the hospital for the infirm; of many of the almshouses for the poor left by the benevolence of the rich; of many of the workhouses built, after the passing of the Act of Elizabeth, for the maintenance of the poor; of many public buildings used as manufactories; and in most cases of hospitals for sickness and pest-houses. The faults of sanitary construction in the cloister system were fewer than were those of the castle and its miniature successor the gaol; but they were nevertheless manifold. They led to the introduction of small windows, of close corridors, of damp underground passages, of one-sided window ventilation, of narrow fire-places, of low ceilings with heavy beams in the crevices of which the dust of ages could accumulate, of thick walls and of bad roofings. With these forms of construction there was, it must be admitted, a certain picturesqueness of effect, and a quaint homeliness that is not without its charm. I am candid enough to say, indeed, that to me the picturesqueness and the homeliness have a very distinct charm, and I know that the same feeling, from association of an historical kind, due probably to some distant hereditary liking, extends to many others if not to all English people. It is unfortunate that feeling and health did not go hand in hand in this matter, and that the cloister system was not a sanitary system. It did not provide for sufficient air, for proper admission of air, for circulation of air: it did not provide for proper warming, nor for the exclusion of damp: it did not provide for the due admission of light. The deficiencies in these respects alone were fatal to healthy construction. These were deficiencies of internal construction. To them were added others which were external. The cesspool for the reception of the sewage was placed too near the source of the running stream, or well, or lake from which the institution received its water supply; the walls of the cesspool were made of porous material, or in some cases were made merely of the earth in which the pool had been sunk. The water supply was little cared for; if the water were sparkling and cold it was considered perfect, and the idea of organic impurity was never dreamed of. That source of disease, organic impurity of water, remained to be discovered by a philosopher of our own age, a Yorkshireman, who practised in London, whose name was John Snow, who was once my own familiar friend, and whose life I have written, but whose great and useful work will probably not be duly recognised for many a long day.

Wherever we travel in England even in this day, we read, if we look at the public and private buildings, the history of the pre-scientific age, or I had better say of the pre-sanitary age. The time has come when with the breaking up of much that has been cherished in other departments of social life, we must break up also the old and long-cherished plans which the ancient masons, noble representatives of a noble craft as they were, planned and established to last a long time, but not as they thought for ever.

In the present day the grand problem before the nation is the reconstruction of the habitations of the people in cities, towns, and villages. There is at present a fair knowledge that construction as it progresses is imperfect, and that the results of new construction are, as a rule, bad. No man is quite satisfied with his domicile. This house is too dark; that is sufficiently lighted in so far as windows go, but is badly arranged in regard to its windows; this is too close, that is too draughty; this is damp, that is dry but intensely cold; this has an abundant water supply but no bathroom; that has a bathroom but a deficient supply of water; this has good drainage but no effective traps; that has bad drainage, trap it as you will; this has no soft-water cistern, that has one but the water in it soon decomposes, is always of greenish colour and is really of little use; this has no hot-water supply, that has, but the supply is constantly out of order. These are the complaints which the physician daily hears of, and for which up to the present time he has been able, in the general confusion which prevails, to provide few remedies. It is as though all people were becoming alive to the necessities and the requirements of a healthy habitation, but that the knowledge was creeping in by instalments and at irregular intervals, so that no perfect system of a uniform kind can be obtained.

For my part I have never yet seen a single model private habitation, nor an approach to a series of such habitations. Real advancements lie entirely in the future. First we shall have model houses and a small

model town; then, as the general intelligence advances, there will be radical imitative reforms, which will progress with unusual rapidity. With the full impulse that will come from a more perfect appreciation of sanitary requirements most of our English villages will have to be reconstructed altogether; pulled down, stick and stone; except the church and such antiquities as deserve to be specially retained; replanned into streets and gardens; redrained and rebuilt in accordance with a perfect system of construction. By these means much ground, now useless, will be saved; much money foolishly expended in maintaining badly planned highways will be saved; many plans for giving happiness and recreation to the people will be secured; and health will be improved up to its natural standard. These advantages will show such a singular economy, resulting from the wholesale system of improvement, that the economical argument alone, on behalf of that system, will carry the day. Even that persistent village nuisance and source of fever, the farm yard, will undergo the necessary radical changes, to the pecuniary advantage of the farmer, as well as to the advantage of the health of his neighbours.

In my address, made last autumn, to the Social Science Association, on Hygeia,—a City of Health, I laid out a theoretical plan on which a city could be built which should present the lowest possible mortality. The design was confessedly ideal in relation to our present actual position in knowledge of science and art, I mean in relation to the actual present possibility of carrying out the idea practically. At the same time I studiously avoided all that was, even at present, impossible. I asked, as each step of the city was figuratively laid out, could an architect do this for me to-day if I gave him the order? Could a builder find the materials if I gave him the order? Could workmen be found to carry out the details in every particular? Moreover I fixed my mind on the ordinary class of architects, builders, and workmen, and if the answer to the questions I have named above were negative I threw that part of my ideal design aside as something to be waited for. Thus I extracted at last an ideal city which in every detail was strictly practical. The result is that experienced builders say there is no difficulty whatever, save the novelty and the fear of expense, in turning the ideal into the practical, and in producing truly a model city of health; a city in which the mortality will be reduced to the lowest possible standard which can be secured by the improvement of human habitations.

I do not urge, as some have supposed, that the perfection of sanitary science in construction of dwelling-houses will bring forth all the ends to be accomplished by sanitary science. This would indeed be Utopian in the wildest sense of that term. If, by the perfection of building, we could exclude the poisons which cause the contagious diseases; exclude damp, one of the most frequent exciting causes of consumption of the lungs; exclude darkness and confined air from which spring scrofula and allied forms of disease; exclude the fine particles of dust in the air which enter the lungs to keep up constant irritation; exclude water that contains injurious products; if we could carry out these exclusions, and at the same time could introduce all the best methods for insuring cleanliness of person and raiment; could give the best opportunities for out-door and indoor recreative activity; could establish the best places for preparing healthy and nutritious foods and drinks; then the duty of the builder might be considered as completed, and the duties of the physician and legislator might be considered as about to commence on a sound foundation.

Were, however, these reforms each and all carried out there would still remain those causes of disease and mortality which spring from social influences, from worry, grief, anxiety, irritation, and the reel of the passions: there would still remain those great external atmospheric variations which from the first of man's existence on the planet, and all through his career, have influenced him in his course: there would still remain the last grand cause of death, the wearing out of that physical organism by which, through a limited series of years, he has been identified on the earth as an independent living responsible being.

The builder of model habitations, knowing and skilful though he may be, can never by his subtlety and skill meet these causes of disease and death. His work, notwithstanding, will be of greatest value if it but fulfil its legitimate object, that, viz., of removing those causes which admit of being mechanically separated from the whole existing series of causes. He will in this way, with comparative ease, reduce mortality to a certain rate lower than exists now, although he has to meet at every moment not only the uncontrollable forces of nature but that still more difficult obstacle, human free will, which, when it is opposed to progress and even to the wel-

fare of him who wills, is an opposing force as uncontrollable as any one of those which nature directly imposes, in voice of storm, or wind, or drought, or deluge. Of the four hundred and twenty thousand persons who die in England and Wales in a year, two hundred and ten thousand die from causes humanly preventible, and preventible in greater part by the mechanical means of prevention which are now under our contemplation.

What can be effected by vigorous sanitary measures carried out in all their entirety, is best indicated in the results of modern prison life. I have already shown that in past days the gaol or prison was the focus of disease. I have seen a history of gaols the pages of which hardly admit of being read, so terrible are the records of fostered disease. Diseases were generated in these foci as if by experiment, and were propagated from them as if for the same purpose. Now all the conditions are changed. The gaol is a place of spotless purity, in a sanitary point of view. The large corridors are charged with the purest air; the temperature of the air is rendered equable beyond anything that is found in the private dwelling; the atmosphere is not only pure and equal but free of damp; the water supply is plentiful and wholesome; the walls of the building are kept cleared of dust, and the floors so pure that literally one might eat from them as from a clean dish. The drainage is, in most instances, so good that all excreted and refuse matter is carried off in detail, and accumulation of it in part or in whole is impossible. Thus, we may say, the sanitary work of the architect is complete. In the sick hospital such work is simply abominable; in the workhouse it is very imperfect; in the prison it is perfect. The sanitary metamorphosis of the gaol is decisive. Into common habitations there could be easily extended, with every additional artistic refinement, the architectural sanitary reforms that now exist in prisons, but the process of sanitary reform would be liable to interruption from the disturbing influence of free-will, and the strict analogy from results would not be manifested.

In the prison we see what is the effect of enforced individual discipline combined with the external sanitary safeguards. The prisoner is obliged to make the sun his fellow workman; he is compelled to take long hours of rest if not of sleep, and very soon he finds all of them pass fairly in sleep; he is deprived of those so-called luxuries, alcohol and tobacco; he is made to take regular muscular exercise; he is fed on the simplest yet on sufficient fare; he is protected from inclemency of season; and, finally, he is under constant medical supervision, so that if he be seized with any serious illness, he is treated immediately with the proper remedies.

Taking him all in all, the modern prisoner in one of our model prisons is a wonderful subject of experiment for physiological and sanitary purposes. So uniform is his physical wear and repair, that in an immense establishment like that at Wakefield he and all his colleagues obey the vicissitudes of season with such exactitude that they begin to lose flesh in September, and begin to gain flesh in April, with a precision of movement as regular as the movements of the seasons themselves.

The results on the disease and mortality of the gaol population are as remarkable as the results of a chemical demonstration. The great epidemics of gaol fever are exorcised; the presence of an epidemic disease is so rare that it ranks after the style of an accident, such as a fire or the bursting of a cistern; and the mortality is so reduced that in our military prisons it has positively fallen, as Mr. Chadwick has shown, to below five in the thousand annually. In a word, in respect to health of habitations, the models of them are now found in the homes of the imprisoned criminal classes. The criminal taken from his home in one of the crowded passages of Liverpool or Glasgow is placed, after he is cast into prison to work out his sentence, in a position where the chances of living are as seven to one better than they were in his old and fatal haunt.

We cannot expect to secure out of the prison all the advantages for health that exist in the prison; we must not expect them for many a long day. When free-will is educated to be guided by knowledge and reason, and when it becomes resolute in the masses to do of itself what is found to be best, the rule of self-obedience to the right will bring all things into order, and will discover the ease with which liberty wears the yoke of discipline. Then as every person will systematically take part in suppressing the conditions which favour disease, the suppression will be a light task. Now the conditions leading to disease are like those which lead to a fire in cities built of wood, in which people live who, ignorant of combustible substances, distribute them carelessly, and wonder at the conflagrations they chance to excite.

The great sanitary work of the day in this

country, and in all civilised countries, is to find the best mode of placing the people of large communities in habitations which shall be as healthy as the prisons, and which shall at the same time supply what the prisons necessarily fail to supply, those objects of beauty in nature and art, which tend to make the home a garden of delight, and the town a centre of intelligence, social happiness, and educational progress. It is a gigantic task to contemplate. Whoever rides over the railway highways of London and other large towns and sees in the houses beneath how the denizens of the place are packed in their close rooms, so that the caged birds in their cages hanging at the windows seem happier and freer than their masters; whoever rides through the rural districts and sees the thatched hovels and huts in which the agricultural populations are housed, the thatch a nest of the seeds of pestilences as it is of the eggs of the sparrows, must needs appreciate the greatness of the required labour that shall reform such a system as exists, and by the process physically regenerate those who are at present born to suffer and prematurely die.

There are three directions in which to begin to move in the work of reformation in the habitations of the people. The first of these consists in the erecting model houses and towns *de novo*. The second consists in adopting a thorough system of remodelling what now exists and, for various reasons, must exist. The third consists in adding to the houses of the working classes accessory buildings in which the labour of the day may be carried on away from the rooms where the meals of the labourer are taken and his hours of sleep are passed.

In the ideal of a model City of Health—Hygeia—I pointed out the details that are necessary for every model building or series of buildings in which human beings are to live in due enjoyment of health. In that imaginary city I sketched forth the improvements which have to be carried out *de novo*. These consisted chiefly of the following details:—

The living space is assumed to be so arranged that not more than twenty-five persons are lodged on an acre of ground. That is calculated as the densest population that could be safely housed. The houses in which the population reside are so planned that each acre of land can receive five houses, and each house can receive a family of five persons. The houses are built three, or at most, four stories high, and each story is confined to fifteen feet in height, by which means the great evil of tall overshadowing, densely packed human warehouses is prevented. The houses are built on solid arches of brickwork, so that where in other towns there are areas and kitchens, there are here subways through which the air flows freely, and down the inclines of which all currents of water are carried away. The streets of the city, wide and, owing to the lowness of the houses, well lighted and thoroughly ventilated, are laid also on archways, and beneath each of the main streets is a railway by which all the heavy traffic of the place is carried on. The streets are planted on each side with trees, and in many places with shrubs and evergreens. They are paved with wood, set in asphalte, and the side pavements, which are everywhere ten feet wide, are of light grey stone. These pavements have a slight incline towards the streets, and the streets have an incline from their centres towards the margins of the pavements. The streets are washed every day, through side openings, into the subways, the washings being conveyed with the sewage to a destination apart from the city. Thus the streets everywhere are dry and clean, free alike of pools and open drains.

The spaces at the backs of the houses are gardens, which gardens are common to all the houses, so that children have good playgrounds at home. The gardens are planted with trees and evergreens, but nothing is wanting to give facilities to the children for healthful exercise and play. Practically the houses stand in gardens, for the streets with their evergreen foliage and cleanly kept dry walks are also like a garden, with walking paths and a central thoroughfare.

The introduction of subways beneath the houses does away altogether with those underground caves called areas, kitchens, and cellars, in which, in bad imitation of the primitive cave-dwelling savage men, so many thousands of our industrious people now vegetate. The subways, at the same time, perform an important service. All pipes are conveyed along the subways and enter each house from beneath. The mains of the water-pipe are carried along the subway. The gas main is carried along the subway. The supplies of gas and water enter from the basement of each house, and are at every moment within the immediate control of the householder. The supplies of water and of gas are constant, and if there be an escape of either within the house the owner can separate them at the main from the floor of the entrance hall or from a side opening of the wall in that part of the house.

Beneath the floor of the subway lies the sewer of the house. The sewers are built of brick, and are trapped from each house. Into each sewer, which is well flushed and ventilated, there are convenient entrances by which they can be inspected, and through which the workmen can pass to make repairs or remove obstructions. The subway thus becomes a very important part of the construction of the house. It not only prevents the house from being charged with damp from beneath, but it leaves a convenient space in which all repairs connected with water supply, gas supply, and sewerage can be carried out.

The living part of every house begins on the level of the street, and the walls of the houses are built of a brick which is not porous, and which therefore cannot be saturated with water. Some kinds of common brick will take up, as Mr. Chadwick has found, a pound weight of water. A roughly built, exposed cottage during a short season of heavy wet may take up many tons of water, which water when the dry weather returns, is carried in vapour into the warm rooms, creating a damp as persistent as in wet weather, and leading to those physical evils from damp of which consumption of the lungs is the most prominent form. To avoid the dangers from this cause the bricks used are made of glazed substance, and are quite impermeable to water. The bricks are perforated, at the end of each is a wedge-like opening, and all the openings communicate. The walls therefore are honey-combed, and into them a body of air constantly circulates, which air can be warmed from the firegrates of the house. The walls of the living-rooms are lined with glazed tile, and can be washed down as an earthenware vessel is washed. The colour of the walls is grey, as a rule. The mortar and cement in which the bricks are laid, and all the timbers employed in the buildings are rendered free of moisture. Sea salt, so common an ingredient of mortar made from sea sand, and so often present in wood that has crossed the sea, and so efficient an absorbent of water, is carefully excluded.

The most radical improvements in our system of model habitations lie in the arrangements of the roofs and the kitchens. In the houses of the present day the kitchen is at the basement, while the upper part of the house is carefully sealed down by the roof. The result is that all the close and disagreeable, and it may be, foul and dangerous vapours from the kitchens and lower offices, ascend to the upper rooms and passages of the house, just as gases introduced into an inverted bell-jar filled with water ascend to the upper part of the jar, displacing the water. In our model houses the risks from this cause are avoided by placing the kitchen at the top of the house, immediately beneath the roof. The kitchen acts as a ventilating chamber, into which all the air from the lower part of the house is drawn, and through the chimney and ventilator of which the air finds ready exit. Thus the house is kept free of the odours of the lower regions, and is ventilated at all times with fresh air derived from without and warmed by its passage through the honeycombed heated walls. The position of the kitchen at the upper part of the house is attended with other advantages than those just stated. From the kitchen there is distributed throughout the house a constant supply of warm as well as of cold water. The weighted dishes have to be carried down instead of up-stairs; the light dishes only have to be carried up-stairs. The kitchen is perfectly lighted, so that the least uncleanliness is readily detected. The scullery, which lies off the kitchen, communicates with the dust-bin shaft, and from every floor of the house a distinct communication, by a sliding door, is made with the same shaft. A sink also exists on every floor for receiving waste water, so that the plan of carrying the heavy slop-pail from floor to floor is dispensed with altogether.

Above the kitchen is the arched roof of the house. The roof, which is flat, or nearly so, on the exterior surface, is coated with asphalte, and, being barricaded with a light iron palisading, makes an airing ground, or a drying ground, or even a garden, according to the tastes or the requirements of the owner. The smoke from the chimneys is collected and drawn away to a central shaft, so that the air is kept clear of soot-dust, and a pure blue sky overhead is obscured only by the curtain of cloud which nature, in her grand designing, sees it wise sometimes to impose.

BENJAMIN W. RICHARDSON.

"WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH."

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WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH.

By the AUTHOR of "Lady Bell," Etc.

CHAPTER XLI.—MR. WOODCOCK'S PROPOSAL, AND ITS SUCCESS.

THE following morning Mr. Woodcock set forth early from his chambers to seek the neighbourhood of the eastern station and of the Yorkshire Grey, to make terms with Pleasance, according to what the lawyer conceived of her.

His late conversation with Archie Douglas had by no means increased Mr. Woodcock's inclination to his mission. He had thought of Pleasance at first as of some poor raw, country girl, who would be a terrible thorn in Mrs. Douglas's flesh, a very unfit representative of the mistress of Shardleigh and the protectress of Jane, were Jane's mother to be taken from her before she had won another protector.

But after Mr. Woodcock had left his hansom and was walking down the side street in Shoreditch, he actually forgot what was to come in the realisation of the strangeness of the fact that he should be seeking the mistress of Shardleigh in a region like this.

Mr. Woodcock recalled swiftly the fine place which he had always been accustomed to regard with some personal pride in its imposing details. To him they breathed the perfection of repose, and quiet dignity—from the extensive park with its old timber to the charm of the winter garden, the architectural pretension of the porch and entrance hall, and the subdued luxury and sunshiny flower-scented grace of Mrs. Douglas's drawing-room. Now, he was surrounded by what is sometimes well-nigh as repulsive as squalor, particularly if the last be allied to picturesque decay. He was in the centre of common mean ugliness in a city street given over to clerks' and warehousemen's lodgings, and fourth-rate shops, with—as his destination—the Yorkshire Grey having a heavily-laden, huge carrier's cart blocking up the entrance.

It was not that Mr. Woodcock had not sufficient practice in his calling, and did not know enough of evil and harrowing family secrets, to have sometimes sought the womenkind of his clients in exceptional quarters. But he was brought back to himself by the reflection that this was the strangest place in the world wherein to seek a mistress of Shardleigh.

For a wonder, Pleasance had not yet returned to Saxford. She had stayed on in the city as much from sheer physical prostration, as from the necessity of seeing Clem Blennerhasset and visiting a few sights in order to satisfy Lizzie.

"She would be sure to ask about them, and what should I say if I had done nothing of the kind; or what should I have to talk about to her?" said Pleasance to herself.

Pleasance had become re-instated in the good graces of her hostesses, though, candid as she was naturally, she had told them no more than at the first. Her name was Pleasance Douglas, she had said. Her father and mother were both dead, and her own people were all gone. Yes, she was married, and she indicated the wedding-ring which she wore; but she had not been living with her husband, there had been objections to that. At this point she stopped. She was the kind of woman who, open by instinct, yet when necessity was laid upon her to be silent, not the greatest gossip in Saxford could have pressed her for farther revelation. As for the Toveys, their apprehensions were removed; and they paid her back liberally with family confidences on the death of old Mr. Tovey, and on the perversity of the only son of the house, who had chosen to be a carrier by sea and not by land, and to hail from Gravesend instead of from the Yorkshire Grey.

Pleasance in her sweet friendliness, found sympathy for those commonplace troubles of

commonplace people,—a sympathy which brought her a desirable distraction from her own distress. She gave part of the time, which would otherwise have hung heavily on her hands, to helping Mrs. Tovey with the arrangements of her household napery, and Miss Tovey with her accounts, and to writing out available country recipes for the kitchen of the Yorkshire Grey.

She was prepared to go out, when Mrs. Tovey came to her with an intimation that a gentleman had been in the bar inquiring if there was a Mrs. Douglas—a young woman from the country—staying in the house, for he wished to see her.

Pleasance grew red and white by turns, and sank down on a seat, for her nerves had been shaken by her interview with Archie Douglas. She only recovered when Mrs. Tovey proceeded to say, with a shade of returning suspicion, that the gentleman was not only "quite the gentleman," but was "that stout and grey headed" he must be sober-minded and to be depended on, if there was confidence to be placed in mortal man. Had it been otherwise, Lyddy would have thought twice before she had put him into the parlour, where he was waiting.

Pleasance drew a long sigh of desperate relief and sick disappointment, and rising under the conflict of feelings, went to the parlour. There she saw an elderly gentleman, who had more the easy, well-bred air of Lawyer Lockwood's master, Sir Frederick, than the bluff self-importance of Lawyer Lockwood himself.

Mr. Woodcock, on his part, saw—not a sobbing, giggling village girl—not a miserable creature, fast verging on shamelessness and abandonment—but a fine young woman, struggling for perfect composure. She had a beautiful face, which in its present gravity of repressed agitation, seemed as if it belonged to a woman older in years than Archie Douglas; and she wore spectacles in aid of her short-sighted grey eyes.

For tawdry finery the young woman had on, as far as Mr. Woodcock could judge, the plainest black gown, jacket, and bonnet; and for pretension she held in her ungloved brown hands a large enough bag to have carried marketings, and a serviceable alpaca umbrella.

Mr. Woodcock rose, bowed, and offered Pleasance a chair with all the flurry of a man roused from one dream and lapsing into another and totally different vision.

Where on earth had Archie Douglas found her? And, having found her, what could have put irreconcilable enmity between them? Was she the greatest deception, the most accomplished hypocrite that the world had seen since the days of Delilah? Was she a village schoolmistress? Was she a decayed gentlewoman? She was not quite like either of the two last. Mrs. Douglas, if not Archie, had spoken distinctly of Archie's wife as belonging to the humblest class of workers with their hands, whom Archie had encountered when he was serving his own apprenticeship to manual labour.

After Mr. Woodcock came to himself, he remarked other anomalies. The young woman had put her umbrella and bag on the table before her, as if she were not ashamed of either of them, though she found them in her way just then. She had sat down neither on the edge, nor on the side of her chair, neither wriggling nor in a heap, but moderately erect, and with her brown hands as if they belonged to her, and were not a special burden upon her mind.

"You have been sent to me by Mr. Douglas of Shardleigh?" she said.

There was a little gasp at the name, else the calm, good-breeding would have been complete. The accent was provincial, but the tone and expression were unmistakably those of an educated woman.

"Yes, madam, you have judged correctly," said Mr. Woodcock.

As she listened, a ludicrous association of his "madam" with the rude quizzing sense in which the word had been applied to her by the girls of Saxford, flashed across her mind.

"I am Mr. Douglas's lawyer," and he put down his card before her. He was seeking to assure her of his authority and his interest in the suggestions which he was about to make, as if she were a well-informed woman, capable of calling in question each, as he brought it forward.

She recalled his name, which had been mentioned to her by Archie Douglas in the course of his disclosure of his real position. She remembered every word that he had told her then, as well as all he had said when they were dearest friends and equals. "Yes," she said quickly, "what did he bid you say to me?"

"I have been directed to make such arrangements, as you may approve, for your future comfort and well-being," answered Mr. Woodcock, with caution.

"I do not wish anything," she said, hastily. "I am able and willing to work for myself; I have done it since I was a girl. I should

be ashamed if I were not sufficient for my own support," and she smiled slightly.

Here was a clue if Mr. Woodcock could have followed it up. But the single notion that he acquired from it was an odd one. There must be women in the labour leagues, and they must have educated women for their leaders. Possibly the last were daughters or kinswomen of Chartist demagogues.

He replied, "Pardon me, Mrs. Douglas, you must have regard to your husband in this matter. As he happens to be a gentleman of station and fortune, you must consider what is suitable in his wife, as well as what belongs to your former experience, and what may be your inclinations in a question which does not—though it may seem so—concern yourself alone."

She had never seen the consequences of the announcement of her marriage in this light. But when the point of view was put before her, her ingenuousness and intelligence caused her to perceive at once that there was something in the argument. She paused disturbed and anxious.

"Would it be regarded as a reflection on him—a discredit to him, if I lived as I have been accustomed to do?" she asked wistfully, with a naïveté and a faith in his sincerity, which convinced Mr. Woodcock that, with all her self-command and dignity, and her amount of education, she was but a simple-minded girl after all.

"Certainly; the world would cry shame on any gentleman like Mr. Douglas of Shardleigh, if he suffered his wife, however she had been brought up, and whatever their private differences, to continue to work for her bread."

"But it would be very unjust in the world, supposing it ever came to know and care about it, if it were my own free will and choice to work for my bread," replied Pleasance, clinging desperately to her independence even against her equally strong instinct of justice.

"Madam, the world knows everything," said Mr. Woodcock sententiously. "Nothing is below its notice; and it looks only to appearances, not to the abstract justice of a case." Then he ventured to sound her further. "In view of a probable reconciliation——"

"There can be no reconciliation," Pleasance interrupted him quickly, with a sorrowful steadfastness. She did not tell Mr. Woodcock that Archie Douglas had deceived her, and that in place of taking the deception as a pretty compliment, she had resented it bitterly. In her mind that would have been to expose Archie Douglas's deceit to his friends, and to cast a worse reflection on him than her working for her daily bread should have done.

And calling to mind what Archie Douglas had said to him to the same effect, Mr. Woodcock refrained from his attempt, at once confounded and disheartened.

"What did you think would be best for everybody? What had you proposed?" inquired Pleasance hesitatingly.

"There is only one proposal that can be made," said Mr. Woodcock in reply, "a separate maintenance, and the dowager house at Stone Cross. If you bear in mind that there is already a dowager, and another dowager house, with a life interest on the estate; and if you have regard to the fact, which you do not seem disposed to forget, that you have brought no fortune to my client" (the words sounded in his own ears like a sneer, but they were not so intended: they were a simple explanation on Mr. Woodcock's part, and Pleasance accepted them for what they were worth), I do not think that the allowance should be other than is moderate and modest, with due regard to the capabilities of the estate."

"Let me tell you," Pleasance interrupted him a second time, "I have a little money of my own. My father left four hundred pounds, and I have my cousin Mrs. Balls's savings of nearly a hundred more." She knew that the little sum was nothing to live upon, but her pride and honesty prompted her to mention it.

The announcement caused a new tangle in Mr. Woodcock's already mazed ideas. At the same time he received it as a melancholy, well-nigh pathetic, proof of her incompetency for her position.

"I was about to suggest that eight hundred or a thousand a year might be a fitting allowance," he said almost gloomily; "you need not spend more than you will want in order to live becomingly—Mrs. Douglas, the squire's mother, has five thousand a year, while Miss Douglas has her separate income, of course."

"It is very different with them," said Pleasance, instantly; "but for me it is hard to spend anything that I have not earned."

"The house down at Stone Cross is an old-fashioned house, furnished suitably, no doubt, but plainly, to meet the requirements of an older and simpler generation," pursued Mr. Woodcock, thinking that he was contending with the oddest difficulty that ever beset a

lawyer in accomplishing a settlement. "I believe there are two old servants in it who might form the nucleus of a quiet little establishment."

Pleasance was considering all these obligations thrust upon her. "Shall I be left to myself?" she said with a jealous tone in her voice. "Shall I be away out of reach, and insured against interference and molestation?"

"As for that," he told her, "Stone Cross is three counties removed from Shardleigh," and he added out of his experience, "By your acceptance of a separate maintenance, you not only pledge yourself to dwell apart, and have nothing to do with the life of the family of which you are legally a member; you receive a pledge from them which they are bound in honour to respect, that they will not come near you to call in question what you do. You are, in effect, your own mistress. The income which you derive from the estate, is simply your due, from a just claim."

"And will the world be satisfied where my husband is concerned?" she asked, returning pertinaciously to the great point in her eyes.

"It may be," answered Mr. Woodcock; "for, unfortunately, it is tolerably familiar with far less creditable arrangements."

"Then I shall agree to the maintenance, and go to Stone Cross," said Pleasance in a tone of resignation, as if she were condescending to a compromise, and consenting to a banishment.

Mr. Woodcock took her at her word, and told her that he should draw up a deed which would put her in possession of what had been agreed upon for her use, and which would be ready in a few days. After asking her if she had a lawyer engaged, he advised her to permit him to appoint a gentleman to look after her interest.

She did not see the necessity for an agent on her own account; she was willing to submit entirely to his judgment and trust herself to his good faith, acting as he was for Archie Douglas. But she was docile in this, as in every other particular, after her first concession. Mr. Woodcock had never known a more reasonable woman.

Mr. Woodcock tried to draw his last client into conversation; against this also she entered no protest. She sat and conversed with him on general subjects in her provincial accent, with her occasional quaint, old-fashioned idioms; and he had intellect and taste to perceive that there was a singular charm which blended with, and prevailed over all. He asked her if she had seen much of London; she told him that she had only seen St. Paul's, she was keeping Westminster Abbey for another day, and she had been just starting for the Tower when he found her.

"But, my dear young lady," exclaimed the lawyer, thrown off his guard, "you don't mean to say that you are going there alone?"

"I am not a young lady," said Pleasance, "and I am accustomed to go about alone."

"We shall not quarrel about the relative meanings of the term lady," he told her. "I will simply say that, as your husband is a gentleman, and as the wife takes rank from the husband whom she does not repudiate, you *are* a lady."

"You must have patience with me," said Pleasance, with a little piteousness; "I have not been used to any more restraint than what is put on a working woman. How shall I bear it, even when I am left to impose it at my own discretion? Is it improper for a lady to go abroad by herself, in broad day, to see the Tower and Westminster Abbey?"

"Improper is a strong word," answered the lawyer, "but acts which are not strictly improper may be inexpedient. Allow me to send one of my nieces, with her husband or her brother, to call for you and take you to all you ought to see."

It showed the depth of the impression which Pleasance had made on Mr. Woodcock, that he should be induced to make this proposal, even where the wife of an employer and friend was concerned. Mr. Woodcock's nieces were as much cherished by him as if they had been his daughters—granted that the special niece whom he had in his mind was a married woman, with the privacy of her brougham and the support of her husband at her command, in any difficult or disagreeable task.

But Pleasance had been quick in taking the lesson to herself. Her going out in any fashion, her very presence in town, being what she was in manner, dress, and surroundings, was compromising to her husband. She had meant this morning to make an appointment with Clem Blennerhasset. She had fully intended, even after her conversation with Mr. Woodcock, to go back and bid farewell to Lizzie and Saxford, and all whom she knew there. But in the enlightenment which had come to her, she seemed to see that these would be steps unjustifiable where Archie Douglas's feelings and those of his

family, perhaps even where his social interests, were concerned.

What had to be sacrificed had better be done without delay. She was giving up all she had left to care for, her cherished resolution, her pride in her independence, her familiar associations. It would be but to relinquish a little more—the pleasure of seeing again an honest, friendly, boyish face, and learning that Clem at least was realising his ideal by Archie Douglas's means—the solace of hearing Lizzie cry that she would miss her, and of bidding Lizzie not miss her too much—the consolation of one last look at Anne's grave. She could write to Lizzie, and she would forego the rest.

She explained to Mr. Woodcock that on second thoughts she had come to the conclusion she had better see no one, and go nowhere, before she went down to Stone Cross. He applauded the resolution, and took his leave, revolving many marvels in his sagacious mind, and repeating to himself as their refrain, where on earth could Archie Douglas have found this rustic paragon, and what evil chance had come between them?

In spite of the poverty and obscurity which would have rendered her always, in a sense, an unsuitable wife for the squire of Shardleigh, she might have risen, if ever low-born and humble-nurtured bride rose triumphantly over the accidents of fortune and all superficial advantages, to grace his station. She might have made the honour and happiness of Archie Douglas's life in proving the fine counterpoise to all that was unbalanced and overweighted in him. She might have produced harmony in the man, and harmony in his life; developing in him, under God's providence, the very best of which a character, ominously prodigal in its promise, had been capable.

Mr. Woodcock went back to Archie and said, "Your wife will go to Stone Cross. She will do what is best for you, as I am certain she was willing to do from the beginning."

Archie looked strangely grateful for the implied rebuke, and was particularly gracious to Mr. Woodcock, during the few hours that elapsed, ere he — Archie — departed for Shardleigh. He imagined that he could have borne bravely and cheerfully the nine days' wonder, the comments and criticisms on the proclamation of his marriage, if it had but had a happy result. But burning and smarting as he was under a sense of its failure, and of his insufficiency for its consequences, he did not see why he should continue to face alone the town's talk, the inquiring looks and cool hints which were meeting him on every side.

Mr. Woodcock went next, and had the confidence to sing Pleasance's praises in the ears of Mrs. Douglas. She was one of the finest young women he had ever seen, in any station. He could not comprehend what Archie had been thinking of—not in marrying her, that infatuation might have been easily pardoned, but in contriving to quarrel with her irreconcilably. He feared Archie must be less well-disposed than he had hitherto given him credit for.

Mrs. Douglas listened dubiously, keeping her daughter carefully out of the discussion. She said with a plaintive sigh that it was a sad affair, of course she could not understand it, but she regarded it as a great mercy that it was no worse. It was a distinct comfort and satisfaction to her to hear that Mr. Woodcock thought so well of the poor young woman who bore Archie's name, and alas! was to bear it thenceforth. Was she so beautiful? That accounted for everything.

In truth Mrs. Douglas, having been a beauty herself, in her day, and being still a woman who was personally charming, felt faintly propitiated by hearing that Archie's wife was a great beauty. At least Mrs. Douglas had not received the culminating injury that an old arrogant beauty and heiress urged against her son, when she alleged that he had put an affront on his mother, and on his own manhood, by conceiving an "unnatural" passion for a poor little girl of foreign extraction, who, in addition to every other offence, was absolutely plain in person. Yet Mrs. Douglas did not fail to reflect sorrowfully to herself, "Is it not grievous and humbling to see how men —even old Woodcock—have their heads turned by a woman's beauty? I am perfectly satisfied that this girl has twisted him round her finger."

"I shall take Mrs. Archie Douglas down to Stone Cross," volunteered Mr. Woodcock.

"Do, it will be so good of you," chimed in Mrs. Douglas. "It will be an act of charity. I shall write myself to old Perry to have everything ready, and to pay the poor young woman proper attention."

CHAPTER XLII.—STONE CROSS AND WILLOW HOUSE.

PLEASANCE tried to appreciate Mr. Woodcock's consideration in taking her down himself to Stone Cross. She strove not to feel

that she was a prisoner on parole, who had surrendered to a mitigated form of imprisonment, and whom a friendly jailer was taking the precaution to conduct safely into durance.

Pleasance's natural disposition led her to respond readily to friendly advances. Her original temperament had been gracious, accessible, and full of social fascination. She was forced to admit, against all her preconceived theories, that in less awkward circumstances she would have liked and got on well with the old lawyer, whom she felt by her own delicate instincts to be a gentleman, as much a gentleman as Archie Douglas's mother and sisters were ladies.

Pleasance did not even think that Mr. Woodcock was ashamed of the incongruity of her dress, and of the luggage which he carried for her, with the first-class carriage into which he handed her, and in which there were other travellers, who looked at Pleasance's common mourning-gown and shabby travelling-bag, as if she had mistaken her place.

It was hard upon Pleasance—among other difficulties—after she had grown up to a sense of suitability in her plain dress, and had even taken pride in its simplicity, that she should suddenly come to find it out of joint, and full of mortifying discrepancies. But she was bound to comply with the conditions to which she had agreed, and she was thankful that Mr. Woodcock did not mind the jarring discords of the position.

If she had known it, Mr. Woodcock did mind the covert remarks which he and his companion were provoking; but he had enjoyed long practice in keeping his feelings to himself, and was fortified by the knowledge that he was not a principal in the business. Besides, he was able to entertain, from the beginning to the end, a magnanimous admiration of his companion and her behaviour in the worst entanglement that was likely to occur from her rusticity and her unacquaintance with ordinary forms. And he derived some satisfaction from the idea that he was breaking to her the change which was to introduce her to a new order of things.

Pleasance tried to take an interest in the broken, wooded country—the more prominent objects in which Mr. Woodcock was ready to point out to her, as they approached the small cathedral town of Stone Cross. The landscape was a little like that in the neighbourhood of the Hayes, only less rich and more broken; but the reminder, though not unwelcome, was hardly constituted to render Pleasance more cheerful.

Stone Cross itself was a demure, dignified, miniature town—the social centre of which was the cathedral close, as the architectural centre was the cathedral—not one of the great stately minsters, but a minor copy, yet perfect in its kind and in the faithful, patient labour which had been bestowed on every detail. The very shops were mannerly and slightly sleepy in the fitful spring sunshine. Pleasance knew nothing of such a town and its ways. Her experience of towns was limited to the bustling, boisterous seaport town of Cheam, and to what she had seen of the city of London.

"This is our destination," said Mr. Woodcock, as the cab from the station drew up before a tall, red house, with grey copings. It had an old-fashioned and finely-wrought railing, with a high gate, the railing extending in front, and meeting a lofty, weather-stained wall, which ran back at the two sides, and made the house stand apart in its own grounds in the centre of the High Street. It was opposite the entrance-gates to the cathedral, the Grammar School, and the Close.

Mr. Woodcock had avoided using the word "home," and Pleasance felt how inappropriate it would have been. She was struck by a certain resemblance which the house bore to a prison or a private asylum. She began to realise how difficult it was for her to feign satisfaction in the prospect before her.

The servant whom Mrs. Douglas had spoken of as "old Perry," and whom Mr. Woodcock greeted as a former acquaintance, had been on the watch for them along with her husband, the gardener. The gate and the front door were thrown open with ostentatious hospitality. Pleasance was invited to walk in, and Mr. Woodcock was deprived of her bag, while he was formally questioned whether there was not more luggage for Perry to look after and carry in.

"Never mind the luggage," said Mr. Woodcock. "Make young Mrs. Douglas comfortable. I hope that you have got fires all over the house, Perry, for the wind is not out of the east yet, and that luncheon is ready for us."

He knew there would be fires, and that luncheon would be ready. He hoped that Perry would see it to be her interest, not less than her duty, to pay regard to her new mistress, who would be more in the servants' power than Mr. Woodcock cared to think of. But he wished to carry off the arrival, in the interest of all concerned, as well as he could manage it.

Mrs. Perry was painfully decorous and conscientious, and Mr. Perry was pompous and crusty, but he was not specially foolish apart from his pomposity; he was a well-disposed man, take him on the right side, and avoid any raid on his beds, especially his melon-frames. The Perrys would protect the young woman who was thus suddenly elevated into being their mistress; and they would not take greater advantage of her than was inseparable from fallen human nature.

Mr. Woodcock was totally unaware of the elaborate instructions forwarded to Mrs. Perry by her old mistress—with whose family Perry, in her own person, had been connected before Mrs. Douglas's marriage—and of the impression made on Perry's mind by Mrs. Douglas's letter.

"You must be fatigued, Mrs. Douglas: allow me to do the honours at so informal a meal as luncheon," said Mr. Woodcock, when Pleasance had been taken away to remove her bonnet, brought back, and ushered into the dining-room. He spoke more for the benefit of Perry than of Pleasance.

"You must have done the honours for me, whether I were fatigued or not, at any meal," said Pleasance, with a shade of impatience in her manner.

The next moment it struck her that her speech was ungrateful, and she made a hasty atonement. "But if this is to be my house, and you are my guest, I think I ought to look after your comfort," she said, and before he could prevent her she got up from her seat, and went round and gave him the wine for which he was at that moment looking—scandalizing Perry and touching Mr. Woodcock.

It was no great solecism, and it was her only one, unless he counted as solecisms her saying "Thank you" to Perry, her mistaking a sherry for a claret-glass, and eating tart with a spoon alone, without using her fork as an aid. She did not further deport herself like a South-Sea Islander in the neglect of that little instrument—to teach the use of which had been an important item in the programme of boarding-schools in Mr. Woodcock's younger days. On the contrary, she handled knife, fork, spoon, and table-napkin with the unconscious ease and adroitness of one who had been early accustomed to these supposed attributes of civilised life. Mr. Woodcock had never done speculating and marvelling over his charge, until he was in danger of losing the train.

When he came to say "Good-bye," he shook cordially the hand which his late travelling companion offered him, and told her emphatically, "Now, Mrs. Douglas, you know that you have a lawyer of your own, who is in your service, to whom you are free to apply at any time. But if there is anything that I can do for you as a friend, I trust that you will do me the honour to write to me, or make Perry write to me. Believe me I should be only too glad to help you."

"I believe you," said Pleasance, with her clear voice, looking at him with her frank eyes. "I am sure that you have sought to be good to me—a stranger who has been, against her will, a trouble to you. Yes, indeed, Mr. Woodcock, that cannot be denied, but I shall pay you back in your own coin. If I want help, I shall seek it first from you, but I do not think I shall want help," and she parted from him, putting a brave face on her desolation.

"I am inclined to agree with the poor thing that she will do the best she can with the fragments which are left her, of what might have been her feast," Mr. Woodcock meditated, waxing poetic under the stress of circumstances, on his way back to the train. "And I liked that lad specially for his generosity and tenderness, but I suppose that he is not the squire of Shardleigh, at his age, for nothing. Besides, I could fancy that she is just the woman who if once outraged on a tender point, would be as implacable to herself as to the chief offender."

Pleasance was more forlorn than she had been at any time in her life since Anne's death. The strangeness of a strange place was about her, in addition to every other loss, and she did not even see the probability of growing reconciled to the strangeness.

These old provincial town houses, belonging to another day and another state of society, might not have been isolated in their youth, when there were many similar houses in every country town—the dwellings of aristocratic colonies who sought no faster town life. The houses might even have been cheerful when they were freely resorted to by squires and squires' dowagers, who flocked to them at certain seasons, or occupied them without thought of, or wish for, change all the year round, and year after year. But in the present generation, when only a few relics remain, and these, for the most part, are given up to tenants of a different class, the exceptional house which retains its original use, is apt to do it at the expense of a stranded, petrified

character in which the mouldiness of years can be felt, and the chill of ancient state and gone-by fashion, enters into the very bones.

The Manor House was an older house than the Willow House in Stone Cross; but the Manor House had descended into a farm-house as by the natural course of things. It had taken fresh impressions, and allied itself with new associations. In addition, it was a country-house redolent of the freedom, the bounty, the ever-recurring changes of the country; above all, it was teeming with the animal life of office and yard.

Willow House was very stony, indulging in flagged halls and passages, and in flagged floors to some of the sitting-rooms, and in stone balustrades to the stairs, to an extent that was scarcely warrantable in a house dating back no farther than the reign of Queen Anne. The drab colour—not the green-grey or "water of the Nile," dear to the hearts of artists—but an unmitigated sandy drab, in which our ancestors, from superior sobriety of taste, or from stricter views of economy, were prone to indulge, prevailed at Willow House. The drawing room, with its long French windows of a later era than Anne's, was hung with drab, only relieved by a Van Dyck border of black velvet. The room which had been chosen for Pleasance's sleeping-room boasted an extensive four-post bed, also hung with drab. The dining-room walls were painted in a hard drab without any gilding, and the two or three battered pictures—none of them portraits—poor French battle-pieces, good enough for a dowager house, were framed in drab wainscot. The carpets were not drab, but they were almost as sombre in their faded, dingy reds and greens; and the tall mirrors had their tarnished gilding supplemented by black velvet bands in a Venetian fashion, which was at least as funereal as it was quaint. All that had been really curious, interesting, or valuable in the old house in Stone Cross had been removed to Shardleigh.

When Pleasance sought to look out from the long French windows, they commanded nothing save a narrow turf walk, that might have suited a set of cowled monks, so thoroughly was it withdrawn from the world, not only by one side of the brick-wall, but by a row of willow-trees beyond, which unduly shaded, as well as bestowed a name on, the house. To complete the evil, this damp, dreary walk separated and hid the garden, of which it was a terrace, from all save the upper windows of the house.

Pleasance would willingly have given up a large proportion of her bounds in lofty ceilings and dim corners. She would have been happily rid of the chamber and table etiquette, the burden of made dishes, dinner and dressing bells, down-quilts and warming-pans, with which Mrs. Perry, for her own credit, as well as with reference to the directions that she had received, was prepared to overwhelm her. She would have thought them well exchanged for the sights, the sounds, and the familiar salutations of working-life. She pined for the dairy and household-work to do, for the yard, and the fields, with horses tramping by, cows lowing to be milked, hens and chickens ever straggling across the threshold. She sighed for the never-ending interruptions and enlivenments, were it only in the shape of the bailiff, old Miles, or Phillis Plum, or Ned, or a messenger from Saxford, coming in to ask for this or that article, and to stand and hear and tell the day's news.

What should she do in this other life—less life than death, and of the narrow, feeble life of which she was utterly incapable? Should she fade away, or be suffocated under it, or break away from it in spite of her pledge?

Mrs. Perry and her husband were as unlike Pleasance's old allies, as Willow House was unlike the Manor House. The Perrys prided themselves on being what they were in the estimation of the world they had known—model servants.

Mrs. Perry was a little, spare, large-eyed, hollow-cheeked woman, who wore a well-kept, black silk gown of an afternoon. Her husband was a tall, lean man, invested, when he was not in his gardener's clothes, in a black suit, and trained to stand at the sideboard as a butler. He was a little less sensible than his wife, and therefore a little less self-controlled. He was over-weighted with conceit, and inclined to be irritable when he was contradicted with regard to his own particular charge and its importance.

Both wife and husband approached Pleasance with the utmost civility, and were even irksomely anxious to show her all the attention which they conceived that they were bound to pay. But as to entering into kindly relations of flesh and blood, and holding friendly communication with her, they avoided sternly such a line of conduct as equally detrimental to her and to themselves. They would no more permit than they would presume on familiarities. They would discharge their duty to Pleasance or to Mrs. Archie Douglas.

Pleasance regarded, half-piteously, half-curiously, the Perrys' becks and bows, their proffers of this chair, or that footstool, or wax-candle, of this plate of chicken, or that cup of tea, which with their solicitude as to her pleasure in reference to meals were their principal consideration. This appeared to be their substitute for conversation; and Pleasance thought that it was like being condemned to be permanently set aside, and have everything done for her by dumb waiters.

She bore the infliction as part of her ordeal. It wearied her indescribably, and oppressed her, but it did not intimidate her, because she was not a weak woman. If she had to suffer the deprivation—immense in her case—of friends, and have only

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servants instead, at least there should not be presented the glaring anomaly—common enough in her position—of the servants becoming the masters.

Pleasance had another source of liberty, apart from her unimpaired strength and independence of character, a source which was partly to benefit her, partly to play her a sorry trick.

Mrs. Perry, with all her painstaking and wariness—perhaps because of these excellent qualities which dominated in her till they developed morbidness, had arrived at a distressing yet whimsical misconception of Mrs. Douglas's diplomatic letter.

Mrs. Douglas had written that her son's wife was coming down to reside by herself at Stone Cross. Perry would very probably

not have heard of Mr. Douglas's marriage; but he was married, and circumstances had rendered it advisable that Mrs. Archibald Douglas should stay at the Willow House. Of course under the circumstances it was not to be supposed that the lady would care for visiting; therefore Perry was to discourage all attempts which the families in the Close and the neighbourhood might make to become acquainted with her young mistress. Mrs. Douglas could fully trust Perry to attend to her wishes in this respect; she could also rely on her old servant to take every care of poor Mrs. Archibald Douglas, and pay her all the attention which her peculiar position required.

The letter had fallen upon Perry like a thunderbolt. She had not heard of the young squire's marriage till that moment, although only a few days afterwards a report reached her that Mr. Douglas had been married for months, having contracted a private love-marriage, the discovery of which had driven his mother and sister out of town to take refuge at Shardleigh.

Mrs. Perry was not content with this solution. In her desire to apprehend her instructions, and to prove equal to her task, Perry saw much more than was expressed in Mrs. Douglas's letter, with its solicitous withholding of Pleasance from public notice, and at the same time its relenting recommendation of her to Mrs. Perry's care.

"The young lady—well, she's no longer a person, but a lady to us from this time—has had her 'ead touched by her exaltation. Depend upon it, that is what it is, Perry," said Mrs. Perry, in a confidential discussion with her husband. "It is a awful visitation on Mrs. Douglas, and the young squire; but that is no business of ours. All that we have got to do is to manage the best we can for her. It will be a great additional trouble; but Mrs. Douglas will take that into consideration, and it is in the way of our duty here. I ain't going to grudge anythink that can be expected of me."

"If she is not right in the upper story, I don't half like her getting loose among the garden beds, and them melon-frames, that Willow House has always been famed for, and that I 'ave strove hard to keep up the credit of, for the sake of the family," objected Mr. Perry, taking a practical and professional view of the subject.

"Hold your tongue, Perry," said his wife, who was decidedly the ruling spirit, and who was naturally more unceremonious with her husband than with the farthest removed member of the family. "It is surely more for the honour of the family that young Mrs. Douglas—as she is now, to all intents and purposes—should be looked after, as we'll do it careful and considerate, than that these melons, which you are always going on about, and that can never be equal to their fellows in the forcing-houses at Shardleigh, should flourish. It will be a great weight on my mind. I wonder now," mused Mrs. Perry, with the lawful intent of lightening the serious obligation, "if a hint dropped about what is really wrong, might not be warranted, just once in a way, to keep people off? There is the Dean's lady is very free and easy in who she takes up with, and what she talks about. Her new housekeeper, that is just as thoughtless as her mistress, has been over here, in her lady's name, asking, as if it were my place to answer her, what truth there was in the 'orrid story about our Mr. Douglas. If the story gets wind, as to be sure it will when Mrs. Archie Douglas comes, Miss Mason, in behalf of the Dean's lady, will be pushing herself in, unless I can warn her well off the premises, to begin with."

CHAPTER XLIII.—A DOWAGER LIFE.

THE first thing that Pleasance did at Stone Cross was to extend largely by means of the instalment of her income with which Mr. Woodcock had furnished her, the purchases that she had made before leaving London, by way of preparation for entering into another sphere. She bought, alike boldly and judiciously, from the principal linen-draper in Stone Cross, what might constitute the simple wardrobe of a lady. But she declined Mrs. Perry's respectful suggestion to send the materials to be made up for her.

"I can make my own clothes, my gowns among the rest, Mrs. Perry, and I suppose there is no objection to my sewing," said Pleasance.

"One of her queer speeches," commented Mrs. Perry to herself; "but sewing is soothing, they say, and I can fit the things on: I have fitted on for Mrs. Douglas when I was her maid."

Pleasance did not refuse the aid, which, though named by Mrs. Perry with proud humility, was far more available than Lizzie Blennerhasset's.

Pleasance sat in the drab rooms and stitched her heart from breaking and her brain from a fever, and having made the clothes, she put them on and appeared in outward attire like other ladies.

Mrs. Perry could not take it upon her, at the height of her own frenzy, to hinder Pleasance from walking abroad by herself in a place so quiet and so freely frequented by ladies as Stone Cross. Pleasance always came home again, and even paid regard to hours—a watch having been one of her purchases.

At first Pleasance had gone abroad with a vague idea of finding something to do, somebody to aid in her new circumstances. She was a lady in spite of herself, and was no longer at liberty to provide for her own wants. She must find the occupation—alas! not so unmistakable or so certain of its reward, which she understood was the resource of ladies, that of ministering to their poorer brethren and sisters.

As to ministering to her own household, it was out of the question—they did not seem to need it, and they certainly would not permit it—unless in the single rite of reading prayers, which Mrs. Perry had formally requested Pleasance to perform.

Pleasance's own household would have none of her ministrations. But surely there were other households that would be glad of those qualities of manual skill and strength on which poor Pleasance had learned to pride herself at the Manor farm, and which were now likely to rust for want of employment, and to leave their former possessor as useless a creature in her own eyes, as in those of other people.

But Mrs. Perry, from whom Pleasance solicited information, spoke in perfect accordance with facts when she said, with a mildly resolute shade of reprobation of any project in which the poor should figure, that there were not many poor people about Stone Cross, and such as did exist were looked after and relieved by organized committees of ladies and clergymen.

Pleasance, making an investigation for herself, could see no such wretchedness at Stone Cross as she had relieved in a small way at Saxford; and the poor tradesmen and mechanics of the cathedral town were a totally different class from the rough agricultural labourers.

She was too unused to her present position, too innocently a beggar turned porter, to be possessed of the tact and perseverance which might have disarmed opposition. She relinquished the campaign in despair. "I see that I am condemned to stand and wait like a blind man or a disabled invalid. Perhaps it is a punishment on me for my pride of usefulness which matched my pride of independence. Once I was told that I was the proudest woman in the world," she recalled.

Pleasance pursued her walks for her own personal profit and pleasure. And though she still protested against and lamented over such a waste of life, she was capable of receiving a considerable amount of profit and pleasure from her solitary expeditions.

The cathedral was a consolation to her; and it was so near her, that though the principal sitting-rooms of the house looked perversely into the gloomy grassy walk, she never glanced out of her bed-room window, she never came out of her high iron gate, without confronting the cathedral gates—those gates which had each an old Saxon name, while the arch of one of them was crowned by a triangular building,—chamber or chapel of saint, which seemed to her, by comparison, not so very much smaller than the thatched-roofed, white-washed little church at Saxford. Within, there was first the grammar-school, pinnacled, buttressed, half draped in green, once a separate chapel. Then there were the hoary tower and massive building of the cathedral itself. She could visit it and linger in it at all hours, until nave, aisles, and choir, and great rose window, cloisters and crypt, were as familiar to her as to beadle or guide, who ceased to pester her, or even to the dean himself, who, in the fashion of the day, was an ardent antiquarian. She took an interest in everything, from the Norman pillars—up to the triforium and the richly-carved roof, and down to the elaborate wood-work of the stalls, and the monumental brasses in the pavement. She studied the tombstones of bishop, lord, and lady, and wondered what life had felt like to them. She questioned what the old monks of the original chapel of St. John's would have made of the troop of merry boys who rushed out of the grammar-school. She admired the endless patience of the carvers in wood and stone that had put the finishing touches to the work of the master-builders of the middle ages. She did everything save attempt to sketch. She sometimes saw artists sketching this or that vista, or central spot, screen, or canopy. But she smiled at the idea that her random scrambling pencil sketches which had just succeeded occasionally in catching the primitive outline and expression of a wind-mill or a barge, or "Daisy" or "Jowler," could transfer and make their own of the stately magnificent minor cathedral, which was not only full of all law and science of art, but teeming with symbol and emblem.

After the cathedral, Pleasance liked the Close, which she traversed and re-traversed, unconscious that she attracted any observation, since she was neither openly stared at, nor pointed at and jostled, as at Saxford. She held that the ancient, half-ecclesiastical houses, some of which had arched entrances to cloistered and grim courts, were next in interest to the ancient church.

She was fond of strolling about the whole old red town, watching for those green and brown glimpses into wooded and moorland country, which were supplied by its side-streets and lanes, with the effect of gaps in mason work. She had a special partiality for the ferries and the bridges, which were in fact gateways—one of them with a round tower in addition to the low, but substantial house over its arch—for Stone Cross was built on a river full and slow, like the east country rivers. Pleasance would stand on the bridges, and look up at the red houses in close proximity to the cool, green water, and fancy these must be similar to bits of German towns of which she had read.

But what Pleasance visited more regularly than the cathedral was the market, in the widest portion of the widest street, with the country stalls, and the countrywomen seated before them. She did not go there to buy, for the most part; she did not feel as if she belonged to the buyers. She went to gaze at the market-carts and ponies, the fowls and ducks, butter and eggs, and early vegetables, as if they were so many relics of a lost paradise. She had a great longing to speak to the wives and daughters of the humbler farmers, and who sat there, weatherbeaten, but tidy, even smart in their hats and jackets, with here and there a bright-coloured neckerchief or a white apron, as she never experienced a longing to speak to any of the ladies who passed her, sauntering along the pavement. But an ever-increasing shyness was stealing over her. She did not belong to them now, any more than to the others; she belonged to nobody. She did not resent the fate, though it was hard on a woman like her.

When her walks extended into the country near Stone Cross, Pleasance used to stand and watch the field work for many minutes at a time. Once she did more than watch. A flock of sheep had been driven out of a pen, and the shepherd and his dogs had gone on, driving the main body of the flock, without observing that a straggler remained behind. A lame young sheep had fallen in a rut by the hedge-row, in the long grass of which its legs were entangled; and it lay half hidden and struggling, unable to recover its footing. Pleasance climbed without hesitation over the barrier, and raised and freed the sheep, getting her dress all smeared with the mire which recent rainy weather and the hoof-tread of the sheep had combined to produce. Mrs. Perry was rendered both frightened and fretful by that mud, though Pleasance did not fail to account for it, as she believed satisfactorily.

The adventure got abroad, as most things even distantly concerning the upper ten thousand, oozed out in the Close circle at Stone Cross in much the same spirit that gossip was rampant at Saxford. It gave rise to the report in certain quarters that the low-born, half-crazy young woman whom Douglas of Shardleigh had been mad to marry, was, in addition to her other demerits, the most masculine of her sex. This was said by the young ladies who, when the county hunt was in the neighbourhood, boasted of being able to ride across country and be in at the death, and who were fain to consider themselves good sportswomen in other respects, since they could wield a rod in a salmon stream and land a panting fish, or fire a pistol at a target, in training for a tournament of doves, at which they hoped to be more than mere complacent spectators.

Pleasance had got all her little possessions, including her old school-books, forwarded by Lizzie from the Manor House. But there was already a small library in Willow House. Pleasance read in it for a time, and enlarged her knowledge of English classics.

Then she bethought herself of modern literature, and began to invest money in new books, and to read in a branch of Mudie's, at the principal bookseller's, and in Smith's at the station, pondering much over the latest tendencies of thought, revealed to her particularly in the novels of the day.

As Pleasance read and read with a world of books for her sole world, she began to entertain and cherish the idea of seeing more of the outer world for herself. Her wings were expanding, her sense of self-reliance increasing, her inclination for change and movement developing. If she could do nothing else, if she belonged to nobody, she might in time, when she was a little older, use the income she possessed to travel, to become even a great traveller like Lady Franklin or Madame Pfeiffer. The project was conditional on Mr. Woodcock's consent, for Pleasance was not without a painful sense of obligation, a feeling that as she was a

pensioner on the Shardleigh estate, she must submit to authority, like other pensioners. But she did not think that Mr. Woodcock would prove adverse in this instance, and in the mean time the hope of visiting foreign countries in her own person, and learning to know another life and other manners, was productive of results.

Pleasance took the enterprising step of engaging an elderly Swiss lady who advertised in one of the Stone Cross newspapers, and who was resident in the town for the purpose of giving lessons in French and German to the young daughters of the canons and church dignitaries, to renew the slight acquaintance of Pleasance's youth with the current languages of continental Europe.

If Pleasance had also a lurking hope to gain in Madame Berbier a friend for her friendlessness, she found herself mistaken. Madame Berbier was indeed a citizeness of the world, open to advances and advantages from any quarter; but she was also an exceedingly artificial and affected woman, from whose manifest falseness and egregious conceit Pleasance at once recoiled, and confined herself to the business of the lessons.

In truth "Madame Douglas" was a positive windfall to Madame Berbier, insuring her sundry social attentions from the ladies of the Close, who, in the dearth of other entertainment, desired to hear the last report of the proscribed intruder into their ranks, the wife of Archie Douglas, sent to Coventry, and kept out of the way at Stone Cross.

"Mrs. Perry," said Pleasance one day, when the silence of the stony and drab house, and its dearth of animal life, had been more dreary than usual, "don't you keep a cat?"

"No, ma'am, there ain't no rats nor mice," answered Perry, with a drab-like neutrality in her voice; "but if you would care to have a cat, I shall make Perry inquire, and get one for you."

"No, thank you, don't trouble yourself about it," said Pleasance, in a disheartened tone, and she added to herself when Mrs. Perry had left her alone, "The poor beast would feel from home; it would be sure to commit depredations; and Mrs. Perry could not help seeking to keep it in its proper place, till its life became a burden to it."

But Pleasance was tempted by the contents of a bird-seller's shop, and first she bought a cage full of young canaries, carrying them home herself. Then she bought nest after nest of young linnets and goldfinches, taking a melancholy pleasure in letting the birds fly away as soon as they were fully fledged.

At last, passing over a pair of turtle-doves, which the bird-seller pressed upon her, she brought home such a tame young jackdaw as she had seen Ned take out of one of the chimneys of the Manor House, and rear into all imaginable boldness and trickery. "It will live in the tool-house, and it will not do the least harm to the garden," insinuated Pleasance, for she was conscious that though the Perrys were too good servants to contradict her, she had got into disgrace with Mr. Perry on several recent occasions. He had taken to heart her last enfranchisement of native birds, and her begging him to spare the two crows' and the one wood-pigeon's nests in the row of trees beyond the garden. He had been still more wounded by her saying inadvertently, while looking at his worshipped melon beds, that she had only eaten melon once (Long Dick had brought a melon as an offering from a foreign ship in Cheam harbour), and she did not like it; she thought it tasted like sweetened turnip with a certain sickly flavour superadded.

"Ladies may think as they choose, Perry," his wife had admonished in private. "If our mistress sees fit to turn the drawing-room into a haviary, and that not with love birds or even parrots, as we have known ladies make pets of, but with common hedge birds that she could see in the fields any day; and if she chooses to walk about the garden with a nasty sooty daw fluttering and hopping, and caw-cawing after her—even if the vegetables and the fruit should suffer, is no business of ours. It is our part to please her, and a good thing it is that a lady like her, with her ways, is pleased so easy. We have nothing to do to interfere and prevent her goings on."

Notwithstanding Mrs. Perry's excellent advice and her corresponding practice, Perry aimed at Pleasance, behind his wife's back, a few severe reflections "on them wretched little birds, the most cunningest, destructivest creatures in creation," and on the insatiable appetite of even a single pair of wood-pigeons, which rendered Perry's sowing of late peas, or of smaller seed that season an idle farce.

Pleasance appropriated the speeches, without making any remark on their point, for she was acquiring social tactics. She was partly diverted, partly disconcerted; but she preserved her individuality and independence,

and she was not deprived of her rights, never openly attacked, only subtilly impugned. She kept Jacky and revelled in his forwardness and eccentricity.

CHAPTER XLIV.—THE OCCUPANTS OF THE GABLE HOUSE.

When Mrs. Douglas gave Mrs. Perry the instructions which she misinterpreted, the lady had no notion that they would be so thoroughly carried out, as to admit of no reservation.

"Of course her clergyman will call for her," Mrs. Douglas had reflected with regard to her daughter-in-law, "no doubt she will attend either church or chapel; very likely she is a dissenter, perhaps a Methodist. If she has no higher motive—I am sure I hope she has—she will at least have been accustomed to go to church or chapel as the chief place for showing off her best clothes, and seeing her neighbours. Her clergyman will be kind to her, and his wife may take a little notice of her; they are bound to look after and do the best they can for any member of their flock, whatever her disadvantages. Her doctor will attend her. That kind of person is always fancying herself ailing, from finding her time hang heavy on her hands, and liking to feel herself of consequence. I dare say she suffers also—let us be charitable — from a new mode of life. Oh! she will soon get quite a little set of her own round her. But it will be far better for her, and for all, that she should not be exposed to overtures—mischievous and malicious—from idle members of our set; though I believe I shall never go near Stone Cross again, and I shall certainly keep Jane from that neighbourhood in future." Such had been Mrs. Douglas's expectations, but the sequel did not bear them out.

Pleasance was very healthy, and did not so much as fancy herself ill, or dream of calling in a doctor. As for her clergyman—the incumbent of her parish whom she heard along with the other dignitaries in the cathedral—he did call, and was admitted by Perry, who was also a regular and well-known attendant on his ministrations. After a few friendly words with his elder parishioner, his visit to Pleasance was of the shortest and most cautious description; and his following visits were all on the same model.

Thus Pleasance led an utterly solitary life, with her interest in her neighbours reduced to a casual curiosity. But she grew to know a good many people by sight; and none among the better classes attracted her attention more than a family consisting of two ladies, with a large retinue of servants, who occupied the Gable House leading out of the Close.

The Gable House shared in many peculiarities of the Close architecture, and had undoubtedly been included in the ecclesiastical bounds in its day. It had not figured in a humble capacity, for it was one of the finest old houses—not excepting the Deanery—in Stone Cross, with a covered entrance, pointed windows, and a coat of arms carved above the door, which when open afforded a glimpse of a grand old oak staircase.

However, it was not the house, with its venerable stately charm, which fascinated Pleasance, nor was it so much its mistresses in themselves, as an intangible impression that they made on her.

The elder lady was a large overgrown woman, with handsome, heavy features, who went little abroad even in her carriage, and never without pomp and ceremony, as in the progress of a sovereign. The younger lady, about the age of Pleasance, was the reverse of the elder in looks and deeds. Certainly, she, too, was inclined to be stout, while she was not above the middle height; but it was the description of stoutness which may exist in company with much *verve* and buoyance. There was nothing sleepy about her, except her eyes, when they were not laughing, which was very often. She went a great deal about, and varied her goings in every way, for she seemed her own mistress, in spite of the dictatorial air of her senior. She walked early and late, as if she were in the heat of a match against her embonpoint, which, indeed, she was; she rode, and she drove, though she did the latter more rarely. She was accompanied by other girls, she was escorted by troops of men—young and old, or she was alone. In her rich silk, her delicate muslin, her yachting flannel, her grey camlet, she was for ever to be seen playing croquet, sketching in the cathedral, boating on the river, singing in the choir, or visiting the poor as the member of a visiting association.

Yet any one who studied her, might have had a perception that she knew exactly where to stop within certain prescribed limits; and that in a worldly sense she was very well able to take care of herself. Clearly she had established a license for herself. She could do with impunity what other girls like her were not permitted to do. She was even trusted as a person who had

experience, and who, with all her bravado, kept safely within conventional barriers.

Pleasance could not tell for a time why she should be—not so much drawn or repelled, as somehow arrested—by the ladies at the Gable House. She was driven to dwell on their characteristics and to try to recall similar traits in people she had known; while all the time her reason told her that she could never have been acquainted with anything like what she saw, in the different world in which she had lived, and that she was setting herself an impossible and unprofitable task.

The explanation came when Pleasance asked Mrs. Perry a few questions which were fully answered.

The one line of conversation in which Mrs. Perry felt at liberty to indulge with her mistress, was the annals of the Close and county families. These, like bits out of the *Court Journal* or *Morning Post*, were quite proper topics for discussion, and could not be too much discussed by Mrs. Archie Douglas. If Mrs. Perry had a weakness which rendered her garrulous, it had reference to her familiarity with such histories.

The ladies at the Gable House were Mrs. and Miss Wyndham, the widow and one of the daughters of Mr. Wyndham, of Sefton Hall in the same county. The Gable House belonged to Sefton Hall, just as Willow House belonged to Shardleigh, from which it was much farther removed; but in the old days the cathedral towns were connected, far and near, with the county gentry. Now the only other county house left in Stone Cross was Bridge House, the residence of old Lady Lewis, who was a connection of the family—only she was so very old that she visited nobody.

Miss Wyndham was a beauty, and a very lively young lady. She had known Miss Douglas when the two were children, meeting occasionally at Stone Cross. They had renewed the acquaintance when both families were on the Continent last year; and Miss Wyndham had been up in town, living with Mrs. Douglas in Grosvenor Square, at the beginning of the season.

Mrs. Perry hastened to quit this part of her subject, which her discretion warned her was trenching on dangerous ground.

Mrs. Wyndham had also been a beauty in her day, and was still a fine big lady. She had been an heiress as well, her father's property having come to her; and there had been mines put down on a bit in Staffordshire which had doubled its value. Yet it had all been needed, for Mr. Wyndham had been a gentleman much given to horse racing; people said his son took after him; and the other daughter had married into a high but poor foreign family, and it was believed required assistance from her own people in addition to her portion.

Mrs. Perry—of all people to be bitten with diffuseness, conveyed the whole information to Pleasance without the least suspicion that her listener was particularly interested in it.

Yes, Pleasance remembered everything—the name of Sefton Hall, the traits of the aunt, whom Pleasance had seen first and last, when she herself was only a girl of thirteen years, on the memorable occasion of her leaving the Hayes.

Even the laughing black eyes and mocking mouth of the young lady were the features of which Pleasance had got a glimpse in the companion of Archie Douglas and his sister in that miserable encounter in the Park.

How it had all come round! What a tangled web life was, with the same threads perpetually recurring and crossing each other as Pleasance had said to herself in the hollow of the Saxford moor.

And now she was sitting in the drab-coloured drawing-room of Willow House, surrounded by her bird-cages and her books. She was looking out on the dull green walk under the willow trees, which was nevertheless rendered less depressing by the figure of Jacky walking up and down stealthily in search of a place of concealment for some of his stolen goods, and, when he had accomplished his secret deposit, strutting backwards and forwards as if he were a gentleman with his hands beneath his coat-tails. She asked herself what difference could it make to her that her aunt and cousin—save one person, the nearest, nay, the sole relations she had in the world—were dwelling in the same town, within a stone's throw of her, as utterly unconscious of her proximity as she had been of theirs till within the last half-hour. They were probably even more unaware of her existence, for they had never heard of her, as far as she knew, since she was a school-girl; and she had at least made a wild guess at her cousin's identity with the Miss Wyndham of Clem Blennerhasset's story three or four months ago.

As for bearing malice against her cousin, Pleasance was incapable of it. She judged that she and Miss Wyndham were two different beings, brought up in entirely different spheres—for that matter, she could not fancy that in any circumstances she would have resembled Miss Wyndham.

Pleasance had not great sympathy with the other girl's superabundant laughter; and yet she heard the echo of the gaiety wistfully in midst of her own gravity—unbroken nowadays, as she would have looked at a ray of sunshine darting into a shady place. Whatever Rica Wyndham was, she was no hypocrite; and Pleasance, very true herself, turned instinctively to every form of truth in man or woman.

Pleasance had grown so well accustomed to the knowledge of who were the occupants of the Gable House that she had ceased to avoid them—which had been her first impulse—or to feel agitated when they did meet; and the ladies stared in a modified polite fashion at Pleasance.

One morning when the dog-roses were in blossom, as Pleasance was returning from a country road to which she repaired because it abounded in chickweed and groundsel for her birds, she encountered Miss Wyndham, as the latter would have said, "doing her constitutional" before breakfast.

The road was unfrequented at this hour, when the cousins were about to pass, as Pleasance supposed, without a word; but she reckoned without her host.

"Good morning, Mrs. Douglas," said Rica Wyndham in ringing tones; "I see that we are of one mind about rising early and improving the shining hour in this beautiful June weather; though upon my word I do not see why you should do it."

"I have always risen early," said Pleasance, a little fluttered by her own superior knowledge, but still more tickled by the coolness of the young lady.

"So have not I," said Rica Wyndham; "I used to enjoy my morning snooze immensely; all our mesdemoiselles and Fräulein were at their wits' end to get me up; but now no more sweet forbidden naps for me. I am forced to be self-denying. I have to get Hastings (your Perry knows her) to rout me out betimes every morning while mamma sleeps the sleep of the just, regardless of her figure, till ten o'clock. I should soon be a monster, and run the risk of ruining my whole prospects in life, if I did the same. Don't you envy the old matrons their privileges? Oh! I forgot that you are a matron—the enviable character that all we poor girls are dying to sustain."

Pleasance could not tell whether Rica Wyndham had an intention of being specially impertinent—or whether, being in the habit of laughing at everybody and everything, she could not pull herself up and break herself of the habit, on the instant.

But what Pleasance could not divine was why Miss Wyndham should speak to her now. She had lived without question of greeting in Stone Cross for the last three months. Miss Wyndham had passed her, on an average, three times a day, during the greater portion of that time, without an attempt to make her acquaintance.

If Pleasance had been told that Rica Wyndham—in addition to the species of pride which bade her prove to herself how little she had been disappointed by finding Archie Douglas disposed of—had wagered, as she was fond of wagering, in contempt of scrupulous people, that she would make the acquaintance, without any formal introduction, of this tabooed, cracked Mrs. Douglas, and would be seen at least once walking and talking with her in the streets of Stone Cross, a light would have been cast on the difficulty.

As it was, Pleasance was not so resentful as she was diverted. Her spirit rose at the notion of an adventure with regard to which she herself, after all, was the holder of the secret that lent the incident all its zest and whimsicality.

"I don't think you look like dying of anything, and least of all of envy," said Pleasance.

"Now, I call that malicious chaff, whereas mine was perfectly innocent," retorted Rica, not at all ruffled, however surprised, by the terms of equality on which the rustic young Mrs. Douglas had met her audacious advances. "Of course it is a sore point with me that I don't appear as if I were pining away; and I suppose you think envy implies pining. Well, I daresay you are right. Don't you think Stone Cross awfully slow? I am sure it is the stagnant atmosphere which prevents me from growing small by degrees and beautifully less."

"I don't believe you would choose to be other than what you are," said Pleasance; "and I don't know about slow places. I have lived in the country all my life. I fear that the country would always be slow in your eyes."

"How plain spoken you are! I shall tell everybody that you are dreadfully sarcastic."

"I shall not mind, and I don't think that any other body will mind either."

"You are philosophic as well as sarcastic,—that is taking my trade over my head. But it passes my philosophy to understand how you can find Stone Cross lively—you who do not

attend choir practice, or play croquet, or join in any of the mild dissipations of the place, unless, indeed, you call cathedral service a dissipation."

"I should hope that I call it something better," said Pleasance, indignantly, "and I did not say Stone Cross was lively."

"Pray, wherein consisted the liveliness of the country where you lived?" pressed Rica Wyndham.

"In honest hard work to do for one's self and one's neighbours," answered Pleasance, without an instant's hesitation, "in life to be lived thoroughly in sharing familiar joys and sorrows."

"How delightful!" exclaimed Rica ironically, "though I must confess I find necessary exercise—I need a great deal of it—hard enough work, and that if my neighbours would considerately bestow on me the full reversion of their joys, I could dispense with their sorrows. What is your opinion of Banting's system?"

"I never thought about it."

"Humph! very selfish of you; and you call that sharing your neighbour's sorrows! I am afraid, Mrs. Douglas, you are a humbug."

The two young women looked at each other, and laughed, and the laugh established a sort of freemasonry between them.

While they had talked they had come into the town, and Miss Wyndham had not broken off from Pleasance, as Pleasance had half expected. Far from it, Miss Wyndham sauntered on ostentatiously, by Pleasance's side (according to the terms of Rica Wyndham's wager), receiving steadily the brisk fire of glances directed upon the couple by sundry clergymen and matrons of Rica Wyndham's set abroad for early service. She only consented to part with a friendly bow at the gate of Willow House.

From that date Rica Wyndham proclaimed loudly that she had found Mrs. Archie Douglas, instead of being insane, a character, a barn-door wit, as well as a beauty. She said poking fun at her was the last best thing out. She insisted on accosting, and having a small war of words with Pleasance whenever it was possible.

Now it was, "What is your plan for cultivating wild flowers, Mrs. Douglas? Will you impart it to me?"

To which Pleansace would answer, "I have none, unless it be like that of the wise doctor who gave the advice to his patient how to eat celery, he should sprinkle it with salt, and fling it over the left shoulder. I would let wild flowers alone; I do not believe they bear transplanting; certainly they do not repay the pain of the process."

Or it would be from Rica, "Did you ever hear of a quizzing-glass? Lady Lewis still gives that name to her eye-glass. I accuse you of quizzing us all through your spectacles."

From Pleasance, "If I do, I only give what I take, you cannot deny that."

Rica,—conscious that she had raised quite a controversy in the Close by her conduct; and that her mother, who could not in general see harm in what her daughter did, was yet puzzled and disturbed by her last act,—was greatly instigated in place of deterred from the course which she had adopted towards Pleasance.

As for Pleasance, she had her own thoughts of all this odd fitful intercourse.

CHAPTER XLV.—JANE DOUGLAS COMES TO THE CLOSE.

JANE DOUGLAS was with her friends, the Tuffnells, in the Close for the June Stone Cross musical festival, in spite of two facts. Mrs. Douglas had resolved that Jane should never, while she was under her guardianship, revisit Stone Cross; and Jane was an obedient, devoted daughter, with a young girl's implicit reliance on and faith in her mother.

The first explanation was that Archie Douglas had started on a yachting cruise to Norway, and northern Russia.

The second, that Mrs. Douglas, after remaining quietly with Jane at Shardleigh, seeking, according to the elder lady's tactics, to live down her son's great blunder and disaster, had gone in the middle of June to pay an annual visit to a sister in Wales.

This sister, whom Mrs. Douglas described with truth as her favourite sister, especially dear to her, had made a poor marriage with an officer in the army, who possessed little private fortune, and who had been compelled by bad health, while still young, to retire from the service and lay out the price of his commission on the purchase of a sheep-farm in Wales. There he and his family could live simply and cheaply; and there, with his subalterns, the shepherds, he could command an employment which was healthful, and which afforded some small return of profit.

Happily, Rhyngally was a beautiful place in a pleasant neighbourhood. Other families of small gentry, country clergy, and gentlemen farmers, made common cause to be content with a very moderate endowment of this world's goods, and to assert their

gentility rather by refined intelligence and cultivated frugality, than by desperate attempts at outward show and luxury.

Mrs. Douglas had always declared herself—and had really been to some extent—captivated by the unassuming cheerfulness and magnanimity which had prevailed at Rhyngally. She had lamented feelingly that she could not exchange her son's great house at Shardleigh, with its staff of butler, footmen, grooms, and gardeners, its housekeeper and multiplied maid-servants, its carriages and horses, for another farmhouse *ornée* on a Welsh lake, with but a single elderly boy as groom, gardener, and general factotum, a cook and one tidy housemaid, a one-horse shay of the most primitive description for the elders of the family, and plenty of Welsh ponies for the young people.

So long as Archie and Jane were young, the two, above all Jane, went every summer to Wales with Mrs. Douglas, and spent several happy weeks in what was, to children, Elysium. But as Jane grew older her mother found more and more excuses for making the pilgrimage alone. The limitation was remarkable, since she had, over and over again, volunteered the premature assurance to her sister and brother-in-law that she could know no dearer wish than that there should be a mutual fancy between her poor rich little Jane and her eldest cousin. The latter was the most stalwart and worthy of fellows, who was reading for orders, with no higher destination before him, in the meantime, than that of assisting his old rector in his Welsh parish.

The time had come for Ned to be ordained a deacon, and to act as curate to his rector; but he and his cousin Jane were growing out of acquaintance with each other, it was so long since they had been brought together. Notwithstanding, Mrs. Douglas was as ready as ever to whisper to her sister that it would be a rest to one-half of her cares, if ever there should arise anything between Ned and Jane. Only the mother of a girl with a fortune was not like any other happy mother who could do as she would. There was so much interference and counsel from those who considered they had a right to advise; and she could not bear to bring the reproach on herself—far less on her beloved friends, that she had not afforded Jane every opportunity of seeing the world before she decided for herself in the most important step in her life.

Before Mrs. Douglas had gone to Rhyngally on this occasion, she had disposed of Jane safely, not on any account at Stone Cross, but in a country house fully fifty miles away. She had persuaded both herself and Jane that her daughter's visit was absolutely due; and that Jane must deny herself the pleasure of seeing her Welsh relations this year again, in order that she might not disappoint and affront the dear good Russels who had every right to expect their cherished guest.

But Mrs. Douglas had not calculated that one of the dear good Russels was a musical enthusiast, who after she had attended all the major musical festivals of the last two years, had set her heart on not missing the minor festival at Stone Cross, and urgently persuaded her family to go over there for the occasion. "The hotels will be choke-full," represented this special pleader, "but we can fall back on Dr. Hynd, who will put us up somehow; and if we cannot dispose of you, Jane, so unceremoniously, you have your old family connection, Lady Lewis, or your friends the Wyndhams, or the Tuffnells in the Close to go to. Madame Lemmens Sherrington is to sing; I never heard her in the solo she is to take. Shouldn't you like it, Janet? it would be charming variety for you. There will not be a great choir, still it will be a musical tit-bit in its way."

The Russels had only been made dimly acquainted with the scandal of Archie Douglas's unfortunate marriage, and could not appeal to Jane for more definite details. They had not even heard that young Mrs. Douglas was gone to reside at Stone Cross. Jane had not forgotten it; she was not a girl of lively imagination, but she had warm tenacious affections.

Necessarily Jane had become aware that her brother and his wife were separated for the present, but as to the separation being final she had no distinct conception. Loving her brother as she did, lamenting his error, and suffering with him in seeing him a changed man, Jane could not resist nourishing fond visions of atonement and reconciliation, almost as romantic as if she had possessed her mother's and Archie's imaginations.

She had not an older woman's scruple at interfering in a private matter which concerned others so nearly. She had a child's single-heartedness; and she could not resist the temptation of gratifying her intense curiosity, and seeing and judging for herself with regard to her offending yet innocent sister-in-law.

Jane did not imagine that her mother would seriously disapprove of the step which

she—Jane—was about to take in going to Stone Cross. Mrs. Douglas had not anticipated any chance of Jane's being enticed in that unpropitious direction, and whatever she had decided in her own mind, she had not seen the necessity of making the little cathedral town forbidden ground to her daughter.

Jane really believed that her mother would be thankful after it was over, that she had gone on an easy natural pretext and made her private observations.

In addition to her other strong impulses, she had a young girl's oddly exaggerated reluctance to hamper her friends, and baulk them in a projected excursion.

Jane had by no means forgiven Rica Wyndham for her gratuitous implications with regard to the scene in the Park, the less so that poor Jane had been forced to acknowledge there had been some truth in the insinuations. Her own and her mother's Archie had not been the Bayard beyond reproach, that Jane had believed and boasted him to be.

In these circumstances she would rather not elect to bestow her company upon Rica Wyndham, though Jane was sure to meet Rica continually during the three days of the festival. She would prefer her Close friends the Tuffnells to the Wyndhams, and to her ancient kinswoman, who might lay hold of her and detain her by main force to do honour to the all-important celebration of that ninetieth birthday which had begun to take overpowering proportions in its tottering heroine's dim eyes.

CHAPTER XLVI.—THE SUGGESTION OF AN OLIVE BRANCH.

JANE was full of breathless expectation when she arrived at the Close, and in passing glanced across to Willow House, where she had occasionally lived with her mother and brother when she and Archie were young.

So far as the tall old red house was concerned, it gave no sign. No face or figure appeared at window or gate, to electrify Jane into making the silent emphatic note, "That is she—the humble woman who bewitched Archie, but having won him could not keep him."

Even after Jane had reached her destination, and was in the middle of a group consisting of merry chattering girls, gracious mother, father given to old-fashioned, courtly compliments, and freer, blunter brothers home from barracks and college for the festival, she made no way in the attainment of her object. She became all at once painfully aware that she dare not approach by a single leading question her real reason for coming to Stone Cross; and she despaired of getting her ignorance enlightened and her curiosity gratified by a single incidental allusion to Willow House and Mrs. Archie Douglas. Not only were the speakers bound to avoid these interesting topics, as too awkward and distressing for Jane Douglas to be referred to even in the most masked and distant manner in her presence; in addition, the festival was engrossing the natives of Stone Cross as her birthday was engrossing Lady Lewis.

Helen Tuffnell was to sing in the choir, and so there was no end to the discussion of the choir's dress—in the case of its female members—to its obligations, and its expected triumph. Ralph Tuffnell had seen the professionals arriving, and was able to tell, if he chose—that is, if sufficient force were put upon him—who had kept faith, what the stars least known to Stone Cross were like, and which of them were gone to be the guests of the musical archdeacon and his sister.

There had been a dreadful whisper that the bishop looked coldly on the whole affair, and set his face against some of the pieces to be given at the second concert; but Mr. Tuffnell had been at a meeting of the chapter that morning, and was happy to have it in his power—from the private conversation which had preceded the business—to contradict authoritatively the unworthy stigma on their excellent bishop's liberality.

Mrs. Tuffnell wished to hear if anything more had been learned—if Jane Douglas had noticed anything said at the Hynds, where she had lunched with the Russels—of the story that "Mrs. Dean" was to have all the great singers, irrespective of social disadvantages, at her party; and that one of them had agreed to sing her special ballad, "The Lady of the Lea," for the delectation of Mrs. Dean's guests, and the glorification of her party.

Jane Douglas was musical in her tastes. Not having come out, even the mild clerical gaiety of Stone Cross festival ought to have been to her, as one of the poor dear Russels had said, for her own ends, a "charming variety." But Jane's young head was full of her own personal speculations and private cares for poor Archie and his poor wife. Mrs. Archie must be terribly out of place, and constantly exposing her deficiencies in the Stone Cross circle. Still Jane would be tender of her for Archie's sake, even though he was puzzling and confounding his sister far

more than he was perplexing his mother. Was he not acting as if he were heartlessly abandoning the woman whom he had chosen to withdraw from her natural sphere, in exposing her unsupported to all the difficulties of a strange region?

Jane had a somewhat formidable apprehension of what Mrs. Archie must be like, not altogether removed from that which Mr. Woodcock had entertained before his visit to the Yorkshire Grey.

Mrs. Archie ought to be a brilliantly painted piece of clay—rich red and white, perhaps already getting too deeply coloured. She should have chubby lips like those of a child, apt to fall open into a gape. She should have round cheeks, round eyes, a little round forehead, and fat dimpled hands. Her feet, like her hands, must be unpresentable and hard to dispose of, as things not wanted, and therefore always in the way.

She would be prone to render herself conspicuous by indulging in the gayest of clothes, worn in the height of the fashion. She would stalk, or trot, or gallop, instead of walking. She would either mumble or shout, when she ought to speak. She would abuse her h's at the beginning, and her g's at the end of her words. She would run wild in her grammar, and betray ignorance—all the more dense and appalling that it was entirely unsuspected by herself, whenever she had the opportunity.

Jane took all these particulars as a matter of course, was girlishly dismayed and repelled, and yet was sufficiently true and good herself to draw a long breath when all were summed up, and tell herself that if that were all, redress—compensation in the end—might still be possible.

But listen and look, as Jane strove when she accompanied Helen Tuffnell to a private rehearsal on the part of the choir, she could not catch a glimpse of her sister-in-law. She had no better success on the first day of the festival—neither at the morning concert, nor at the great evening performance of the oratorio—when the hall was crowded to excess; and among the old familiar faces of the Stone Cross society Jane hunted up every new and strange face, and sought in vain to identify it with her preconceived idea of Archie's wife.

Archie's wife was not that little woman in sky-blue, with the amber-coloured opera cloak, beside the Jones'? No; Jane had an impression that she had heard her unknown sister-in-law was tall, and unquestionably she was handsome; while this woman, making every allowance for different standards, was neither the one nor the other.

She was not the lady to whom the archdeacon was talking with marked deference? She was both tall and fine-looking, but she was thirty years of age at the lowest computation. Besides, it was well known that the archdeacon was musically mad, and chose his favoured associates solely with reference to their knowledge and skill as executants, or to their natural qualifications as sopranos or contraltos, tenors or basses. Now, it was hardly to be supposed that Mrs. Archie could have come out of her cottage an English Jenny Lind, minus the requisite training.

In the first place Jane was proceeding on an incorrect deduction. She had never doubted that Archie's wife, who lived at Willow House, would be received on one footing or another in Stone Cross society.

Jane had imbibed from her mother an extravagant notion of Archie's importance as the Squire of Shardleigh. She had taken for granted that the reflection of a certain amount of his dignity, must fall on the woman to whom he had stooped to give his name.

Jane was saved from putting a plain question to Mrs. Tuffnell, on which she was reluctantly meditating, by the appearance of Rica Wyndham. After the first part of the oratorio had been gone through and received with the cordiality of provincial audiences, Rica, who was only an honorary member of the choir, so to speak, judged in her own interest that it could dispense with her farther services. She had herself led into the body of the hall, and seated among the company, in order to make game of the rest of the performers and their performance, with a distinct relish of the circumstance that the sacred character of the music lent an air of profanity to her jests.

"I imagine everybody in Stone Cross is here," said Jane Douglas, next whom Rica had elected to sit. Jane craned her neck, nevertheless, as if she were in search of somebody.

"Oh yes! the world and his wife and their whole turn out," answered Rica indifferently. "I wish you to pay particular attention to this trill on 'My sins are more in number than the hairs of my head.' I think it will give you the idea of recalling what Tom calls 'going to the bad' in the most daintily instructive manner. It is given to a little man—a native, Horace Wyville—who is quite bald, and whose voice always shakes with fear of the conductor, as if he were penetrated with the terror of retribution for his misdeeds."

The next moment Rica was criticizing the style in which a lady's hair was dressed, and remarking that she would be a passable beauty if she did not simper like a ninny. "Her face reminds me of your sister-in-law, Mrs. Archie Douglas, but Mrs. Douglas has the advantage," added Rica composedly, intending to make an impression, and succeeding, though the impression was not of the nature that she anticipated.

"Is Mrs. Archie Douglas here?" asked Jane, after a moment's pause, with commendable self-restraint, but with a very perceptible increase of colour in her fair complexion, while her flaxen hair, worn loose on her shoulders, was astir with expectation.

"Of course not, my dear Jane, what are you thinking of?" replied Rica with the usual background of rippling laughter to her marked emphasis.

"Why not?" inquired Jane, opening her grey blue eyes, and losing a little of her assumed calmness. "Is she not fond of music?"

"I cannot tell: I dare say she adores it, as we all do in this age of operas and oratorios. But, my dear child, you should know best why nobody knows her, and she goes nowhere."

"I do not know," said Jane quickly, "that is, of course, you are aware, Rica, that I do not know her." And then Jane was in a fever to exculpate whoever could be exculpated. "Come with me, Rica," she entreated in a whisper. "I do not so adore music, and neither I think do you, as to mind missing the next long duet; there is a side room to escape in from the heat, Helen Tuffnell took me to it last night; let us go there and have our talk out."

Rica went and listened at her ease to what Jane laboured to explain.

"Archie married without telling us, and without consulting mamma; because, I suppose, he did not wish to meet with the opposition which he was sure to provoke, since the wife he chose was not in his own rank," said Jane, with all her heart in her voice. "Mamma had cause to be offended, but after all there was no great wrong done, though there might be much imprudence on Archie's part, and we—mamma could forgive anything save great wrong to Archie."

"You are all very good, but I do not see why you should be ready to give me a wigging," protested Rica, with her unblushing slang.

"We can understand," hurried on Jane to her unsympathetic listener, "that it must have been a little hard for the two to get on together—after Archie had ceased to live as she lived when he was seeking to find for himself what a working man's experience was like, for the sake of working men. Therefore she has come here for the present; and he has gone away cruising about Spitzbergen and Archangel. That is all," Jane ended her shaky version with a deep sigh.

"That is a good deal, except to an innocent like you," said Rica, with her derisive scepticism. "Excuse me, Jane, but never say to any one else that Archie was seeking the public good when he was courting his peasant wife, else they will think you positively too good to live. They will look for your embryo wings, and declare that Archie did not need to sail to the north seas to visit any Archangel, when he had such a promising minor angel, like a minor canon, at home. The pun is execrable, but the blame is yours who tempted me to it. It was madly romantic in Archie to marry such a girl, without his giving out that he was in quest of a Holy Grail, or of the public good. I should rout all such nonsense out of his head in a month's time. I was near doing it when madam the low-born wife turned up."

"Don't, Rica," cried Jane, indignantly; but she was not disposed to quarrel with Rica, just at this moment, when she might cast light on the mystery of Mrs. Archie Douglas's exclusion from the festival. "I don't know what you believe."

"No more do I; but certainly I do not believe that Archie wanted anything else save his own way—to run wild, and do what nobody else did. At the same time I don't mean to say that Mrs. Archibald Douglas could help that; or that she did anything save what was natural under the circumstances. My dear Jane, you do not give me half my due for good-nature. I am young Mrs. Douglas's established champion here. I am the only person in these polite circles who has gone a step out of her way to take the lady up. I am quite fond of her. Mamma would tell you that she is a mania of mine."

"Yet you spoke as if she could not be here," remonstrated Jane in her bewilderment.

"Well, I don't do my manias in public. At least, I don't mind who are spectators; but one wants a little freedom for psychological studies. As to Mrs. Douglas's not being here, or at our bazaar, or even at our flower-show, I should say that she would have even less sense than she gets credit for, if she were to

go where money might admit her, but where she would know nobody, and nobody would know her; and where at the same time she would be an object of general remark, with her whole story and her antecedents raked up, if not flung in her face. You forget, Jane," finished Rica, with her admirable candour, "that Mrs. Archibald Douglas is a humbly-born young woman, from whom her husband has already separated, while he barely acknowledges her, and his family do not even go so far. You should be the last to speak; you ought to think twice before you reproach the good people of Stone Cross with not knowing your sister-in-law."

"I had no idea—" began Jane in dismay, and stopped short. She had not, in fact, had a suspicion of the wrong which Archie and his friends might have been doing to his forlorn wife, and of the neglect, even the injury, to which they might have condemned her.

"And if she is odd, as people say, though I confess I do not see it, then it might not be safe for her to be exposed to such an exciting scene as this," said the Job's comforter—Rica, with a sneer at the festival in passing, and into the bargain.

"Odd! what do you mean?" demanded Jane sharply, in the sickness of remorse and apprehension that was stealing over her.

"Why, isn't she a little touched in the head by her exaltation, or her desertion, I am sure I cannot tell which? The report came with her that she was one-third crazy, and that Perry and her husband were to be the keepers. Allow me to add that the county society of England, as represented at Stone Cross, did not feel flattered by having its chances of visitable neighbours abridged, with Willow House transformed into a private asylum."

"It is not true," cried Jane, in the greatest distress. "I never heard of such a thing. I should have been sure to hear of it. As if it were not bad enough without that! It is cruel and wicked to invent such stories."

"I believe they could be traced to Perry herself," said Rica quietly. "Pray do not give me the credit of the invention. My conscience is clear. I have always insisted that the young woman was only uncommonly clever; though I admit when I first spoke to her I took care there should be a man with a pitchfork in the next field."

"I shall go and speak to Perry about it," said Jane with tremulous imperativeness.

"The very thing to confirm the rumour, if you do not speak to Mrs. Archie Douglas also," pointed out the astute Rica; "and don't you think that it would be more to the purpose, any way, if you spoke to Mrs. Archie Douglas?"

"If it would do any good," said Jane, half-eagerly, half-hesitatingly. "Mamma will be dreadfully sorry when she hears what has been said and done. There is nothing wrong with my brother's wife, except that she was born and brought up in a different station from his—and I suppose that has caused disagreement between them. Archie would have let his wife have Shardleigh, where mamma has always been mistress—Mr. Woodcock said so. If there would be any use in my calling on her——" repeated Jane, in desperate doubt.

"There would be the greatest use," declared Rica, always ready for an adventure, above all if it led a companion into mischief. "It would be lending her your support, and it would at once silence the absurd report that she is maddish. I shall go with you, if you like, and introduce you; for I am proud to say that I am on speaking terms with Mrs. Archie Douglas, since it has been my plan to take the bull by the horns, and to decline to be frightened by a bogey. I should not wonder if, after they hear that we two have broken the ice, mamma, and Mrs. Dean, with the whole clan at her back, follow our example, and take Mrs. Archie into their arms."

Jane made up her mind to the deed. In the light in which Mrs. Archie Douglas was regarded at Stone Cross, it was Jane's duty, and duty was a more powerful motive with Jane Douglas than with most girls. It was for Archie's honour too, and surely according to his secret inclinations; for he must retain some kindly feeling towards the woman whom he had loved so well as to seek to raise her to an equality with himself.

Jane did not wish to compromise the Tuffnells by communicating to them her enterprise, and asking them to join her in it. Though her good sense led her to see the reasonableness of Rica Wyndham's vindication of the town, Jane's pride and her tenderness alike remained hurt by the complete neglect which had befallen Archie's poor wife at the hands of Stone Cross.

Again, Jane accepted Rica Wyndham's companionship, because she did not believe that it would be possible to compromise Rica; and because though Jane had a spirit of her own, no girl of eighteen's spirit could help quailing a little before the difficult mission which she had undertaken.

Jane and Rica agreed not to patronise the

next morning's concert, but to go together and call at Willow House. Jane fired up for her sister-in-law, and yearned over her whenever she thought of the whole town—herself included—holding carnival, and of Archie's wife being forced to remain aloof. She began to think that they—even her mother and Archie, had been very wrong to act so as to bring about such isolation, and such cruel, false surmises. She began to ask herself what her father—for whose memory she had the most loyal, loving respect—would have thought of the manner in which his daughter-in-law had been treated—she began to suspect that Mrs. Archie Douglas would have fared differently if the old Squire and manufacturer had still lived. He too had risen from the ranks, but in place of being subjected to an ordeal from the torture of which even his man's strength might not have shielded him, he had been chosen by her mother with womanly pride in his being the founder of his family, and the maker of his fortune.

CHAPTER XLVII.—THE OLIVE-BRANCH BEARS PRICKLES.

Mr. Perry broke the news to Pleasance that Jane Douglas was in the Close.

It was a lovely June morning, and Pleasance had gone into the garden to console herself with the roses and the bees. She needed consolation specially, at this time, for indeed she had some of the feelings which Jane Douglas attributed to her, and which Jane suffered by proxy on Pleasance's account.

The town was keeping its festival for the first time since Pleasance had come to Stone Cross. It could hardly be said to extend freely to all classes; yet it was more or less felt and hailed by all, in the general influx of strangers and in the holiday preparations. The railway was continually disgorging fresh arrivals, who were conducted by triumphant friends to canons' and dignitaries' houses. There was a flutter among the native performers of practising, rehearsing, and hurrying to and fro, with sheets of music, to the hall. The shops were full of programmes and announcements. The lodging-house keepers were reaping a golden harvest. The very washerwomen were in extreme request for the muslins which were to do duty at the morning performances. Mr. Perry had an annual offering of evergreens and flowers towards the decoration of the hall, and of fruit towards the archdeacon's supper to the choir, for which the gardener was in solemn preparation. Even Mrs. Perry had been in the habit of unbending, so far as to go to look at the supper, and at the archdeacon's company.

Only Pleasance, the most friendly soul in the universe, whom no sorrow of itself could make unsympathetic, was sentenced, for no fault of her own, to stand apart.

It was irksome to be compelled to fill a position which was at the same time not natural and was of no earthly avail—and that in a town where she and her story were so well known, that she could not do anything without being called upon to consult public opinion in reference to her husband.

Pleasance chafed more than she had ever yet done at the restrictions which she felt were laid upon her, and said that she would not wait, wasting her best days till she grew middle-aged at Stone Cross. She had been accustomed to think that she could take care of herself; she would no longer consent to resign her prized independence because she had ceased to be that happy creature, a working woman, and had become that miserable being, an idle lady. She would write and ask Mr. Woodcock—he had shown her kindness—whether she might not go abroad and live in some quiet, homely foreign place, where nobody had ever heard of her or of the Douglases of Shardleigh. If Mr. Woodcock retained his scruples, then she would take leave to dissolve the compact, so intolerable where she was concerned.

Pleasance was in this frame of mind when she went down among the roses and the bees, and was met by Mr. Perry. He had been up to the house in search of his wife and had missed her; and he was compelled to return to his office of arranging fresh pots of flowers, in time for their transport to the hall, without being able to effect the communication with which he was primed.

Pleasance saw that her retainer—with regard to whom she could not help thinking again this morning, that he was half a gaoler, overflowed with some piece of information which, in the absence of his better half, he would not be able to keep to himself. But she did not expect anything of more moment than a mingled glorification and lamentation over the excellence of the Willow House fuchsias and geraniums, and the damage they would sustain by their service in the hall; and over the size and flavour of the Mayduke and Elton cherries, and the Hautbois strawberries, and the grudge with which their grower saw them destined to be "devoured by them choristers."

But Mr. Perry had other intelligence to communicate, after he had touched his hat punctiliously to Pleasance, and told her formally that it was a fine morning.

"I have been down in the town with a load, Mrs. Douglas. I know it don't become a 'ead gardener to carry such, but I can't trust my flowers to a rogue of a boy, and I had your leave. Who should I see coming out of the Close but Miss Douglas from Shardleigh. She did not catch sight of me to speak to me, as I make bold to say she would have done; so I made inquiries and 'eard that she was 'ere by herself without either Mrs. Douglas or the squire. She is come for this 'ere festival, and is stopping with Mr. Tuffnell's family in the Close."

Pleasance observed—very little to the point—that she understood many visitors from different parts of the country had arrived to attend the festival, and retreated into the house, to digest the unpalatable tidings. But she had received a shock, for with the mention of the sister the brother's image had risen up before her, though the illusion had been dispelled before Mr. Perry had done speaking.

Pleasance decreed that this was the last straw which must break the camel's back. While she said so and sat in her room thinking of it, Mrs. Perry knocked at the door and announced with an inscrutable face that Miss Douglas and Miss Wyndham were in the drawing-room.

Pleasance hesitated for one moment. Should she refuse to receive them? But that would look like cowardice and as if she were ashamed of herself, while it was they who ought to be ashamed. It would also be a breach of that hospitality which is nowhere more respected than in the class of which Pleasance had so long been a member. During all those years at the Manor House she had not once heard "not at home" given in answer to the most troublesome and unauthorised intrusion.

In the meantime Jane and Rica — the former with a palpitating heart—sat in the drab drawing-room. Jane was quite familiar with the room, and it did not repel her by its coldness and bareness. She had pleasant early associations connected with it; and, in the light of later years, its space and comparative emptiness reminded her almost pathetically of the last Italian Palazzo in which her mother, Archie, and she, dwelling together as a united family, had found a temporary home.

But as she recovered coolness, and looked round her, it struck her that the room had suffered change and deterioration.

On the closed and superannuated grand piano stood Pleasance's array of birds' cages—not fancy pagodas of brass wire, but clumsy square boxes of unpainted wood and iron wire; for Pleasance held that the brass dazzled the birds when the sun shone on it, that they pecked the paint till they were cruelly poisoned, while round cages turned their poor little heads. Plain as the cages were, they were not plainer than their inmates—for the most part half-fledged and with yellow gaping mouths, in rough imitations of nests constructed of straw and wool.

A pile of books lay on one little table, but they were conspicuously of the unornamental order of school-books, in grey paper or severely sober cloth covers. Some of them were old and worn. In particular there was a disreputable dictionary with the boards stitched and re-stitched, and in spite of that primitive repair, having one-third of its leaves in a loose and tattered condition. (Pleasance could have told that its price was above rubies, since over the time-honoured name of Surenne was written in a cramped school-girl hand, "Anne Hatton.")

Pleasance had, the very day before, stumbled at last on the case of a poor widow with a family calling for immediate relief. As a result, there were heaped upon another table the rudiments of such coats and garments as Dorcas might have made, and which Dorcas's followers in every rank still aspire to make, even with dainty fingers; but which, as a rule, are not found on drawing-room tables, unless on the occasion of a missionary or sewing meeting. Beside the calicot lay a thimble, which from its surroundings was not likely to be of gold, and was indeed of brass. (It was also invaluable to Pleasance. It had belonged to Lizzie Blennerhasset; and Pleasance clung with passionate fidelity to the smallest link of the past—having nothing else to cling to.) There was a great nosegay on the chimney-piece, but it was not from the Willow House gardens. Pleasance had got it in the market that morning, and had chosen it expressly for its long gold and silver rods, rampant blue lupins, straggling purple honesty, bunchy sweet Williams, honey-suckle, tansy, bachelors' buttons, and London Pride. She had not found time to soften the details in arranging them. She had simply stuck the flowers in a jar on the chimney-piece, where they presented a by no means brilliant mass, towering and yet solid, of subdued colour and sombre green. They gave the jar the

air of a cottage jug, which would have been such a nosegay's fit receptacle.

Jane Douglas would not have been offended by such particulars in their proper place; but she had the desire for fitness and the uneasy sense of incongruity which belongs alike to very matter-of-fact people and to people of the keenest susceptibilities. Jane was matter-of-fact, and she had, in addition, a share of her mother's susceptibilities. Mrs. Douglas was an original woman; but she hated originality's caricature—eccentricity, and she had deepened the girl's natural revulsion from singularity. And though Jane had lived much abroad, she had remained, like many English residents in foreign cities, insular in her prepossessions and prejudices.

While Jane looked round her discontentedly, Rica Wyndham took everything in at a glance, shrugging her shoulders and exclaiming in a stage aside, "I beg your pardon, Jane, dear, but was your brother's wife a seamstress originally? And is she still following her calling, on the sly, like the princess in the Arabian Nights, who was impelled to do her old cooking in the cream-tart-with-the-pepper business? Or is Mrs. Douglas teaching the young idea how to shoot in her own person, having recourse to copy-books and primers, in order to put Archie and the whole of us to shame, by coming out at last as a full-blown female Porson? I heard something of that old fat Madame Berbier being in attendance. I was astonished, because Berbier does not teach music, and to strum a tune on the piano is generally the beginning and end of a girl of the lower class's ambition to be educated like a lady. Shades of the Willow House gardeners! where did she get that flower? Not in the gardens here, surely, else Perry male is a degenerate son of Adam. I have not seen such a flower since we lived for six months in the depths of Cornwall, and an ancient gardeners' procession, of which Father Adam must have been the founder, walked through the little town near which we hung out. I am afraid, Jane, there is mint in it, and as there is no lamb to bear it company, do you think we might take the liberty of throwing it out of the window?"

Before Jane could object to the suggestion the handle of the door turned, and Pleasance entered and faced her visitors. She wore a delicately fresh blue-and-white gown, such as would have matched Jane Douglas's brown holland, when she was at home, of a morning. Pleasance's little cap which she still wore, was not out of keeping with such a gown, and was, as it happened, somewhat in the fashion of the day, while it lent a matronly dignity and character to her simply dressed dark hair. Her costume was perfect of its kind, as Jane acknowledged in amazement at the first hasty glance. Her next admission was that Archie had found—not a pretty gawky or a strapping Amazon—but, as Pleasance looked at this moment, one of the most beautiful, distinguished-looking women whom Jane had ever seen. With the last conviction there darted upon Jane the dismayed perception that she had taken an utterly false and indefensible step.

Rica Wyndham, nothing daunted, was saying, in her contralto voice, rich with laughter, "Mrs. Douglas, I have the pleasure of bringing Miss Douglas to see you. You must make much of us, for we have stolen a march upon our friends, and forsworn this morning's concert on your account."

"I regret you should have made such a sacrifice," said Pleasance, striving to be courteous in words, though inevitably freezing in tones. "I am afraid that I cannot repay you."

But as she spoke she not only motioned her intruding visitors to be seated, she selected for their accommodation the sofa and the *chaise longue*, which were the most comfortable and pleasantest seats in the room. Before she sat down herself, she pulled the cords of the Venetian blind so as to prevent the sun's rays from shining in Jane Douglas's eyes, and closed the side door, so that there might be no draught of air between it and the open window behind Rica Wyndham.

Rica, who was never at a loss for words, plunged into an animated description of the progress of the festival; while the two who had a near interest in each other, sat and supported their share in the conversation by monosyllables, as they revolved a maze of troubled thoughts.

Was this "divinely fair" woman, who must have driven Archie desperate by her coldness, indeed, the silly, quaking, rude, possibly gross-natured, country girl, with regard to whom Jane Douglas, in her nonage and inexperience, had boldly proposed to herself the difficult and invidious task, of catching her and taming her, and that within the few days of Jane's stay at Stone Cross?

This young girl could not be Joel Wray's sister Janey. Her most striking attribute

was the perfect good breeding which rendered her quietly self-sustained and unconsciously refined, so that Pleasance forgot to notice Jane's flaxen hair, so far removed from her brother's dark curls, or her blonde in contrast to his brunette complexion; and only remarked, instead, that Rica Wyndham —piquant, coquettish, aristocratic—in her most startling escapades, did not bear the comparison well, or look elegant beside her friend. This could not be the good little thing whom Pleasance had seen in imagination, a simple, homely girl, a mechanic's daughter and sister, rendered more sedate because she had to work with, and for, her widowed mother. That had been a girl Pleasance had made up her mind to be fond of; while she should be to her, when they did meet, in the few opportunities that working people could command, the kind elder sister that her lost Anne had been to Pleasance.

So the sisters met, without sisterly recognition, far less sisterly embrace. When Jane, with a deep sense of the horrible blunder she had committed, tried to say something to Pleasance, and asked her, "I hope you like Stone Cross, and find this house comfortable?" she could not address her by name, she could not call her Mrs. Douglas, she could not say her Christian name, if Jane had ever heard it; she had to speak to her impersonally. It was a small matter, but it afforded a subtile indication of the terms on which the two stood.

"I have no fault to find," answered Pleasance, driven to a negative form of speech; but she had no wish to be ungracious on this point, and she added immediately, "Stone Cross is an interesting town."

"Oh, you happy woman!" exclaimed Rica, in reference to the first part of Pleasance's reply. "I have faults to find with everything under the sun; indeed, I do not believe that I should care for anything much, if I could not exercise my Englishwoman's privilege of grumbling, for we don't resign the privilege to the men, do we?"

"I hope Perry suits you," said Jane again wistfully. "She was a favourite servant of mamma's. We always found that we could depend upon her."

"Mr. and Mrs. Perry are very good servants," said Pleasance readily enough; but the next moment she qualified her testimony with a haughty exception—not in reference to the Perrys' fallibility, but to her own inexperience—"at least, so far as I can tell; I have very little knowledge of servants."

Jane was silenced. She thought it was odd and objectionable in Mrs. Archie Douglas thus to remind them of her disqualifications.

"But why have you not countenanced the festival?" Rica was asking audaciously, in comfortable disregard of her own statement to Jane that Mrs. Archie Douglas, in her circumstances, did well to refrain from going where only money would admit her, and where, in social phrase, nobody would know her. "I assure you that you are losing a treat, not only in the performance of the great guns, but in our native tenor's swaggers, and our Stone Cross prima donna's sulks. He is Bell, the linendraper's assistant; and she is a *bonne* of the Ridley's, whom the archdeacon dug out, and who has to be constantly called to order for her *bêtises*. She makes such astonishing faces, that I always remember and fear the punishment with which we were threatened as children, of the wind's changing and arresting our *moués*. In that case, '*l'homme qui rit*' would be nothing to '*la femme qui boude*."

"The man would certainly have the best of it, if it were not for the grim satire of the conception," observed Pleasance, as unconscious of producing an effect, as when she had recognised the representation of "Dora" in the Manor harvest field. Then she answered the more direct question: "I do not go into company; I have not been used to it. I am not so fond of music—I am afraid that you will think it very shocking in this musical age," she broke off with a little smile—"that the festival should tempt me to break a rule. Neither do I know that I should be diverted, as you say, by the struggles of the Stone Cross musicians. I think I should rather have a fellow-feeling with them."

Again Jane Douglas had the impression that Pleasance was assuming a defiant attitude, and that she was discomfiting to deal with, since she showed a want of tact, even of proper feeling, in thus exposing rather than veiling her deficiencies. Jane ceased to congratulate and remonstrate, in the same breath, with Archie, in her own mind, and began once more to condole with, and be sorry for him.

It was true that Pleasance was inclined to unfurl and brandish her colours, in the differences that existed between the speakers, in this interview; but then Pleasance was at bay.

"Do come and try," Rica urged. "If the tickets are all sold, I shall make somebody give up his, or forge one for you. We will keep a seat for you in the front row."

"We shall wait for you in the cloak-room, if you wish it," Jane made an amendment on the proposal. She stood loyally by what had been her own idea, though she felt that its fulfilment, if it would be in one sense less trying than she had supposed, would in another be very disagreeable, when Archie's wife, beautiful and intelligent in spite of her provincialism, was also wrong-headed and self-willed."

"Thank you, I do not wish it," said Pleasance plainly.

"Not to see all the notabilities! not to get an introduction to Stone Cross society!" protested Rica, holding up her hands in feigned amazement, while Jane blushed hotly with chagrin at the assumption. In the presence of her sister-in-law, Jane comprehended that their offer, in place of being an act of graceful condescension, was a piece of intolerable officiousness.

"Those notabilities—and greater than they—may be seen elsewhere and at another time," said Pleasance with equanimity. "And what should I do with an introduction to society like that of Stone Cross? I should be out of my element in it. If you can understand me, I have no desire for it. Indeed, it is possible to be without social ambition." As she relieved herself by the declaration, a faint flavour of frankness and friendliness stole into her manner, and she ended amicably, "It is otherwise with you, who have been brought up differently."

"You are hard upon us," complained Rica, as she and Jane rose to go. "You mortify us dreadfully by drawing these strong lines, entrenching yourself behind them, and not caring to stir beyond them. Of what good is our gain, if we cannot make you court it?"

"That you must discover for yourselves," said Pleasance, laughing for the first time; "but I did not draw the lines, I found them already drawn; I only keep within them; that is my place."

But Pleasance did not think it her place to let her visitors go without offering them luncheon; and when they declined it, she failed to ring for Perry to show them out. She went with them, unwelcome intruders as she had counted them, to her door, opening it for them, and shaking hands on the threshold.

When that was done, Pleasance retreated within the fastness of her own room, shutting and bolting the door, even against the consummate prudence of Mrs. Perry, and sat down to think with piteous regret. "They had no business to come; I did right to resent their coming. But if, after they came, the sister had but had a look of the brother—if she had once spoken of him, so that I might have heard what he was doing, and whether or not he was happy. He did not look happy when I saw him last, but it could not be expected then. I know he had a happy nature, though he was easily pained by another's pain. Oh! if I had not crossed his path!

"What do you make of her?" inquired Rica inquisitively, the moment the door was closed. "I do not believe one bit, Jane, that your sister-in-law is the genuine article—the ordinary village girl.' She posed me from the beginning; but now it would be too ridiculous to be taken in by her. Did you notice what she could not help showing—that she knew Victor Hugo's novel? Depend upon it that she belongs to some of those queer sects who think it Christianity to level all social distinctions, and to delve and milk cows with their own hands. If it were attempted for a lark, I could understand it; but then they profess to be in earnest."

"I don't think you have grounds for such a supposition, Rica," said Jane gravely, not looking particularly cheered by the explanation.

"My dear, I assure you these worthy men and women are only fools—not rogues, though they may look like them," Rica told Jane. "Your sister-in-law's socialism is not even on the French model, for she comes to church, and says her prayers like a common sinner. The English brotherhoods and sisterhoods simply borrow and adapt a fragment or two, here and there, fitting them to what the latest founders reckon an apostolic pattern. But doesn't this view, as well as her beauty, account for Archie's subjection? His rôle was that of a reformer, and if he had played it out at all consistently, he should have been ploughing—not the sea, but his own fields, like another Cincinnatus, by this time."

"You are hard upon Archie," said Jane in her perplexity and vexation.

"Not at all," maintained Rica, "and it is an ill wind which blows nobody good. If Archie had been faithful to his convictions, and if he clave to his wife, as one would have expected of so peerless a knight, and if the two worked together, where would you and your mother be at this moment? Very likely cooking your own dinner and cleaning your own shoes, if you still wore shoes; and I might have been drawn into the vortex—

not that I should have minded, for a spell, to see how the rest of you got on. Besides, it might have been the undiscovered process, I am always in search of, for reducing, this too, too solid flesh, or fat. I might have had the great gratification of retiring from the society of 'Universal Helpers,' or 'Free-will Stone-breakers and Charwomen,' a permanent whipping-post."

Jane withdrew from the encounter, cured of the conceit of being a peacemaker between an alienated husband and wife, even though they were her brother Archie and her misunderstood sister-in-law—entirely cured of the fancy of her superiority to Mrs. Archie, and her capacity for reversing their positions, and chaperoning the matron in society.

Jane was honourable in all her ways, with the strict scrupulous integrity of the best brought up English girls. She made no concealment of the visit she had paid, nor did she leave it to come out in Rica Wyndham's good stories, adorned with the colours which that young lady laid on lavishly.

"It is all very sad, but she has brought it on herself, and no doubt she does not wish it altered," remarked Mrs. Douglas with her usual toleration. "Absurd in Perry to allow such a report to get into circulation, not to say to originate it! Of course that was one of Rica Wyndham's *canards*. I shall put a stop to that at once; but it is all we can do, my love. You have seen for yourself that it is not for us to interfere and take up poor Archie's——to support her in the line of conduct, very likely, which drove him to separate from her."

"But, mamma, Archie must have known it all before. Do you think he was warranted in giving her up, though she was rustic and odd, and would not go into society—wore brass thimbles and did seamstress's work, and kept common birds' cages on her piano—even though she went into a field and pulled out by her unaided strength 'a ram caught in a thicket,' Rica Wyndham called it?"

"My dear," said Mrs. Douglas softly, "I do not wish to hear any more of the poor, handsome, half-educated creature's delinquencies. For anything more, I am thankful that it is not for me to condemn, or even to judge the conduct of my own children—of my poor rash boy, who has made such a fatal mistake in his bright life."

Mrs. Douglas renewed her private resolution that her dear little daughter, who was so sensible, only a little precocious, and carried away by inexperience and warmth of family affection, should be kept in future far apart from Stone Cross and its objectionable associations. To render assurance doubly sure, Jane should never again be entrusted in her impulsive youth to the care of the good oblivious Russels, or of kind easy Mrs. Tuffnell, above all, to the companionship of that arrant marplot and mischief-maker, Rica Wyndham.

THE EARLY LIFE AND TIMES OF ST. PETER.

PART I.

THE 30th of March and two following days will always retain their place in the mind of the writer of this paper as pleasant anniversaries of a visit to the Lake of Gennesaret: of the many hallowed memories of a pilgrimage to Palestine perhaps the most hallowed. Above all other sacred localities (not even Jerusalem excepted) this now lonely inland sea possesses the undying interest of being the most frequent and familiar resort of the Divine Redeemer during the period of His earthly ministry. Every green hill and valley and thorny brake—every spire of grass and lily of the field—every sheltered nook of its winding shore—every tributary stream and fountain—every wave that ripples and murmurs on its pearly beach—either recall his words or are suggestive of His presence. If there be inspiration in dumb scenery, it is surely here. No region on earth lifts one so near all that is great and holy. I felt gigantic Baalbec or Egyptian Pyramid, Athenian Parthenon or Roman Coliseum to be piles of cold magnificence compared with the sanctuaries of sacred thought which crowd in imagination these now desolate shores.

It may truthfully be added, that with the exception of thus tracing the footsteps of Him who gave to that region its highest consecration, no place was looked for with greater interest than the supposed site of *Bethsaida*—the village home of Peter and his fellow-disciples,—the special eyewitnesses of that Incarnate Glory. Although the locality of "the House of Fish," as Bethsaida means, cannot positively be identified, it does not at all events share the same amount of

doubt which surrounds many others renowned in Gospel Story. It might be enough, indeed, to know that *somewhere* on that north-west shore, the child first saw the light whose manhood and history are so interesting to us. But in pointing to the modern village of El-Tabijah as possessing the strongest claim to the honour, I am fortified by having the warrant and authority of nearly all the most reliable of Eastern travellers.

It was on a Monday morning when, after resting on the Sabbath "according to commandment," we sailed from Tiberias in company with two Jewish boatmen across the northern portion of the lake, to explore the ruins of Tel Hum. In returning to meet our horses and dragoman at Khan Minyeh on the Damascus road, we skirted the shore, and had a full view of the hills behind, rising in a succession of swells which may be said to terminate only with the heights of Safed, the latter perched like an eagle on its lofty rocky nest,—the reputed "City set on an hill." The land which at Tel Hum is comparatively flat, here becomes bold and even mountainous. The home of the apostle fishermen, if we can thus speak confidently of El-Tabijah, nestles in a natural recess or bay of fine pearly sand. Had time permitted us to land we might have explored the ruins of an aqueduct or aqueducts, as well as some remarkable streams, some of them hot and brackish, which burst from the hill above. Amid a fringe of oleanders and brambles we saw these combined streams rushing down by a mill erected near the beach, and which gives a picturesqueness, perhaps I should rather say a home look to the scene. In early spring (the season we visited it), here and there the black goats-hair tent of the wandering Arab may be noted occupying the spot where the old fishermen of Galilee spread their nets or reared their huts.

Though the birthplace can be thus fixed with tolerable certainty, we can only approximate the precise year in which the infant fisherman Simon was born. We cannot be far wrong in making his nativity ten years preceding that of the more illustrious Child of Bethlehem. So that we may think of him, when he became an apostle, as about forty years of age: a decade the senior of his Divine Lord, perhaps, too, the senior of most of his brother apostles.

Before farther describing his childhood and its surroundings, we may note the era of his birth in Hebrew History, in connection with any contemporary events that would be more likely to leave their impress on his youthful feelings and imagination. During these years of his infancy and boyhood, Herod the Great ruled with almost despotic power in Palestine. He had reared for himself a new palace on Mount Zion. He had strengthened the city with gates, walls, and towers. The large importation of skilled artisans from Greece had enabled him to replace the baser architecture of Hebrew craftsmen with piles of surpassing beauty and costliness. More especially was this true in the case of the latest and grandest monument of his munificence, one so flattering also to the pride of those whom he ruled—the wonderful Temple, with its successive terraces and colonnades; its walls of white marble, its gilded roof and costly wrought gates; above all, its succession of cloisters with which even the boasted Loggie of the Roman Vatican, or the noble porticos of Bernini in the Piazza of St. Peter's can hold no comparison. Herod's jurisdiction extended to Galilee as well as to Judea. The young boatman's imagination, therefore, could not fail to be filled and awed with the stories of those cruelties, which had rendered the present sovereign's name a terror throughout the land. He had done all he could to render his rule hated and himself obnoxious. He offended the religious scruples of the Jews by offering, on his elevation to the throne, sacrifices to Capitoline Jupiter, and afterwards by placing a large golden eagle over the gate of the Temple. The massacre of the Innocents in Bethlehem, though the best known and remembered, was only one of many incidents in his "reign of terror." He must have ended his infamous career during Peter's early years; and his son Herod-Antipas—who, with greater weakness and cunning, inherited much of the wicked and wanton cruelty and ambition of his father—succeeded as Tetrarch of Galilee.

Another political occurrence during the period of Simon's youth, and one which agitated the entire nation, took place immediately after Herod's death, and could not fail, as any such stirring event among ourselves would have done, to form an absorbing theme of conversation in the fishermen's homes on shore, or in their boats on the lonely sea, as well as in Greek villas or Roman barracks. An insurrection was originated and headed by a warlike spirit, who made in the first instance the district round Bethsaida and Tiberias the main scene of his exploits. Although, indeed, called "Judas of Galilee," his birthplace, according to Josephus, seems to have been in Gamala

on the other side of Jordan; the same wild district—the "Palestine Highlands"—which had reared more than one hero-Prophet and warrior in earlier ages, such as Jephthah the Gileadite and Elijah the Tishbite. This man combined the frenzy of the Jewish devotee and zealot, the austerity of the ascetic, and the rigid sectarianism of the Pharisee, with the wild, brigand, freebooter life and nature of the Arab. Stung to the quick with the wrongs of his country under Roman subjugation, he roused the people to a religious crusade, espousing as their watch-word, in imitation of the war-cry of the Maccabees, "We have no lord nor master but God." With the fiery eloquence with which Peter the Martyr stirred the religious enthusiasm of the middle ages, Judas, according to Origen, drew thousands around his standard, who welcomed him as an inspired deliverer, or rather as the predicted Messiah of his race. He had communicated his own reckless daring to his followers. They carried fire and sword first through the province, and then through the entire land, laying waste indiscriminately cities and homesteads, vineyards and corn-fields. They regarded with stoical indifference individual torture and suffering, animated with the one mastering thought of vindicating their God-given national rights, driving the usurping Cæsar from the theocratic soil, and restoring the sceptre of Judah to its legitimate owners. The shepherds and vinedressers on the hills of Galilee, the fishermen and craftsmen on the lake and from the adjacent towns, caught the general infection. Perhaps if Peter had reached the maturity of youth, he might have been among the first to be carried away with the popular enthusiasm, thus forfeiting his future place under a far different Master, and in a more noble cause: probably he might have perished in battle. The number as well as trained discipline of the Roman troops proved too much for the rudely-armed insurrectionists. On a bloody field they encountered the soldiers of Cyrenius. After a desperate engagement the rebellious bands were utterly routed; Judas was slain, and the villages of Galilee—probably Bethsaida among the number—were either made receptacles for the wounded, or echoed with wailing for the dead. Could the son of Jonas, with a nature such as his was, have listened unmoved to the story of these wild, ruthless adventurers? or rather, could he have seen unmoved the visible traces, all around, of the greatest Holy War since the days of Judas Maccabeus? He may even have shared in the deep sympathies which we know not only were kindled, but which survived in the bosoms of thousands on thousands for a cause apparently lost, but which had struck its roots deep among the masses of the nation, and was only extirpated with the destruction of Jerusalem itself.

The true secret of the popularity and partial success of Judas and his followers suggests yet one other grand national "idea;" or rather, a great expectation and pervading thought, which could not fail to have its marvellous influence on these ripening years of the future apostle, as well as on every true Israelite whether old or young on the shores of Galilee. I allude to the universal, the growing conviction, inspired by their ancient prophets and deepened by the signs of the times—a conviction, moreover, which we are told by Tacitus had spread over the entire East among the astrologers of Persia and disciples of Zoroaster—that the Great Messiah Deliverer, the Conqueror of Judea and of the world, was about to appear. True, the Jews had entirely misread their holy books. The intolerant despotism of their foreign rulers had goaded them on to a purely carnal interpretation. The spiritual element in Messiah's reign was lost in the thought of the great warrior who was "to gird His sword upon His thigh;" whose "arrows were to be sharp in the heart of His enemies," and whose "right hand was to teach Him terrible things." With the death of Judas of Gamala on that fated field, the wild, extravagant hopes of many may have been dashed to the ground for the moment; but the hope itself of a Messiah yet to come, and soon to come, remained unextinguished. Can we suppose that the fishermen of Bethsaida were exceptions to the bright dream which haunted and inflamed the waking and sleeping thoughts of their countrymen?—of One "glorious in His apparel, travelling in the greatness of His strength," "mighty to save," heading a victorious army on the way to the Throne of David and the Palace of Zion? Rather, can we suppose that they failed to share the truer and nobler aspiration of others; that the long-drawn sigh and prayer of humanity, wearied with the atrocities and crimes of the darkest of ages, was soon to be answered:—that the Great Physician would ere long appear to heal all wounds and redress all wrongs; that the Great Sun of Righteousness would speedily arise on a benighted world?

Of Peter's father we know nothing, save that his name was Jonah or Jonas: while

tradition tells us his mother was called Johanna. He himself received the appellation common among the Jews of *Simeon* or *Simon*, a word which means "hearing," and which was frequently bestowed, as has been supposed, by grateful parents in acknowledgment of their prayers being heard in the birth of a son. He had at all events one brother Andrew. We are permitted to think in imagination of a fisher's home; parents and children members of that sturdy, fearless, independent race which, whether on the shores of Tiberias or of Britain, have a character peculiarly their own; moulded much by the life of peril and adventure to which they are habituated—night after night out at their often unsuccessful labour—waited for in the morning, at times, by anxious inmates of their homes, who had listened to the roar of the hurricane coming down the gorges of the hills behind, and converting what was a placid surface the evening before, into a sheet of crested foam.

We are left to conjecture that young Simon would receive the elementary education common in his time and humble position, and which by legal enactment was compulsory on all Jewish youths. Schools in great towns had been founded seventy years before by Simon Ben Shelach, one of the great leaders of the Pharisees under the Asmonean princes.* A school was generally connected, too, with every synagogue; and if Bethsaida was not of such importance as to be possessed of either of these, we can picture the fisherman boy, in company with a group of Bethsaidans of similar age, pursuing the road by the lakeside to the adjoining city of Capernaum, attired in striped *abbâ*, either girded or ungirded, and the white *keffieh* protecting his head. The chazzân of the synagogue, an official corresponding to the Christian deacon or subdeacon, was often employed during the week as schoolmaster of the town or village where the synagogue was. We have good reason, however, to infer that Peter's early education was more than elementary. From the conversation he held with Cornelius at a long subsequent period, it is evident he must have mastered the Greek language, and the same conclusion has been drawn by scholars, from the style of his Epistles. Nor must we adopt a different impression from the phrase afterwards applied to Peter and John, that they were "unlearned and ignorant men." In the words of Dr. Kitto, "This simply means that they had not received what was considered a high theological education, which added to the common education a *critical* knowledge of Hebrew, an acquaintance with the law and the tradition of the Fathers: and whoever had not received this education in the schools was regarded as an uneducated man by the arrogant Pharisees of that day, whatever other knowledge he might possess."

If the child be the father of the man, we can with safety venture to draw a mental portrait of the son of Jonas in these youthful years, as open, artless, impulsive, rash, ambitious. Very probably, if we may use a modern phrase, the leader of the playground; tempted at times, perhaps, to lord it over his playmates; though with a strange mixture, too, of pusillanimity and courage: involved ever and anon in boyhood troubles with his Hebrew pedagogue, who, however, in his turn, would not be severe on the ardent nature of his young charge, when he saw that his rashness and outspokenness were counterbalanced by openness and frankness, generosity and gratitude. May we not think of him as foremost in every perilous adventure that had a charm to boy-nature then, as now; whether with his father out amid the familiar waves, "launching forth into the deep" under the stars of an Eastern heaven; or when a longer day's holiday beguiled him to daring deeds in the Valley of Pigeons, rising at early morn and brushing the dew from the spangled carpet of poppies, daisies, and anemones spread on his way; ascending among the rocky retreats of the conies, half hid with the caper plant; climbing to the nests perched on the top of pine and terebinth; or penetrating the robber haunts which had only a few years previously been cleared of their ruffian tenants by Herod, and still bore evidence of the perilous struggle. At another time his expertness in swimming (with which we are familiar at a later date), prompting him to some rash feat under the bluff gorges of Gadara, to the east of the lake. Or yet again, venturing, it may be, amid the shouting and wrangling of the caravans in the public thoroughfare,—Arabs from the desert on their swift horses, Egyptian traders with their camel-loads of spices and balm, Phœnician merchants with earrings and bracelets, caftans and abbâs from the bazaars of Damascus; may we not picture young Simon, thus mingling, close to his home, with the motley multitude around the immemorial halting-place of the modern *Ain el Tin*, the perennial "spring of the fig;" though its present rim of mossy verdure, and noble guardian tree may have been then unknown, the precious fountain itself must

* See Jost, quoted in Smith's Bib. Dic.

have been a frequent and familiar resort. Or, yet once more, if we realise these early years of boyhood under the domestic roof, we can think of him as aiding his mother in her smaller household cares—trimming the lamps of red clay, bruising the parched corn, watching the boiling pottage of lentiles, or preparing the fish of the lake on the glowing charcoal embers; re-adjusting the mats for the frugal meal alongside the baked bread or oil and honey cakes, the earthen jars of *leban* and occasional wine-flagons of fig *sherbet*. At other times shaking the olives, carrying water from the stream that tumbled into the lake; or, it may be, spreading the maize and hemp to dry on the roof-top in the summer sun, ready for the distaff to beguile the long autumn and winter hours, while the seafarers were still out at their precarious and protracted toils on the lake. J. R. MACDUFF.

THE HARP OF FIONBELL.

"Feargus, called Fionbell, or 'the Sweet-voiced,' was one of the most distinguished bards of ancient Erin." An ode of his is said to have produced the effect mentioned in the following verses.

FULL many triumphs hath music won in cottage and bower and hall,
Since David harped in the days of old, to quiet the soul of Saul;
The evil spirit departed then, and the moody King "was well:"
And evil spirits were charmed to rest, by the Harp of Fionbell!
Who shall revive thy magic spell,
O silent Harp of Fionbell?

Long time ago, when the ancient bards and wandering minstrels sang,
With lays of love and with martial strains their quivering harp-strings rang;
They soothed or melted or fired the soul, as the thrilling cadence fell—
The victor's pæan—the hymn of praise—the warrior's parting knell.
But mightier was thy magic spell,
O gentle Harp of Fionbell!

The voice of music hath roused the brave, and kindled the champion's zeal;
The voice of music hath softly lulled the sorrows it could not heal;
The voice of music hath roused to life fierce passions and purpose fell—
Of revels wild, and of festal mirth, the spirit of song can tell.
But thine hath been a loftier spell,
O silent Harp of Fionbell!

The power of music is imagined forth by the fabled Orpheus' lyre—
The voice of music hath skill to quell the glittering serpent's ire—
It wakes an echo in human hearts; from the organ's grandest swell
To tiny sighings of prisoned airs that lurk in an ocean shell.
But holier was thy magic spell,
O gentle Harp of Fionbell!

Not only nerving the hero's arm, or vaunting the vanquished foe;
Or reaping laurels of smiles and tears, and conquests of joy and woe;
Not only breathing the notes of love, but pleading for war to cease,
In strain so dulcet that strife was stilled, and weapons were sheathed in peace!
So rare—so sweet—thy magic spell,
Long silent Harp of Fionbell!

Two hostile chiefs meet in armed array on the plains of Droom-Choll-Coil,*
In hot dispute to contest their claim of right to the battle-spoil;
And face to face with the marshalled foe, their valiant followers stand:—
What turns the wrath from the angry brow? the axe from the lifted hand?
Only a song of magic spell
Harped on the Harp of Fionbell!

The silvery tones have calmed the strife—the warrior feud is done—
The hostile chieftains are clasping hands, with a nobler battle won!
The battle over the *self within*, where deadliest foemen dwell;
With bloodshed stayed, and with friendship sealed, by the Harp of Fionbell.
O, to renew thy magic spell!
Victorious Harp of Fionbell;

Where *now* would foemen forego their feuds, at the harping of a bard?
Hath poet-genius no magic left? or are heroes' hearts more hard?
Alas! alas! that the minstrel's art should triumph like this no more!
Alas! that never such "sweet-voiced" bard should waken on Erin's shore,
To work again thy mighty spell,
O glorious Harp of Fionbell! H. E. HUNTER.

* "Droom-Choll-Coil," the "Brow of a Hazel-Wood," was one of the ancient names of Dublin.

"THE LAUREL BUSH."

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THE LAUREL BUSH.

An Old-fashioned Love Story.

By the AUTHOR of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

PART V.

"Shall sharpest pathos blight us, doing no wrong?"

SO writes our greatest living poet, in one of the noblest poems he ever penned. And he speaks truth. The real canker of human existence is not misery, but sin.

After the first cruel pang, the bitter wail after her lost life—and we have here but one life to lose!—her lost happiness, for she knew now that though she might be very peaceful, very content, no real happiness ever had come, ever could come to her in this world, except Robert Roy's love—after this, Fortune sat down, folded her hands, and bowed her head to the waves of sorrow that kept sweeping over her, not for one day or two days, but for many days and weeks—the anguish, not of patience, but regret,—sharp, stinging, helpless regret. They came rolling in—those remorseless billows—just like the long breakers on the sands of St. Andrews. Hopeless to resist, she could only crouch down and let them pass. "All Thy waves have gone over me."

Of course, this is spoken metaphorically. Outwardly, Miss Williams neither sat still, nor folded her hands. She was seen everywhere as usual, her own proper self, as the world knew it; but underneath all that was the self that she knew, and God knew. No one else. No one ever could have known, except Robert Roy; had things been different from what they were; from what God had apparently willed them to be.

A sense of inevitable fate came over her. It was now nearly two years since that letter from Mr. Roy of Shanghai, and no more tidings had reached her. She began to think none ever would reach her now. She ceased to hope or to fear, but let herself drift on, accepting the small pale pleasures of every day, and never omitting one of its duties. One only thought remained; which, contrasted with the darkness of all else, often gleamed out as an actual joy.

If the lost letter really was Robert Roy's—and though she had no positive proof, she had the strongest conviction, remembering the thick fog of that Tuesday morning, how easily Archy might have dropped it out of his hand, and how, during those days of soaking rain, it might have lain, unobserved by any one, under the laurel branches, till the child picked it up, and hid it as he said—if Robert Roy had written to her—written in any way, he was at least not faithless. And he might have loved her then. Afterwards, he might have married, or died; she might never find him again in this world, or if she found him, he might be totally changed,—still, whatever happened, he had loved her. The fact remained. No power in earth or heaven could alter it.

And sometimes, even yet, a half-superstitious feeling came over her that all this was not for nothing—the impulse which had impelled her to write to Shanghai, the other impulse, or concatenation of circumstances, which had floated her, after so many changes, back to the old place, the old life. It looked like chance, but was it? Is anything chance? Does not our own will, soon or late, accomplish for us what we desire? That is, when we try to reconcile it to the will of God.

She had accepted His will all these years, seeing no reason for it; often feeling it very hard and cruel, but still accepting it. And now?

I am writing no sensational story. In it are no grand dramatic points; no *Deus ex machinâ* appears to make all smooth; every event—if it can boast of aught so large as an event—follows the other in perfectly natural succession. For I have always noticed that in life there are rarely any startling "effects," but gradual evolutions. Nothing happens by accident; and, the premises once granted, nothing happens but what was quite sure to happen, following those premises. We novelists do not "make up" our stories, they make themselves. Nor do human beings invent their own lives; they do but use up the materials given to them—some well, some ill; some wisely, some foolishly; but in the main, the dictum of the Preacher is not far from the truth, "All things come alike to all."

A whole winter had passed by, and the spring twilights were beginning to lengthen, tempting Miss Williams and her girls to linger another half-hour before they lit the lamp for the evening. They were doing so, cosily chatting over the fire, after the fashion of a purely feminine household, when there was a sudden announcement that a gentleman, with two little boys, wanted to see Miss Williams. He declined to give his name,

and said he would not detain her more than a few minutes.

"Let him come in here," Fortune was just about to say, when she reflected that it might be some law business which concerned her girls, whom she had grown so tenderly anxious to save from any trouble and protect from every care. "No, I will go and speak to him myself."

She rose and walked quietly into the parlour, already shadowed into twilight; a neat compact little person, dressed in soft grey home-spun, with a pale pink bow on her throat, and another in her cap—a pretty little fabric of lace and cambric, which, being now the fashion, her girls had at last condescended to let her wear. She had on a black silk apron, with pockets, into one of which she had hastily thrust her work, and her thimble was yet on her finger. This was the figure on which the eyes of the gentleman rested as he turned round.

Miss Williams lifted her eyes inquiringly to his face—a bearded face, thin and dark.

"I beg your pardon, I have not the pleasure of knowing you, I——"

She suddenly stopped. Something in the height, the turn of the head, the crisp dark hair, in which were not more than a few threads of grey, while hers had so many now, reminded her of—some one, the bare thought of whom made her feel dizzy and blind.

"No," he said, "I did not expect you would know me; and, indeed, until I saw you, I was not sure you were the right Miss Williams. Possibly, you may remember my name—Roy, Robert Roy."

Faces alter, manners, gestures; but the one thing which never changes is a voice. Had Fortune heard this one—ay, at her last dying hour, when all worldly sounds were fading away—she would have recognised it at once.

The room being full of shadow, no one could see anything distinctly; and it was as well.

In another minute she had risen, and held out her hand.

"I am very glad to see you, Mr. Roy. How long have you been in England? Are these your little boys?"

Without answering, he took her hand, a quiet friendly grasp, just as it used to be. And so, without another word, the gulf of fifteen—seventeen years was overleaped, and Robert Roy and Fortune Williams had met once more.

If anybody had told her when she rose that morning what would happen before night, and happen so naturally too, she would have said it was impossible. That after a very few minutes, she could have sat there, talking to him as to any ordinary acquaintance, seemed incredible, yet it was truly so.

"I was in great doubts whether the Miss Williams who, they told me, lived here, was yourself, or some other lady; but I thought I would take the chance. Because, were it yourself, I thought, for the sake of old times, you might be willing to advise me concerning my two little boys, whom I have brought to St. Andrews for their education."

"Your sons, are they?"

"No. I am not married."

There was a pause, and then he told the little fellows to go and look out of the window, while he talked with Miss Williams. He spoke to them in a fatherly tone; there was nothing whatever of the young man left in him now. His voice was sweet, his manner grave, his whole appearance unquestionably "middle-aged."

"They are orphans. Their name is Roy; though they are not my relatives, or so distant that it matters nothing. But their father was a very good friend of mine, which matters a great deal. He died suddenly, and his wife soon after, leaving their affairs in great confusion. Hearing this, far up in the Australian bush, where I have been a sheep-farmer for some years, I came round by Shanghai, but too late to do more than take these younger boys, and bring them home. The rest of the family are disposed of. These two will be henceforward mine. That is all."

A very little "all," and wholly about other people; scarcely a word about himself. Yet he seemed to think it sufficient, and as if she had no possible interest in hearing more.

Cursorily, he mentioned having received her letter, which was "friendly and kind:" that it had followed him to Australia, and then back to Shanghai. But his return home seemed to have been entirely without reference to it—or to her.

So, she let all pass; and accepted things as they were. It was enough. When a shipwrecked man sees land—ever so barren a land, ever so desolate a shore—he does not argue within himself, "Is this my haven?" he simply puts into it, and lets himself be drifted ashore.

It took but a few minutes more to explain further what Mr. Roy wanted—a home for his two "poor little fellows."

"They are so young still—and they have lost their mother. They would do very well

in their classes here, if some kind woman would take them and look after them. I felt, if the Miss Williams I heard of were really the Miss Williams I used to know, I could trust them to her, more than to any woman I ever knew."

"Thank you." And then she explained that she had already two girls in charge. She could say nothing till she had consulted them. In the meantime—

At this moment the tea-bell sounded. The world was going on just as usual—this strange, common-place, busy, regardless world!

"I beg your pardon for intruding on your time so long," said Mr. Roy, rising. "I will leave you to consider the question, and you will let me know as soon as you can. I am staying at the hotel here, and shall remain until I can leave my boys settled. Good evening."

Again she felt the grasp of the hand: that ghostly touch, so vivid in dreams for all these years, and now a warm living reality. It was too much. She could not bear it.

"If you would care to stay," she said—and though it was too dark to see her, he must have heard the faint tremble in her voice—"our tea is ready. Let me introduce you to my girls, and they can make friends with your little boys."

The matter was soon settled, and the little party ushered into the bright warm parlour, glittering with all the appendages of that pleasant meal — essentially feminine — a "hungry" tea. Robert Roy put his hand over his eyes as if the light dazzled him, and then sat down in the arm-chair which Miss Williams brought forward, turning as he did so to look up at her—right in her face—with his grave, soft, earnest eyes.

"Thank you. How like that was to your old ways! How very little you are changed!"

This was the only reference he made, in the slightest degree, to former times.

And she?

She went out of the room, ostensibly to get a pot of guava jelly for the boys—found it after some search, and then sat down.

Only in her store-closet, with her housekeeping things all about her. But it was a quiet place, and the door was shut.

There is, in one of those infinitely pathetic Old Testament stories, a sentence—"And he sought where to weep: and he entered into his chamber and wept there."

She did not weep, this woman, not a young woman now: she only tried during her few minutes of solitude to gather up her thoughts, to realise what had happened to her, and who it was that sat in the next room—under her roof—at her very fireside. Then she clasped her hands with a sudden sob, wild as any of the emotions of her girlhood—

"O my love, my love, the love of all my life! Thank God!"

The evening passed, not very merrily, but peacefully; the girls, who had heard a good deal of Mr. Roy from David Dalziel, doing their best to be courteous to him, and to amuse his shy little boys. He did not stay long, evidently having a morbid dread of "intruding," and his manner was exceedingly reserved, almost awkward sometimes, of which he seemed painfully conscious, apologizing for being "unaccustomed to civilisation, and to ladies' society, having during his life in the bush sometimes passed months at a time without ever seeing a woman's face.

"And women are your only civilisers," said he. "That is why I wish my motherless lads to be taken into this household of yours, Miss Williams, which looks so—so comfortable," and he glanced round the pretty parlour with something very like a sigh. "I hope you will consider the matter, and let me know as soon as you have made up your mind."

"Which I shall do very soon," she answered.

"Yes, I know you will. And your decision once made, you never change."

"Very seldom. I am not one of those who are 'given to change.'"

"Nor I."

He stood a moment, lingering in the pleasant, lightsome warmth, as if loth to quit it, then took his little boys in either hand, and went away.

There was a grand consultation that night, for Miss Williams never did anything without speaking to her girls; but still it was merely nominal. They always left the decision to her. And her heart yearned over the two little Roys, orphans, yet children still; while Helen and Janetta were growing up, and needing very little from her except a general motherly supervision. Besides, *he* asked it. He had said distinctly that she was the only woman to whom he could thoroughly trust his boys. So—she took them.

After a few days, the new state of things grew so familiar that it seemed as if it had lasted for months, the young Roys going to and fro to their classes, and their golf-playing, just as the young Dalziels had done; and Mr. Roy coming about the house, almost

daily,—exactly as Robert Roy had used to do of old. Sometimes it was to Fortune Williams the strangest reflex of former times; only—with a difference.

Unquestionably, he was very much changed. In outward appearance more even than the time accounted for. No man can knock about the world, in different lands and climates, for seventeen years, without bearing the marks of it. Though still under fifty, he had all the air of an "elderly" man, and had grown a little "peculiar" in his ways—his modes of thought and speech, except that he spoke so very little. He accounted for this by his long lonely life in Australia, which had produced, he said, an almost unconquerable habit of silence. Altogether, he was far more of an old bachelor than she was of an old maid, and Fortune felt this: felt, too, that, in spite of her grey hairs, she was in reality quite as young as he, nay, sometimes younger; for her innocent, simple, shut-up life had kept her young.

And he, what had his life been, in so far as he gradually betrayed it? Restless, struggling; a perpetual battle with the world; having to hold his own, and fight his way inch by inch—he who was naturally a born student, to whom the whirl of a business career was especially obnoxious. What had made him choose it? Once chosen, probably he could not help himself; besides, he was not one to put his shoulder to the wheel and then draw back. Evidently, with the grain, or against the grain, he had gone on with it; this sad, strange, wandering life, until he had "made his fortune," for he told her so. But he said no more; whether he meant to stay at home and spend it, or go out again to the antipodes (and he spoke of those far lands without any distaste, even with a lingering kindliness, for indeed he seemed to have no unkindly thought of any place or person in all the world), his friend did not know.

His friend. That was the word. No other. After her first outburst of uncontrollable emotion, to call Robert Roy her "love," even in fancy, or to expect that he would deport himself in any loverlike way, became ridiculous, pathetically ridiculous. She was sure of that. Evidently, no idea of the kind entered his mind. She was Miss Williams, and he was Mr. Roy—two middle-aged people, each with their different responsibilities, their altogether separate lives; and, hard as her own had been, it seemed as if his had been the harder of the two—ay, though he was now a rich man, and she still little better than a poor governess.

She did not think very much of worldly things, but still she was aware of this fact—that he was rich and she was poor. She did not suffer herself to dwell upon it, but the consciousness was there, sustained with a certain feeling called "proper pride." The conviction was forced upon her in the very first days of Mr. Roy's return—that to go back to the days of their youth was as impossible as to find primroses in September.

If, indeed, there were anything to go back to. Sometimes she felt, if she could only have found out that, all the rest would be easy, painless. If she could only have said to him, "Did you write me the letter you promised? Did you *ever* love me?" But that one question was, of course, utterly impossible. He made no reference whatever to old things, but seemed resolved to take up the present—a very peaceful and happy present it soon grew to be—just as if there were no past at all. So perforce did she.

But, as I think I have said once before, human nature is weak, and there were days when the leaves were budding, and the birds singing in the trees, when the sun was shining and the waves rolling in upon the sands, just as they rolled in that morning over those two lines of footmarks, which might have walked together through life; and who knows what mutual strength, help, and comfort this might have proved to both?—then, it was, for one at least, rather hard.

Especially when bit by bit, strange ghostly fragments of his old self began to reappear in Robert Roy: his keen delight in nature, his love of botanical or geological excursions. Often he would go wandering down the familiar shore for hours, in search of marine animals for the girls' aquarium, and then would come and sit down at their tea-table, reading or talking, so like the Robert Roy of old, that one of the little group, who always crept in the background, felt dizzy and strange, as if all her later years had been a dream, and she were living her youth over again, only with the difference aforesaid. A difference, sharp as that between death and life—yet with something of the peace of death in it.

Sometimes, when they met at the innocent little tea-parties which St. Andrews began to give—for of course in that small community everybody knew everybody, and all their affairs to boot, often a good deal better than they did themselves, so that there was great excitement, and no end of speculation over Mr. Roy—sometimes, meeting, as they were sure to do, and walking home together, with the moonlight shining down the empty

streets, and the stars out by myriads over the silent distant sea, while the nearer tide came washing in upon the sands—all was so like—so frightfully like!—old times, that it was very sore to bear.

But, as I have said, Miss Williams was Miss Williams, and Mr. Roy Mr. Roy, and there were her two girls always besides them; also his two boys, who soon took to "Auntie" as naturally as if they were really hers, or she theirs.

"I think they had better call you so, as the others do," said Mr. Roy, one day. "Are these young ladies really related to you?"

"No; but I promised their father on his death-bed to take charge of them. That is all."

"He is dead, then. Was he a great friend of yours?"

She felt the blood flashing all over her face, but she answered steadily: "Not a very intimate friend, but I respected him exceedingly. He was a good man. His daughters had a heavy loss when he died, and I am glad to be a comfort to them so long as they need me."

"I have no doubt of it."

This was the only question he ever asked her concerning her past life, though, by slow degrees, he told her a good deal of his own. Enough to make her quite certain, even if her keen feminine instinct had not already divined the fact, that whatever there might have been in it of suffering, there was nothing in the smallest degree either to be ashamed of, or to hide. What Robert Roy of Shanghai had written about him had continued true. As he said one day to her, "We never stand still. We either grow better or worse. You have not grown worse."

Nor had he. All that was good in him had developed, all his little faults had toned down. The Robert Roy of to-day was slightly different from, but in nowise inferior to, the Robert Roy of her youth. She saw it, and rejoiced in the seeing.

What he saw in her she could not tell. He seemed determined to rest wholly in the present, and take out of it all the peace and pleasantness that he could. In the old days, when the Dalziel boys were naughty, and Mrs. Dalziel tiresome, and work was hard, and holidays were few, and life was altogether the rough road that it often seems to the young, he had once called her "Pleasantness and Peace." He never said so now; but sometimes he looked it.

Many an evening he came and sat by her fireside, in the arm-chair, which seemed by right to have devolved upon him; never staying very long, for he was still nervously sensitive about being "in the way," but making himself and them all very cheerful and happy while he did stay. Only sometimes, when Fortune's eyes stole to his face—not a young man's face now—she fancied she could trace, besides the wrinkles, a sadness, approaching to hardness, that never used to be. But again, when interested in some book or other (he said it was delicious to take to reading again, after the long fast of years), he would look round to her for sympathy, or utter one of his dry drolleries, the old likeness, the old manner and tone, would come back so vividly that she started, hardly knowing whether the feeling it gave her was pleasure or pain.

But beneath both, lying so deep down that neither he nor any one could ever suspect its presence, was something else. Can many waters quench love? Can the deep sea drown it? What years of silence can wither it? What frost of age can freeze it down? God only knows.

Hers was not like a girl's love. Those two girls sitting by her day after day would have smiled at it, and at its object. Between themselves they considered Mr. Roy somewhat of an "old fogie;" were very glad to make use of him now and then, in the great dearth of gentlemen at St. Andrews, and equally glad afterwards to turn him over to Auntie, who was always kind to him. Auntie was so kind to everybody.

Kind? Of course she was, and above all when he looked worn and tired. He did so sometimes: as if life had ceased to be all pleasure, and the constant mirth of these young folks was just a little too much for him. Then, she ingeniously used to save him from it and them, for awhile. They never knew—there was no need for them to know—how tenfold deeper than all the passion of youth is the tenderness with which a woman cleaves to the man she loves when she sees him growing old.

Thus the days went by, till Easter came, announced by the sudden apparition, one evening, of David Dalziel.

That young man, when, the very first day of his holidays, he walked in upon his friends at St. Andrews, and found sitting at their tea-table a strange gentleman, did not like it at all. Scarcely even when he found out that the intruder was his old friend, Mr. Roy.

"And you never told me a word about

this," said he reproachfully to Miss Williams. "Indeed you have not written to me for weeks; you have forgotten all about me."

She winced at the accusation, for it was true. Beyond her daily domestic life, which she still carefully fulfilled, she had in truth forgotten everything. Outside people were ceasing to affect her at all. What *he* liked, what *he* wanted to do, day by day—whether *he* looked ill or well, happy or unhappy, only he rarely looked either—this was slowly growing to be once more her whole world. With a sting of compunction, and another, half of fear, save that there was nothing to dread, nothing that could affect anybody beyond herself,—Miss Williams roused herself to give young Dalziel an especially hearty welcome, and to make his little visit as happy as possible.

Small need of that; he was bent on taking all things pleasantly. Coming now near the end of a very creditable college career, being of age and independent, with the cosy little fortune that his old grandmother had left him, the young fellow was disposed to see everything *couleur de rose*, and this feeling communicated itself to all his friends.

It was a pleasant time. Often in years to come did that little knot of friends, old and young, look back upon it as upon one of those rare bright bits in life when the outside current of things moves smoothly on, while underneath it there may or may not be, but generally there is, a secret or two which turns the most trivial events into sweet and dear remembrances for ever.

David's days being few enough, they took pains not to lose one, but planned excursions here, there, and everywhere—to Dundee, to Perth, to Elie, to Balcarras—all together, children, young folks, and elders; that admirable *mélange* which generally makes such expeditions "go off" well. Theirs did, especially the last one, to the old house of Balcarras, where they got admission to the lovely quaint garden, and Janetta sang "Auld Robin Gray" on the spot where it was written.

She had a sweet voice, and there seemed to have come into it a pathos which Fortune had never remarked before. The touching, ever old, ever new story made the young people quite quiet for a few minutes; and then they all wandered away together, Helen promising to look after the two wild young Roys, to see that they did not kill themselves in some unforeseen way, as, aided and abetted by David and Janetta, they went on a scramble up Balcarras Hill.

"Will you go too?" said Fortune to Robert Roy. "I have the provisions to see to; besides, I cannot scramble as well as the rest. I am not quite so young as I used to be."

"Nor I," he answered, as, taking her basket, he walked silently on beside her.

It was a curious feeling, and all to come out of a foolish song; but if ever she felt thankful to God from the bottom of her heart, that she had said "No," at once and decisively, to the good man who slept at peace beneath the churchyard elms, it was at that moment. But the feeling, and the moment, passed by immediately. Mr. Roy took up the thread of conversation where he had left it off—it was some bookish or ethical argument, such as he would go on with for hours; so she listened to him in silence. They walked on, the larks singing and the primroses blowing. All the world was saying to itself, "I am young, I am happy;" but she said nothing at all.

People grow used to pain; it dies down at intervals, and becomes quite bearable, especially when no one sees it, or guesses at it.

They had a very merry picnic on the hill-top, enjoying those mundane consolations of food and drink which Auntie was expected always to have forthcoming, and which those young people did by no means despise, nor Mr. Roy neither. He made himself so very pleasant with them all, looking thoroughly happy, and baring his head to the spring breeze with the eagerness of a boy.

"Oh this is delicious! It makes me feel young again. There's nothing like home. One thing I am determined upon: I will never quit bonnie Scotland more."

It was the first clear intimation he had given of his intentions regarding the future, but it thrilled her with measureless content. If only he would not go abroad again, if she might have him within reach for the rest of her days—able to see him, to talk to him, to know where he was and what he was doing, instead of being cut off from him by those terrible dividing seas—it was enough! Nothing could be so bitter as what had been; and whatever was the mystery of their youth, which it was impossible to unravel now—whether he had ever loved her, or loved her and crushed it down and forgotten it, or only felt very kindly and cordially to her, as he did now, the past was—well, only the past!—and the future lay still before her, not unsweet. When we are young, we insist on having everything or

nothing; when we are older, we learn that "everything" is an impossible, and "nothing" a somewhat bitter, word. We are able to stoop meekly, and pick up the fragments of the children's bread, without feeling ourselves to be altogether "dogs."

Fortune went home that night with a not unhappy, almost a satisfied, heart. She sat back in the carriage, close beside that other heart which she believed to be the truest in all the world, though it had never been hers. There was a tremendous clatter of talking and laughing, and fun of all sorts, between David Dalziel and the little Roys on the box, and the Miss Moseleys sitting just below them, as they had insisted on doing, no doubt finding the other two members of the party a little "slow."

Nevertheless Mr. Roy and Miss Williams took their part in laughing with their young people, and trying to keep them in order; though after a while both relapsed into silence. One did at least, for it had been a long day and she was tired, being, as she had said, "not so young as she had been." But if any of these lively young people had asked her the question whether she was happy, or at least contented, she would have never hesitated about her reply. Young, gay, and prosperous as they were, I doubt if Fortune Williams would have changed lots with any one of them all.

SUNSET AND MOONRISE.

A Reminiscence.

FAIR as a woman with her ornaments
The gleaming Girvan lay, and in its woods
Pavilioned, sang a song low to itself.

Yon holm, so glowing in the sun's "good night,"
To us, two image-seekers, as we walked,
Seemed the bright hearth of bonny Girvan Vale.

And what to all her sons is Girvan Vale?
Oh, what indeed but a loved house!—a home
Furnished with old and dear associations!

Its northern wall—Dalquharran's stately woods—
Where on each season's coronation day
The harping winds play on the tremulous trees.

Its southern—Haggart's frontier ·rming height,
That, ridging westwards to the sea, beholds
Far-looking Ailsa, couched to guard the vale.

Oh me! the beauty of that summer eve:
We stayed our walk—spelled to the spot—to watch
The sunset glorifying earth and sky—

Nor left off gazing when the sun had sunk
Behind Dalquharran in the red north-west,
But with large eye-fuls took the landscape in.

And long we lingered, leaning on a gate,
And gloated o'er the greying scene, nor knew
How fast the gloaming deepened into night.

For all along the far horizon then
Every lone house and tree distincter stood
Than in the sunny glare that gauzed the noon.

At last we turned us from the gate, and set
Our thoughts and steps for home; when, lo! from heaven
A meek white face looked down and smiled on us:
A meek white face with a half-hurt expression—
A sense of mute wrong-bearing in the smile;
And we stood self-accused—my friend and I.

For we had seen the gentle moon begin
Her milding mission a full hour ago—
But, thoughtless, scarce had looked at her till now.

And now that smile, so spiritually calm,
Which was her all to chide us, touched our hearts,
Already softening in the melting eve.

"Lo!" cried my friend, "even as a kindly dame,
Whom young folks love to visit, has a gift
To slip into the hand at parting time,

"So Nature will not have us go away
Before she drops into the yielding heart
A something we may think of—it is this:

"One comes with conscious worth and finds the world
Taken up with other matters—busy-blind—
And he must wait its leisure—Let him wait.

"Wait and keep sweet—worth yet shall work its way—
Outlive the death of unregard, and shine
Attractive to the world's beholding eyes."

And with such talk we lengthened out the night,
And shortened the road home, and then at times
We fell into a silence deep with thoughts.

The world was tranced into a slumberous hush,
We walked as in a dream, and all things looked
Unreal in the star-light, fairy-work.

And now, ere we had thought of it, there lay
Our village—silent in its silvery sleep,
And there for us the growing sleep of youth.

DAVID STEVENSON.

THE SERVICE OF STEAM.

III.—THE WALTER PRESS.

IF the Electric Telegraph is the most wonderful invention by which we moderns profit, the older invention of Printing must, we think, be admitted to be the most important. The period of its discovery is virtually the point which marks us off from "the dark ages." It brought mental light and freedom in its train, and placed the tree of knowledge, so to speak, within the reach of all. It has been the key-note to a greater revolution than any or all of those that have been wrought by blood-shed, and has done more than aught else to make the whole world kin.

In giving some account of the Walter Press, the last great achievement in the mechanical progress of printing, it is necessary to glance at what was done before, even though it were only the better to appreciate its special superiority and, if we may be allowed the phrase, its individual excellences. For, though it marks an era in the history of the mechanical progress of printing, it must still in a broad treatment of our present subject be taken as the crowning factor of a long series of improvements in printing presses.

In the more exhaustive treatises upon the history of printing, seals (occasionally alluded to in the Jewish Scriptures), and the hieroglyphical stamping of clay as exemplified by entire and undecayed bricks from the tower of Babylon and other structures of antiquity, are spoken of as containing the germs of the idea of printing; but practically the invention is a comparatively modern one, for little more than four centuries have elapsed since the first printed book was issued from the press. To any who have studied the history of inventions, it will seem almost a matter of course that there should be a rivalry among nations in claiming the honour of having given birth to the inventor of this great art, and accordingly we find the Dutch claiming it on behalf of Laurence Coster, and the Germans on behalf of Johannes Gutenberg. It is very probable that in this, as in other inventions for which an age is ripe, a number of individuals were separately and independently upon the track of discovery, and made various degrees of progress. But, be that as it may, Gutenberg's name is the one associated with the first triumphs of the printing art. When the first piece of actual printing was accomplished is not accurately known, but it is known that about the year 1438, Gutenburg was executing work with movable wooden type, and somewhere about 1450 he produced the first really important piece of printing—a copy of the Latin Bible, now distinctively known as the "Mazarin Bible." This famous work was executed with *cut* metal type, and consisted of six hundred and thirty-seven leaves. Copies of it are still extant in the great libraries of England, Germany, and France, some of them printed on vellum. Metal types of any kind were, of course, a great advance upon wooden ones, but it is obvious that while each type had to be cut, type-making must have been a very slow and laborious affair. Happily for the progress of knowledge, type-cutting was soon superseded by type-*casting*, the latter invention being due to Peter Schoffer, Gutenberg's immediate successor, whose first work in printing was an edition of the Psalms issued in 1457, and noteworthy as being the first book to which the place and date of publication and printer's name were affixed. For a time printers cast their own types, but, as might have been expected, this was soon made a distinct industry, which has been brought to a high state of perfection by the type-founders of to-day, some of the most widely and justly celebrated of whom are established in Scotland. Into the minutiæ of this branch of the general art of printing there is no occasion to enter here, but as an indication of the proportionate usefulness of the several letters of our alphabet it is worth while to give the make-up of a modern *fount* of type, which runs as follows:—

a . .	8,500	j . .	400	s . .	8,000
b . .	1,600	k . .	800	t . .	9,000
c . .	3,000	l . .	4,000	u . .	3,400
d . .	4,400	m . .	3,000	v . .	1,200
e . .	12,000	n . .	8,000	w . .	2,000
f . .	2,500	o . .	8,000	x . .	400
g . .	1,700	p . .	1,700	y . .	2,000
h . .	6,400	q . .	500	z . .	200
i . .	8,000	r . .	6,200		

The first printed books imitated the peculiarities of contemporary manuscripts, and the first types were consequently in the Gothic or black-letter character, which is still the recognised type in Germany. On the art of printing reaching Italy, however, the character was gradually modified until it assumed its present Roman shape. Though there have been attempts to discredit the fact, it is generally believed that printing was introduced into England by

William Caxton, who had acquired a knowledge of the art during travels abroad, and established a press in Westminster about the year 1474. Thirty years later the art was introduced into Scotland, and seventy years later into Ireland. Until about the middle of the seventeenth century its progress in Great Britain was slow; but after the revolution of 1688, when there arose a demand for news sheets as well as for literary productions in book form, it advanced rapidly, and a decisive impetus was given to it by the works of the great band of writers who arose in the reign of Queen Anne.

For our present purpose there is no necessity to go into details concerning the work of the compositor, the one branch of the printing art which remains pretty much as it was in the beginning. The construction of composing or type-setting machines has been frequently attempted during the last thirty-five years, but hitherto with very slight success indeed. Numerous patents for such machines have been taken out in America, and several in England, and the latest of these, a machine patented by Hattersley and Mackie, has, we believe, been used to a limited extent. None of them, however, have sufficiently answered their purpose to recommend themselves to general use, and the compositor remains as he was in Gutenberg's time, a skilled hand-worker. There are many niceties in his art, a description of which might be interesting were we dwelling specially on this head of the subject, but here it is enough to say that he sets up *in type* the sheet or leaf to be printed.

Though in speaking of the early days of printing we have made no express mention of presses, any printing whatever, of course, implies the use of some form of press. What were the exact forms of the very earliest presses is not accurately known, but the mechanical probabilities of the case point to their having been some rude form of the screw-press, screw power being the most obvious for flat pressing machines, which the earliest presses must undoubtedly have been. The first known presses were of the screw kind, and the screw press improved in details, by Willem Jansen Blaew, a Dutch mechanic, who followed the calling of a mathematical instrument maker, remained in general use throughout Europe till near the beginning of the present century. It was then superseded by "the Stanhope," or lever press, which by an ingenious arrangement of levers distributed the pressing power more effectively, and materially lightened the labours of the pressman, while at the same time enabling him to give greater regularity and delicacy of impression. This press was named after its inventor, the third Earl of Stanhope, father of the celebrated Lady Hester Stanhope, and well known in his day as an ingenious mechanician. This was improved upon by others much more rapidly than the screw press had been, and some twenty years after its invention it was in its turn in a great measure superseded by the Columbian press, introduced into England by its patentee, Mr. George Clymer, of Philadelphia. But even the best machines, up to this period, were very poor affairs, judged by present day standards. The most that could be got out of them was two hundred and fifty impressions, or a hundred and twenty-five sheets per hour. The taste for reading, and especially reading newspapers, had increased in a much more rapid ratio than the productive powers of the press, and the urgent necessity for greater rapidity of production giving a stimulus to invention, the great central idea of the modern printing-press as it exists at this day was hit upon—the idea, namely, of cylinder printing. The substitution of the revolving cylinder for the flat pressure of the screw or lever, was the mechanical key-note to fast printing. The first cylinder printing machine was got to work in the *Times* office in 1814. Since that time the independent, though incidental invention of stereotyping has practically multiplied the producing power of any modern printing machine, and there have been immense and wonderful improvements in details in the machines themselves; but as regards the leading idea of the cylinder, these improvements have been *only in details*, or perhaps it would be better to say that where they have dealt with the cylinder-principle they have only been improvements in the sense of being developments. The Walter Press, the last and greatest of printing machines, a machine so immensely superior to even the best of its predecessors, that its advent may be taken as distinctly marking a new and advanced era in printing—this monarch among printing machines is more essentially than any that has gone before it a cylinder machine. As early as 1790, Mr. Nicholson, at that time editor of the *Philosophical Journal*, took out a patent for improvements in printing, which included the cylinder and almost every *principle* that has since been successfully applied in the construction of printing machines; but to

Mr. Kœnig, a German, was reserved the eminent merit of being the first to carry cylinder printing by steam power into practical effect. To this distinguished man the world is greatly indebted, and seeing what a very monumental age this is, it is almost matter for surprise that there has never been a proposal for a Kœnig statue. It has been said that Kœnig acted upon a knowledge of Nicholson's ideas, but there is no certain information upon the point. With his mechanical studies turning upon improvements in printing machines, it is probable enough that he may have been aware of the other inventor's patented *ideas;* but, on the other hand, it is equally probable, and rather more in keeping with the general tenor of the early history of great inventions, to suppose that the principles upon which his machine was constructed occurred to him quite independently. Even, however, if he had been indebted to others for any germ of his discovery, immense credit would still be due to him. Those having any actual acquaintance with such matters will know that to demonstrate the practicability of a mechanical idea in a drawing, or the specification for a patent, is one thing; to embody it in detail in a successfully operative machine, another and infinitely more difficult thing. Kœnig came to London about 1804, and for some time was engaged in devising improvements in existing forms of printing machines, but presently abandoning all plans in that direction, he devoted himself exclusively to the construction of a cylinder machine. Having made a small machine, he submitted it to the notice of Mr. Walter, the then proprietor of the *Times*, and father of the gentleman after whom the Walter Press is named. So satisfactory was the experiment, that an agreement was entered into for the construction of two larger machines which were to embody farther improvements which had already suggested themselves to the mind of the inventor while working on the smaller machine. The new machines were completed in due course, and on the 29th of November, 1814, the reader of the *Times* was informed that his journal that day presented to the public "the practical result of the greatest improvement connected with printing since the discovery of the art itself." "That the magnitude of the invention might be justly appreciated by its effects," a brief account of the action of the machine was given, concluding as follows: "The whole of these complicated acts is performed with such velocity and simultaneousness of movement, that no less than eleven hundred sheets are impressed in an hour." Wonderful as that rate of speed was considered at that time, it was literally not a twentieth part of the speed at which the Walter Press habitually works. The Kœnig, and indeed all other machines up to the Walter, printed only one side at a time, each sheet having to be passed through twice, while the Walter, printing both sides, "perfects" twelve thousand sheets per hour, equal to twenty-five thousand impressions of a Kœnig. But relatively insignificant as were its powers, the Kœnig was for its day as great an advance as the Walter, and as emphatically marked a new era in printing. The name of Walter was thus honourably associated with the introduction of steam printing, and to the energy, enterprise, and liberality of the present representative of the name, the general progress of the printing art is much indebted, even apart from the specific advantages of the wonderful press that bears his name.

It may be as well to mention here that it is to these characteristics of energy and enterprise in him that we owe the production of the Walter Press. Though it justly bears his name, Mr. Walter is not the inventor of the press in the ordinary or strictly mechanical sense of the term. Indeed, it may fairly be said that this particular press was not invented at all in the common acceptation of the word. It was the outcome of an elaborate and costly series of practical experiments such as could only have been carried on in a printing establishment of the magnitude of that pertaining to the *Times*, and conducted in the enterprising spirit in which—as regards all means and appliances of production—the *Times* establishment is conducted. The particular and most material improvements to be attained having been agreed upon, the necessary series of tentative and systematic experiments were carried out in the *Times* office by the *Times* staff working under the general supervision of Mr. Walter, and at his sole cost. They extended over a period of three years, and how successful they were in the end, the press itself is the best evidence. It is in this sense that the world is indebted to Mr. Walter for his wonderful press, but it is nevertheless easy to understand how, from his name being attached to such a splendid piece of mechanism, there should have got abroad a popular idea that he must be a great mechanical inventor. That the existence of his press is as much

and as directly owing to him as though he were its inventor, there can be no doubt, and public gratitude is as fully due to him ; but as a simple matter of fact he is not, as he has himself ungrudgingly placed upon record. At the anniversary festival of the London Association of Foremen Engineers and Draughtsmen, the name of Mr. Walter was coupled with the toast of the House of Commons, and it was said of him by the proposer of the toast that he was "a gentleman of great mechanical ability who had turned his mechanical power to the spreading of intelligence by the throwing off of so many more thousand copies per hour than before of the great journal with which he was connected." Upon this point Mr. Walter in his reply spoke as follows: "My honourable friend, however, misinformed you on one particular. I am myself no mechanician at all, but I have the advantage of employing many mechanicians, and many engineers of ability and skill, and it is to their skill, perseverance, and indomitable courage I am greatly indebted for much of the success I have attained in life."

The Kœnig machine was in a few years superseded by an improved one patented by Messrs. Applegarth and Cowper, in 1818, and still used for book-work. Other improvements followed, leading gradually to the Hoe machine, the best and fastest known until the advent of the Walter. The Hoe, as most people are aware, is an American invention. It was first introduced into England in 1857, is capable of printing one side of a newspaper at the rate of ten or twelve thousand copies per hour, and being equal to the production of all papers under the first-class, and capital being sunk in it, it is still generally employed. It is second only to the Walter, though a long way second; and as it is in comparison with it that the advantages of the Walter Press will be most apparent, it will be well, before passing to a detailed description of the Walter, to briefly point out the leading features of the Hoe. In previous machines there had only been pressing cylinders, the "forms" of type being placed on a flat table which travelled backward and forward to meet the revolving cylinders carrying the sheets to be printed. This backward and forward movement could not be carried on at anything like the speed at which a rotary motion might, and the leading idea of the Hoe machine was the substitution of a type-carrying cylinder for a table. On this the main cylinder of the machine, the types in the shape of stereotype plates cast in the form of the segment of a circle, are fastened, and between this and a series of smaller pressing cylinders, two, four, six, eight, or ten in number, the sheets pass as the cylinders revolve, as many sheets as there are pressing cylinders going through at a time. The main cylinder forms pairs with the smaller ones, and to each pair there has to be attached a skilled "layer on" to feed in the sheets, and on a large machine these and the other machine-men make up a rather large and expensive staff; while a still more important circumstance is, that the machine being hand-fed, is practically limited by the skill of the layer on, and he is a good hand who can be depended upon for an average of two thousand per hour. Moreover it was found that machines above the four-cylinder size became so complicated as to be very liable to get out of order.

Such are the salient features of the Hoe machine, and if the reader will bear them in mind, he will be readily able to follow, and appreciate the "points of departure" in the Walter Press.

The first things about the Walter Press that strike an observer having any general knowledge of machinery are its strength and compactness of form, thorough finish of workmanship, simplicity of arrangement, and getatableness of every part, should any necessity arise for overhauling or repairing the machine. These are details to be noticed while the machine is standing still. When it is put in motion a still more important feature is made apparent, namely, that the machine must be beautifully balanced; for notwithstanding the tremendous speed at which it works, there is literally no shake about it. In other words, it is a machine in which "wear and tear" are reduced to a minimum. The general appearance of the machine is that of a series of rollers and cylinders working in an upright framework. These consist of a tension roller, a pair of damping cylinders, a pair of nipping rollers, an upper pair of impression cylinders which print the first side, a lower pair which prints the second, and a pair of cutting cylinders. The self-acting feed of the Walter Press is effected by the substitution of continuous rolls of paper for the ready-cut sheets "laid on" by hand in other machines. These rolls are generally from four and a half to five miles long, about three feet six inches in diameter, weigh upwards of eight hundred pounds, and make five thousand sheets of the *Times*. In the centre of each roll is a

circular hole about two inches in diameter, left by the withdrawal of the spindle on which it has been wound. Through this an expanding "mandril" is passed, and tightened after it is entered. It is longer than the width of the roll, and its extending ends, accurately turned as "journals" or axles, fit into the bearings of a pair of uprights which form the rear of the framework of the machine, and stand just below the tension roller. When in its place, the mandril is subject to the action of a self-regulating spring break which checks the tendency to irregularity in the "paying out" naturally arising from the weight and momentum of the roll. When the paper is in place, the free end of the roll is led over the tension roller, through the damping cylinders and between the gripping rollers, and then the machine is started. The paper passes between the first impression cylinder and its pressing cylinder; after being taken completely round the impression cylinder, it goes between the two pressing cylinders to the lower impression cylinder, in passing around which the second side is printed. The printing being completed, the paper is passed on to the cutting cylinders, one of which is fitted with a serrated steel knife, while the other has a corresponding groove or "slot," into which the knife works, cutting a sheet at each revolution. The knife is so shaped that it leaves a narrow slip at each edge of the sheet uncut, that degree of continuity being still required to ensure regularity of run over the delivery tapes. These tapes consist of an upper and lower set, between which the outgoing stream of printed paper runs, being carried, so to speak, on a barred framework the width of the sheet. Running taut over a series of rollers, the tapes form an endless chain. Three of the rollers are so arranged as to form an inclined plane, and in going over the highest of these rollers the two sets of tapes converge, and in doing so complete the severance of the sheet, which is then carried down perpendicularly until, as it is nearing the ground, it is thrown out by the action of a fingered "rocker," which, working pendulum fashion, and with its fingers arranged to strike between the lines of the tapes, throws out a sheet at every in-and-out stroke, laying them in even piles on saddle-shaped tables placed on either side to receive them.

Such, in very brief and very general terms, are the leading features of the manner in which the Walter Press accomplishes its work; but we think we may safely say that it is beyond the power of mere words to convey an *adequate* idea of the speed, certainty, and regularity with which all this is done. To realise this, the machine should be seen at work, and indeed at a first glance it is scarcely realisable even then. Not only are the eyes dazzled by the sheer speed, but the magic-like sight of the raw material—the paper—being fed in at one end of the machine and coming out at the other fully printed copies of the *Times*, at the rate of two hundred per minute, is calculated, for the moment at any rate, to dazzle the mind also. With this marvellous speed is combined a degree and uniformity of perfection such as is to be found in the work of no other press. Let any reader critically examine for himself a sheet of the *Times* or *Daily News* (which latter paper is also printed by Walter presses), and he will at once be struck with the uniformity of impression visible in every column and line, and (where there is an opportunity of comparing a number) every sheet. There are no heavily-inked more or less blurred patches in one part of the paper, or faintly-impressed more or less illegible ones in another, as might have been seen in these papers in by-gone days when the Walter Press was not, and may still occasionally be seen in newspapers still printed by the old-fashioned machines. Such uniformity, printers will tell you, is hard of attainment, even with slow one-side printing book machines, but it is secured in the fast-working Walter by a most ingenious and workmanlike arrangement for keeping the stereotype plates evenly inked. In the ink-supply trough, which is fed by a pumping apparatus, revolves a feeding roller almost in contact with a "true"-edged knife, which scrapes off any undue quantity or thickness of ink that the feeder may take up. Working lightly against the feeding roller is an equalising roller, having a lateral as well as a revolving motion—this motion, as even an uninitiated person may understand, adding materially to its powers of equalising the film of ink. Following the equalising roller, and working on to each other, come four distributing rollers, two of these having also a lateral motion. From the last of these the inking rollers take the ink, which they in turn spread over the face of the revolving stereotype plates, with which they are in contact. It will be easily understood that by this means a perfect equalisation of distribution is secured, and the result is the wonderful uniformity of impression of which

we have been speaking. In this connection it may also be mentioned that the self-acting feed of the Walter Press does away with any chance of the "rumpling" or displacement which sometimes occurs with hand-fed sheets, and results in some reader finding a blank or half-printed space in some part of his morning paper.

The means by which the paper is damped in its passage through the machine is also notably ingenious and workmanlike. The damping roller consists of a metal cylinder perforated all over its surface, and thickly wrapped with a soft absorbent woollen material. A jet of steam plays into the cylinder, and, being condensed by contact with the metal, furnishes a constant and regular supply of water, which, by the centrifugal force generated by the revolving motion of the cylinder, is sprayed out through the perforated surface, and forced into the woollen covering, which is thus kept thoroughly and evenly wetted; and the water being warm, at once strikes through the paper that is carried over the roller.

Other noteworthy inventions within the invention in chief might also be mentioned, for the speed at which the machine was to work, and the variety of processes it was intended to accomplish, necessitated invention at every step, and the press is as wonderful in its details as in its completeness or capabilities. It is only by a consideration of the details of the machine, and the many and varied difficulties they have successfully overcome, that a just estimate can be formed of the patience and perseverance, as well as high inventive genius and mechanical ability, that must have been brought to bear to perfect the invention of such a machine in the short space of three years. That the thing was achieved within such a time is to those who understand the difficulties and failures that as a rule intervene between the first conception and the successful execution of a great mechanical idea, conclusive evidence that in this case the insight must have been unusually clear, the theoretical reasoning unusually acute, the disappointments and harkings-back incidental to experimental processes in applied mechanics unusually few.

Any account of the Walter Press, however cursory, would be incomplete without a reference to the invention of stereotyping, without the aid of which, cylinder-printing, at anything like a Walter-press speed, would be impossible. This art, as most of our readers are probably aware, consists in producing, by a rapid process of metal-casting, counterparts of the type forms set up by hand by the compositors; and with the work of bringing this art to the pitch of perfection to which it has attained in the present day, the name of Walter is honourably associated. The invention of stereotyping dates back to about the year 1785, and is generally attributed to William Ged, a goldsmith of Edinburgh. His process, still used for certain classes of work, is known as the stucco process, stucco being the material used to take the impression from the type and form the matrix. The stucco is poured on to the face of the page of type, in liquid form, and hardens in cooling. As, however, the stucco matrix cannot be bent into semicircular form, it is useless for cylinder-printing, and for newspaper work has been entirely superseded by the *papier-maché* process, which, though not invented, has been chiefly developed and perfected in the *Times* office. It was first taken in hand there,—being at that time a recent and crude invention,—during the period of the Crimean War, when, with all previously-known appliances, it was found impossible to complete the daily publication of the great journal before nine or ten o'clock in the morning. In the able hands of the engineers and mechanicians of the establishment, a series of experiments, and step by step improvements, gradually led up to the admirably simple, rapid, and effective method used to supply the cylindrical stereotype plates for the Walter Press, and of this a brief description may be given. The "form" of type, as set up by the compositor, is oiled by means of a flannel-covered roller; a wet sheet, consisting of several thicknesses of soft paper carefully pasted together, is then laid on the oiled face, and covered with a blanket. The form, thus covered, is passed under rollers, which by their pressure force the face of the type into the paper in such a way as to make it a perfect mould or matrix of the form. Another sheet of paper is then pasted upon the back of the mould to strengthen it, and the form, with the soft paper still upon it, is placed upon a hot plate covered with several folds of dry blanketing, and a press screwed down on the top. In the space of two or three minutes the drying process is completed, and the mould lifts cleanly off. The edges are then trimmed, and the papier-maché matrix, pliant enough to be bent into a complete circle if need were, is laid face downward in a semicircular casting-box,

having a core of the exact diameter of the impression cylinder of the press. Metal just hot enough to run, and so composed as to solidify rapidly, is poured into the mould, and on drawing the core a semicircular casting of the page of type is upon it. A sharp tap or two brings it off, and it is then put under an ingeniously-constructed circular saw, which cuts off the overflow metal gathered at the edges. It is next dipped in water to accelerate the cooling and harden it a little, and then fixed in a small double-tooled lathe, a few revolutions of which finishes the trimming of the edges, and cuts the ledges, which are necessary to keep the "dogs," by which it is held in place on the impression cylinder, "flush" with the surface. From this lathe the plate passes to a revolving planing machine made to fit it. In this it is placed face downwards, so that the inside of the plate is presented to the cutting tool by which it is "trued," so as to ensure its having a dead bearing on the impression cylinder, for being placed upon which it is now ready.

Described in words, this process may perhaps seem somewhat complicated, but in practice it is extremely simple; and how speedy it is our readers may judge for themselves, when we tell them that in the *Times* office, the production of a plate from first to last is the work of only eight minutes. A practically unlimited number of plates can be cast from a single matrix, and by keeping it reprints can at any time be made without the trouble, expense, or delay of again setting up type. In conclusion, as bearing on the question of economy, we may point out that the plates, after doing their work for the day, are melted up again, and recast, so that the same metal may be in use all the year round.

When the powers that be, in Printing House Square, had decided upon carrying out the experiments that have been crowned by such striking success, and as their result wrought a complete revolution in the art of newspaper production, they saw that it would be a material advantage to have their own workshops, and shops were accordingly erected, and fitted with the necessary machinery. It was also determined to waste no time in making models, but at once and perseveringly to "go for" the thing actually wanted—a full-sized working machine, capable of doing all that the Walter Press now so deftly and swiftly does. After three years of anxious toil, cheered, however, by constantly growing assurance of ultimate triumph, the first completely successful machine was in 1867 got to work, and by 1869 this had so far approved itself as to justify Mr. Walter in having three others made on the pattern of the first; and in order that this might be done promptly, the workshops were very considerably enlarged. Since that time, various improvements in details have been made in the machine. For instance, the machines made at a later date for the printing of the *Daily News* were fitted with an expanding gear by means of which the sheet can at pleasure be printed in its ordinary size of six columns, or in seven or eight columns. A still more important addition to the machine is a folding gear, by which the press, in addition to the processes already cited, accomplishes that of delivering the *Times* neatly folded in a size one-fourth of that of its own page. Though run at the twelve thousand an hour rate, as a fair working speed, the press can and has been worked up to eighteen thousand per hour. Such a speed as this, however, if continued day after day, would probably have a damaging effect upon the nervous system of the workmen attached; and in the *Times* office, at any rate, there is no need for a higher than the twelve thousand speed, as at that the paper can be thrown off at the rate of seventy-two thousand copies per hour, six machines being employed. The *Scotsman*, as well as the *Daily News*, is printed by Walter presses; three of them are at work in the *New York Times* office, and others are in course of construction for America. Among the minor advantages of the machine is that of occupying much less space than the old Hoe machine. It is about nineteen feet long by six wide and seven high, and, manufactured in the *Times* workshops, and under the superintendence of the inventor, is, as a piece of workmanship, all that could be desired, whether as to strength or finish. It is far and away the most economical printing machine ever invented. By its aid the *Times* is printed in less than half the time previously required, and with a fifth of the number of hands; while the loss on capital sunk in the machinery displaced by it was, by its work, covered in a space of two years.

Though generally regarded as exclusively a newspaper press, it has been shown to demonstration, that the Walter can throw off book as rapidly as newspaper work. It may be that to make it *specially* suitable to book work, modifications in detail might be required, but they would only be such as would be very simple matters to such men as the inventors of the Walter Press.

THE DEATH OF HOSEIN.

THE great Mahommedan festival sacred to the memory of Hosein, son of Ali, was held in Bombay on the 7th February, 1876.

"The history of Islam," says Macaulay, "contains nothing more touching than the event which gave rise to that solemnity. The mournful legend relates how the chief of the Fatimites, when all his brave followers had perished round him, drank his latest draught of water, and uttered his latest prayer; how the assassins carried his head in triumph; how the tyrant smote the lifeless lips with his staff; and how a few old men recollected with tears that they had seen those lips pressed to the lips of the prophet of God. After the lapse of near twelve centuries, the recurrence of this solemn season excites the fiercest and saddest emotions in the bosom of the devout Moslem of India. They work themselves up into such agonies of rage and lamentation that some, it is said, have given up the ghost from the mere effect of mental excitement." I had long wished to get a glimpse into the life of the Mahommedan faith, and to be present at one of their great festivals, but it has not been considered safe for Europeans (or at least for European ladies) to venture of late into the crowd during the Mohurrum, the riots between the Mahommedans and Parsees having produced much excitement and bitter feeling. It may be remembered that the government of Bombay thought it necessary to forbid the Mahommedans from carrying their "tabots" in procession as usual in consequence of these riots, and general discontent and sullenness prevailed in the Mahommedan community. This year, however, they seemed to be inclined to allow that cause of complaint to be forgotten; they surprised us with an outburst of loyalty on the arrival of the Prince of Wales; the mosques blazed with lights on dome and minarets, and the Mahommedans seemed to be determined that they were not to be eclipsed in their demonstrations either by Hindoo or Parsee. This seemed to be a favourable time for being present at the "death of Hosein." A friend who is personally acquainted with many influential Mahommedans, arranged beforehand that we were to be permitted to enter.

Down into the heart of the native city we drove, where, in all the teeming crowds I did not discover one white face.

We were met at the gate by a Mahommedan gentleman, the acquaintance of one of our party, who acted as our guide, and explained the different acts of the sacred drama. We were much indebted to his courtesy; in our ignorance of Persian, the language in which the actors recited, we would have lost the significance of the scenes, had he not been good enough to explain and translate for us. We found two or three Europeans besides ourselves; no ladies were present, but we were afterwards joined by three.

We found ourselves in a large upper storied building, with a great court in the centre. The upper gallery or verandah was crowded with women and children; we could see the flutter of their gay dresses, but could not distinguish their faces. But though they were in one sense unseen, let it not be supposed that they were unheard!

Some of the surrounding Arabs were so majestic-looking that my companion asked if the sight of the men did not make me think of Abraham? I could only reply "Yes, and the sound of the women makes one think of Babel."

In the court before us grew a large banyan-tree; clusters of human beings swarmed over it, nestled in the lower branches, and clung to the upper ones. From the highest branches large awnings were hung and fastened to the buildings round the court to shelter the dense crowd below from the sun. The first glance at that crowd made one *shiver;* there were faces there that led one's thoughts involuntarily back to the days of the mutiny. Others were so beautiful, so strikingly and wonderfully noble, that they recalled the Patriarchs in the picture Bible, over which one pored in childhood. There were Persians, with clear cut and delicate features, Arabs with the proud calm air of sons of the deserts, and Africans, thick-lipped Nubians, whose massive figures and sullen faces made us congratulate ourselves that we were ensconced behind a stalwart Briton, the very embodiment of English power and English order—the superintendent of police. The tranquil air with which he surveyed the crowd, taking in at a glance all that was going on, was comfortable to behold.

The performance did not commence for half an hour or more after our arrival; they waited for Agha Khan, under whose special direction and permission it takes place. Agha Khan is the representative of the

"Old Man of the Mountain," chief of the Assassins, and as in him I saw a connecting link with a wild page of Oriental story, I pause to recall the tale of the far-famed garden of his terrible predecessor. Deep in a fertile valley the "Old Man" planted his garden of delights.* "In it," to use the quaint words of the traveller, Marco Polo, "were erected pavilions and palaces the most elegant that can be imagined, all covered with gilding and exquisite painting." It was to be the earthly realisation of Mahommet's paradise,—

> "Deep meadowed, happy, fair, with orchard lawns,
> And bowery hollows crowned with summer seas."

By the promise of admission to this charmed spot, the "Old Man" won slaves to his wicked will. The only passport was deeds of violence, the only distinction pre-eminence in crime. The Old Man's emissaries were the terror alike of Crusaders and Saracens, and long is the list of princes and nobles who were murdered by their hands. Conrad of Montferrat, King of Jerusalem, was among their victims, and they feared not to attempt the life of the great Saladin himself. So rapid was the growth of this kingdom of violence, that when, in the thirteenth century, it was suppressed, it numbered a hundred strong fortresses. The accomplices in crime of the Old Man were known by the title of "Ashishin," and they have left us a memorial of their evil deeds in the English term assassin.

Agha Khan is acknowledged in Bombay as "genuine heir and successor of the Vieux de la Montaigne" of the Middle Ages. Though shorn of temporal power he wields spiritual authority, and is held in great reverence. He is the head of the Shiah sect of the Mahommedans, those who adhere to the family of Ali, and who specially commemorate the death of Hosein. So great is the reverence in which they hold him that they believe his power to be almost miraculous; women bring their sick infants and lay them at his feet in the hope that his touch may work a charm. The other portion of the Mahommedan community in Bombay, the Sunnis, struggle against his authority, and protest against his claims, much as Protestants do against the spiritual claims of the Pope. Agha Khan is a picturesque looking old man, with a keen, penetrating eye, and a long beard. He arranges for the performance of this sacred drama, and chooses the performers; these are not hereditary nor official, but the younger members of distinguished Mahommedan families, and some of Agha Khan's grandchildren are among the actors.

After Agha Khan had seated himself a general silence prevailed; the loud reading of the Koran to the men on one side ceased; the chattering of the women above died away, and a general hush of expectation followed.

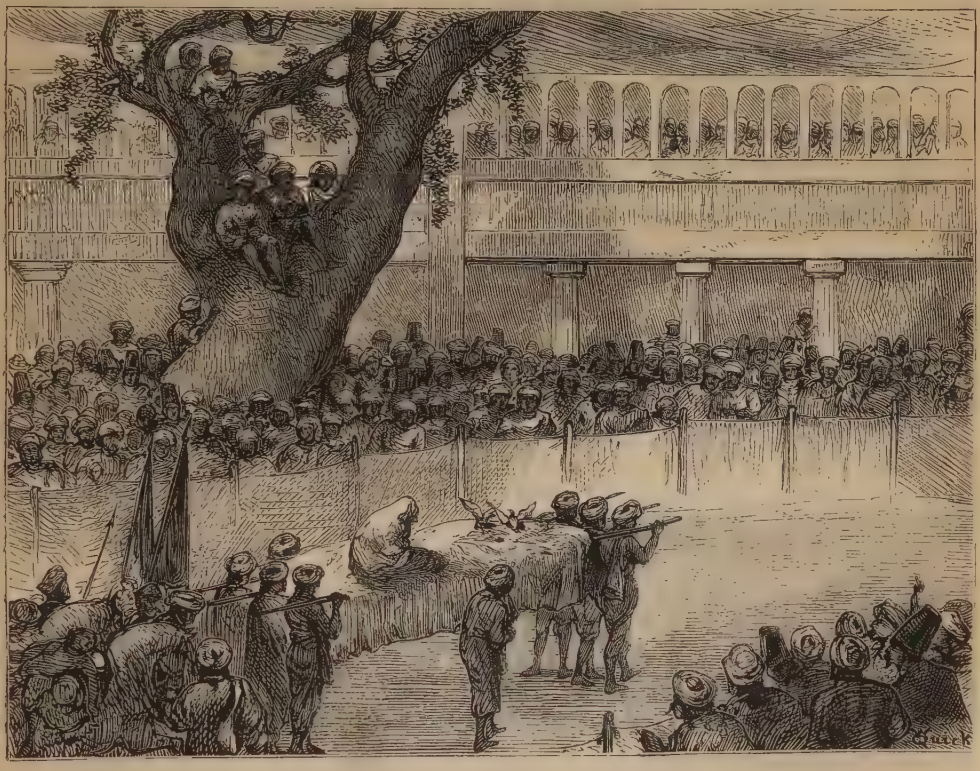
A path having been made through the crowd, Hosein slowly enters. He seats himself on a raised platform in the centre, where a space is kept clear. He is accompanied by a veiled figure, personating his sister, and is followed by a troop of little children. "Hosein," we acknowledge after a glance, has been well chosen; he is a noble and dignified-looking young man; the so-called sister is rather gaunt, and we marvel how the little children have been trained to perform their part with such perfect composure, undismayed by the dense crowd around them. Suddenly a warrior starts from the crowd brandishing a sword; he loudly calls upon Hosein to go forth to battle; with many protestations he entreats him to put himself at the head of an army which only awaits his presence and is ready to follow him. This, our Mahommedan friend explains to us, is a plot for Hosein's life, the army are traitors. After the warrior has ceased the sister rises; in a loud, pathetic, wailing voice she implores him not to listen to the call of the soldier; seating herself on the ground, she pours dust on her head, kisses his dress, clings to his feet, beats her breast and weeps. She implores him to remember that he is their only hope, and warns him that if he goes forth with the army he must die. Hosein replies that he knows that death awaits him, that God has revealed to him that he must die, but that his death will bring good to the nation, that it will do more for them than his life, and that he submits himself to the will of God.

The children then come forward; throwing themselves before their father they implore him not to leave them; they cling to his feet and beseech him to stay. He replies to them as before. Long and tenderly the sister pleads, but finding it of no avail she at last unfolds from her breast her *last gift* and lays it at his feet—his shroud. He lays aside his long loose robe, draws on the white shroud, and calls for his horse. A pure white Arab is now led in; standing under the great tree, with its crowded branches, it seemed startled and frightened, but I never

* See the "Book of Ser Marco Polo," a new translation, with valuable notes, by Col. Henry Yule.

saw a more beautiful creature. As they begin to saddle the horse, Hosein's sister rushes forward, no hands but hers must do anything for him now. A long farewell follows and he mounts his steed, but his children cannot let him go, they cling to him still; springing down he embraces them once more, and lifts them, one by one, on the raised platform, then while the little ones are all huddled together he snatches up a curtain, throws it over them all that they may not see him depart, and rides away.

A low suppressed sobbing sound had gradually been arising during this scene, a sound rather to be felt than heard, the emotion of a great crowd. Now, as Hosein rides away, the tide of sorrow bursts forth in a perfect storm of grief. Young men beat their breasts, gesticulated, and sobbed; old men sitting more quietly wept bitterly. How seldom do we see the aged weep! One imagines that life's sorrows must be less bitter, or tears more precious as life advances; yet here I watched old men shedding floods of tears over an event that happened twelve centuries ago!



The comment of our Mahommedan guide was like an echo of our own holiest and most cherished belief,—"it was because he gave his life; he knew he should die; he was willing to resign himself to the will of God; an angel offered to fight for him, he refused supernatural help, he gave his life willingly in obedience to God"! All those comments were interrupted by tears.

And now we have the closing scene. A procession slowly enters with the banners of an army; lofty banners with rich colours are borne in, they are followed by a bier. Hosein lies dead. The bier is carried aloft on men's shoulders, at the foot sits the sister, her face covered in an attitude of extreme grief. A white sheet sprinkled with blood covers the dead man; on his breast sit two white doves, and as they flutter their snowy wings we see that they are dabbled with blood. The little children follow on led horses; they are supposed to be dying, having been murdered after their father left them according to the legend. The children are a horrid sight, being represented with blood streaming down over their wan little faces. The bier, followed by the children, is slowly carried round and round

the court. After the bier was brought in an extraordinary multitude of between two and three hundred men rushed into the midst of the assembly. They were stripped to the waist, and threw up their arms wildly, lamenting and wailing and beating themselves fiercely on the breast, arms, shoulders, and head. It was explained to us that those men were wailing for Hosein and repenting for their sins; and we were assured that the part of the body which they struck would never be burned by the flames of hell!

As the bier was carried out, we were told that we had better slip quietly away, which we at once did, wishing to escape before the rush of the crowd commenced.

Pondering deeply on the exciting scene we had just witnessed, the first question that suggested itself was this, where did they get that wild devotion to the idea of self-sacrifice? Professor Max Müller reminds us, in his recent lectures on Missions, that Mahommedanism is inexplicable without Christianity, and doubtless many of the nobler sentiments expressed at this ceremony seemed but the reflection of our faith. The death of Hosein seems to have been brought into special prominence from the time of the Crusades. It may have been that the story of the Cross was seen to wield so strange a power over the minds of men that the Mussulman found it needful to claim for his hero also, the glory of having "laid down his life for his friend." If this was the history of the commemoration and the emotion that accompanies it, we may regard it "as one of the indirect benefits of Christianity." For surely we may admit that it is well for man to be reminded by any and every voice, that in resignation to God and love to man is his highest life. If on the other hand the ideas embodied in the representation of the death of Hosein, are not borrowed from Christianity, we must regard them as a spontaneous tribute of human nature to *self-sacrifice* as the highest effort of which it is capable. The idea of sacrifice was familiar to the Mahommedan from the rites of the Jewish church, and going back still further, beyond the period of temple or tabernacle, the legend still lingered in the desert of Abraham having been called on to offer up his son. It is a remarkable fact that the Mahommedan claims that mysterious story as an episode in the life of Ishmael. We have heard the late lamented Dr. John Wilson tell how more than once in conversation with Arabs, he was abruptly interrupted with the question, "Which of his sons was Abraham called on to sacrifice?" When in accordance with our scripture he replied "Isaac," they indignantly exclaimed, "You know nothing of it, it was Ishmael;—Ishmael was the dearly beloved, it was Ishmael that Abraham was called on to sacrifice; it was Ishmael who suffered himself to be bound and whom God saved." The idea was thus familiar to them that God will provide for himself a sacrifice. The innocent children and the white doves represented as suffering in some mysterious way for others, are in harmony with that idea. The doves used in the services of the Jewish temple, probably suggested their introduction in the ceremony.

The representation of the death of Hosein appears to supply an element which would otherwise be lacking in the Mahommedan faith, but without which it is difficult to understand how it could retain its hold on the people. Without the aid of sacraments or of images, giving no sign by miracles or wonders, there would seem at first sight to be nothing in a mystical monotheism to arouse popular enthusiasm, it seems so far distant from human life and sympathy.

The history of Hosein presents men with human excellence which they can appreciate; his death offers them food for *human pity*. It gives also an occasion for the full expression of popular emotion. To this no doubt is attributable the influence that this history exerts on the minds of the Shiahs. Another source of the popularity of this commemoration may also lie in the fact that it is all easily understood; not only are the odes and orations spoken in a modern language,—no dead language such as Zend or Latin having been employed in any part of the performance,—but as these odes are composed anew every year, they avoid the danger of weakening the effect by stereotyped expressions. They adhere rigidly, we are told, to the facts as handed down to them, but each generation tells the tale in its own words. Alas that a tale so pathetic should so often have been a prelude to deeds of violence! Alas that in the history of this world we should find that religious zeal has too often gone hand-in-hand with bigotry and cruelty! Yet we may hope that the evil has not been unmixed with good. The representation of resignation and self-sacrifice should appeal to men's best impulses, and we may surely believe that there are noble spirits among the followers of "the Prophet" who have become nobler in contemplating the death of Hosein, son of Ali.

J. B.

LION STORIES.

"LION stories" have a great charm for even the most pacific members of the community; the hunting instinct survives in most of us (though with some it may take the form of a chase after china, or etchings, or old oak furniture). And of all hunts, the most exciting has always been that of the king of beasts, who was supposed to have a more "noble" nature than the tiger, to be more interesting in every way than the rhinoceros or the hippopotamus, and to be more "generous" than panthers and bears. He is the emblem of power in the most ancient records of our race "Judah is a lion's whelp," "He couched as a lion, and as an old lion: who shall rouse him up?" "Who shall dare to awake him?" is the French version.

The "four beasts with four faces," which in the vision of Ezekiel, uphold the throne of the Most High, are supposed each to represent the chief of its species, the lion of wild beasts, the ox of domestic animals, the eagle of birds, and man of all creatures.

There seems to be no particular reason why the lion was allotted to St. Mark, in the distribution of these emblems among the four Evangelists, but it always figures by his side in all pictures and statues of the authors of the Gospels, and is immortalised in this capacity as the guardian of Venice, in every possible position, high in air on the column overlooking the Lagunes, in costly mosaics on pavement and dome in the cathedral of St. Mark—in public documents and private missals, while two great stone lions brought from ancient Greece guard the gate of the Arsenal.

He is even the emblem of the Saviour in the Apocalypse, where "the Lion of the tribe of Judah" is said to have "prevailed."

In Pagan antiquity he is the attribute of power, and is the "sign of the strong gods," such as Cybele and Hercules. The statues of lions placed by the ancient Egyptians in front of their temples were intended as emblems of vigilance; they were supposed "to sleep with their eyes open."

In later times a lion was generally sculptured at the foot of effigies of the great potentates of the middle ages, as a visible sign of their power, while on the tombs of the saints he is given as emblematic of a moral conquest over the power of the demon. This has been translated in various legends into a literal taming of a literal lion, as in the story of St. Jerome in the Syrian desert, and of St. Simeon, where lions wait upon the pious hermits, bring them food, and perform for them all menial offices, the well-known anecdote of Androcles having apparently served as a model. When St. Paul the hermit died, St. Anthony, who was paying him a visit, "being a weak old man, was unable to bury him, when two lions came from the desert and dug the grave with their paws, deposited the body in it, raised a loud howl of lamentation, and then knelt down before St. Anthony, to beg his blessing." In another legend the lion figures as discovering and unearthing the relics of St. Mary the Egyptian, which had been lost sight of.

The poetic version of the idea of the triumph of purity over brute force, is represented in the beautiful type of Una and her lion.

Lastly, he figures among the heraldic supporters of our own Crown, where he is understood to signify all kinds of great and noble qualities.

As civilisation gradually encroaches on the vast deserts and solitudes which are necessary for the existence of the animal in a wild state, he is becoming more and more rare, and the man who has seen a lion (free) will soon be as remarkable as the beast himself. Even Lieutenant Cameron, in his journey across Africa, of thousands of miles and occupying two years and seven months, seems to have come across him only on one occasion, when very early in the morning he saw a lion and his wife slouching slowly along the top of a low hill, having evidently had a night of it, and returning home to their lair tired and sleepy, when the sun rose. He says they "looked like a couple of over-grown sheep," a most unheroic comparison!

Here are first two stories concerning caged lions. There was recently an old lioness at the Zoological Gardens of Dublin, who fell sick. (This institution is eminently successful in rearing cubs, which are sold to different ménageries at great prices, a hundred pounds or more, and we may come at last to owe our knowledge of the animal to such rather ignoble sources.) As the poor lioness became more and more infirm, the rats, which were tempted into the den by the pieces of flesh lying about it, grew so bold that at last they began to nibble her majesty's poor old toes, and troubled her exceedingly. A little terrier was put into the cage to keep them in order; but the lioness resented his entrance and showed her dislike in every

sort of way. At length, however, she saw the dog catch a rat, when its *raison d'être* seemed to strike her. She became exceedingly attached to her little protector, let him sleep upon her front paws, right under her nose, every night for warmth, a place of honour, no doubt, if a somewhat alarming one, and testified her tender affection for him continually until her death.

The second relates to a French lion, or at least a lion in a French ménagerie, whose actions, as is the fashion of his adopted country, were more sensational and dramatic than with us! Edgar Quinet in his journal tells how one day he went with the naturalist M. Geoffroi de St. Hilaire to the Jardin des Plantes. "In one of the cages were a lion and a lioness together. They were standing up, quite motionless, and seemed not even to see us. Presently the lion, lifting up his great paw, placed it slowly and softly on the forehead of the lioness, and both continued in the same attitude as long as we remained before them. What was intended by the gesture? A painter who should have desired to represent calm grief and the deepest compassion, could not have invented anything more striking. 'What does it mean?' said I to Geoffroi. 'Their lion whelp died this morning,' replied he. Then I understood what I saw; pity, good-will, sympathy, all these sentiments might be read in those fierce countenances."

My third story was told by that Nestor among missionaries, one of the earliest and best workers in Africa, who is like a fine old lion himself. It was related to him by the people of the Bechuana tribe, among whom he worked so long and so zealously. The faculty of memory, cultivated by constant practice, is much developed and very vivid among a people who have no written records, as was the case among our own forefathers, and indeed in all early civilisations. Long poems and stories are handed down from generation to generation with great accuracy, and no assistance whatever from letters—Iliads and Odysseys, stories of gods and heroes, of different degrees of value.

Among the African tribes the relations often take the form of struggles with wild beasts, and are given with an immense amount of minute and picturesque description.

Once in Bechuana not long ago there was a woman, a captive from another tribe, whose husband had gone forth to fight, and she went and stood to see them return from the battle, and there came one holding up a spear to show they had been beaten, but he knew nothing of the fate of the man, and again another passed by, and he too had no news, but at last came one and told that he was dead. And she tore her hair and threw herself on the ground and bewailed, and called on the wind not to blow, that her sighs might be heard, and for the rain to cease, for her tears would water the ground. And she had two children left to her, a little girl of five, and an older boy about eight, and she consulted them, and said, "I want to go back to my old place, I hear that those are come there who can make men wise" (the missionaries). Children have a voice in Bechuana when very young, particularly the male child of a widowed mother. So when they consented, all three set forth together, carrying their few goods, and a little dry food of meal. It was a hard way, for they had to pass through the thick "bush," and places where it was known that the wild beasts abide.

"What should you do if you met any," said Dr. Moffat to the narrators.

"Set fire to the grass if we could and shout," was the answer.

Very small children will walk sometimes as much as twenty miles in a day, but at length the two were quite tired out and could get no further, and she set them down under a tree and told them to rest while she went to look for water, so that they might make a fire and cook some pulse, and then go on again refreshed. She was long away, and they grew frightened and hungry, and set off to look for her, crying, "Ma," the word there also for mother, with one of their thirty-two pronouns added to it, as used by the little girl, and "Ma," with another pronoun, by the boy. But there was no answer, and the two little ones grew more and more restless and went farther and farther afield, and were soon lost in the low bushes and scrub.

Presently back came the mother—and the old narrator enacted the scene as the negroes had given it, so that it seemed to pass before one's eyes—"she ran this way and then turned again to that side, and again went forward, throwing herself on the ground to see if she could find the print of their little feet, and calling to them with all her voice. But there was no reply. At length, madly rushing to and fro, she came out on a bare level plain beyond the 'bush,' where there was no cover whatever, and there she saw her two little ones, hand in hand, going along forlornly and slowly, and some distance off a large lion walking quietly forward to meet them. The children took him for a great yellow calf, they told afterwards, and were

not a bit frightened. She knew that if she called them and made them run to her, the nature of the lion is immediately to pursue the flying, and he would be upon them in a second. She rushed forwards, therefore, at her utmost pace, and got between them and him. Then she called loudly, 'Lion, lion, lion! run and hide!' and the little ones set off as hard as they could and concealed themselves among the bushes."

Meantime she went on facing the great beast, who was still walking leisurely forwards, probably much astonished to see any one who did not fly from his lionship. Then she began to abuse him with all the bad epithets in Bechuana (and it is very rich in them). "You brute! you rascal! you bloodthirsty wretch! you slayer and robber of other folk's goods. You want to murder my children, you bloodsucker, you villain!" cried she. She was now within thirty or forty feet of him, and she shook her fist in his face and threw her arms over her head, and never ceased gesticulating and scolding, and raving and cursing.

The lion stood still and swung his tail from side to side, backwards and forwards, always a sign that his wrath is rising (and the narrator imitated the heavy motion), and looked full at her. Presently, as she got hotter and hotter in her wrath, he shook the long tawny mane of his great big head, and still he looked full at her, and still she stormed on.

At length he lay down right opposite her, resting the mighty head upon his fore paws, the heavy thud of the tail on the ground was heard, and still he never took his eyes off her, nor she off him. If even for a moment she had left hold, as it were, with her eyes, she knew that at two bounds he would be upon her, and after her would have followed and devoured her children. At last he rose up again and began once more to swing his tail backwards and forwards, but now a little undecidedly; and then as she still held on with her vehement objurgations, he turned away from her tongue and began to walk quietly off, wondering probably not a little, as having never been so outfaced by man, woman, or beast before.

She remained without stirring on the same spot (which must have been the most difficult effort of all), as she watched him gradually retreating farther and farther, growing less and less on the bare plain. Once he turned and looked back to see what she was about. If even then she had begun to move it was all over with her and her children, he would have been after them like lightning; but she kept her ground till the mighty beast disappeared quite in the distance, among some low sand hills and prickly bushes. Then she set off, rejoined her children, and did not stop for food or rest, but hurried on till they reached her old tribe in safety—a magnanimous hero of a woman.

"It was not a pleasant position to be in, there in front of the lion—I know what it is!" added the old man significantly.

F. P. VERNEY.

BY LIGHT AND SOUND.

TRAVELLERS leaving Dover for the Continent may perceive on clear, bright nights, two brilliant points of light shining over the Channel from the direction of the South Foreland. These proceed from two lighthouses placed one above the other on the chalk cliffs of that promontory. Standing in the lamp-room of the lighthouse, and looking out over the water, we can discern, some eight or ten miles away, a small one-masted ship, marking the edge of the much-dreaded Goodwin Sands; serving also as a fog-signal station, to warn by sound when the most powerful electric light is unable to pierce the fog. Our knowledge of "sound signals" has recently been much extended, nay, *revolutionised* is not too much to say, by Professor Tyndall's researches, carried on at the South Foreland Lighthouse. The perfect arrangement of the lighthouse is attained by joining the electrical discoveries of Faraday with the optical knowledge of Fresnel. It is our purpose to give in this paper some account of the discoveries of these men of science, showing, as they do yet again, that experiments apparently purposeless and unmeaning may contain within them the germ of usefulness to mankind and magnificent practical results.

That some provision is necessary during foggy weather, is shown by the fact that during the last ten years as many as two hundred and seventy-three wrecks have taken place on our own coasts at times when light-signals have been useless. However, owing to doubts as to the value of warnings by sound, and discrepant statements as to the range at which they could be heard, this

method of signalling was falling into disrepute. In this condition of the question, Professor Tyndall, at the instance of the Trinity House, undertook the investigation of the subject. Until very recently it was considered that the optical transparency of the atmosphere was directly connected with its power of transmitting sound, so that a clear air was thought to be the most favourable acoustic medium. It was also held that fog, being a collection of minute liquid particles, from which the sound could be reflected, was therefore a damper of sound. Both views were by this investigation shown to be false.

Humboldt had noticed that the falls of the Orinoco sounded louder by night than by day, and he concluded, from thermometric experiments, that the convection currents of the atmosphere during the day caused the sound to be deadened by reflection at the limiting surfaces of these different layers of air. Tyndall applied this principle to explain the extraordinary quenching of the sounds of the fog-horn at distances of less than three miles, when the air was clearest, and the apparatus producing the sound was plainly visible. He conceived that between his position and the source of sound unequal evaporation from the sea created mixtures of air and vapour of varying density, from which the sound was reflected. If this was so, he argued that echoes should be heard, produced by the reflection from these "acoustic clouds." On placing himself behind the source of sound, his inference was confirmed. He sums up his observations on this point in the following words: "Whatever might be the state of the weather, cloudy or serene, stormy or calm, the aerial echoes, though varying in strength and duration from day to day, were never absent; and on many days, under a perfectly clear sky, they reached (in the case of the syren) an astonishing intensity."

But the special merit of Tyndall's researches is the devising a means for testing these views by means of experiments. Using a sensitive flame, and causing a number of layers of gas, with such different specific gravities as carbonic acid and coal gas, to be interposed between it and the source of sound, he found that the waves of sound were unable to penetrate these layers and affect the flame. He then carried his experiment a step further by interposing—first, layers of air of different density, and then air charged with water vapour and other more volatile liquids; in these cases also the same effect was produced. Next, he showed that reflection did actually take place according to the ordinary law for light, heat, and sound. It must be premised that in the experiments above mentioned, by skilful manipulation, one layer of heated gas or air charged with vapour was found sufficient to intercept the sound waves. The apparatus used to show reflection was as follows:—Two tin tubes, open at both ends, and about two feet long, were arranged in the form of a V, across the near ends of which air of a different density to the rest was caused to rise. A bell, or high-pitched reed to produce sound waves was placed at the end of one of the tubes; and at the corresponding end of the other, but screened from the direct action of the waves of sound, was placed a sensitive flame. When the sound was produced, it was (as before) found incapable of affecting a sensitive flame placed beyond the layer of light air; but reflected from this down the other tube, it threw the sensitive flame placed there into violent agitation. This investigation shows then, that a non-homogeneous medium, though optically transparent, may be acoustically opaque.

Next he destroyed the doctrine, prevalent since the time of Derham, that fog, rain, snow, and hail were dampers of sound. Observations in London and at the South Foreland showed that after rain, hail, and snow, sounds rose perceptibly in power; they showed also that fog did not intercept sound, because of the long distances from which it could be heard. Experiment also bore out these observations. Artificial fogs, formed of gunpowder smoke, steam, the fumes of chloride of ammonium and of phosphorus when burnt in the air, were unable to stop the sound waves, which passed most easily and showed themselves by their action upon the sensitive flame. These observations and experiments led to the conclusion that atmospheric homogeneity was the condition most favourable to acoustic transparency; and in a fog, snow, or hail-storm this condition seems best fulfilled.

In conclusion of this part of the subject, let us briefly describe the steam-syren, the instrument most suitable for "phonic signals," owing to its generally trustworthy performances. It consists of a trumpet sixteen feet long, varying in diameter from twenty-seven inches at the widest to five inches at the narrowest part. Across the narrow end is fixed a disc, with radial slits cut in it, behind which rotates another disc at about two thousand revolutions a minute, also provided with openings. When the slits of the two discs correspond, the steam which is used to drive the syren escapes in puffs, giving the sound.

Having glanced at this investigation, the

importance of which cannot be overrated, let us now visit the lighthouse to examine the appliances there, and make ourselves acquainted with the principles upon which they are constructed.

On entering we find ourselves in a place like the hall of an observatory. Before mounting to see the lamp, we notice the store of diamond and half-diamond panes of glass used in the face of the lighthouse. They are made of the best flint glass, half an inch thick; the whole lozenges are nearly five feet high, the half panes look like the shields of feudal knights. Hanging on the walls are the Trinity House regulations for lighthouses; and we note that the oil lamp (for the light we are to see above is electric) is to be lit for one hour in each week, in order that all emergencies may be provided for. The times of lighting the lamp, and the hours during which visitors are allowed, are also laid down. Two attendants are to serve the lamp, keeping each other company during the night-watches; so that in case of accident, either to the guardians or their charge, help may quickly be called for. And now let us mount the winding stairs and see the illuminating apparatus, or holophyte, as it is called.

The light itself is produced by electric discharges passing between the ends of two rods of gas carbon, separated from each other by a distance of about three inches, and kept at this distance, as the rods wear away, by clock-work arrangement. These rods or "poles," are about three-eighths of an inch square, and each pair lasts in the lamp about six hours. They are made of a hard substance called gas carbon, obtained in the manufacture of gas, from the inside of the retorts in which the coal is heated.

The arrangements for utilising the light and casting it to the furthest possible distance was first suggested by the French philosopher Fresnel, but improvements have been introduced by Messrs. Stephenson, and also by Messrs. Chance, of Smethwick. It consists first of all of a large lens, the use of which is to concentrate the rays of light and render them parallel; round this is a glittering array of prisms set in a frame, and so disposed round the central light, that all rays not passing through the lens are either rendered parallel by the front prisms, or caught by those behind, and after two internal reflections are passed again through the focus of the holophyte, and, falling upon the first prisms, are utilised by them. This is the dioptric or refractive system, as opposed to the catoptric or reflective, and is the one now used in all our lighthouses.

It remains to glance at the electrical discoveries, which are embodied in the machinery used to produce the electric currents, which, passing between the carbon points, give the light in the lamp we have been viewing.

These researches were made by Michael Faraday, in the year 1831; and one point most noticeable about them is the short time he was engaged in experimenting before he arrived at results of the highest importance. He began his experiments in the early part of September, 1831, and in less than two months had made his two great discoveries of current and magneto-electric induction. Faraday found that a wire, in which a current of electricity was circulating, when brought near another wire, caused a current in the opposite direction to appear in the one that previously carried none. This was called a direct induced current. Also when the inducing-wire was withdrawn, then another momentary induced current appeared in the opposite direction to the first. This was called an inverse induced current. Such was Faraday's discovery of current electric induction; his other discovery is directly connected with it. He further found that a magnet behaved exactly like a wire carrying a current; that is to say, a coil of wire, by approaching and receding, in passing the poles of a magnet, had two induced currents produced in it. It is on this principle that the four machines, used at the South Foreland to generate the electricity, are constructed. An eight-sided frame has seven series of magnets, each capable of sustaining from fifteen to thirty pounds, arranged round it. In the six spaces between the magnets, making three hundred and fifty revolutions a minute, are six wheels, all "keyed" on the same axis. Each of these wheels carries sixteen coils, which, by passing in front of the poles of the magnets, produce the induced currents. From the "machine-house" the electricity is sent by wires to the two lighthouses, to supply the lamps, as explained before.

Such is a brief description of the methods of warning by light and by sound established on our coast. In no case is science more nobly employed than this—tending to the safety of those "who go down to the sea in ships."

J. S. WISE, B.A.

PIERRE FRANÇOIS GUILLAUME GUIZOT.
Né, le 4me Octobre, 1787.
Decédé, le 12me Septembre, 1874.
"Je suis la résurrection et la vie."

BESIDE A TOMB.

"Je suis la résurrection et la vie."

LIKE a sweet face all soiled with tears,
Rain-sodden, the "rich valley" * lies;
The sky, once blue as children's eyes,
Grey, blank—so unlike heaven!—appears.

While up and down the weary earth
The wind goes like a human cry:
"Why live we, since we soon must die?
What is the use of death or birth?"

Beside these wooden crosses poor,
His granite tomb stands white and still,
Emblem of that unconquered will,
That steadfast spirit, strong to endure,

With calm pure heart and equal mind,
Whether blind Fortune smiled or frowned:—
And is all hidden underground?
Is nothing, *nothing*, left behind?

When to the fireside we turn back,
What find we? Ah, an empty chair;
A silent absence everywhere,
A bitter universal lack.

Do our dead know we love them yet?
When we stretch out vain hands and weep,
Smile they, as we o'er our child's sleep,
Whose cheeks with foolish tears are wet?

Dreams, that *we* know will end with morn.
Soul well-beloved, is it thus with thee?
"La résurrection et la vie:"
We die. Is it thou that art new-born?

Can our dead hear us when we cry?
Could they across the ocean's roar,
They—landed on the further shore—
Send back clear answer, "It is I.

* Le Val Richer, Calvados.

"The Resurrection? It is found.
The Life? I live it; in His sight
Who out of darkness bringeth light,
And flowers from seed sown in the ground.

"I have believed, and now I know:
Believe ye!" Who would not believe?
Who would for even a moment grieve
If we were certain it was so?

But God Himself this silence deep
Has made, and His behest be done!
We trust Him, in or out o' the sun.
We love Him, waking or asleep.

He must love us, whence all loves flow:
Our faith He could not falsify:
So, when these leave us, glad we cry,
"Whither thou goest, I will go."

D. M.

SPIRITUAL RELIGION.

[The following is a sermon preached by Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D., Dean of Westminster, in the Abbey Church of Paisley, on August 20, 1876, on the occasion of the reopening of that church after a temporary suspension of public worship.]

THERE are some portions of the sermon which have special reference to the interest connected with Paisley. It is impossible not to view with a reverential feeling the church which was founded by the first progenitor, and which contains the ashes of the earlier generations of that great family of the Stuarts, which, with all their failings, have furnished to Scotland and to England the most tragic elements of the history of the two kingdoms, and through which the present royal family of England claim their inheritance of the Imperial crown. It is impossible not to feel an admiration for the zeal with which the successive ministers of Paisley have done their best to rescue their noble church from the neglect and desecration in which it had been left. It ought to be impossible for any member of that great branch of the house of Hamilton to view with indifference the cradle of their family, from which their fortunes and their titles were derived, and in which for two centuries their ancestors resided, and found their last resting-place. It is not too much to hope that English and Scottish Christians, of whatever Church, should strive to preserve and to restore a monument so national in its origin, and which might be rendered so truly national in its worship.—A. P. S.

"God is a Spirit."—JOHN iv. 24.

I propose to set forth the value of spiritual religion; in other words, some of the meanings of the great doctrine which we profess when we say, "I believe in the Holy Ghost." "The Father" is a most dear and sacred name, "Jesus Christ, His Son," is also a most dear and sacred name, but even of these we may have false and perverted notions unless we also remember that the innermost, deepest, truest idea of God is that which is conveyed in the not less dear and sacred name of "the Holy Spirit." There is a poem of a great German genius who describes how when he was a little child he believed in God the Father, who made the beautiful earth and all things in it; and how, when he grew older and understood more, he believed in the dearly-beloved Son, who loved us, and revealed all love to us, and for His reward was crucified by the foolish world; and how, lastly, when he had read more and travelled much, he learned to believe, heart and soul, in the Holy Ghost. "A thousand knights, a thousand gallant soldiers, have been," he says, "chosen for the Holy Spirit, and such knights and soldiers ought we to be." That well describes the gradual growth of true religion in the human soul and in the human race. Our religion is a true religion, a deep religion, a high religion, a wide religion, in proportion as it grasps more and more firmly the spiritual aspect of religion, as it believes more and more firmly that God is a Spirit, as it recognises more and more fully that the highest revelation, the revelation which gives light and force to Natural Religion, and to Historical Religion, is Spiritual Religion.

Let me illustrate the value of this truth by taking a few obvious instances. 1. First, let any who may be perplexed by thinking of the Divine nature, observe how many difficulties are cleared away by dwelling on this aspect of it. As, when we ask, what is a man? the answer is, not his body but his spirit, not his outward form but his inward affections; so when we ask, what is God? whilst there is much that we cannot answer, yet when we think of Him as a Spirit, we are taught to believe that it is in His Spirit we can best understand Him—that is, in those attributes

of goodness, love, and wisdom, which are most the same attributes in man. The best spirit of man is the nearest likeness that we can form of the Holy Spirit of God, more like than any graven image of outward beauty, even though it be of the Olympian Jupiter or the Belvidere Apollo—more like even than the vast and splendid system of the universe, which is, as it were, but His outward vesture. There is no bodily shape or form. "No man hath seen God at any time." But there is a likeness of God in Jesus Christ, and in those who are in any measure like Jesus Christ; and that likeness is found because Jesus Christ is one with God through the Spirit of goodness and wisdom; and in that same Spirit bearing witness with our spirits, we also may be in our measure one with the Father and the Son.

2. The same truth places in their proper light all the words or phrases which either in the Bible or elsewhere have been used to describe the nature of God. In proportion as those words describe the Divine Father under the form of goodness and truth and wisdom, as the breath which is the animating life of our souls and of the world, in that proportion they describe Him as He really is. In proportion as they describe Him under the forms of expressions taken from the physical or metaphysical constitution of any particular man or thing, in that proportion they are parables and figures of speech. Rock, Fortress, Shield, Champion, Husband, King, Shepherd, even the great name of Father, which are admirable words, so far as they express the spiritual relation of the Almighty towards us, would yet mislead us if any of them were taken in the gross literal sense of earthly relationships. And much more is this true in the more anthropomorphic expressions of the Older Covenant, jealousy, anger, nostrils, hand, feet; or, again, in the metaphysical words of later times, such as Procession, Generation, Substance, Persons. Each of these, when taken literally, leads us away from the spiritual—that is, the essential—nature of God; they are, at best, figures by which the human soul tries to grasp the immeasurable. The definitions of God that we find in the Bible are at once much simpler and much deeper than any of those, and in most of the definitions which have been made by men those definitions of the Bible have found no place. There are three such definitions in the New Testament of the Supreme Father, and they all agree in this spiritual character. "God is a Spirit," or, as the word should be translated, "God is Spirit;" again, "God is Light;" and, again, "God is Love." Let us hold fast to those three definitions, which all express to us the spiritual and the moral nature of God, and which therefore express to us the very essence of the Christian faith.

3. This same aspect of the Divine nature tells us by what means it is, that He wills that the world should be brought towards Him, not by compulsion, not by fire and sword, not by external decrees of authority, not by reproaches or curses, but by the ready assent of the spirit of man seeking and finding its communion with the Spirit of God. Not, again, by mere miracles and signs of outward power. These may be secondary means of persuasion, they may arrest the attention, they may have an effect on particular moods of mind. But they are not the main instruments by which the world has been or is to be converted. The world was converted to the Christian faith in the first instance by the internal evidence of the spirit of Christianity, not by the wind, the earthquake, or the fire, but by "the still small voice" of conscience. It is this intrinsic and essential divinity of the spiritual aspect of God which makes the difference between the various offences which may be committed against things divine. Our Lord Himself drew that distinction when He said, "The blasphemy against the Son of Man shall be forgiven, but the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven." That is to say, if we may venture so far to interpret His sacred meaning, whatever mistakes a man may make concerning the outward form in which the divine truth is manifested shall be forgiven. Even though he insult, affront, and blaspheme the Son of Man Himself, that may meet with mercy and pardon; for every earthly manifestation, even of the Divine, must be liable to misunderstanding and misconception; and therefore, the blasphemy, the wrong, the calumny aimed against the Son of Man often is not aimed against the holy, wise, loving Jesus, but against some false conception that has been formed of Him in our own minds. Many a so-called heretic has been more orthodox than he who is called orthodox; many a so-called infidel has been more Christian than he who is called Christian; many a man who stumbles at the outward evidences of belief has been a truer believer than he who has accepted them without understanding, and therefore without real belief. For such blasphemers as these the Son of Man has forgiveness; He

has Himself asked the Father to "forgive them, for they know not what they do." Of such blasphemers, if they have in them the Holy Spirit of God in any degree, the Gospel requires us to believe not that they shall without doubt everlastingly perish, but that they shall without doubt live for ever in God, in the communion of Him whom, not having seen or known, in spite of themselves they love and adore. But there is a blasphemy, an insult and outrage against holy things, which is quite different. If there be any one who hates goodness because it is goodness—if there be any one who closes his heart against holiness because it is holiness—if there be any one who scorns and despises and reviles the good, the just, the pure, the generous, because he is selfish and impure and they are good and generous and just—such a one has blasphemed not the mere outward form, or name, or show of God's nature, but the holy inward spirit and essence of God Himself. That carping, slandering, defaming, depreciatory spirit which delights in pulling to pieces what is good is exactly what is meant by the word "diabolical." The diabolical, whether in man or in angel, means the slandering, cynical, Mephistophelic spirit which, so far as it prevails, makes goodness very difficult in individuals, and would, if it prevailed entirely, make it impossible in the race. Let us hope that such a blasphemy, at least in its full extent, against the Holy Spirit is very rare—let us hope that it is almost never found. But let us clearly understand that this, and this only, is the insult which the Almighty Father and the dearly-beloved Son regard as almost beyond the reach of forgiveness.

4. It is through the inward spirit of all things, not their outward form, that God is approached. It is not the letter of any creed or ordinance, or even of the Bible itself, but its spirit and meaning, that vivifies and explains everything. The letter killeth; it is the meaning that gives life. This teaches us that the signs and ordinances of religion derive all their force from the directness with which they address our intelligence, our reason, our conscience, our memory, our affections. The outward form may vary immensely, but if the inward meaning is the same, the essential grace is there. It is so even with regard to the Bible itself. Even in the letter of the Bible there is no doubt much that is beautiful, much that is perfect. But that which constitutes the peculiar excellence of the Bible, that which constitutes, as the very word implies, what we call its "inspiration," is the elevation, the dignity, the purity, the truthfulness of its general spirit. "Our whole persuasion and assurance of the Divine authority of Holy Scripture," as the Confession of Faith in the Church of Scotland truly says, "is from the inward work of the Spirit bearing witness by and how with the Word in our hearts, and showing us by its own incomparable excellences that it doth abundantly evidence itself to be the Word of God." And so of all forms of worship. That is the spiritual worship, whatever it be, that carries along with it the conscience, intellect, and heart of the worshippers. God doubtless can be worshipped anywhere—in Gerizim as well as in Jerusalem, in Jerusalem as well as in Gerizim—if He be worshipped in spirit and in truth. He can be worshipped on the heath or the moss or the hillside of the Highlands, or in the upper room of the primitive Christians, as well as in the most splendid abbey or cathedral. But we must always remember that the reverse is equally true—that He can be worshipped with as much spirit and as much truth in the most splendid cathedral as on the bare hillside, or as within the four corners of a barn. And that is the most spiritual aspect of religion which recognises the possibility of both those forms of worship—which is assured that neither form nor the absence of form availeth anything, but the keeping of the commandments of God. That is the most spiritual aspect of religion which, on the one hand, comprehends all the highest manifestations of the human spirit—architecture, music, painting, poetry—and yet steadily subordinates them all to the moral graces of truth and purity, by which alone man can truly "glorify God here, and enjoy Him hereafter." It is for this reason that every one who values spiritual religion may rejoice in every effort to reclaim for the Church of Scotland the beauty of an ancient and venerable building like this, which appeals to every sentiment alike of art and patriotism and long familiar associations of reverence and love. It is, as it ought to be, the glory of a Presbyterian Church that it can appropriate all that is ancient and beautiful in the past without ministering to those modern fancies and superstitions to which perhaps other churches afford a more ready access. It is not the sublime or the grand, but the mean, the ugly, and the barbarous, in architecture or painting or music, that lends itself to idolatrous usages—not the vast aisles of a venerable temple or abbey, but the narrow

cell, the dark recess, the wayside chapel,—not the awe-inspiring figures wrought by a Raphael or a Michael Angelo, but the hideous black picture, the rude wooden image, and the fantastic apparition, that have in every age become the objects of absurd pilgrimage and excessive adoration. There is a well-known saying of the great Reformer Luther, "Do not listen to the Devil when he opens his great mouth wide, calling out Spirit, Spirit, Spirit, and then breaks down all the bridges by which the Spirit can enter." No, make the most you can of all the various gifts God has given you. They are all bridges by which the Holy Spirit of God can enter into your spirits; only remember—and this we have to remember in all Churches—that they are bridges only, and not the promised land itself. The innermost sanctuary of the Holy Ghost is and can be nothing else than the individual conscience and conviction of a pure, just, upright man. This is the end; all else is the means. Any, even the plainest, worship becomes unspiritual of which we have lost the meaning, and which does not tend to make us better and wiser. Any worship, even the most elaborate, is spiritual, if it helps us to do our duty and to be more loving to men and more devoted to God. "Keep your mind open as wide as you can," said a good French nobleman to his children, "but I entreat you to keep your hearts open also." "Be as broad as the charity of Almighty God," was the last public speech of Norman Macleod, "but be as narrow as His righteousness." That is the true religion of the Spirit.

5. This value of the spiritual aspect of religion is yet more visible in proportion as we apply it to the whole history of the human race or of the human being. It is sometimes the custom to draw out schemes of various schools, or parties, or Churches, and to imagine that these exhaust all the religious tendencies of Christianity. But there is one element which in such schemes is often omitted and often despised, which, notwithstanding, is the most important of all. It is the school which you can find in all schools, the tendency which you can find running across all tendencies, of those who believe in the religion of the spirit, who are—as the German poet sang—true "knights and soldiers of the Holy Ghost." There has never failed altogether a succession of those good men who have seen the spirit beneath the letter, the meaning beneath the form, the sense beneath the nonsense, the moral beyond the material; and these have been the true backbone of Christendom—the true soul of the Church and its doctrines. What would the early Church have been without such men as Clement of Alexandria and Chrysostom of Constantinople! How much poorer would the mediæval Church have been without Thomas à Kempis, the Church of the Reformation without Erasmus, the Church of England without Hooker, Jeremy Taylor, and Butler, or the Church of Scotland, whether Episcopalian or Presbyterian, without the apostolic name of Leighton! It is the perception of this universal and far-reaching element which forms the connecting thread of those articles at the close of the Creed common to almost all Western Churches which, as if by a natural instinct, have gradually fastened themselves to the single article of the primitive church which says, "I believe in the Holy Spirit."

Take these one by one. "The holy universal Church." That is to say, the Spirit of God works on the spirit of man by the influence, the atmosphere, the public opinion of the whole congregation of Christian people dispersed throughout the world. So far as any large mass of Christian men, women, and children are good, they are the images, the likenesses, the dwelling-places of the Holy Spirit of God. The fact that such Christians are not confined to any place or country is the direct result of the spiritual character of the religion of Jesus Christ—because God is a Spirit pervading and inspiring with His gracious influence all nations, all Churches, all races of men. The old heathen religious communities did not tend to raise the thoughts of men to goodness and holiness; and, therefore, they were not truly holy. The old Jewish community was confined to a certain nation, and, therefore, it was not truly spiritual. The Christian Church, if it rises to the meaning of its high vocation, is intended to make men good, and therefore it is holy and the work of a holy God; it is universal, and therefore it is the work of the universal Father, who breathes His spirit unto all races of men, and who gathers to Himself His true children from the best spirits of every outward Church.

"The communion of saints"—that is still the same idea, further carried out, of the goodness, the spiritual character of Christianity as enlarged and intensified by the fellowship and communion which the saints of God of all ages have with one another. The fellowship, the friendship, the affection and admiration which good men of the most diverse opinions, tastes,

and character have, or ought to have, one to another, is at once the most powerful means by which the Spirit of God can work, and also again the most decisive proof that the God, whom we worship, is, above all other things, not unholy but holy, not flesh but spirit, the supreme moral and the supreme spiritual Father.

"The forgiveness of sins"—what is the special connection of this with the belief in the spiritual character of God? It is that the appeal which God makes most directly to the hearts and consciences of human nature, and with the most engaging attraction to them to become holy as He is holy, is the principle proclaimed throughout the Bible, and especially in the life and death of Jesus Christ, that the Supreme Father forgives us all that is past in the hope that we will serve Him and love Him for the future. That is the free and princely spirit, for which the Psalmist prayed, "O, give me the comfort of Thy free spirit;" or when he said, "I will walk in Thy commandments when Thou hast set my heart at liberty." It tells us that it is possible to desert our past sins and follies, to leave them far, far behind us, and to enter on a new service, which shall be free because it is holy, and holy because it is free.

"The resurrection of the body and the life everlasting." If for a moment there is here a trace of the materialism of the ruder ages of early Christianity, yet immediately the spiritual truth reasserts itself. "Flesh and blood," as the Apostle says, "cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption." It is not the natural but the spiritual body which shall rise again; it is not the perishable part of our mortal frames, such as we possess in common with the lower animals—it is the eternal part of our spiritual existence, in which we hold converse with the Father of Spirits, and which in Him shall live for ever. It is through the spirit, the thoughts, and affections, not through the mortal remains of the departed, dear as they must always be, that we hold converse with them, and hope to hold communion with them hereafter; for the life everlasting of the human soul is the eternal, the undying vitality of those affections, of those graces, which are part of the essence of the Holy Spirit. Those affections, those graces have their immortality from the same source as the eternal existence of God Himself. If it be of the essence of His being that He is holy and that He is spiritual, then there is the hope that, as surely as God exists, so surely will those godlike graces continue also. How we know not, where we know not, but we shall know at last, and this is the best approach towards knowing it now. It was said by a gifted Scotsman of last generation, speaking of another saintly countryman, "When I think of God I think of that man; when I think of that man I think of God." So it is in a measure with all that we honour, value, admire, and love in those who in this life deserve our love and honour. They shall live because God lives, or, as the early Christians said, alike of the living and the dead, "they live in God." Eternity is not so much another period of existence succeeding upon this as a state of things which lies behind and beyond the range of our outward senses, and which surrounds us in this life as well as hereafter. "The things which are seen are temporal, the things which are not seen are eternal." As we believe that the true self of a man even now is not his outward shape, but that which is behind his outward shape—as we believe that behind this outward world there is a Supreme Spirit which is the soul of the universe,—so we believe that behind the grave and gate of death there is a life immortal—"a house not made with hands eternal in the heavens."

These are some of the truths which I venture to lay before you on the value of spiritual religion, and the belief in the Holy Spirit of God.

PRAYER.

Lord of all power and might, by whose spirit the whole body of the Church is governed and sanctified, the author and giver of all good things, graft in our hearts, we beseech Thee, the love of Thy Holy name, increase in us true religion, nourish us in all goodness, and of Thy great mercy keep us in the same, in our going out and our coming in, in public and in private, in our dealings with one another, in our dealings as citizens of the same kingly commonwealth, under one supreme visible head, the sovereign of these realms, as members of the same spiritual communion dispersed throughout the whole world, under one supreme Invisible Head, Jesus Christ the True, the Holy, and the Good. Teach us all to bow before one authority in all outward things, the law of our country, and before one authority in all inward things, the law of the Spirit written in Thy holy word, and in the consciences of Thy faithful servants.

May Thy Holy Spirit be with the Queen and with all her children, with all councillors and magistrates under her, with all estates of men within her dominions. Grant that they

may all do their best to govern and be governed in Thy faith and fear, striving to put down all that is evil and to encourage all that is good. Grant that they may understand and feel how great a work Thou hast given them to do for this mighty empire; give them the spirit of power and of love and of a sound mind, to enact and to pursue things wise, and things just, and things merciful, to the putting away of all wrong and all oppression everywhere. May the spirit of mercy and justice reach into the furthest extremities of the human race, and relieve those of Thy suffering children who in any part of the world, and from whatever cause, are in sorrow, peril, sickness, tribulation, persecution, violence, or tyranny. From all profaneness and superstition, from false pride and false humility, from hardness of heart and neglect of the poor, from drunkenness and impurity, from evil-speaking, lying, and slandering, and from all uncharitableness, deliver and evermore protect us, in the vast congregation present in this venerable church, and the vast population of this town not present here, but no less needing Thy fatherly love. Fill us with all uprightness, purity, and charity.

Inspire continually the universal Church with the spirit of truth, unity, and concord. Take away from us all hatred and prejudice, and whatever else may hinder us from godly union of heart and soul, in one holy bond of truth and peace, of faith and charity. Let the various Churches of this land be drawn together in all just words and works—let each seek not only its own good, but the good of others; let each supply to each the gifts which the other lacketh; let it be the aim of all not to pull down, but to build up—not to tear asunder, but to bring together—not to find enemies, but to make friends.

We thank Thee for all the mercies which Thou hast conferred upon us, for all the blessings of this life, for the glory of this summer season, for the enjoyment of sea and mountain, of lake and river, of health and strength. We thank Thee for our inheritance in a nation so great, and a church so free, for the light of Thy Gospel, ever brightening more and more into the perfect day; for the riches of Thy Word, ever yielding up treasures, new and old, to those who humbly, fearlessly, truthfully seek them; for the growth of knowledge in all forms amongst us, enabling us better to understand Thy holy will and to do Thy blessed work. We thank Thee, lastly, for the hope, the humble and constant hope, of a life beyond the grave, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest; where the whole counsel of God shall be revealed, no longer doubted nor disputed of men; where the aspiring visions of unity and association that fill the souls of the righteous here below shall be accomplished in the restitution of all things; where the sorrows and separations of earth shall be ended in the catholic and perfect union of men with one another and with Thee, O Father, and with Thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord, through thine Eternal Spirit; to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen.

THE REIVER.

(A MODERN GREEK SONG.)

DARK on the hills the night-shades fell;
Snow lay on peak and scaur:
Far o'er the wild and gloomy fell,
The crumbling cliff, the dusky dell,
The Reiver went to war.

His falchion in his right hand, bare,
Resplendent as a sun:
The mountain height his mansion fair:
His canopy the boundless air:
His trust is in his gun.

Pale with their fear the tyrants fly
His dark and deadly brand:
His head from toil is seldom dry;
With Honour both to live and die
Well doth he understand.

"Base trickery rules the worldly race
And Fortune's wicked power;
Those get the gold who ne'er had grace:
Lost Virtue in this rugged place
Hath built her secret bower.

"Nations, like sheep, are bought and sold
By kings, who mock the earth.
Here, in this lofty mountain-fold,
Arm'd Freedom from her aweless hold
Peals forth her echoing mirth.

"Go, kiss the footstool of the great
Where slaves in flattery fall!
Here, in this green and shady seat,
The sword defends their loved retreat,
Who love the Cross through all.

"Mother, dost weep? When I return,
Thou'lt boast thy son was brave.
Over one lost one thou shalt yearn:
But oh! my heart for shame doth burn
That I should die a slave.

"Kind eyes, and do your fountains fill,
Blue eyes, that please me well?
Your rising tears even shake my will.
But free I have lived upon the hill,
And 'Free,' thou'lt sing, 'he fell.'"

Earth trembles at the cannon's might,
"Boom, boom!"—the sound appals.
On each hand slaughter and affright,
On this side wounds, on that side flight!
In death the Reiver falls.

Sad, with bare head, with reverent tread,
His comrades in one breath
Sang, as they bore him to his grave,
"A freeman lived the Reiver brave,
Now, he is free in death."

LEWIS CAMPBELL.

THE HEREDITARY BURDEN.

"OUR fathers," said the Jews in their captivity, "sinned; and we are punished. The way of the Lord is not equal. This is not fair."

It was quite true that they were suffering because of their fathers' transgressions; but was it therefore also true that the way of the Lord, who allowed this, was not just?

Not so. "No man liveth to himself." What begins with one ends with another; and he who makes the beginning often has no idea what the end may be. And the nearer you come to another in kindred or affinity of any sort, the more inevitable and extensive is the bond of influence. Children are influenced by their parents more than by any other persons. Not only do they receive from their parents earlier and more immediate influences than they receive from others, but they inherit from them tendencies and characteristics which may, in some cases, be traced back through generations. Each generation does not emerge into existence, as if from an entirely new germ, of whose probable development you can tell nothing, but brings with it the special properties that are to mark it, and which it inherits, with its blood, from the generations that have passed away. If you know what these generations have been, you can tell what the future will be like. If you can, for example, look back on ages of slavery, oppression, and ignorance, you can foretell that the heirs of these ages, though set free from their oppressors, will not possess the characteristics of freedom, will not all at once get rid of the ancient inwrought taint, but will be, yet awhile, cunning, spiritless, revengeful, incapable of using liberty except in the shape of license. If you can look back on a long period of moral corruption, during which falsehood and dishonour have perverted the relations of society, and licentiousness has sapped its strength, you need no gift of prophecy to discern that the generation to come will be morally and physically enfeebled, and will be subdued as soon as it has to face an enemy of higher principle and more orderly life than its own. Such illustrations of the truth of inherited qualities are written at large, over and over again, in the history of nations. They are written with the same plainness in the history of families. We see physical resemblances in feature and complexion, and not only so, but in manner and what we call "ways," descending from parent to child, so that the child reproduces the parent, not consciously or by imitation, but because qualities and characteristics which make up a likeness are part of his very birthright. So, too, with moral qualities. You see the child inheriting the tendencies of the parent, and this often with such constancy that certain families are, even proverbially, known as the possessors of certain qualities, again and again transmitted from sire to son—pride, guile, courage, gentleness, or the like. And in these moral regions we sometimes can mark a measure of confusion wrought by the transmission, when it is incomplete. Thus you may see men of the strictest life and principle and of undoubted piety, who have been rigid in their adherence to what they held to be true in belief and right in duty, succeeded by those who have taken from them their rigidity, but have let slip their piety and elevated principle; so that the son of the strict and earnest godly man may turn out the mere self-righteous Pharisee, as the good and high-minded Puritan of one era of our history lapsed into the harsh and narrow sectarian of another. So, one has known habits of carefulness and economy, inherited from industrious and honest parents, reproduced in children without the honesty, and becoming, simply, habits of greedy money-

making, unchecked by the parental rectitude which qualified the parental thrift.

Still, with whatever irregularities and omissions, the law holds generally true, that the children inherit alike the outward and inward characteristics of the parents.

What is commonly called "original sin" is an illustration of this law. It is the inherited tendency to go wrong, to do evil. The term does not mean that the sin of the first man who sinned is reckoned ours, and, in the language of theology, "imputed" to us, as though we had, somehow, a share in the guilt of it. To suppose that this were the case would be to deny the rule laid down by the prophet, "The son shall not bear the iniquity of the father, neither shall the father bear the iniquity of the son." According to that rule, God cannot regard any sin or guilt as belonging to any one, except the person who has actually committed the sin, and incurred the guilt. But we, descending from those who have sinned, inherit from them, in virtue of our descent, a tendency to sin after their example.

We inherit evil inclinations, corrupt desires, a will out of harmony with the will of God; all in us from the first, and ready, as opportunity or temptation suggests, to manifest themselves by breaking out into violence, passion, licentiousness, and all manner of self-will and self-indulgence. The origins of sin are in us, the roots of all visible and actual transgression. It is in this sense the sin of the first sinner has come down to his descendants; not as a burden of imputed guilt, but as a root of evil, ever ready to spring up and bring forth bitter fruit. There is in this no arbitrary arrangement laid down by God for His own mere pleasure. It is according to a natural law of life. If God were to lay down the rule that we were to be held guilty of a sin committed thousands of years ago, and to have the guilt of it laid to our charge as part and parcel of that sum of transgression which makes us sinful creatures in His sight, this would be an arbitrary arrangement. There would be nothing in the natural instinct of justice which God has given us, which could lead us to acknowledge this as just. Suppose, for example, the master of a ship runs his vessel on a rock and loses her, and his son grows up and follows the sea, and in his turn becomes a master too, and by-and-by does the same thing, you would not say it was fair that, in trying him for his fault in so doing, the father's fault—though of the same kind—should be brought up and made part of the charge against the son. If he inherited a careless or reckless spirit from his father, and thereby was the readier to commit the fault, that inheritance was a sufficient penalty falling on him for his father's transgression. The transgression itself could in nowise be counted his. Neither would there be ordinary justice in counting the sin of Adam our sin, seeing it was actually another's and not ours, and could only be called ours by a mere arbitrary and irresponsible decree. But the sense in which that sin descends to us is in harmony with the great law of life, according to which all qualities tend to transmit themselves from parent to child. If there were no such law, life would lose most of its character and much of its responsibility. If each new individual sprang into being unaffected by the experience of previous individuals, and not bearing in himself the germs of influences that have been for generations working together towards definite results in constitution and character, then all education, all civilisation, all human development would become impossible.

It is the law of all life—in plant, in beast, in man—that the results of the last generation's life are found in the next. An individual here and there may possibly by a strong effort break the force of the law as he finds it acting in himself, and work himself free of its effects, as far as he is conscious of them; but generations, as a whole, cannot, and have to accept the law, whether they will or not. Like all God's laws, it is a just and good one. If it lays up suffering for sin, it stores up also blessing, in the shape of accumulations of knowledge, of power, of freedom, for truthfulness, righteousness, and self-sacrifice. And where it inflicts suffering, it does so only to mark with a fiery mark that sin and evil are somewhere, lurking or active, in the life that is called to suffer; and to the end that these being found painful may become also hateful, and may, haply, be forsaken or overcome.

Now, it was this law that was laying its burden on those who made their complaint to Ezekiel: "The way of the Lord is not equal." Their fathers' corrupt, idolatrous, immoral life had eaten away the strength of the nation, and it had fallen before its enemies. The children were now bearing the exile and depression which had been earned by many a long year of apostasy and godlessness. They could not soon or easily get rid of the consequences of these sins. Their force was not spent: until it was, the iniquities of the fathers must be visited on the

children. There was no help for it. You may light a fire, and then wish to stop its burning; but the fire must have its way, until you can bring a stronger power than its own to quench it. You may launch your boat, and go off without oar and rudder, and by-and-by wish to land again; but if the wind and current be against you, you cannot, and must go whithersoever these may carry you. The law of the wind and the tide is greater than your will. And so with all God's laws; so with this law of inherited tendency. It is stronger than you; and that not for your destruction, but for your good. If you could ever get the better of the law and abolish it, you would only work confusion and ruin in your life. It is the best wisdom not to strive against it (it is never wise to strive against divine laws), but to acknowledge it, and shape your life according to it. If you feel that a burden in any shape has descended from your parents to you (and such a feeling may be inevitable with some, who realise that their parents' improvidence, or neglect, or self-indulgence, has bequeathed to them a legacy of outward trouble or inward dispeace—perhaps an enfeebled constitution, or a weakened nervous system, or an excitable brain, or a passionate temperament, by reason of which they have to suffer in body and mind), it is of no use to murmur. Accept your lot; but be warned by its character to give all heed that you, in your turn, leave no such bequest to them that will come after you. Be careful, with Christ's aid, so to order your life in righteousness, temperance, and self-control, that your children may inherit from you nothing that is not healthy and helpful—a blessing, and not a burden.

We must always be careful to distinguish between this transmitted burden, and sin. The burden is part of our lot, of our discipline. It may render it harder for us to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with our God, to keep our garments white, and ourselves unspotted from the world; but it cannot render it impossible. It may lay trouble and temptation on us; it cannot lay sin on us. It is here we mark the limit of the law, "The children shall bear the iniquities of the fathers." They must bear suffering; they never have to bear guilt. We may have to suffer for another's sin: we have to answer only for our own. It is only when "original sin" passes into "actual transgression" that it becomes a thing for which God will judge us. The soul that actually sinneth, it alone shall die. Every human soul, according to one just law, shall live in its own righteousness, or shall die in its own iniquity; shall be condemned for no other's sin, in which it has taken no part; shall be saved for no other's sinlessness, with which it has had no sympathy. We may be certain that this is an eternal, as well as a just, law. Even that sinlessness of Christ our Head, that perfect righteousness to which we trust as setting us right with God, is ignorantly trusted to, if it is regarded in the light of Law only, and apart from its moral bearing on our characters. We may be assured that it can be imputed to no one in whose heart there is no sympathy with its purity and holiness; whose daily desire and effort is not to gain a living union with the Righteous One, who alone can help us to carry every burden, and make us perfect in every good work to do the Father's will.

R. HERBERT STORY, D.D.

NATIONAL HEALTH.

V.—HEALTH AND RECREATION.

THE old proverb that eight hours of the twenty-four of each day should be passed in work, eight in sleep, and eight in play or recreation, is one of those true sayings which science willingly accepts and confirms. In our modern days, however, no rule of life is more deliberately broken. The age is so decidedly and decisively competitive, that the race daily run for wealth, reputation, fame, name, honour, is spent on the trial who shall do most work with least sleep and least recreation. In fact, sleep and recreation have ceased to be considered as useful parts of existence; they are looked upon as so much loss of time. The ungallant Caliph Omar is reported to have said of women that they were great evils, but that the greatest evil of all was that they were necessary. Our busy man of the present day says, practically, the same thing respecting sleep and recreation; they are great evils, but the greatest evil of all is that they are necessary.

In the race that is being run for wealth, reputation, fame, name, honour, success, success no doubt, does now turn on the time

that can be devoted to work. The law of the survival of the fittest was never so actively carried out as it is at the present hour. They who make solid and rapid progress are the strong workers, those who can endure most fatigue and perform the largest amount of mental or physical strain, or combined mental and physical strain, in the shortest intervals. The weak go to the wall in one way or other. Some of the weak—the majority—serve the stronger. Others of them, thinking they can make up in cunning what they want in power, try intrigue, practise criminal acts, as a means to reach the forward ranks, and, failing, find a home in the gaol instead of the mansion. A third set of them sink into the workhouse or charitable asylum, and live on the alms of those who are above them.

Through the whole of the classes that really work, the tendency to excess of work is relatively developed. The strongest drag the weakest in their train, and make the work and hours of work for all, according to their pleasure. Thus the hours of recreation, whatever may be said of them, are ordained by fashion, and no man, unless he be quite independent, when he, generally, by a reaction against work altogether, has none other but hours of idleness, can be so placed as to have a choice or voice in regular and systematic recreative delights.

When, some time ago, I published a series of remarks similar to those written above, it was answered by one of my learned brethren, for whose opinion the utmost possible respect is due, that there was a considerable amount of disease induced by idleness, and that the idea of production of disease by overwork was problematical. The observation led me carefully to reconsider the facts involved in this question, but without finding any reason for modifying my former views. I do not for a moment deny that many people suffer from idleness. I fully admit, and have already written, that idleness, which I am bound to look on as a physical infirmity, is destructive, in a certain sense, to those who indulge in it. But when I come to consider the number of persons who suffer from idleness and compare them with the number who suffer from sheer overwork, the comparison is absurdly small of those in whom idleness has taken baneful root, by the side of those who toil into the foils of disease.

Idleness is an infirmity. In its completest development it ignores recreation as much as it ignores labour. It is a paralysis of the will, and in certain cases may be looked on as in itself a distinct and fairly defined disease, which nothing can immediately cure. I have observed, further, that this disease, idleness, may be born from two sources. There are families in which idleness is an hereditary curse. You may blame these families as much as you like; you may punish them, but you cannot directly change them. It is only by the admixture of the elements of them with the elements of other families, only by breeding industry into them, that a change of a permanent kind can be specifically perfected. In some instances the introduction of specific diseases or taints into the hereditary line is the cause of that physical and mental inactivity which nothing can animate, and to which we give the name of idleness; and these influences must remain until they are gradually removed by the introduction of an improved sanitary system permeating all classes of society, and rectifying the social errors that everywhere prevail. These hereditary influences are of ancient date. They come down from the times when men in masses were begotten to bondage, when the masses were indeed herds, herding together as best they could; less cared for than the cattle and swine they tended, less free and worse provided for: when the food that was eaten was collected without the slightest knowledge of its properties beyond those that satisfied the rude appetite or gratified the taste: when the food, even if it were good and nourishing, was cooked so badly that all the force of a stomach taxed to its utmost was unable to complete the resolution of the substance into new body and blood: when the dress was insufficient to protect the body from the vicissitudes of weather: and when infectious diseases, springing from unclean houses and over-crowding, under cheerless, cold, and dark shelters, spread like wildfire through the ranks, and left many whom they did not slay hereditarily maimed.

In our present day the worst of the evils springing from such sources are greatly modified, because, bad as things are, they are better than they were to an extent it were difficult to depict by any art of history less facile to read than that which the painter by his magic force places upon the canvas. But the modification is partial after all, and even now there are in various new phases origins of the disease of inaptitude, idleness. Amongst these causes not one is more potent than the strain of labour after success to which I referred above. That parents who are worn out by the struggle of life have

enfeebled offspring whose powers of work, whose facilities for work, and whose proclivities for work are impaired is one of the most striking physiological facts of the present day. It is as though men, and women too, were laying before the eyes of the physiologist a great physiological experiment on the influence of labour on life in which they and their children are the subjects of experiment. It shows that nature puts fetters even on industry, wills that the work of the world shall be distributed through the various generations of men, and that each generation shall take its equal share of labour, and no more—or if it insists on more, there shall follow, in compensation, a new generation or new generations which shall not be able to imitate their fathers, but shall rest and regain what their fathers have prodigally lost.

It has been constantly repeated by the philosophical historians that different ages present different and, as it were, alternate pictures of mental and physical power. This age was one of genius, that of mediocrity; this of war, that of peace; this of quiet inventive thought, that of quick, sure, successful inventive application and manufacture; this of pleasure, that of laborious anxiety. To the physiologist these phases are all natural phenomena, following from simple causes, as day follows night and night day. The age of genius wore itself out by its own efforts; the ages of war, of active mechanical labour, of travel, did the same; then followed the ages of quietude and rest, in which the exhausted energies were recruited, in which the potential of living action was stored up; in which the man universal practically slept and dreamt to rise again in new form, charged with new energy for new efforts like a man who has risen from a night of sound repose. We are passing through one of these phases, one in which the whole soul of the man universal is quickened to mechanical work, to liberation of all his potentiality in regular and systematic order, through work given out and expended by the hands. Every man's hand is becoming mechanical, and there is as much active brain now in some men's hands, as there was in the whole organization of the majority of men who lived a century ago. Such, too, is the force of moral contagion, that for the first time in the history of the world women are entering the lists with men, and no longer content

"To guide the spindle and direct the loom,"

are determined, at least for a time, to share the field of active combat with their sterner partners, and to join with them in the common handicraft struggle for wealth, reputation, fame, name, and honour.

With this mechanical tendency, this desire to cultivate every branch of knowledge on the mechanical principle, so that even mental operations are expected to move with the precision of a steam-engine, there is developed another tendency, that of working in grooves, and attaining what is called perfection in special departments of art, science, and literature. To some extent this division is perhaps a necessity, but carried into such minuteness as at present exists, it is hurtful beyond expression. The ideal of individual perfection in the performance of the one particular art or craft, without diversity of occupation,—that is to say, the devotion of a life to a single intent or purpose, is of all exercises the most ruinous to the vital nervous power. It brings the whole nervous energy into concentration upon special sets of the motor instruments of the body, and before maturity is attained the living man is transformed into an automatic mechanism which becomes so distinctive that no other motion except that which the habit directs is tolerable. Limitation of view, limitation of knowledge, of thought, of sympathy, of muscular movement, becomes a second nature, and leads to dependence of one man on the other and others, until the perfect master in his own department is a helpless child so soon as he is out of his own narrow sphere. Dependency breeds dependency, while the splitting up of departments into departments continues without end.

The special desire for attainment of special excellence extends itself from work to play, and men tie themselves to a particular recreation as they do to the work by which they live. The wealthy men who can afford to play at politics in the Houses of Parliament find it necessary to specialise there; to take up some subject, and to talk, and write, and argue on it, until by iteration and reiteration they become publicly ticketed with their speciality. The men who can afford to amuse themselves in other ways in their own homes or clubs, work up some particular game, whist, chess, billiards, until they have gained the reputation of being the best of that art, in their own circle masters of the art, and so exclusively devoted to it that they know of none other pastime. Into this acquirement of a second nature in what is considered to be recreation, the mechanical taste of the age again shows itself. The man is known by his play. He has a system

which he invariably follows, and out of which he is never at home. Sometimes he improves his system on others, and becomes a teacher of it; sometimes, most commonly, he keeps his system to himself as something too precious to be made common property with the rest of the world. The effect of all this is that an accomplished man, in the complete sense of that term, is not now to be met with, and if he were met with would be looked upon as superficial, or as knowing too much to know anything well. Now and then an accomplished woman is met with, and is tolerated, but even she is *rara avis in terris*.

The effect of this intensity for one exercise is to turn that which is called recreation into work, and often into work of the hardest kind. The City man, or the hard-worked professional man, or the mechanic engaged all day in the workshop, is tempted in the evening to take a few hours' drill in a volunteer corps, or to encounter a long march, or to have a turn at the butts and strain every muscle and nerve in competitive desire to be the best marksman. If volunteering be not the recreation, then cricket, or bowls, or rowing, or gymnastics, or bicycling take the place, and the struggle in these recreations is, again, to arrive at such excellence that the amateurs shall compete successfully with the professionals who make the pastime an art by which to live. The same strain is followed in indoor game and exercises. If the dance is the amusement, it must needs begin at the natural hour of going to rest, and must be continued until the time when the natural hours of work ought to begin. If music be the evening's pleasure, it must be carried on as if the performers were on the orchestra platform of the Philharmonic, and were forced to get their bread by the skill of their performance.

If four old fellows, or young fellows, or middle-aged fellows, sit down to a rubber, they must lay down their stakes and play as if dear life depended on the measure of the die. They must tax their memories to remember what cards are in or what cards are out, until they are dizzy with the effort; they must learn Blue Peter and all the newest dodges; they must call up old experiences in order to remember good finesses and leads; they must carry in their minds a whole book of rules; and if they would keep their reputation as first-rate players, they must be ready at any moment to dispute every point of play; to argue out how this would have happened if that had been done; to bet on results, and stand by loss or gain with equal composure; to bear the anger of a partner who loses, and to protest to the last, if a stake has seemed to be lost by some misadventure or loose play, that the principle was correct and the result the same as if any other play had been carried out. To crown the whole of this recreative business, time is obliged to be considered no object. "Time was made for slaves," and the slaves acknowledging the argument keep up the effort until sheer weariness and irritation at loss, or exultation at success, drives them to their broken rest. They tell you that at the end of a year they are as well off as they were at the beginning, however great the stakes may be for which they have played, so thoroughly does constant play over a long period of time equalise the risks. This refers to the money lost and won: not a word is said, not a word is thought, of the health that is lost, of that worthiest of possessions and choicest of gifts, which is never equalised by any length of time occupied in the play, and the loss of which once entered is always down on the debit side of the account to the end of life.

In the more philosophical game of chess the method of play is little different now from that of cards. It is true that high stakes are not commonly played for at every table when men or women sit down to play, and that the honour of winning at chess is considered as a *quid pro quo* for a money prize. In this sense chess takes a much more exalted place than cards. But the mental labour that is expended on the game by those who become infatuated by it, the strain of calculation to which it subjects its votaries, the inventive and speculative thought it enforces even at times when the game is not in progress, is exhaustive to a degree that is little understood by any, and least by those who are under the spell of the fascination. The chess-player who has once got the game so in his mind that one of the great objects of his ambition is to master it and be a distinguished player, carries, virtually, a chess-board and all the pieces in his brain, where, like automata, the pieces move about by day and by night, to the infinite cost of the owner's life force, and the ruin of his rest.

In making these criticisms, I am not urging a line against the recreations themselves to which I have invited attention, or to any other recreations. All good and wholesome recreations are useful diversions from the daily life, as pure pleasures. I would not take

one away, and I would thank the man or woman who would invent more. I have indeed always felt that the man who invented the comparatively new game of croquet has not received a tithe of the recognition and thanks which he really deserves. Against the games there can be no objection whatever, but the contrary. The mischief commences when, as now, the games cease to be recreations and become muscular and mental labours. When they are carried to such extent that they who carry them on would feel them burdens too heavy to be borne if they were enforced by tyrant masters, then the games cease to serve the purposes for which they were originally intended, and instead of being reliefs from the cares and necessary labours of life, are so many added cares, so many added and unnecessary labours, by which so much strength that ought to be conserved is carelessly and cruelly thrown away. Day by day adds to my experience of the evils arising from the causes I have described, and my duty were not performed if, in deference to popular taste, I hesitated to expose them.

In the course of my observations so far, I have made reference mainly to persons who have passed childhood and the heyday of life. Whatever errors in respect to work and recreation are committed amongst them, are committed and intensified amongst the younger classes. It matters little into what class of English society we enter,—into the homes of the manufactures of earthenware in the pottery districts, into the manufactures of large towns, into the agricultural districts, into the homes of the middle and upper classes,—there is the same unnatural system in progress, the forcing of the young into the active duties of life, and the resort to recreations and exercises which really are not recreative pleasures, but too often recreative tasks that belong to the schoolroom rather than to the playground. The children of the industrial classes are becoming more favourably circumstanced than they were a short time ago. The introduction of the half-time system into manufactories; the introduction of the system by which children under ten years of age are forbidden to work; the introduction of board schools; and, the educational system, half instructive and half recreative, which is aimed at in the schools; —these are all good omens for the future of the children of those five million industrials who constitute the backbone of the country.

Amongst the children of the wealthier classes the errors are as they have long been, and in some directions they are undergoing multiplication and intensification. Our youths of both sexes, under the pressure of the competitive system of learning which prevails at this time, are practically forbidden recreation. I have recently been watching a young man who has been preparing for graduation in honours for one of our universities. I have recently been watching a young lady who has been competing for a first place in the high-class university examinations. I have looked at the lessons these pupils have been forced to learn; at the charges of knowledge they have been obliged, in a given time of short duration, to stow away in their brain, which charges must, when the examiner pulls the trigger, be exploded on the examinational paper. I have looked at one particular subject of examination with which I am best acquainted, and I have asked myself, "How long would it take me, who am a fair hand at learning anything I may apply myself to, to get up sufficient information to answer all the questions that are set for these young minds to answer?" The conclusion I have been forced to arrive at is that the tasks on the one subject on which I am best able to form a judgment, because it has been a pursuit of my life, would be more than sufficient to fill properly all the time that is given to learn the whole programme. I see, indeed, a trained specialist in one department of learning putting forth his trained strength to wrestle, on his own ground and on his own conditions, with a youth who has been straining to get up a similar contest with a number of other trained specialists, not one of whom could wrestle with his colleagues off his own ground. The process amounts to an inquisition, and it were better for the upper and middle classes if there were no universities at all, than that such a pressure should be inflicted on their children. To have sent a Faraday, a George Stephenson, a Fergusson, a John Hunter, a Newton, a Shakespeare, a Bacon, through any such an ordeal, would have been either to have whipped them into silence on the stage of the world, or to have made them the merest pedants. In time, as Nature declares herself with her clear voice, the blunder will stand out too distinctly to be unrecognised. When it is seen, as it will be seen in another generation of manhood, that the humble board schools, teaching the "three R's," are the training schools for all the genius and mental greatness of the country, and that the men and women who have been pressed into the university service are beaten into fits by their

lower and freer neighbours,—are, in fact, nurtured imbeciles compared with their lower and freer neighbours,—then the follies of the existing plans will be discovered, and the rectification of them will be the earnest question of the day. At present it would seem that matters must stand as they are. The university scholars have it all their own way: they have no competitors as yet in the race, and no comparisons can be made of a practical kind until the competitors from the board schools are on the field. We can therefore only look in advance to see what will happen, and predict the future from the psychological and physiological lights which lie before us for our guidance. These, fortunately, are decisive enough, and they are helped by the facts which the history of man has given for our edification. The lights show us that young brain unduly exercised becomes old altogether while it is yet young, and that old brain moderately exercised remains young in parts when, as a whole, it is old. They show us that the mind which will throw off the most brilliant work, the mind that will master the most difficult inquiry, the mind that will lend itself most readily and earnestly to the hardest tasks, is the mind which has simply been put in the way of doing work, and which, possessing the elements of method,—reading, writing, calculating,—has been left to its own freedom.

The modern student of the middle and upper classes of society, during the time he or she is preparing for examinations, which means the most critical time of his or her life in respect to health, finds no time whatever for healthy recreative pleasures. The exigencies are so pressing; the dread that failure on a single subject may cause "plucking" is so incessant, the mind has really no peace except when the eyes are bending over the book, and are straining to take in still more and more of the hard lesson. The anxiety brings sleeplessness; the sleeplessness increases the anxiety; then the body becomes feverish, and at last, when the great effort has been made, the result, whichever way it turns, is in the end bad. To win is to secure a passing advantage bought at the cost of some years of life, and with the mental faculties forced into grooves out of which it never quite frees itself. To lose is to be subjected to a chagrin and annoyance which in sensitive natures runs actually into remorse, shame, or a dazed imbecile carelessness which, in a person past maturity, would lead to dementia, and which, in the young, is at no time fairly recovered from and never fully forgotten.

I am perfectly alive to the fact, that in writing what I have written above, I am stating some very hard and unpleasant truths. But "if an offence come out of truth, better is it the offence come than the truth be concealed." I am but telling as a true physician what experience teaches me of the physical conditions induced by the excessive and useless exercises of labour to which the younger and as yet better brains of our community are subjected. I am but telling the experience of other members of my profession who feel as I do, if they do not express themselves so freely. After a lecture I had to deliver in one of our large provincial towns during the past session, and in which I spoke what I have here committed to paper, one of the eminent physicians of the place came to me afterwards to thank me for the statement, and to give me the following personal experience. "My own son," he said, "a youth of good intellectual parts, made up his mind to go in for his degree at a university"—naming the university in which, in this kingdom, the process of intellectual destruction is most scientifically and systematically carried out—"and determined also, if it were possible, to win a good place in the lists of honour. He worked through all the preliminary grades with untiring industry, taking no rest, and unable to find time for any. He went in for his great effort, lost, and now is wandering on the Continent utterly broken down, mentally and physically; more like an idiot, for the time, than a youth of good intellectual capacity originally, on whom every expense has been bestowed to insure for him a good education."

These results of their system, they who plan and carry out the examinations do not see. They who manage the university are intent only on the sustainment of what they, most honestly I know, consider to be the credit of the university, the maintenance of its high character, that none but brightest scholars should appear on the rolls of its graduates. The examiners look purely, as is their duty, for the direct efficiency of those who come before them for examination. Neither manager nor examiner can ask after the antecedents of those whom they take in charge. They do not know that the student may be the subject of tubercular diathesis, of heart disease, or brain affection; and that out of every three students one at least will be under some such disqualifying hereditary influence. They proceed, adding difficulties upon difficulties, as if every student had the same

powers of present endurance and the same capacities for meeting the future.

It adds to the evils pertaining to the mental training of youths who are passing through the university mill, that such recreations as they do venture on, are, in accordance with the spirit of the time, of an exhausting or debilitating character. Running, rowing, indulging in furious gymnastic exercises, billiards, taking long and wearying walks, or lying bye and smoking,—these are the kind of reducing pastimes which the hard-worked student selects as a relief from his mental strain.

The youths of other sections, who, having no university or professional scholastic career before them, are engaged in commercial or mechanical callings, or who are acting as clerks, copyists, or artists, though they are more favourably circumstanced in regard to mental exercises of a severe kind, are equally indifferently circumstanced in respect to recreative enjoyments of a natural and healthy character. The long hours of business to which they are subjected, the closeness of the air in which they labour, the cramped position of the body under which they work, demand that the recreations they indulge in should be in pure air, should include simple but not fatiguing exercise of the body, and should secure what are the real and instinctive pleasures of the mind. "The love of simple pleasures,"—says Mr. Hunt, a writer who has written so admirably, it is a thousand pities he has written so little,—"which find their home among flowers and forests, mountains and rivers, and the wide sea, is far more strong, not only in childhood, but at all ages, in uncontaminated minds, than the love of pleasures and amusements artificially invented." The proof of this true and wise expression is fully shown in our present system; the pleasures which are named in it are those for which the hearts of our youths yearn, but which they rarely obtain. The artificial pleasures they can obtain are therefore not real and abiding joys, but are too often mere transferences of labour from one kind of employment to another, and though, because they are such transferences, they are better than the continual grind at one occupation, they are poor representatives of those true recreations on which the health of mind and body so largely depends. They become injurious recreations when they are carried on, as they often are, in the close heated air, charged with tobacco smoke and vapour from gas, of the billiard-room, card-room, debating arena, or close music saloon.

The amusements and recreations of children are, in all classes of society, somewhat better than they were a few years ago. The earlier times for holding children's parties which have been adopted in London during the past two seasons, and which allow the children, after five or six hours play, to get home to bed by nine at night, are much more reasonably and naturally selected than formerly obtained. The introduction of croquet, and of other out-door games in which girls as well as boys take part, and which give good exercise without violence or exertion, is a great advancement. The re-introduction of the good old-fashioned dances for children, in which freedom of movement of the body without the stiff formalities of set dances of the Parisian school, is another good revival calculated to prove both interesting and healthful. While the custom, becoming so general, of taking children for a month every year to the sea-side, and of allowing them perfect freedom of action to wander by the shore, and paddle, and dig up sand forts, and bathe and learn to swim, is one of the greatest improvements of modern life, one of the surest means of bringing up a healthy race of men and women to fill the places which the present men and women now occupy and to perform, in a more advanced manner, future duties.

These improvements in the recreations of the child-life are not to be over-estimated. They are, nevertheless, very much marred by other combinations of work and so-called play, connected with the different systems of education. School hours for young children are one-third longer, at least, than they should be. The device of making children take long and solemn walks in rows of two and two, as if they were taking part in a daily funeral; the restriction of the exercises, of girls especially, to mere formalities of muscular movement; and, worst of all, in relation to both sexes, the introduction of that ruinous competitive prize system, by which mere babblers are named to speak and argue and deliver facts and opinions with the assumed authority of matured minds, and are inducted into this precocity by a method of forced training, which destroys all future power, is an evil which counterbalances the good that in some other directions is springing up to improve the mental and physical tone of the rising generation. I believe that, here again, the board-school system will have a great influence on the systems that lie above it; and that

parents will learn from the simpler system that the simplicity of childhood demands simplicity of education.

In all phases of life, recreation is a necessary part of the daily existence. It must change in character with every age, but it belongs to every age of life. The proper application of it lies in the pure and simple method of making it innocent, varied, and simple. For persons advanced to or beyond maturity, in whom the physical growth and development is completed, all extreme physical exercises can have but one effect, that of reducing more rapidly an already wavering or declining power. In like manner, for these matured organizations all vehement competitive mental games, billiards, whist, chess, are equally injurious when they are carried into excitement, anxiety, fatigue; for the body runs down by the nervous as readily as by the muscular centres, and the mental fatigues named, with others similar, are rapidest of destroyers: by them the descent down the hill gains a momentum which is even less easily checked than by the speed incident to extreme physical exertion.

For the matured man, exercise within fatigue in the daily work is the desideratum. Work then becomes a means of prolonging and improving life. Work then is carried on that may be made of the most enduring character. But in this period of life, recreation must be recreation. It must be something that the eye or the ear can take in without labour, without effort. Beautiful scenes, and works of nature that unfold themselves so as to be comprehended at a glance; beautiful works of art, dramatic, pictorial, that in the best of human representations imitate nature; clear and eloquently simple discourse, that teaches and explains, without tedious argument, what is newest and oldest and truest; readings of a like character; mental games, which bring into play old and acquired knowledge, or which, if they call for new knowledge in their exercise, are moderate in their demands; physical exercise that shall amuse without creating weariness or subjecting the body to shocks and sudden cessations from rapid motion and falls,—these are the only recreations fitted for the majority of men who are over the meridian life, and have arrived at the stage when all rapid changes of the body are essentially dangerous. The reserved stock of life, the *vis vitæ* that impelled youth, is failing, cannot be regained, and must not recklessly be exhausted.

The exercises of recreation, fitted for youths and for men who have not reached the meridian of life, may be as active as the players will, provided the players exceed not the bounds of nature, and do not carry wearied limbs and minds into recreative sports, which are but another name for hard labour, and which being made the end of each day's toil are carried into the night, to the forfeiture of a portion of that eight hours' term of sleep which is essential for the perfect renewal of the vital motion; provided also, that the recreation do not unduly precede the day of hard work; and provided also, that the recreation, whether it be of mind or body, be carried on in pure air, and be sustained by wholesome foods and unstimulating drinks.

In regard to the female population, there is great improvement of late owing to the new recreative out-door amusements they follow. The croquet-lawn has to be accredited with much of this good and wholesome change, and the more we see it developed, in every reasonable way, the better will it be for the future mothers and children of our country. It cannot be too strongly urged that all recreations which bring the young of both sexes together are doubly useful. Such combinations in recreation impart courage and strength to woman, gentleness and strength to men.

In childhood all recreative exercise should be free as the air. Even in close towns, those children who roam the streets and alleys and very slums are better off for health than are they who are kept in the close nursery or parlour. If we compare, in such a place as London, the street children with the children of the squares, we see a comparison which is not unfavourable; but if we compare both these classes with those children of the shopkeepers who are too respectable to be let free of the streets, and too poor to find a playground in the squares, we see how striking is the comparison; how strong and well the out-door urchins are, rich and poor, by the side of the unfortunates who pine in-doors, or find their longest stroll from home to school, and school to home. But through all the classes reform is demanded. Less of forced work; more of recreative freedom; less life in-doors; more life in the gardens, on the hills, by the sea. Learning is cheap now, and whoever can read and write can become a scholar, if he can become a healthy being. The dearest thing in the market is health, without which learning, be it ever so cheap, is bought for a sacrifice, and is burnt on its own altar.

BENJAMIN W. RICHARDSON.

"WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH."

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WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH.

By the AUTHOR of "Lady Bell," etc.

CHAPTER XLVIII.—LADY LEWIS'S BIRTHDAY.

PLEASANCE'S solitude, a solitude which she felt was good, in its comparative independence and exemption from burdensome notice, though her young nature fretted at its dulness and stagnation, and was tempted to long for any variety of enlivenment, seemed fated to have no farther existence.

Within a few days of Jane Douglas's impromptu visit, Pleasance, who had never even needed to give a "not at home" to visitors, heard, as she sat at work in her drab drawing-room in the early afternoon, an ominous double knock. Before she could conceive who might be the intruder, and make a motion to prevent it, Mr. Perry, released from his gardening and invested in his orthodox black to serve at Pleasance's early dinner—which he called luncheon—was heard on the stairs ushering up company. He threw open the drawing-room door and announced—with a little trip of the tongue for which he did penance in humiliation to Mrs. Perry afterwards, and which he asserted was caused by the lingering recollection of banquets and balls, in which he had once figured in the hall or on the staircase—"Lady Lewis and party."

The company thus grandiloquently summed up, consisted of one very old lady in black silk gown and white shawl, close telescope bonnet, and long green veil of fashions at least two generations back; and an elderly factotum half companion, half maid, in black silk also, but with a bonnet in its quietness still many fashions in advance of that of her mistress.

As Pleasance rose to greet the two—old Lady Lewis, who was nearly blind with age, did not see her for a moment, and was besides engrossed with her own individuality and its last feat. "Yes, 'Lizabeth," she said quite aloud, in a piping treble voice, "I have got my breath, and I have not felt the stairs so much, not so very much, and here I am at young Mrs. Douglas's, as I said I would be; now get me a seat, and bring her to me."

'Lizabeth was finding her mistress the most suitable chair in the room, settling her in it, putting a footstool beneath her feet, and looking carefully to all the doors and windows, in spite of Mr. Perry's pompous show of precaution—altogether irrespective of Pleasance's presence.

Pleasance was disarmed and diverted by the sovereignty of age, more than of rank, which was thus without any question of her inclination, taking possession of her domain. She was touched also, she had that tenderness for age, which, much more than any fondness for children, is the test of the highest manhood and womanhood.

For there are men, and, strange to say, still more women, to whom the infirmities of age seem to present themselves in lights altogether repulsive and almost loathsome.

Pleasance came forward, not as she had greeted Jane Douglas and Rica Wyndham, with unconscious stateliness and stiffness, but with frank, kind cordiality to listen to Lady Lewis, who on her part was never doubting a welcome, but was simply bent on delivering her credentials and achieving her purpose.

"I am old Lady Lewis," she supplemented Mr. Perry's magnificent announcement, in the easiest manner, nodding in emphatic confirmation of her words. "How do you do, Mrs. Douglas, you are young Mrs. Douglas, aint you?" She made sure of Pleasance's identity, but as if it were a matter of inferior consequence. "I am a connection of the Douglas's—through Mrs. Douglas and the Etheringtons, of course—for Mr. Douglas was not of such birth as to have any connections that one hears of, though he was a

most worthy wealthy man; he had bought Shardleigh before he married Clara Etherington, and he made Clara very comfortable. You know Shardleigh was quite a place; Willow House, which belongs to Shardleigh, as a dowager house, is nothing in comparison. I was once at Shardleigh twenty—no, five-and-twenty years ago—how long ago was it, 'Lizabeth? when my sight had failed, and my last teeth had grown loose, so that I could no longer eat with any pleasure, and had to get in a complete new set. It was before the heir—your husband, by-the-bye, my dear—was born."

Pleasance, with all her good-will, had nothing to say to these records of the Douglases and of Shardleigh, which culminated thus. But it was clear that Lady Lewis had no malice prepense in her speech, and indeed that she was not thinking to whom she was speaking.

"My grandmother was an Etherington of Kingsland—a sister, no, a grand-aunt, of Mrs. Douglas's Etheringtons. It is a very old story, for I am ninety years on my birthday, the 2nd of July, which comes round next Thursday," she made the announcement with empressement, and a certain harmless self-glorification evidently counting by anticipation on the impression she would produce.

"It is a great age," said Pleasance, with proper admiration and awe, "and you look wonderfully hale."

"There is no mistake," the old lady assured her, anxiously seeking to obviate any suspicion that might arise, before it could take root, "I have my register to show on Thursday; but I am very well, I am thankful to say. I drive out and walk round the garden, the last sometimes before breakfast, don't I, 'Lizabeth? I was always an early riser. I don't choose to get out of a good habit, so long as the fine weather continues, and before I lay myself up for the rest of the year. My sight is nothing to boast of," continued Lady Lewis, blinking at Pleasance, and dwelling on her private and personal statistics as the most interesting subject in the world. "But my hearing, as you will observe, is just a little impaired, if my memory would not serve me such shocking tricks. There is old Mott, the attorney, he says, or rather his family say it for him, for he is hardly fit to answer for himself, that he is ninety-eight on his next birth-day, in October. Nearly ten years older than I, and in the same town, too! I cannot believe it, though I admit I recollect young Mott, a well-grown lad, when I was a little girl with my doll; but sizes do differ, don't they? one can never tell one's age from one's looks. There, you said I looked wonderful for ninety. But I was going to tell you about old Mott, he is as deaf as a post, and has to be wheeled out in a chair, besides only seeing middling, and his mind is clean gone—though he is to make a point of coming to me on my birth-day, aint he, 'Lizabeth?—ever since his only son was drowned bathing in the river, more than twenty years ago. Mott was seventy-six and all alive then, and though people thought he would not survive the blow which he took so much to heart, that he broke down all at once, yet he has lived on, in his dotage, till he is eight years older than I am."

Pleasance was struck by the curious mixture of envy and slightly contemptuous commiseration — envy of the greater age, together with half scornful, half boastful pity for the greater weakness, borne by Lady Lewis towards her single contemporary.

But Lady Lewis was at that moment broaching the purport of her visit in the same breath with an apology for not having paid it sooner. "I should have waited upon you, my dear, certainly, when you are a Douglas by marriage, and I am an Etherington by descent, but I go nowhere, I have not, as a rule, paid visits since I completed my eightieth year."

Pleasance ventured to interrupt the speaker. "I could never have expected such a piece of attention from you," she said, gently, having respect to the withered yellow face at the end of the long scoop of a bonnet from which the cumbrous veil was thrown back, to the shrunken, bony hands just shaded by the black mits—for Lady Lewis found mits more comfortable than gloves in summer, and she had ceased for these dozen of years to attend to anything save comfort in her attire—and to the palsied tremble of the whole attenuated figure, "I think you are entitled to claim, not give attention."

"Yes, yes, you are perfectly right," answered Lady Lewis, well pleased and without the least disclaimer, "that is a very pretty, proper speech; I have not heard a prettier, or a more proper since my nephew John wished me to go and live with him and his wife and children, you remember, 'Lizabeth? All about their being feet and eyes to me, when I had lost my own eyes—and I did look after him at school, and had him home for the holidays when his father and mother were in India, only the other day. But I could not. I had kept house too long, and I wanted to

divide my little means equally among all my nephews and nieces, since Providence did not give Sir William and me any children, which was a great disappointment in its day, but it wore by, it wore by—and now they would have been elderly men and women themselves, with establishments of their own, very likely, and not able to look after me. My nephew John is very good, but there are the others. Tom and Dick, and Fanny and Sophy, good boys and girls too; and Sophy is a widow, and gone as blind as I am myself; and John might think if I went to him, and he with so many daughters, and no great provision made for them, that I owed all to him. I do not mean that John or his wife either—she is a broken down invalid, though not above sixty—is rapacious, but I could not risk it. Don't you think I was right not to risk it?"

"I have no doubt you were," said Pleasance, smiling, "but you are the best judge."

"And I have come at last," exclaimed Lady Lewis, triumphantly, always returning to the charge which she had in reserve, "to bid you to the celebration of my ninetieth birthday which I am to hold, if I am spared, —and after I have lived so long I don't suppose that the Lord will let me fail at the last moment—on Thursday——"

"Thank you very much, you have done me too much honour," said Pleasance, with more gratitude than she had ever expected to display for an invitation into high society. "But I do not go anywhere, and I should be no addition to your company."

"I am the best judge of that," replied Lady Lewis, with a smartness that did her ninety years credit, "you must come when it is my ninetieth birthday, and I have come myself to bid you."

"Indeed, I would be very happy to do you any favour," represented Pleasance, "but I am sure you do not need me among your many friends, and I am not really a Douglas, far less an Etherington; I am only connected with them by marriage—a humble connection, as I dare say you have heard, Lady Lewis," said Pleasance, with an effort, and a flush, "at the same time I am not a sufficiently humble woman to take a place by favour. I must beg you to excuse me."

"I shall do nothing of the kind," said the ancient lady, bluntly, and with an amount of irritation that was certainly not good for her, and so her faithful 'Lizabeth began to make appealing eyes at the perplexed Pleasance. "I do not care for anything that I have heard of you. You might be beneath Archie Douglas when he married you, but you could not be farther beneath him than his father was originally beneath his mother, and we were not only happy to receive him, we were proud to acknowledge him our cousin and host at Shardleigh—which he had bought with his money, to be sure—and you have no money, I suppose, but you have your husband's rank. Ay, nobody can take that from you, though you disagree, which is entirely your own matter, since there is nothing against your reputation as far as I have been able to ascertain, or you would not be here. If you have been a little ailing and nervous" (here Pleasance was thoroughly bewildered and imagined that the old lady's memory was at some of the tricks of which she had accused it), "I can bear witness you are as well again, and as much to be depended on, as any of us; you must come to grace my birthday. Everybody in Stone Cross and round it is coming. My nephews and nieces, and their families—all that are in the country—are to be here. Tom and his wife, and their London sons and daughters, are to arrive to-night. I am to give a dinner at tables on the lawn, to ninety poor men and women—but there aint one of them so old as I, only seven of them are over eighty—and Mott, who is my senior, is to come wheeled in his chair. My health and many happy days to me, is to be drunk both indoors and out, and the young people are to dance if they please, for fiddles are provided. We have not had such doings since I came to Bridge House half a century ago; not since my Sir William came of age at his place of Nuthurst, and we were married the same year, when I was just turned nineteen. We are to keep early hours because of the dew and the rheumatism, and our party in the house is to break up so that 'Lizabeth here is to have me snugly tucked up in bed by eleven o'clock, else my doctor —Doctor Martin Stowe, a young blade of fifty, that I remember in long clothes when I was a middle-aged woman—says he will not allow me to commit any imprudence," and Lady Lewis laughed, with a dim reflection of glee, over the incongruity of the sentence.

"Please, my Lady, you are imprudent as it is," put in 'Lizabeth, warningly, "you are talking too much to Mrs. Douglas; you will be put off your after-dinner's sleep."

"Aint you reminded of hearing children told that they are stuffing their mouths too full?" resisted the old lady. "But you will come to my birthday?"

"I am sure Mrs. Douglas will come, and will not hurt you by giving you a refusal, when you have come in person to ask her, Lady

Lewis," said 'Lizabeth again, throwing out another strong hint to Pleasance that my lady was far too old, not to say too great, to be contradicted.

But the venerable celebrator of her birthday rites, was passing with the rapidity of childhood from great good humour, and a happy flutter of excitement, to testiness and weariness. "Speak when you are asked, 'Lizabeth, I am not to begin your training again, at this date. Goodness knows! I had enough trouble with your wilful ways thirty years ago. Mrs. Douglas, do you mean to tell me that not a Douglas is to be represented on my birthday? Etheringtons and Lewises, and Hobhouses and Turners, are to support me in abundance. But your sister-in-law, Jane Douglas, though she was in the town, and made a pretence of paying her respects to me, did not think fit to stay for an event which will not occur often in her history—I should say she won't live to see ninety years, and to remember the French revolution, and young George III. in his prime—a flaxen-mopped, China cheeked chit of a girl!" exclaimed Lady Lewis with wounded feelings and pardonable acrimony. "Of course, Mrs. Douglas, Clara Etherington, my own relation, your mother-in-law, is too fine and delicate to be here. She was always full of airs and ailments, was Clara Etherington, while her plain worthy husband had to dance attendance upon her. Archie Douglas, your husband, is away cruising at the ends of the earth, for his own ends, without any reference to what is happening at home; and when I am come myself to invite you—the only Douglas that is left, do you mean to tell me that you will let some stupid whim come between and disappoint me, and put a slight upon me, on that day of all days, before the rest of my people, and my neighbours? Did you hear me say I had come here myself, contrary to my usual habits, to ask you to be my guest, and now you are vexing and heating me, so that very probably I shall be ill and die before my birthday. Yes, you have cause enough to shake your head, 'Lizabeth," and poor Lady Lewis was at the point of weeping.

She had dwelt on her ninetieth birthday till its celebration rose to prodigious moment in her imagination, and she could not bear that the honours with which it was to be accompanied, should be shorn in the slightest particular. If not a Douglas were to be represented on the occasion, the universal homage of kith and kin, to the fourth generation, would be sensibly impaired. In this light, the very scurviest Douglas was better than none—the very name, to figure in the county paper, was not to be despised.

The motive was not specially flattering, while Pleasance was not without a tickled sense of the absurdity of the situation. She to represent the Douglases whom she had distinctly repudiated, on whose wealth and culture she was a stigma! But she could not find it in her heart to remain obdurate; she could not continue to dash, by her denial, the last festive gratification that ninety years was likely to claim.

No doubt, she would not only be lonely, but lonely in a crowd, pointed and whispered at, because of her peculiar circumstances, her humble origin, her rise in life—none but herself knew how unintentional it was—her separation from her husband. She had been accustomed to broad comment in the old days at Saxford, this would not be open but covert, yet because of that and the sting it contained, it would be inexpressibly more painful. Pleasance seemed to have grown thin-skinned and tender.

But she was young, and because of her youth she could endure any sharp pain better than Lady Lewis could bear thwarting. Pleasance even told herself, a little bitterly, that she might pass muster with no one else to keep her company—at least, among the ninety poor men and women who were to dine at tables on the lawn; she might occupy herself with them, and retire even earlier than Lady Lewis. If she yielded and let herself be enticed into exposing herself to be publicly patronised or put down—Pleasance did not know which would be worse—by the Douglases set in Stone Cross, it would not last long; and she had almost made up her mind to leave, ere long, Willow House and Stone Cross, with or without Mr. Woodcock's permission. She could afford a concession so small that she was almost ashamed to count it a concession, for the sake of the old woman whose death she would not have at her door. 'Lizabeth's imploring face and gestures were, as her mistress said, uncalled for.

"Very well, Lady Lewis, I will come to please you and—and myself," said Pleasance, speaking very slowly and distinctly, yet with a stammer at the end, as if she were guilty of putting more colour than was warranted on her consent. She had small thanks, on the spot, for the breach of consistency she was about to make.

"Why did you not say so before, and save all this trouble?" asked Lady Lewis shortly, too sensible of the merits of the case

to be impressed by any conquest it achieved, or to be easily propitiated. "Of course I knew all the time that you would come, but you young married women must make yourselves of consequence, if you please; you are a great deal worse than girls," she commented indignantly. "I am quite worn out, as if I had been dancing all night, or making such a speech as my Sir William used to address to his constituency. Get me home the best way you can, 'Lizabeth; and see that you are in time, Mrs. Douglas," firing a parting shot at Pleasance. "We are to begin by noon; grace is to be said then at the old men and women's tables, on the lawn, and if it should prove wet—but the weather must be fine—the tables are to be set out in the coach-house."

CHAPTER XLIX.—"PLEASANCE, NOT PATIENCE."

PLEASANCE found herself bound to keep her promise, and repair to the Bridge House grounds, in compliance with the imperative summons of its mistress, on the 2nd of July. Happily the weather answered the venerable heroine's sanguine expectations. The day was dry at the commencement of a dry season, if it was not one of the Arcadian days uniting impossibly all the attractions of freshness, brilliance, sunshine, and shade which are coveted for auspicious occasions.

Bridge House was another tall, old, red brick house, out of date, like Willow House, but it was not out of keeping with its mistress, while it did not fail to present a gay, bustling spectacle on her ninetieth birthday. The whole house was flung open to guests. Every room was crowded, and overflowing with gala company. The very grounds, of limited extent, and overgrown with old trees and old-fashioned shrubs, were swarming with the ninety poor old men and women in their Sunday's best, who had been selected from the oldest and most virtuous of the humble inhabitants of the parish, in order to check off the fourscore and ten years of Lady Lewis's protracted span of life, and to testify to her gratitude. The servants—old for the most part—were stirred out of their usual torpor, in sympathy with their mistress, and were sporting white ribands as for a wedding or a christening. There was a superabundance of flowers in bouquets, in nosegays, in wreaths round Lady Lewis's and her long defunct spouse's pictures, in triumphal arches spanning the front door and the gateway, indeed wherever flowers could bloom in recognition of a hoary head.

The central figure of all was Lady Lewis, in her richest moiré antique. She had worn black as a widow, and black again in her age, for more years than even 'Lizabeth could recollect, but she had a few festive-coloured gowns, still, and the one she wore on this great day was of silver-grey, like her hair, which was covered by a head-dress of her finest old lace, having butterfly bows and strings—the last were tied comfortably under the peaked chin—of lavender riband. As dainty as a bride, and half laughing, half crying, like a young bride, she was tottering on this or that feeble old elbow of a friend and contemporary, who had himself descended far into the vale of years, though not quite so deep down as his ancient ally—with whom he had kept Christmas and midsummer, and played games and quoted poetry before the most of the gathering of all ages present, had opened their eyes on this weary world. Or she was grasping the stalwart young arm of some grand-nephew, or neighbour's grandson, who had the grace to be proud of the feeble burden.

She was very self-conscious, but also very sincere; and as she went here and there, basking in the radiance of her honours, and at the same time bent on shedding the light of her countenance on all—heaping the plates of her ninety poor old men and women — taking notice of the youngest and smallest guest there, and causing her or him to remember the day, nobody grudged the old heroine her triumph, and but a small minority found food in it for cynicism and mockery.

Pleasance had taken heart of grace, and consulted Perry, and Perry had risen to the emergency, and confided to her mistress, merely as a matter of proper ladylike gossip, what dresses the younger ladies of the Close were to appear in, and even what presents some of them had prepared as a fit offering to the giver of the feast, in commemoration of the day.

Pleasance put on a nankin-coloured China silk, the nearest approach she had made to "silk attire," in order to be like her neighbours, and added to the gown the black lace shawl which the heat of the weather had induced her to acquire, and the dove's neck coloured gauzy little bonnet, and dove's neck coloured gloves that were the gravest things of the kind with which the great milliner's establishment in Stone Cross could supply her. She meant to render herself as little conspicuous as possible by these approaches to the standard of the Stone Cross

ladies; but the absence of conspicuousness was hard to manage, when Pleasance in this costume, and carrying the wonderful work-basket which she had provided for the Douglas's old kinswoman, entered the Bridge House gate, and was at once, beyond question, the handsomest and most distinguished looking woman within the bounds. The very shyness in which her slight trepidation showed itself, took a form which was like hauteur, and lent her in the eyes of many people present that last grace of style in which it had been imagined that she would be lamentably deficient.

However, Pleasance found that she had exaggerated the difficulties and disagreeableness of the day's task. Either higher breeding was a more effectual defence than she could have anticipated, or attention and interest were a good deal divided. Pleasance went through the ordeal with thankfulness, inasmuch as she was not sensible that she was creating any great impression; a few side-glances, a murmured word as she passed, being all the remark that she was aware she excited.

Lady Lewis received Pleasance as one of a multitude come to do her honour, to whom she was at pains to be equally cordial, accepted the work-basket with all the exclamations that she could spare to its merits, and just named Mrs. Douglas to this and that nephew and niece, who took the cue and passed it on. It appeared to the uninitiated Pleasance, that by the simple magic of having her name pronounced, and receiving the mention of another name in exchange, she was in the middle of complacent men and women, who were always near without overwhelming her, spoke to her quietly and courteously now and then, were ready to inform her of any change in the programme, or to offer her refreshments.

The welcome might not go a great way. Pleasance was the last person to put weight upon it; but at least it relieved her from her present concern, it reminded her that there was such an obligation as *noblesse oblige*, and that she had been illiberal in forgetting its influence; and it braced her with answering pride to be sufficient for the occasion, to speak to those calmly polite people with corresponding politeness and equanimity.

The single individual who shook Pleasance's resolution and disturbed her serenity was Rica Wyndham. She would not meet Pleasance as a slight transitory acquaintance.

Rica always preferred to air a code of manners totally unlike those of her natural associates. Besides, this was the first excellent opportunity that she had found of playing off her one-sided intimacy with Pleasance, and amazing and if possible scandalizing her friends, including her mother.

Mrs. Wyndham loomed large and stately, filling the seat of one of the open windows, from which she never stirred.

Mrs. Wyndham never saw that anything which Rica did, could be wrong. Still her daughter perpetually overturned all her theories, which no one else dared to impugn, and filled her with continual trouble lest the dear, rash child, with her great originality and delightful spirits, should get into any harm.

It was trying to Pleasance to be accosted by Rica within the very range of Mrs. Wyndham's cold, questioning eyes. The owner of these eyes retained a trick of lowering their lids, in keeping with a bland smoothing out of the curves of the red-lipped mouth, while the complexion in the full, rather heavy cheeks, if too deep in the grain, was still the remains of a very fine complexion of its kind, to which Rica's soft ivory tint afforded a complete contrast.

Rica wore a pale pink gown, with grey feather trimmings, so that, as she said, her plumpness might be lost in her fluffiness; she had a hat encircled with the same feathers, and she did look like a softly rounded, exquisitely tinted cockatoo.

"Here you are, Mrs. Douglas; how well you are looking, how glad we are to have you amongst us!" She came forward, and waylaid Pleasance, put an arm through her's, and drew her to a garden-seat in the centre of Rica's particular circle of mischievous or mindless girls, and of knowing, or would-be knowing young men.

Pleasance sat down for a moment, the better to make her escape from the party.

"Yes, I dote on roans, high-stepping roans," said Rica, repeating a former assertion. "I am afraid that I could sell my soul—I hope none of the canons hear me—if the choice were offered me, for a pair of roans and a mail phaeton."

"Do you mean that the canon would clench the bargain, or object to it?" an attendant on Rica professed to seek an explanation.

"Oh, you may take it either way you please," answered Rica. "If Mephistopheles did not object to a professor's gown, I suppose neither would he decline a canon's. Why don't you set up a mail phaeton, Mrs. Douglas?"

Pleasance flushed slightly, while there re-

turned to her voice that defiant tone which seemed to prove that she had been right in refusing to the last to be a lady, for in the character she could only be uncomfortable and make others uncomfortable.

"I don't know that I ever saw a mail phaeton," said Pleasance; "my experience of curricles was of a very different description."

"Tell us it, if it was anything new. We do want a novelty in driving, since Norwegian gigs get tilted so often, that the very spilling becomes monotonous," said Rica with lazy impertinence.

But Pleasance was not so easily drawn out for the entertainment of those whom she was inclined to regard as her born foes.

"My experience would be of no use to you," she said, declining the cool proposal.

"I don't know that," said Rica in objection; "but at least you love roans?"

"I am not sure of the colour," said Pleasance with a half smile; "bay, and chestnut, and dappled, even piebald and sorrel, as well as black and white horses, I can identify, but I am not clear about roan."

"Permit me to say that your confession of ignorance does you credit in days when ladies are only too fond of professing their knowledge of the points of horses, and exposing its shallowness at the same time," said one of the elder of the young men present, coming to the rescue. He admired Pleasance's beauty, whether he were struck favourably or unfavourably with her candour. He rather thought that this tall, handsome, quietly dressed lady did credit to parvenues.

"Well," said Rica, affecting to emulate Pleasance's candour, "I am horsey to the backbone, and I make no bones about it. It is in our family—witness my brother's feats at Doncaster and Newmarket, and I have heard that papa paid heavily for the same taste. But you have suddenly become a convert to femininity, Mr. Ancaster. What was I told of a pair of ponies you are in search of? and does not Miss Ancaster outstrip all the ladies in the field in riding to hounds? Well she may, being the daughter of an M.F.H."

Mr. Ancaster was believed in polite circles to be on the point of an advantageous marriage, which was not made public, in consequence of some difficulty with exacting relations on the bride elect's side. But this did not prevent Mr. Ancaster from having his future wife—whom he had still no established title to purvey for—in his eye, in the premature purchase of ponies. He was, besides, known to undergo the penance of possessing a decided girl-of-the-period, whom he could not by his utmost efforts keep in tolerable order, in a motherless sister. All this was familiar matter to Rica Wyndham, and she winged her arrows accordingly with the audacious freedom of a sportswoman in whom feeling never interferes with such light warfare.

Mr. Ancaster, who was no match for Rica Wyndham in spite of his six feet, hung fire immediately, muttered something hastily of a commission for a friend, and of no man's being accountable for his sister's pursuits. He proceeded hastily to divert the conversation to the topic of the day—patriarchal age in the person of Lady Lewis and the solicitor, Mr. Mott.

"Do you suppose the patriarchs were like these two?" inquired Rica, with an affectation of innocent surprise. "Isaac, though he was blind and foolishly fond of venison, an old fogie, like Mr. Mott there, basking like a log in the sun, and waited upon by his dutiful juvenile daughters! When I think of it, I have heard one of the Miss Motts is called Rebecca. Then I dare say we must bear some resemblance to the apostles. Can you fancy Paul or John in millers' hats, with lockets at their watch-chains containing the hair of the mother of Zebedee's children, and of old Mrs. Paul—whoever she might be—like Dicky Lewis the younger and Bertie Mostyn?"

"I believe if the apostles were here in person you would find something to laugh at in them, Miss Wyndham," said Mr. Ancaster dryly.

"I fancy I should," said Rica coolly. "But I do not find fault with our patriarchs, though I laugh at them. I do not see why one should make a fuss about herself or himself growing old, as if it were a gain and not a nuisance to the world in general, as if wise savages did not kill off their own fathers—not to say their own mothers—when they remained an unconsciously long time after they had ceased to be any earthly use or pleasure. I do wonder no political economist—Mr. Lowe, for instance—has brought in the practice with us, when nothing, save a purely selfish love of life, stands in the way of the innovation. But I do not pretend to be an Iphigenia myself; and I have a sneaking kindness for the poor old things who live as long as they can crouch over the ashes of their former fires. Fancy people so mad as to crowd after Lady Lewis or Mr. Mott, in search of a dying spark of beauty or wit!"

"Do you know, Rica," one of the girls said, "old people were set to run races last century for the diversion of the public? So the Dean told me."

"Dear! How I should have liked to see them!" cried Rica with her rippling laughter. "Lady Lewis hobbling and wheezing against Mr. Mott—no, he drives his chair—against any of those other old persons—I imagine he or she would consider it an honour to hobble and wheeze against my lady; it would be better for the spectators than pigeon-shooting or polo."

"No, Miss Wyndham," said a frank-faced lad, colouring up with anger and shame, "we are bad enough, but we are not so beastly bad as that."

"One would think there had been no sons and daughters in those days," said Pleasance, almost involuntarily raising her voice.

"Except those who enjoyed the game and shared in the spoil," said Rica, nodding. "I am sure I would have no objection that mamma, in course of time, should enter for a heat; but I know I should have to poke her on."

"Child, you will catch cold sitting without your hat. What are you saying about me?" said Mrs. Wyndham from the window just behind, where she had caught her name and nothing else. "I trust that it is something pleasant."

"Never mind, mamma," said Rica carelessly; "I'll not put on my hat, and I'll not catch cold, like the Duchess of Marlborough, who would not put on a blister and would not die; and you must know there is a proverb that 'listeners never hear good of themselves.'"

"Foolish child," said Mrs. Wyndham, smiling fondly on the folly.

Pleasance got away from the flippant, hard irreverence of Rica Wyndham's pleasantry, and strolled over to where Mr. Mott sat, with his chair wheeled so that his body might be in the warmth of the sun, while his head was in the shade of a big yew, that had seen still more storms than the man had seen, but looked less old than he. He had the framework of a big man, massive in decay; while Lady Lewis had been under the middle height, and had shrunk with years. A dead calm, which had been unruffled since the troubled waters of his poor old soul closed in upon it, after the shock that had stricken him down—already an old man, when Pleasance was a child—lay on the whole torpid figure, which was wrapped in a woman's shawl, and on the face, grey and gaunt with the white hair above it, drawn back from the eyes, under a skull-cap. How much of human life, its changes and lessons, could these grey-bearded lips, which had not been shaped to prattle old wives' tales—as Lady Lewis prattled—have disclosed, but that they were sealed in a solemn repose that looked a type of the last great rest. But Mr. Mott was not utterly oblivious or incapable of communicating with others, as one of his daughters who came forward—Pleasance could not help thinking to show him off—told her.

"He knows where he is, and what he has come for—my lady's ninetieth birthday, and all that—except when he forgets at times, and looks round for his own garden and shrubs, or for his drawing-room screen," said well-meaning, fussy Miss Mott. Then she proceeded to enlarge to Pleasance on her father's wonderful age (which was his daughter's passport into higher society than they would otherwise have entered), and the powers that were left him.

"Don't he look well for his ninety-eight?" said Miss Mott affectionately. "Becky and I assert he grows younger every day, and will be quite a youth when he sees his hundred, which the doctor says he has little doubt he will, unworried as he is—so that we never feel able to be old," and Miss Mott shook the streamers of her girlish hat in a happy indemnity from age, on her father's account. "He is fine company with us at home, and can chat a little on old stories. He understands every word we say, for all his deafness, and can let us know what he wishes as well as ever—though he has not been able to carry on his business for quite two-and-twenty years, since our brother—our only brother—Richard was drowned while bathing in the river, in the pool behind our garden, where he had bathed hundreds of times—a terrible day, Miss Douglas, that none of us likes to recall, and my father has never mentioned it—never. But we have a cousin—a good cousin—Thomas, who has done all the business for my father, and allows him his share, as is only just and right; but you know men will—you understand—and my father is able to help cousin Thomas with old information, if father is taken in the right way. Cousin Thomas is here to-day—for he manages everything for Lady Lewis, though she has so many nephews. She likes to keep matters in her own hand, which is best. She would take no denial that my father was to be here. I was terribly afraid lest anything should happen—rain or a bad

night, and she should be—she likes her own—you understand—but as it has turned out, it is all right," and Miss Mott smiled benignly on Pleasance.

At this moment the sun, which had come round the yew-tree, began to shine in Mr. Mott's untroubled face, and Pleasance, in the temporary absence of the other Miss Mott and of cousin Thomas, aided in wheeling round the chair an inch, so as to place its occupant again in the partial shelter of the yew.

As Pleasance bent over the old man while his daughter was uttering voluble, incoherent thanks for the little assistance, his glazed, well-nigh fixed eyes, with their far-away look, startled Pleasance by glancing up, with speculation, in her face, and the voice, hoarse and frosty with death's fog in the throat, ad-

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dressed her plainly enough, "You are my niece, Patience."

"Upon my word he takes you for my cousin Patience Steel!" cried Miss Mott, before Pleasance had time to answer; "and she is something of your figure, only not so—you know. No, no, my dear father!" she screamed, "this is none of our relations; this is a stranger lady, who has done you the honour"—a tickling cough stopped Miss Mott's further explanation.

"I am Pleasance, not Patience," said Pleasance, fancying that the old man looked at her, and trying to pitch her voice in a key that might reach his palsied ears. It did reach him, for he repeated "Pleasance," and stirred slightly in his chair.

"Thank you, my dear madam," said Miss

Mott, recovering herself. "Pleasance, it is a sweetly pretty name, and very uncommon. I don't think I ever heard it before."

"Pleasance, growled the old lawyer, moving again with all the motion which his helplessness left him — "Pleasance; what more?"

"Oh, pray, don't think he means to be rude or inquisitive," cried Miss Mott, in discomfiture and vexation, shaking the youthfully crowned head on the end of the long thin neck deprecatingly, like a proud mother whose baby is not behaving so as to do it and her credit, "when, I have no doubt, like me, he never heard the name before."

"Pleasance Douglas," said Pleasance. "Do you think I mind saying my own name?" she added in an undertone, with some amused surprise. "I am happy to gratify your father."

But Mr. Mott was not gratified. He tapped his great gaunt fingers on the front of his chair.

"That's not it," he objected gruffly.

"Pleasance Hatton it used to be," Pleasance amended her statement, a little puzzled at the effect which her Christian name produced on the dotage before her.

"Ah! that's it," said Mr. Mott with a gusty sigh of relief, and subsided into silence.

Pleasance was prevented from attending to any more of Miss Mott's excuses, by being summoned to the main business of the day—the sitting down of the ninety old men and women to the roast beef and plum-pudding.

Lady Lewis's health, and thanks for her bounty, followed, drunk in glasses of good sherry, and proposed by the most fully qualified in his own and his neighbours' eyes, of the men of eighty.

Lady Lewis answered for herself in a well-conned speech, in which she expressed her satisfaction at being spared to furnish this banquet, and her hope that she and every one of her special guests might live to see, and help her to keep, her hundredth birthday—a hope which was hailed with loud applause.

The less formal and more varied feast within-doors was held afterwards, with Mr. Mott, in his chair, seated next Lady Lewis. In the pauses of the entertainment her ladyship questioned Miss Mott narrowly whether the family had the baptismal register, that proved beyond mistake her father's ninety-eight years, or condoled with her upon his infirmities.

Later there was the attempt at dancing among the young people, which Lady Lewis had boldly proposed; but she would not lead off herself — not with her youngest collateral descendant; she said she had forgotten her steps; she was not Mrs. Piozzi, who had opened the ball at Bath when she was ninety or a hundred—which was it, 'Lizabeth?

At last, at the early hour fixed upon in consideration for the hostess, lest she should die of the very happiness of celebrating her birthday, and lest the few grains of sand left in her hour-glass should be roughly shaken out by rejoicing, the company dispersed. Bridge House was left gradually to subside into its accustomed drowsy sobriety.

CHAPTER L.—ASKED TO COME AND HEAR OF SOMETHING TO HER ADVANTAGE.

THREE days after Lady Lewis's birthday Pleasance was about to enter her own door, returning from the Cathedral—the coolest place in the town that hot July—when she was nearly run over by a stout, middle-aged man, rushing along in extreme agitation. He hardly stopped to beg her pardon before he told her in the same breath, "It is you that I want, Mrs. Douglas. Madam, I beg you to come with me instantly, to learn something which you ought to have known long ago. I can say no more at present; but, if I am not very much mistaken, it is worth your while to accompany me, and you will find it greatly to your advantage."

The man delivered his communication in a series of excited gasps, at the same time his manner, though extremely flurried, was not bullying or threatening.

Pleasance listened in amazement, looked at the stout man's spotless linen, good broadcloth, and general unobtrusive evidence of respectability.

Pleasance could not set down her accoster as an impostor, though his sanity might be a matter of dispute. "I think there is some mistake," she suggested.

"Oh no, not at all," he said. "You are Mrs. Douglas, of Willow House. I have seen you pass frequently. I am Thomas Mott, of the firm of Mott and Son, Water Street." He took off his hat as a necessary step to the communication, but replaced it with such carelessness, in his hurry, that he put the back of his hat with the joining of the hat-band in front, so as to lend the most incongruously rakish touch to his appearance. "When I have stated that I am the member of a legal firm, need I say any more in the public street?"

In the midst of the stoutness and professional pomposity, Pleasance detected a reflection of Miss Mott, lean, dark, and with a shade of obsequiousness in her speech and bearing, which warranted the speaker's announcement so far as the name went. Pleasance still held that there was an error, since she could not imagine the Motts a medium of communication between her and Archie Douglas—indeed, Mr. Mott, in the few words of his address, had referred pointedly to something she should have known "long ago," thus putting Archie Douglas out of count. But she settled to accompany the man to his office, as the easiest means of coming to an explanation.

Mr. Thomas Mott said no more, except in muttered reflections of "the strangest circumstance," "terribly awkward," "no blame could attach"—in the disjointed style of his cousin. Happily the distance was not great from the Cathedral to Water Street, the old-fashioned side street in which the place of business and the house of the firm—once the chief attorneys of Stone Cross—were situated, otherwise Pleasance's patience and curiosity might not have held out.

Her coming was expected, and the door was opened before Mr. Thomas Mott could apply his latch-key—not by a junior clerk, but by one of the Miss Motts, who were so like each other that Pleasance judged it was her acquaintance of Lady Lewis's birthday, and was going to greet her accordingly. But this Miss Mott—in a calicot morning gown, with a tiny Dolly Varden cap, perched by way of head-dress on the extreme verge of the scanty locks, and far above the scraggy neck, leaving the lantern-jaws exposed—said that her elder sister was with her dear father. However, she could not wait for an introduction, before she stepped forward to say for everybody, and especially for dear father, who was no longer able to speak for himself—else, indeed, this would never have happened—how sorry, how shocked they were—so terrible an overlook, and never to be detected till that day; she had not been able to think or speak or do a single thing since cousin Thomas turned out the paper—from poor Richard's hairy trunk, too, of all places; and she was still in her worst morning gown—she had not been fit to see about making a change, so that Mrs. Douglas must be so good as to excuse her.

"But I do not at all know what you mean. I think you must be labouring under some strange delusion," represented Pleasance, as she was taken into the Miss Motts' drawing-room. This was a little apartment furnished in a flimsy style, and cumbered at the present moment with a quota of tin boxes and other receptacles for papers that seemed to have been the centre of a recent investigation.

Amongst these insignia of his old profession reclined Mr. Mott, unaffected by the evident confusion and consternation reigning around him—nay, with something like a complacent smile flickering over the dead stillness of his face.

Mr. Mott's elder daughter was fussing about him, but broke away to receive Pleasance—"So kind, so noble of you to come, Mrs. Douglas. Our poor room is in a sad state for the reception of a visitor; but that is not to be thought of for a moment; grieved—shocked, indeed, at what has occurred, utterly unlike our dear father—but we have sent to tell you the very first thing, and surely something can be done to set matters right, as I said to my cousin Thomas."

"Leave it to me, cousin Sophy. Don't say another word, cousin Becky. Pray sit down, madam, interposed cousin Thomas, preparing to enter upon the business in a business-like fashion. "Will you answer me some questions, if you have no objection?"

"I have no objection," said Pleasance; "but I should like to know what it is all about," and she could hardly forbear smiling, though she saw that the Miss Motts, and even Mr. Thomas, were in excited earnest.

"All in good time"—Mr. Thomas Mott waved his hand emphatically—"and all in your favour, my good—lady"—woman he had been going to say, showing the ordinary line of clients with whom Mr. Thomas Mott dealt, but he corrected himself before it was too late. "Was your maiden name Pleasance Hatton? as Miss Mott is of opinion she heard you say it was, at Bridge House on Lady Lewis's birthday."

"My maiden name was Pleasance Hatton, as Miss Mott heard me say," confirmed Pleasance.

"Good," said Mr. Thomas Mott, crossing his legs and clasping his hands.

"Can you tell me your mother's name?"

"Pleasance Fowler."

"Exactly. Now are you prepared to say that your father was a brother of Mrs. Wyndham's, of Gable House, here, and of Sefton Hall, in Warwickshire—a son of Guy Hatton, of Redmead, and Heron Hill, in Warwick and Staffordshire?"

"I should not have said it, if you had not

put it to me," said Pleasance, beginning to wonder and even tremble a little; "but I am aware that Mrs. Wyndham is my aunt, though the relationship has been hardly acknowledged, and she does not know me to be her niece. For Redmead and Heron Hill, I believe I have heard the names, but I can say nothing of them, for my father died at New Orleans, when I was thirteen years of age; besides, I had been parted from him since my mother died, when I—a mere child then—was sent to school with my sister."

"With your sister Anne Hatton," said Mr. Thomas Mott, rubbing his upper lip.

"How do you know about my sister Anne and me?" demanded Pleasance, unable to contain herself any longer; "what is your motive for collecting all this old information which has no interest in the world save for me?"

"I am ready to answer you, Mrs. Douglas, and to give you the explanation to which you are entitled," said Mr. Thomas Mott with something of the simple dignity which may come to a perfectly honest, even though a vulgar and stupid, man on a trying emergency. "And I do not even ask you to judge my uncle Richard's lamentable lapse of memory with candour and forbearance. Happily the heavy injury of which he has been the innocent cause, is not, I trust, in your case irremediable. But it is the saddest proof that I have yet had of his shattered mental condition—not that he could have been guilty of so tremendous an act of forgetfulness, but that on his obliviousness being brought to light—by his own instrumentality we must own—he should sit and smile like a child, or an idiot over the turning up of the deed, in place of showing himself overwhelmed with shame at the wrong done, and at the stain which may be cast on his professional character."

"Oh, Mrs. Douglas is too good, too kind, she would never blame dear father for his misfortune following on our poor brother Richard's death—so hard and cruel even to suppose—you cannot mean it, cousin Thomas," chimed in the two Miss Motts in a chorus.

"You forget," implored Pleasance, feeling as if she were becoming stifled by the mystery which was closing in round her, and which she could not penetrate, "you have not told me a single word."

"A very few words will suffice to lay before you a great injury of which, I grieve to say, madam, you have been one of the victims," said Mr. Thomas Mott. "My uncle, Mr. Richard Mott, must have been summoned to Warwickshire twenty years ago last April." He paused, while his listeners hung breathless on his words to unlock a box on the floor, with a key which he took from his pocket, and to draw out a legal paper and examine the date. "The 22nd of April, I see by the deed, to re-write and add some codicils to the will of your grandfather, Mrs. Douglas, Mr. Hatton of Redmead. I can even give, if it be desired, the probable reason for Mr. Hatton's not employing his own agent, but an attorney from a distance, with whom he had a little business connection, in reference to his daughter's settlement, when she married Mr. Wyndham, of Sefton Hall, of which Gable House is the dowager house, since my uncle had always acted for the Gable-House property. Old Mr. Hatton must have had residing with him then, his younger son, Frederick, who confided to his father—as I find by the deed which was thus executed—that he had married some time before, without the knowledge of any of his family, a young woman named Pleasance Fowler, and had become by her the father of two daughters, Anne and Pleasance, for whom he naturally desired that a due provision should be made by his father. In complying with his son's request, Mr. Hatton, I conclude, was desirous of keeping the settlement secret, and of anticipating the remotest chance by which it might come to the ears of the other members of his family and provoke their remonstrances. My uncle Richard Mott must have executed the deed, seen it signed, and taken it in charge. But I suspect that Mr. Frederick Hatton—your father, madam—had not been aware of more than might have been inferred from his father—doubtless justly offended by the communication made to him—allowing a promise to be drawn from him to do something for the children—if Mr. Frederick understood so much. For I cannot think that on the death of Mr. Hatton any close search had been made for a recent deed, or that any great expectation had been entertained that such a deed existed. In the meantime my cousin Richard met his death by accidental drowning, and my uncle, who was very fond of Richard—caring more for him than for the whole of the others put together, in fact—was so painfully affected by the loss of his only son, coming upon him suddenly, that he was reduced within a few weeks from being an uncommonly shrewd, hale old man, to the state of second childhood in which you see him. You are a witness to the fact

that a man may discuss the most momentous transactions nearly concerning Mr. Mott's honour and prosperity before his face, and even if the words reach him through his deaf ears, he will pay no more heed to them than to the idlest tale with which he has not the slightest concern."

"What are you saying of me, nephew Tom?" growled the old man, all at once, with the most startling contradictory effect. "You have found the paper with the name in it—that should be seen to, as I said to you; but you would not believe me." He ended with an unearthly chuckle that brought on a wheezy cough, which sent both the Miss Motts off in search of his liquorice.

"Ay, there it is!" exclaimed Mr. Thomas Mott in an accent of exasperation. "He pottered about and made the most awful mess among his papers, after he was quite unfit to see to them, but while he was still able to walk into his private room, and sit an hour or two at his desk, and before the family could be brought to comprehend that all business was at an end for him. If he had died outright, at the time of his son's death—if I may say so, before the poor old fellow too," remarked Mr. Thomas Mott, divided between desperation at the consequences of his uncle's prolonged life, and remorse for his own reflection on the same, "it would have saved a great deal of trouble, and all this worry, and been no great loss to himself or anybody; but Providence don't seem to take those things into consideration."

"Oh, cousin Thomas!" cried the two Miss Motts in simultaneous horror, "how can you?—so dreadfully hard-hearted and profane—so unlike you."

Cousin Thomas only shook his head and proceeded with his complaint. "Indeed he will muddle by fits and starts still, and harp on this security that has gone to the dogs half a life-time ago, and that annuity that has lapsed this quarter of a century—enough to drive a man of the present day mad," protested Mr. Thomas Mott, ruffling up his already stubbly hair.

"Oh, cousin Thomas!" again exclaimed the two daughters, this time in undertones of deepest reproach and of hurt feelings, taking out pocket-handkerchiefs and applying them to their eyes, while they wagged the Dolly Varden caps on the extreme crowns of their long heads, "when dear father tries his best, and is quite bright sometimes."

"I cannot help it, Sophy and Becky," maintained cousin Thomas stoutly; "the truth must be spoken, in justice to everybody—your father included. I have done what I could from the first to put and keep what is left of the business in order; but of course I could not overlook and amend every blunder. I had no more notion, when he kept hammering for the last day or two on a paper which concerned two minors—and one Pleasance—that there was anything in it, save some old story which has been shelved these score of years, than that I should live to be the Lord Mayor of London or the Governor-General of India. It was more for peace and quietness than anything else that I agreed to make a search this morning, and when I was turning over boxes that I had rummaged a hundred times before, in the middle of my investigation he roared out, 'You blockhead!'—I was reared in his office, besides being a near relation, which warranted him in taking liberties—'why don't you look in the hairy trunk?' 'Why, sir, that was cousin Richard's college trunk; you forget,' I said mildly; 'that was never a place for papers, like the office boxes.' But, 'Look in the hairy trunk,' he held on, and I thought he would have a fit if he were contradicted. So we had in the hairy trunk, Becky and I lugging it between us, down from the garret—where it had lain since shortly after Richard's death. When I opened it, what should I find but a whole lot of papers, that my poor uncle, in the maze into which he had fallen after his great sorrow between his grief for Richard, with his dwelling on every relic that belonged to his son, and his desperate attempts to resume the care of his business, had stuffed into Richard's trunk? I turned the papers over with fear and trembling, my uncle laughing at the sight, in a way to make the blood run cold, all things considered, as he did just now. Among the very first that I came to, what should I read, to my horror, but a will—the will of your grandfather, Mr. Hatton of Redmead, made so shortly before his death, that there is every presumption it was his last will, in which, after the disposal of Redmead, according to the will which was proved and acted upon, and by which the property went soon afterwards, in consequence of other deaths in the family, to his daughter, Mrs. Wyndham, there was an entire reservation and alteration of bequest with regard to his small property of Heron Hill? It was set aside for the benefit of his granddaughters, Anne and Pleasance Hatton, daughters of his son Frederick Hatton, by his marriage with Pleasance Fowler, which Frederick

Hatton had owned and certified to his father, so as to cause him to reconsider and rewrite his will."

Pleasance interrupted the deliberate, prolix narrative at last. "My sister Anne and I were acknowledged and provided for, from the first," she said, drawing a long breath.

"Undoubtedly, and the provision which was under the joint guardianship of my uncle, Mr. Richard Mott, and your father, Mr. Frederick Hatton, until the legatees came of age, was a fair provision for the granddaughters by a younger son, of a squire like Mr. Hatton. Heron Hill, which I have often heard discussed in relation to Mrs. Wyndham, of the Gable House, was a very inconsiderable place in comparison with Redmead, but its value was about eight thousand pounds."

"Then all might have been saved, Anne and all," said Pleasance, scarcely knowing what she said, as she sat thunder-struck, and gazed at the recumbent, stranded author of her misfortunes.

"Stay, madam," cried Mr. Thomas Mott, excited and turgid as ever in his excitement and long-windedness, "there is more to be told, unless, indeed, you are already familiar with the particulars, and apprehend what is to follow." Pleasance shook her head. "Why, Mrs. Douglas, it is on Heron Hill that the last great discovery of Staffordshire coal and iron stone has been made, which has trebled the Wyndhams' income. In fact, as both Mr. Wyndham and his son have been sporting men, and have contrived to dip Sefton Hall deeply, and even their interest in Mrs. Wyndham's property of Redmead, pretty considerably, the Heron Hill rental is now the mainstay of the family's affluence and consideration."

"I am sorry to hear it," said Pleasance, mechanically; and then she roused herself by a great effort. "What have you done farther, sir?" she asked gravely. "Have you communicated with Mrs. Wyndham and her son, or with their lawyers?"

"No, I have not taken that step," said Mr. Thomas Mott, a little stiffly. "Mrs. Wyndham, or her advisers, have withdrawn the Gable House property from our charge within the last ten years. They have done me the despite in the eyes of my townsmen of not regarding me as qualified to discharge the smallest part of my uncle's once numerous obligations; our firm has nothing to do now either with Mrs. Wyndham or her son." And for the first time Pleasance thought she detected a shade of gratified malice in Mr. Thomas Mott's manner.

"The more reason that you should communicate with them without delay," she said, a little sharply, with a passing pang at the suspicion that Mr. Mott was only exhibiting a tithe of the ugly feelings she might be expected to entertain, and with which, for aught she knew, her own heart might swell to bursting before she had done with the life-long injury and the late retribution she could not yet realise.

"I shall retain the will for my own sake and my uncle's, till I can deliver over the trust to a competent authority," said Mr. Thomas Mott, a little doggedly. "My imparting the painful discovery to you, one of the two persons principally concerned, and my perfect willingness to come forward and state all the trying circumstances, ought to clear me and Mr. Richard Mott from all suspicion of malice, not to say collusion."

"I am sure there will be no suspicion," said Pleasance, much more gently; "how can there be? Who was to be benefited by such silent years of treachery? But, write to Mrs. Wyndham's lawyers, Mr. Mott. I shall write to Mr. Woodcock. I think he will not refuse to look into the business for me; perhaps it may turn out to be nothing — I mean of no avail, after all these years. I am like most women, ignorant of law, but the lawyers will decide for me." She rose and stood for a moment looking steadfastly at the wreck of the old lawyer, who, in simple obliviousness, had done her so much wrong. "You do not know me, or why it should concern you to know me," she said, with a faint smile, "and it is well I have not even to say that I forgive you, for there is nothing to forgive. No, no, I am not angry, Miss Mott, how could I be? No one could help it; it is 'by the will of God,' as people say of accidental deaths; but I must go home and think over it all."

CHAPTER LI.—HOW A MAD YOUNG FELLOW LIKE ARCHIE DOUGLAS CONTRIVED TO UNDO THE BEST JOB HE HAD EVER DONE IN HIS LIFE.

Mr. Woodcock had been informed of the extraordinary coming to light of what proved Mr. Hatton of Redmead's last will. Mr. Woodcock had satisfied himself of the perfect genuineness and legal correctness of the will. He had farther established the fact beyond doubt, that Mrs. Douglas was the sole surviving granddaughter of Mr. Hatton indicated in the will. There were still legal inquiries and forms to be gone through, and probably some compromise to be effected, between the

incredulous, indignant Wyndhams and the heiress of Heron Hill, which had become a land of Ophir, but there did not remain the shadow of a doubt in Mr. Woodcock's mind of what the result would be.

Mr. Woodcock declined to say that he was altogether surprised. "I saw from the first that she was something out of the common—as different from an ordinary country lass as a diamond from a bit of glass. I always suspected that there was a wheel within a wheel. I should not have wondered any day, though she had been announced a countess in disguise, a peasant countess like the peasant Lord Clifford of the middle ages."

Certainly the young squire of Shardleigh did not need an heiress to patch up his shattered inheritance, like many a broken-down young squire of ancient stock; but what wise man would despise a large accession of riches, honourably come by, which might indeed, had all things gone well, been looked upon as the due reward of his having had the taste to appreciate the choice flower blushing unseen and unsuspected among rude surroundings?

There was an estate, likely to come into the market, in the neighbourhood of Shardleigh, the purchase of which Mr. Woodcock had always looked forward to, as all that was wanted to make Shardleigh the finest property in that part of the country. But then the purchase was so extensive that to make it would cripple even the late Mr. Douglas's heir for ready money in the future, and if Archie went on with his schemes, at the rate he had begun, it would not be a moderate sum at his banker's which would suffice him.

And Archie had actually held the prize within his grasp, had shown that he possessed the discrimination to detect a jewel in the grass, yet the end of it all was, that he had, by some intolerable fickleness or captiousness, flung away his prize, and lost it for ever. Mr. Woodcock could not flatter himself that this enlightenment, with regard to Mrs. Archie's antecedents, and what she was entitled to in the matter of fortune, would serve as a powerful aid to a reconciliation.

Mrs. Douglas had taken advantage of Brighton's not being in season to carry her daughter there, to have ten days' benefit from the sea breezes, while Archie, who had escaped shipwreck on Spitzbergen and Jan Mayen, was gone to his Scotch moor, and before Shardleigh and other country houses began to fill in anticipation of September.

Mr. Woodcock, on inquiry at the house in Grosvenor Place, heard that Mrs. Douglas was not at Shardleigh, for which he had been bound; and, boiling over with sympathetic indignation, tending to personal savageness, as he was at the time, he immediately discovered that after fagging at his chambers since early spring, nothing would set him up like the glare, dust, and unaristocratic turmoil of Brighton in August.

He had no sooner arrived than he made his way from the Bedford Hotel, where he had established himself, to the private hotel in Brunswick Square, where the Douglases had their rooms. But he had not to go far to meet his friend, for as he took his way along the parade, threading the motley multitude of promenaders, among whom elderly gentlemen, suffering from a prolonged course of clubs, and a pronounced preference for port, formed no insignificant feature, he caught a glimpse of Mrs. Douglas in her carriage, going the usual length of the King's Road. Jane had begged off from the drive, and was away with her maid, reading under an artist's umbrella on the shingle of the beach.

Mrs. Douglas discovered him as soon as he saw her, pulled the check string, and with the most winning expressions of pleasure at encountering her friend, asked him to join her.

The opportunity was excellent, and Mr. Woodcock had no compunction for the manner in which he proposed to spoil sun, sky, and sea, to the gentle lady beside him.

"So glad to see you, Mr. Woodcock," repeated Mrs. Douglas, after the carriage had gone on with its double freight. "I hope only recreation has brought you down. Brighton is refreshing to a poor semi-invalid like me, even when it swarms with complete invalids, or with nobody knows whom."

"I cannot say that I came for my own solace entirely. I had some news which I thought I might as well bring you," said Mr. Woodcock, blunt as he was wont to be to Archie's mother.

"Thanks, thanks. Anything about my son?" inquired Mrs. Douglas quickly, smiling still, but unable to keep out of her liquid dark eyes the anxiety which had been lurking in them ever since Archie went abroad with her a changed man, last autumn. The announcement of his marriage, with the arrangement of a separate maintenance for his wife, ought to have constituted a crisis; but it brought no relief, for Archie had been still more unlike himself, and more restless and unmanageable, after the crisis.

"Nothing bad, in the first instance," said Mr. Woodcock, touching his hat slightly to an acquaintance in a passing carriage, "and it does not concern Archie directly, it has to do with his wife."

"Oh! that poor mistaken, out-of-place young woman; she is quite a weight on my mind," said Mrs. Douglas, with a sigh, while she was rapidly resolving that nothing need be said—she would warn Jane to that effect—even to the family friend, of her daughter's girlish adventure with her unacknowledged sister-in law. "What has happened to her now? I hope she has got into no fresh scrape!"

"That has happened to her which none of us would object to having occur to ourselves," said Mr. Woodcock, with a little grimness in his humour; "her last scrape is only too enviable in this needy age. She has succeeded to a large fortune."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Mrs. Douglas, raising herself up from her graceful lounging attitude, and staring at the handsome acute elderly face in its setting of white hair, opposite her, as if Mr. Woodcock must have gone out of his senses—"a girl of the people, a working girl—pardon me, but it cannot be."

"She may have been a working girl, but she turns out no more of a girl of the people than Archie's sister is, if you will forgive the comparison. Mrs. Archie Douglas's mother was a yeoman's daughter, but her father was Fred Hatton, younger son of old Hatton of Redmead, and brother to Mrs. Wyndham."

"How could it be? Why were we never told so? I knew all the Hattons long ago," cried Mrs. Douglas, her eyes sparkling with curiosity and eagerness, her wonderfully youthful animation and sympathy as at times, coming out in full force.

"You may ask that of your son, or, better, of his wife. I suppose Fred Hatton, of whom I knew something also, and who was a dreamy shilly-shally fellow, at the best, had not treated his humbly-born wife and unacknowledged children so well, that they should make it the business of their lives to recollect him, and boast of the relationship."

"I assure you Fred Hatton was not half a bad fellow, he was a great deal nicer than his elder brother. He was more womanly than manly perhaps—unquestionably more womanly than his surviving sister, that red and white *beauté de diable* Mrs. Wyndham, or that incarnation of mischief, her daughter Rica."

"Then I have been misinformed that you looked not unfavourably on a probable match between Archie and Miss Wyndham," said Mr. Woodcock, dryly. "I remember she was staying with you last spring when his marriage came out. I fancied that she and Miss Douglas had been friends. There was some tattle of a nearer connection among your acquaintances."

"My dear sir, what would you have?" said Mrs. Douglas, with impatient energy that was in marked opposition to her usual caressing suavity. "People will talk, whether they have occasion or not. How could there be anything in such a report, when as it turned out the poor boy had been married for six months? But what could I do? The Wyndhams were old acquaintances, I was bound to be civil to them, and Rica Wyndham would not have been a bad match, in a worldly point of view, for Archie, with regard to whom I seemed to have a presentiment that he would throw himself away, in making a mad marriage. As for Jane, she detests Rica more than I think it right for a girl to dislike any companion. But we are wandering from the point, except, indeed, that the young Wyndhams and this young lady, Archie's wife, must be cousins. That does make a difference; you are sure that her father was married to her mother? It is an odious question, but it is best to start by being certain, and so obviating horrible mistakes."

"There is no mistake here, Mrs. Douglas," Mr. Woodcock assured her.

"And pray where do her riches come from? I have always been led to believe that Fred Hatton ran through his patrimony."

"From her grandfather's last will and testament, madam, made after Fred told him of the marriage, and which has been lying *perdu* ever since, in the repositories of a doting old idiot of a lawyer, who ought to be flayed alive, only his skin must be parchment already at this date. That will secures to Mrs. Archie Douglas and an only sister, who died young, the succession to Heron Hill, on which the great fields of coal and ironstone have since been found."

"Good heavens! these are what supply the gaps in the Wyndham estates," exclaimed Mrs. Douglas, excitedly; "then she steps into the chief source of their remaining wealth, and becomes rich by their impoverishment."

"Quite so, I am afraid. If justice be done, the last result cannot be helped. But the Wyndhams will still be far from paupers. If Tom Wyndham choose to pull up and put out Sefton Hall with his mother's place of Redmead, which he has been plundering, to

nurse, for the next half dozen of years, he may do very well yet."

Mrs. Douglas was silent thinking. A hectic brightness was in the olive of her cheek, her mobile mouth was compressed. "I am very, very glad to hear it," she broke out suddenly, holding out her two little gloved hands ecstatically to Mr. Woodcock. "Why, Mr. Woodcock, it is quite a romance; Mrs. Archie Douglas will be the heroine of the day; there is nothing that she may not do. I was always romantic myself, it is from me that dear Archie takes his romance; and do you know that your friend Jane, whom we always thought such a good, sensible, prosaic girl, has been bitten in her turn? I did not mean to tell tales, but she has made Archie's wife's acquaintance, in the most wilful, unconventional manner. Yes, she has, Mr. Woodcock. It seems she could not rest till she knew more of her sister-in-law, and had tried what she could do, like a loving young soul, to set the little differences right. She stole a march upon me, when I was in Wales, and she was with the Russels of the Moat. She went with them to Stone Cross, and there she managed it all. Of course I could forgive anything in such a cause; and I may add that Jane came back perfectly captivated with the beauty and natural graces of my daughter-in-law, as indeed you announced yourself from the first."

"I hope the captivation was mutual," said Mr. Woodcock, dubiously. "I have some confidence in Jane, but if she has been able to accomplish a marvel of reconciliation by the youthful audacity of putting her fingers in so delicate a pie, I shall be surprised."

"It is a very delicate affair, as you say," reflected Mrs. Douglas evasively. "I believe Mrs. Archie is very shy, and that it will require the greatest pains to draw her out, but with the strongest motive, surely, it can be done. This strange, unhappy misunderstanding must be dissipated, and cease to cloud two young lives, otherwise so well endowed and so full of promise. Is Archie aware of the change in his wife's fortune?"

"Not so far as I know—not through me."

"But you intend that it should be communicated to him immediately?" said Mrs. Douglas with a little involuntary accent of wonder.

"Of course I have neither the power nor the right, if I had the will, to keep to myself information which the newspapers—if they are not anticipated—are sure to convey to your son; only I suspect its influence may be different from what you count upon."

"You do not mean that our boy, that Archie—the most generous, kind-hearted fellow in the world—will not rejoice at any good fortune which has come to his wife, however she may have offended him? Oh, Mr. Woodcock, I think that you are wrong there," said Mrs. Douglas, making great eyes, and speaking reproachfully.

"That was hardly my meaning," said Mr. Woodcock, smiling a little coolly, and not choosing to explain himself farther.

"And you will convey the good news to Archie yourself without fail, and at once," said Mrs. Douglas, persuasively. "It is not fair that he should not know it already—of course I would be only too happy to write or tell it to him, but you know I have been always scrupulous of interfering with business matters where my son is concerned, believing that the relation between us should have another foundation and another expression. Of course Archie's best interests were my first concern, but after them, I have desired that he should love me with all his heart, as he loved me when he was a child, and my pet and darling; I have wished that he should have no association of contradiction and restraint—nothing but pleasant memories connected with his mother. Can you blame me?"

"I do not presume to blame when I am not a mother, and have only had a father's unvarnished part to play."

"Do not say that. And a man, especially a young man, will take freely from his father, or his father's friend—in short from a fellow-man—what he will not tolerate, or at least will be sure to recall with a grudge if it has been authority openly exercised and insisted upon by a poor mother. Now I cannot tell how Archie will feel, where he himself is concerned, about this inheritance of his wife's, though he can only experience satisfaction on her account. He has always been odd in some things, in his goodness and cleverness, and I am afraid he grows more uncertain and impracticable every day. He might resent my intrusion into his affairs, though it were to bring him this news of his wife's succession; he might construe it into arrogating a title to meddle and advise, which would be more invidious than ever, now that he is his own master. But none of these objections hold good with you, who are Archie's appointed legal adviser, as well as one of his oldest friends. He will always be delighted to receive and listen to you; he will not mind your recounting and dwelling as a man of business on so extra-

ordinary a piece of good fortune. Dear Mr. Woodcock, you must go north immediately, see Archie, and tell him what so nearly concerns him."

"I do not decline to comply with your request, my dear Mrs. Douglas; indeed I had already meditated a run north; and I do not wish to fling cold water on your amiable fancies—facts may they prove with all my heart; but there are two ways of regarding things. Permit me simply to state that I am by no means certain my friend Archie will accord to me and my news the ready and entire welcome that you anticipate. I have a fear that our meeting, if accompanied by remonstrances or entreaties on my part, will prove stormy rather than sunshiny. More than that, I am not convinced in my own mind that the news which I am to carry are really such good news for Archie—not to say his wife—as you, in your partiality, hold."

"Don't be a prophet of evil," she entreated him; "let me think all will be well, and that this splendid piece of good fortune will not be wasted."

He did not know whether to admire or to be affronted by the ease and rapidity with which she had got over the shock of the announcement. Nay, with her large share of the versatility of women, she had so accommodated herself to it, on the spur of the moment, that her whole views and intentions had undergone a transformation within the compass of a short drive.

The blazing sun of Brighton had not sunk perceptibly so as to lengthen the acceptable afternoon shadows. The hot multitude clung still to their refuge on or under the pier, and sought to temper the fierce heat with what moist, salt-flavoured air was stirring. In despair of other shade, people resorted to the ascending squares and steep side streets—given over to lodging houses or to a thriving trade in luxurious edibles and fast and fashionable attire—and after passing the faded toy grounds of the old Steyne, arrived at the green oasis of a modern croquet ground, among the mature trees and bushes encircling the grotesque hideous barbarism of the Pavilion. The various brass bands continued to clash and clang, as if the individual men were so many crickets and salamanders to which warmth was a natural element. The fishermen and fishwomen who shouted soles and screamed "red mullet and mackerel all alive—o," were pursuing the even tenor of their way. The girls who ought to have been at Cowes or Ryde in their blue yachting dresses—the more amphibious girls in the Galatea stripes and brown Hollands—the full-blown and bouncing—the lean and stiff matrons and maidens — the jaunty old—the lounging young men, strolled on the parade or occupied the benches. The invalids jogged along in unbroken file, and looked with wistful, dazed eyes at their better-faring fellows. The carriages of high and low degree, from coroneted coach to ramshackle cab, with the occupants of the last more elevated in spirits than the first, rolled and rattled along. The riding parties of school girls and riding masters, fathers and daughters, brothers, sisters, friends, and lovers, and idle young men, ambled and cantered, trotted and galloped in spite of the heat, and clattered generally the same as ever.

Jane had been too lazy to do more than turn a page of her book, and to wonder if her mother were returning, and whether afternoon tea could be refreshing in such weather, when her mother had heard tidings which caused her to forget five-o'clock tea, dressing, dinner, even the expediency or necessity of asking Mr. Woodcock to join the little party. For Mrs. Douglas's mind had sustained an upheaval and overthrow on the most important interest of her life. She had recovered her balance and taken her cue with admirable if astounding celerity. But all the same her altered sentiments must pervade and affect her own and her daughter's future comfort and happiness, and assist in colouring the remainder of their lives.

Mrs. Douglas's quick brain and lively imagination were already full of schemes and projects, hopes and expectations. To marshal and conduct these, with pliant deference and subtle sweetness, would be sufficient to occupy and engross even so well-armed and accomplished an actress on the world's stage, for many days.

CHAPTER LII.—REPUDIATION AFTER REJECTION.

Mr. Woodcock had some business which imperatively demanded his presence at Shardleigh, but after it was settled his next destination was the north of Scotland. In the facilities for travelling which awaited his necessities and his convenience, within three days of his drive with Mrs. Douglas on the King's Road, Brighton, he found himself in a scene well-nigh as far removed in features from the colossal watering place on the coast of Sussex, as Timbuctoo is from Tyburnia.

In place of the low bare downs, the white

chalk, the limitless sea, he had the lofty mountains, the grey granite, and the narrow rushing rivers of north-western Perthshire. For the tumult and hum of London on the shore, he had the silence of the everlasting hills, broken only by the echoing roar of the railway which has invaded even these solitudes, or the stray crack of a gun, and the crow of a moor-cock.

Since he left the train, Mr. Woodcock having hired what he called a fly and the hotel-keeper a carriage at the Station Hotel, drove into yet deeper recesses of the Highlands, until the wilds—not in their salient features merely, but in their lesser individual traits—were all around him. Here were waving birch, and mountain ash—with the berries turning from wax to coral, thick oak coppice, brakes of blue green junipers, endless reaches of yellowing bracken, purple heather and red ling, tall purple and white fox-gloves among the rocks, downy white cotton grass on the bogs, and the scent of the bog myrtle, and the reek of the peat hovering over all.

Mr. Woodcock had often been in the Highlands before, and had leased shootings of his own, which had brought him into closest contact for weeks with that landscape which, when not blurred by rain, or shrouded in mist, can boast in its poverty such giant forms and grand outlines, such colours of "purple, and orange, and grey" in heather, lichen, bracken, golden oats, and bald crag, as no other province in this great, prosperous, and fertile Great Britain can show.

Archie had taken a shooting lodge in the shadow of Schihallion, and was keeping house there for the present with several old college men, to whom Douglas once of King's shootings formed common ground.

Notwithstanding the host's inherent sociality, Mr. Woodcock was told that Mr. Douglas had gone out alone. And it was coming back alone from the hill in his shooting coat and knicker-bockers, with his dog and his gun and a heavily laden game-bag, that Mr. Woodcock—taking advantage of a fine evening to stroll from the unfenced lawn up on the moor—met the man of whom he had come in quest. Archie's dark face—burnt to a tint nearer that of mahogany than any it had taken at Manor farm—first flushed purple, and then paled to a yellow brown, as he recognised his visitor, and without any of his mother's gracious dissimulation, called out, "What brings you here, Woodcock? Is there anything wrong with—" he stopped a second without supplying a name, and then he changed the form of his question, "Have you come from my mother and Jane?"

"I saw them at Brighton the other day, but I have not come directly from them. I am from Shardleigh, and I have taken a run north, for the purpose of talking over a curious example of the law's delay, or rather an incredible instance in which law and justice have fallen short—till now—in which you have an interest."

"Is that all?" inquired Archie in a tone made up of intense relief and a faint echo of disappointment. "Thanks for your attention to my interest, but your story will keep. I shall be late for dinner, and the fellows in the Lodge there are always as hungry as hawks; neither, I dare say, will you have any objection to having your creature comforts seen to after your journey. You must stay a week, and we must give you the best sport as well as the best cheer going, in return for your tramp, or rather your ride. The grouse are suffering from some of their usual ailments, but they are no worse here than elsewhere, and the fellows say the cook is up to the mark."

It was spoken with a well-simulated reflection of the ready unstinted hospitality which might have been expected from Archie Douglas, or Joel Wray, but there was a strong, half smothered effort at spontaneity which a practised eye could detect in the whole reception.

"I have shot with you, Archie, and you know the length of my tether," said Mr. Woodcock, with alacrity and with a modest consciousness of his own merits as a sportsman; "but I am not going to brag of the steadiness of my eye and my hand, not to say the length of my wind, in a trudge over the moors with a parcel of lads who might be my grandsons. And unless the grouse are the reverse of shy, I could not undertake to make so heavy a bag as that," glancing aside at the trophy of Archie's skill. "Are the birds bold, or were you early out?"

"I don't know that the birds or the amount of time have much to do with it," said Archie, playing with the lock of his gun. "I really believe that, conceit apart, I deserve what credit is going. I am in capital 'fettle' for slaughter, as Laren says," he added with a laugh. "The other fellows get weary, or hungry, or have letters to write, or want to pay visits to the next shootings; but I go in for hard work, and I never seem to need an unyoking. I was out at five this morning, and I started again after luncheon—the very keeper lay sleeping with his

bonnet over his face by the spring, when I stole a march upon him—but I am afraid I have lamed my best dog, poor brute, good Flora! she would limp after me, though she must have seen that I was unconscionable. Commend me to a dog for fondness. I must see to her foot and her supper myself, before I sit down to my own dinner, so come along, else the fellows will be fit to gnaw their own boots, or fall foul of each other."

Mr. Woodcock had no chance of speaking to Archie till three hours afterwards, when cigars and bed-room candles were lit in company. Archie was determined and indefatigable in serving his friends and guests, as only a genuine host can serve them; just as he went in for hard work in sport, or cared for his dog's foot, or had been given to patronising everybody in past days and in a different sphere. If there was a disproportionate price paid for the privilege of serving, only the servant himself in such silent, passive tokens as the harassed, careworn lines imprinting themselves on the pleasant prepossessing face and depriving it prematurely of its youthfulness, was there to own it.

The room used by the gentlemen as a smoking-room was, in the homely adaptability of the lodge, a little library where correspondents wrote letters; a stray book on a lounging chair, even indicated that reading was occasionally done there when the weather was hopelessly wet, and when eyes did not close and heads nod with sheer fatigue, and the strength of the mountain air.

Mr. Woodcock took up one of these books of light reading, and found that it was Clough's Poems, opening in the middle of the Bothy, with Archie Douglas's name on the title-page.

"It is a parcel of lies, like much poetry and many books," said Archie, curtly, not appearing to relish Mr. Woodcock's inspection of his studies. "I took it up before these fellows came. Mrs. Maclaren, that is the wife of Laren Maclaren, the head keeper who had the sense to marry a cook—the same that 'does for us'—has a *rara avis* in her assistant, who cannot have touched the chair from that time to this. What would any of you fellows give for such a dame in college, or clerk in chambers? As for me, I think I shall renounce chambers and libraries as resorts for owls and bats. I have a fancy for setting out on long travels out of order, Woodcock. I have rather a notion of making acquaintance with the Bret Harte fraternity—the heathen Chinee and the rest of them, and of coaching them into greater honesty and less brutality, and being coached by them, in return, in muscular Christianity, away over in California. I should not object to seeing the man in Oregon, up amongst the bears and the snows, who went about clad in sacks, armed with a long bow and a bowie knife, and kept a copy of 'Nicholas Nickleby' in his provision chest."

"In the meantime I must have a few words with you, on my business, Archie, and as the day is given up to sport, we must make the best of what is left of the night," said Mr. Woodcock, drawing Archie out on the lawn. There walking up and down with the rays of the young moon, too faint to light up tell-tale faces, though it revealed dimly vast ranges of mountains, called in their indefiniteness, and to distinguish them from the towering, distinct and separate sentinels of the landscape such as Schihallion, Ben Lawers, or Ben-y-Gloe—glens, Glen Ordell, Glen Dowart, Glen Ard—Mr. Woodcock told Archie Douglas of Pleasance's acquisition of fortune.

Archie heard the tale silently. His first observation was, "Did she send you to me?" and except for the restraint, so extreme as to sound harsh in his voice, nothing could be drawn from it.

"I cannot say she did," said Mr. Woodcock, with a little hesitation, "she made a communication with reference to you—a natural communication from her point of view. It was that she would not want anything more from you."

"Yes, I see, I thought so," said Archie, with bitterness, "having refused to fulfil her obligations, the moment it is in her power, she adds repudiation to rejection. She will have nothing more to do with me—not so much as to accept the wretched dowager house at Stone Cross with the pittance attached to it."

"You forget," said Mr. Woodcock, preferring to take the remark literally, "that it has been in her power all the time, since you conceded her right to dwell apart, to refuse to accept from you the provision which I induced her to take, for your credit and good name in the world. The fact is, that since she married without any settlement, and since her grandfather made only such provision for the marriage of the girls as turns out worthless, she has no separate control of her property. I must inform her she is as much dependent upon you as ever."

"That is all fudge, and you know it, and so does she. It is very well in the eye of

the law," said Archie, in a tone of exasperation, "but you are aware sense and feeling have something to say to it also. The plain truth is, that I have married a woman with whom I have quarrelled, who has on that account declined to live with me, and who on her accession to an unlooked-for inheritance throws me back the allowance which she had from me. Of course I have nothing to say against it. I have nothiug to do with her wealth—if wealth it be, though I will go so far as to say that I suppose I ought to be glad, and to wish her joy of her good fortune which has freed her from any claim on me. I believe she will make an excellent use of it. Your super-human, super-wise, unrelenting woman, is apt to be as virtuous to the world at large as she is pitiless to the one offender—the worse luck to the weak, erring wretch, who would collapse before her tremendous superiority, if she had anything to do with him."

"Archie," said Mr. Woodcock, "there are some affairs which a man must manage for himself, and in which he must be the best judge of his own good; but you will hear this appeal from an old friend. You are a young man, you have a long life, I trust, before you, which may be made or marred by your present conduct. Is your quarrel with your wife—who was your own choice, and, as it seemed to me, one of the most attractive women I ever met—irremediable?"

"I believe so," said Archie, doggedly. "No, Mr. Woodcock, it won't do. Both she and I made a capital mistake, and utterly misunderstood each other. This will not mend it. Mend! it will but serve to consummate it. There was no occasion for your coming north to tell me that Mrs. Archie Douglas was gently born, on one side of the house like myself—I knew that from her own lips already—and had succeeded to tens of thousands, making her one of the heiresses of the day. That *is* news to me, but it is certainly no concern of mine, as I do not happen to be a better sort of black leg, to make harvest of our division, and seize upon my wife's fortune, which does not belong to me. Having Shardleigh and rather more money than I can spend, I have not even the pretence of needing to spoil her goods as well as to make her miserable; but really I will do myself the credit to say, that I do not think I have the inclination. You can conceive what the forgiveness of such a woman thoroughly offended means—sad cold condemnation. She cannot help it, it is the essence of her unbending righteousness of character which has rendered the punishment heavier than the offence; but she is incapable of weighing that. I could not stoop and subject myself to it, not while I retained a man's strength and spirit. If I were old and broken, I grant you, I might creep home and beg her to pardon and speak a soft word to me—if that could be—the last thing; but I could not do it now. We will not speak any more of it, save that I could have waited for the tidings that I am saved a second dowager's allowance. But come, old friend," broke off Archie, his passion melting into kindliness, "don't let it interfere with your satisfaction on her account. She is your friend, you know, which I can freely own is to the honour of both. Don't let it prevent your having a jolly time, like the other fellows, up in Glen Ard. What would you like to do to-morrow? Shall it be deer, or grouse, or salmon trout? And have you any choice of the quarter any more than the victims? You shall have my best gun or rod, and Laren will lead a pony in case you get foot sore; you are not case-hardened as we are."

All the comfort Mr. Woodcock could take under the circumstances was, that so much remained of the Archie of old, in this impracticable Archie caught in the toils, and refusing to stir hand or foot, to break the meshes towards his own deliverance.

CHAPTER LIII.—A FREE WOMAN—AN EMBASSY FROM THE GABLE HOUSE.

PLEASANCE was free—so far as being constrained to be the chief pensioner on her husband's bounty, and to submit to the rules laid down for a dowager, were concerned. Her second inheritance, of an amount of property which would have overwhelmed her and been a distressing anomaly in the old days at the Manor House, had done her this good turn. And as gifts alter with standards, so Pleasance, after the first sharp recall of what might have been, was only sedately impressed by the prospect of the large income which would not only, as she imagined, entitle her to live where and how she liked, and to travel far and near, but which would bring with it its own duties and obligations.

Pleasance said she was, and was sure she was, thankful for independence, for her father's acknowledgment of his children in this proof of his fatherly concern for their welfare.

She tried to keep from thinking how much more joyous that earlier inheritance had

been, which came clogged with no burdens. It brought only pleasures, and reached her when the future lay all before her, and no disaster beyond cure had robbed life of hope and heart to her—that small heirship over which she had sung as she portioned it into friendly offerings of a softer chair for Mrs. Balls, a new whip for Long Dick, a crutch for Lizzie Blennerhasset, and a collar for Pincher.

With regard to her personal inclinations, Pleasance told herself, with a little laugh, that she should like nothing so well as to have a farm of her own like the Manor farm, whether at Heron Hill or elsewhere, engage servants, stock it with animals, and be her own steward. It would give her some pleasure to wander in her own fields, and superintend her own dairy and poultry-yard, to see to the feeding of her own oxen and sheep and hogs, as well as to pet her lambs and calves.

Then she shook her head at the idea, and renounced it, not only as too full of memories, but as belonging to the past with which she had done, and to a stage in her life on which she felt the curtain had fallen. She had a conviction that there was neither right reason nor true morality in insisting on retracing her steps, and taking up again the associations and aspirations which had been dropped in the natural course of events. That would be at once like "greetin' ower scailt milk," and like putting new wine into old bottles. Better go on her journey of life treading fresh paths, and learning, if possible, wider and higher lessons.

Pleasance had written to Mr. Woodcock immediately after she had been summoned by Mr. Mott to have her grandfather's will disclosed to her, and she had then expressed the intention which he had conveyed to Archie Douglas, that if the will took effect, she would not accept a further allowance from Mr. Douglas of Shardleigh. The conclusion had seemed to Pleasance merely just and a matter of course. She had written it not only without a particle of malice, but without much thought or feeling on the subject.

It was not till the realisation of her purpose drew near, that she recoiled from what might look like a swift, contemptuous, and triumphant casting-off of the countenance and support which she had received. She became sensible that she was about to quit all that she knew of home for a second time in her life. She was to go forth once more on the world, not only a much poorer woman, in reality, than the young working girl who had entered so gaily on her portion of a few hundreds, but actually, in the middle of her independence, a more desolate and exposed woman than the alien wife who had consented to be dependent, and had been passed on and established under cold, tolerating, and protecting auspices in the dowager establishment of Willow House.

In the meantime all the good that Pleasance got out of her inheritance was, that she felt suddenly freed from a fear which had lately visited her, lest the dowager income settled on her, which had seemed so large at first, should prove in the end, what with her vicarious house-keeping, her charities, and her prospects of travel—if she should be enabled to put them into execution—insufficient for her wants. This result appeared so intolerable in her case, that Pleasance was resolved it should never happen with her will, if denial of private tastes and staying at home for the rest of her life, could prevent it.

But there was no longer the fear of a collapse. So Pleasance, who had been growing penny-wise, and in danger of taking to scraping and hoarding, indulged herself in unlimited supplies of market flowers and native birds, in such bits of old brown carved wood and blue and white china, with maize and scarlet Mentone baskets, as she had learned to fancy, to relieve the hard, rather than cool prevailing grey, of the Willow-House drawing-room.

That drawing-room remained no longer uninvaded. The Dean's wife, followed by the wives of subordinates in the Close and of members of the smaller gentry in the neighbourhood, took advantage of Pleasance's recent appearance on Lady Lewis's birthday to set on foot inroads on Pleasance's retirement and to make overtures to her acquaintance, which she did not know how to repel. She continued shy and indifferent, for she could not see how she could do any good to these people, or they to her, so that they would never be really friends; but she had ceased to be actively hostile.

She received the explanations delicately made to her by her neighbours of their having heard that she was out of health, and desirous of living in strict seclusion, while she believed them so far as to think she had brought the influx upon herself by going to Lady Lewis's. She was still so unworldly that it hardly occurred to her, in the middle of her lingering prejudice, to attribute the tide of company to the discovery that she

was descended from the Hattons of Redmead, and was the true heiress of Heron Hill and its mines.

Pleasance paid the penalty—so far as she understood it—quietly; she had not been accustomed to call social fatigues a bore, and she found her guests perfectly civil in her own house. She endured them stoically, though she was chary of returning their civilities.

If Pleasance had known it, her manners, with their curious mixture of educated intelligence, formality, rusticity, native friendliness, and that tinge of shyness, which was held sensitive pride, were highly approved of at Stone Cross. They were voted original and charming, the very manners for a newly-found heiress.

Pleasance had one little surprise in connection with her visitors. A voluble lady let fall the singular piece of information that her old friend Mrs. Douglas, from whom she had heard lately, had evidently taken it for granted that she, Mrs. Fielding, must know Mrs. Douglas's daughter-in-law. Mrs. Fielding further inferred, from the letter, that Mrs. Douglas was coming herself to Stone Cross during the autumn, and hoped to meet Mrs. Fielding and Pleasance together.

"You must be mistaken," Pleasance had said coldly; "I shall be gone from Stone Cross before then;" but in her own mind afterwards she could not account for the mistake. A still greater shock in the form of an ovation was in store for Pleasance.

She had seen and heard nothing of her kindred at the Gable House lately. She believed that they had started without a day's delay for London to meet the son and brother, and to consult with the lawyers on the receipt of the startling, unwelcome intelligence which threatened to oust them from Heron Hill, with its mineral wealth, and instal in their place the long-neglected relative, who had turned up unpropitiously in the person of Archie Douglas's low-born wife, the very young woman whom Rica had been bent on treating as a tool and butt.

Sometimes it had crossed Pleasance's mind that the recent flocking of old friends and neighbours of the Wyndhams to greet their rival and successor in the coveted possession of Heron Hill, was not very complimentary to the allegiance of those good folks. She had certainly never expected to see the Wyndhams themselves at her door, or in her drab drawing-room. She had decided that her cousin Rica's first visit with Jane Douglas would be her last. Pleasance had been fully persuaded of the conclusion, even when she had answered Mr. Woodcock's request for her mind on the matter, by giving him entire power to make such concessions in remitting past obligations as could be permitted in the interest of both parties. "I am quite aware," Pleasance had wound up her letter to Mr. Woodcock, "that the involuntary suppression of my grandfather's will, of which everybody concerned—not even excepting poor old Mr. Mott—was innocent, has been a great misfortune to the Wyndhams, as well as to me."

A few weeks afterwards, Pleasance coming down stairs, and glancing out of the stair-case window which commanded the Cathedral and the street, saw the Wyndhams' phaeton drawn up at the gate of the Willow House, Rica already alighted and Mrs. Wyndham in her imposing proportions, preparing, with her man-servant's assistance, to follow slowly her daughter's example.

Pleasance needed the little time that she had gained to recover herself.

It was all very well to have preached to herself tolerance and amnesty in time past, and to have recalled her own offences and bidden herself be charitable towards her fellow-offenders. It was equally simple to say that outward familiarity had deadened the pain, and almost taken away the consciousness, of looking upon the woman of her own blood who had yet been so pitiless to her youth and to Anne's, and whose pitilessness had been the cause of Anne's death and of all the confusion and suffering which had followed.

It was another thing for Pleasance, not only to be brought face to face with her aunt, but to have that aunt come to the niece whom she had relentlessly turned back to her proper place, as Pleasance instinctively felt Mrs. Wyndham must have come, an appealing suppliant. And if Pleasance grew giddy and sick with the reversal, what were Mrs. Wyndham's feelings? What were the feelings of Rica, who had been twice superseded, and who, when only partially acquainted with the facts, had sought in her philosophical fashion to amuse herself with her humble supplanter in Archie Douglas's favour?

Pleasance with her quick sympathy put herself in her aunt and cousin's goaded and galled places, bearing her own burden all the while, and could have sunk into the earth under the double consciousness. It was only when she began to recover that she became sensible with a faint gleam of

humour flickering across her pain, that she was feeling for all three. However sorely and grievously disappointed, intensely chagrined, even considerably alarmed, Mrs. Wyndham and Rica might be, they were still cool and confident mistresses of the situation. It was Pleasance, who was hot and cold, and quivering, distracted and penetrated with shame for those who might be mortified, but who in their obliviousness and audacity carried their mortification cavalierly, and felt little or no shame for themselves.

"I suppose I must be mistress of the ceremonies," said Rica, "as I have the advantage of a previous though slight acquaintance with the lady of the house. Mamma, this is Mrs. Archie Douglas, your long-lost niece as it proves, who has turned up so opportunely for herself, and so inopportunely for us; but is there not a proverb, it is not lost that a friend gets? Cousin Pleasance, we must renew our friendship in a fresh form: I am sure you will forgive me, if I do not take to it at first so aptly as to the old."

"Yes, my wild girl anticipated matters, it seems, by breaking down barriers and insisting on knowing you," said Mrs. Wyndham, making an effort, and looking with her cold, dark eyes into Pleasance's agitated face.

"Romantic people would say it was the mystic tie of blood that impelled me," said Rica, "but I am not romantic, and I should not think the mystic tie would extend to cousins, that would be making it too cheap."

"How long it is since I have lost sight of you!" said Mrs. Wyndham again, with a very slight shade of awkwardness, but rather in an accent of lofty reproach. "Why did you not seek to communicate with me again? I had nearer relations and many engagements, but you were not so engrossed. You, my brother Frederick's child, ought to have made some attempt to revive my recollection of you and to win my regard."

"You forget, Mrs. Wyndham," said Pleasance with returning spirit, "that in the only letter we, Anne and I, had from you, we were told that you had done with us, and forbade us to approach you in future."

"But I had received provocation," Mrs. Wyndham prepared to defend herself.

"You might have had," said Pleasance.

"You were two very rash, foolish, I must say rude girls; you were badly advised by your friends."

"We had no friends," said Pleasance with a sad fleeting little smile. "I must take all the blame that is due."

"I do not wish to reflect upon your poor sister."

"We had better not speak of her," said Pleasance, drawing her breath faster and making a restless movement. In reality Pleasance had a great fear of herself, lest she should be driven to retaliate on the enemy who was in her power.

"Indeed I do not desire to pain you, Mrs. Douglas," said Mrs. Wyndham, suddenly recalling the motive of her visit. "I believe that in family quarrels there are generally faults on both sides." Having made the liberal admission, she smiled with a kind of stony graciousness, settled the folds of her rich dress, and looked the beauty she had been before Pleasance was born. "For that reason the past is better let alone, don't you think so? I am glad that you have managed to do well for yourself, in spite of omissions which we may still be able to effect something to remedy."

"In short, now that mamma has found you, she is prepared to be proud of you. I do not say that it is your reward for captivating and fixing for a sufficient length of time a *parti* understood to be so fastidious and capricious—in spite of his deceptive good nature—as Archie Douglas. I am afraid that we should never have discovered and made the best of you, even for that great merit, had it not been for the last strange turn of affairs which we feel to our cost, and which has made cultivating you our best policy. I am honest, Mrs. Archie Douglas, or cousin Pleasance, let it be which you prefer, but I mean it to be a mutual benefit," said Rica with her bold bravado.

"My dear Rica!" protested her mother, but with unfailing indulgence, "Mrs. Douglas, my niece, had need to be acquainted with your naughtiness, which passes all bounds."

"Mamma," interposed Rica again, "I don't think that it is any compliment to your niece, as you have grown fond of calling her within the last ten minutes, though we had scarcely heard that you had a niece till five or six weeks ago, to suppose her such a goose as not to comprehend that we cannot help ourselves. We have been completely sold by the impropriety—according to our side of the question—of grandpapa's having let himself be played upon by Uncle Fred, to make what is for us so fatal an alteration in his will, and by the drivelling imbecility of that old wretch Mott, who ought to be hanged for his part in the transaction. But the abominable will is right and good, and we are forced to throw up the game, and

make what terms we can with the winners. I hope you admire my frankness, Mrs. Douglas."

"I think I estimate it at what it is worth," said Pleasance.

"Rica, Rica, do not interrupt me perpetually, child, and increase my difficulties a hundredfold by making game of this disaster as of everything else; of course you are in jest, and Mrs. Archie Douglas sees it. But let me speak, let me do what I am come here for," began Mrs. Wyndham again, with a submissive patience and self-abnegation, where her own child was concerned, that went near to touching Pleasance. I do not attempt to conceal," continued Mrs. Wyndham, with a return to her dictatorial pomposity, "that this discovery of a later will of my father's, devising away Heron Hill, now that it is become far more valuable than Redmead, is a very serious matter to us. And as my father never could have contemplated benefiting you and your sister whom he had not seen or heard of until a few days or weeks before he made this will, at the expense of his other grandchildren whom he knew and loved, it strikes me that circumstance should be taken into account in the decision. But the lawyers will not hear of it."

"It is the chance of war," said Rica.

"Neither could my father's father have contemplated our reverses," said Pleasance.

"I grant there may be some truth in what you say," admitted Mrs. Wyndham; "but only think of it, make it your own case," she urged with increasing warmth. "My children have been brought up in luxury, with warrantably high expectations. My son, whom you have never met" ("That pleasure is in store for you, and you two are safe to agree," said Rica, with the utmost gravity), "my only son," Mrs. Wyndham resumed the lead in the conversation without suffering herself to be put out, "has never done anything that his mother could find fault with," she added proudly, "though I might have wished that he had gone into Parliament, where I have no doubt he would have made a figure, or married and settled down quietly at Sefton Hall, his father's place, or at Redmead, mine—("What a pity you are married, cousin Pleasance!" said Rica in another audible aside.) "But such has not been his inclination, and as he has had the expensive tastes and pursuits of his age and class, both properties have become a good deal burdened. There was no occasion for him to save, with the Heron Hill rents always increasing and coming in to supply all deficiencies. I need not say that it was with my entire consent he borrowed money on Redmead."

Rica looked what she would fain have said, but still had the grace left to refrain from saying—that her brother was the most selfish, unscrupulous man upon the turf, who ever ran through family possessions, and impoverished and encumbered his widow mother, whose estate was not nominally his, in her lifetime.

"My elder daughter Nelly," Mrs. Wyndham spoke on, standing in the breach, and waxing long-winded for the honour and profit of her family, "has married into the ancient and noble Roman house of Barbarelli, compared with which the houses of our English nobility are only of yesterday. It was a connection that would have been a source of satisfaction to any Talbot or Howard among us, since our insular prejudices are not proof against the superior culture of the higher classes. My son-in-law, Count Pietro, is a noble fellow in himself; while Nelly's palace in Rome has such gems of art, such pictures, cabinets, and tapestry, and the grounds of her country-house have such cypresses and citron-trees, as put our poor sign-painters' daubs, upholsterers' hangings, and ribbon-bordered gardening to shame. But only a few of the old Italian nobles retain much beyond their palaces, and lands which are not profitable in a commercial sense, and the Barbarelli are not among the few."

"That is to say," explained Rica, "that my thrice-noble brother-in-law, count of the Roman Empire, as far back as it will go, and as fiercely proud as a paladin, is as poor as a church-mouse. Poor Nelly in her palace is constantly begging mamma to send her cheques—to furnish her and the little counts and countessina's with necessaries—not to say to defray Count Pietro's display on the Corso, and his losses at cards."

"Rica's playful exaggeration is a version of the truth," allowed Mrs. Wyndham with a sigh. "Nelly, in spite of her promotion, is forced to seek help from her family, until the death of Count Pietro's father."

"Until doomsday," asserted Rica coolly, "the penurious old count standing in the gap, does more than prevent the settlement of present claims, he stops the incurring of fresh debts, which will go on apace when he sleeps with his fathers. Count Pietro is so used to insolvency, that it is like native air to him; even his pride, does not prevent his flourishing

upon debt, like a child, who neither knows how to spend nor how to spare the first money it has had in its life, while Nelly has grown desperate."

"Rica and I don't require much," proceeded Mrs. Wyndham, with a sort of haughty humility; even if we should never be able to afford another season in town, we can keep house here, or at Redmead, when Tom does not want it, quietly enough. Only it goes to my heart to look forward to my child's being deprived of the advantages to which she is entitled, and of all proper opportunities of settling in life."

"Don't mind me, mamma," observed Rica carelessly. "I was getting sick of seasons in town, when the proper man was never spoony upon me, and I had begged off from the last. I should not mind trying the village-maid dodge, seeing how it prospers."

"You do not understand—a dear, thoughtless, unworldly girl cannot measure such losses," said Mrs. Wyndham, in melancholy comment on Rica's impertinence.

"Will you excuse me for asking you a direct question?" said Pleasance to Mrs. Wyndham. "As far as I have been able to follow, you have described the advantages, with their attendant disadvantages, that your children have enjoyed; but why tell it all to me? Indeed, I seek to be just and gentle where our claims clash; but I had rather that you would say plainly what you expect from me, and I shall comply if I can."

"Thanks, I could not for a moment imagine that you would be utterly unreasonable. I did give you credit for a little tact. It was impossible for me to suppose you could be guilty of refusing to meet and consult with me as a friend on our mutual position," acknowledged Mrs. Wyndham with the most comfortable self-satisfaction, instead of the most uncomfortable gratitude.

"I told you that the benefit was to be mutual," said Rica nodding.

Pleasance did not see the mutual nature of the benefit, but she possessed her soul in patience and was silent.

"My dear—you will allow me to call you so?" said Mrs. Wyndham with increased condescension.

"Call me what you please," said Pleasance; "but surely we are, to say the least, stranger kinswomen to each other."

"That fault will soon be amended," announced Mrs. Wyndham, with what sounded like a ponderous copy of Rica's airiness. "I am afraid that I must approach a delicate subject in explaining myself farther to you. I do not pretend yet to my niece's confidence, but I must allude to an incompatibility of temper between her and your husband, which has resulted in a separate maintenance. I must refer to the fact that the Douglas family have not taken you up, or given you the least countenance beyond the permission to reside here, which is only one way of getting rid of you."

"Mrs. Wyndham," said Pleasance with burning cheeks, "if you mean to insult me after all, which I can hardly conceive under present circumstances, I decline to be insulted by the truth which you have spoken. But what have my personal affairs to do with this discussion?"

"A great deal, if you were not too brusque to suffer me to finish what I had to say," retorted Mrs. Wyndham; "you must get rid of this brusqueness, if you would have me make anything of you. Mrs. Archibald Douglas, you must be aware that you will be, even with the inheritance which you propose to take—I do not say unwarrantably, I allow naturally, when it is in your power—from my children, a young woman in a very difficult position. You will need not only all your newly-acquired fortune, but all the friends you can win to support you, in order that you may get a proper introduction into society and standing in the world."

"And mamma and I will undertake for a trifling consideration—plain speaking is best, is it not?—for some compensation to Tom and the rest of us, and for mamma and me, the use of your town-house, or opera-box, or of your carriage-horses when we don't have our own—bagatelles of that kind, simply to tame you, coach you, and introduce you into the great world under our all-powerful auspices. What do you say to it? I assure you I am quite in earnest," declared Rica coolly.

In her excitement, indignation, affront, and sense of ludicrousness combined, Pleasance did not cry that it was too much; when she found that her forgiveness was to merge into her being suborned and bribed, she startled her newly-found relatives by laughing tremulously. "I beg your pardon," she said, abashed at her own untimely mirth; "but you are quite mistaken in my aims and expectations, and I am utterly incapable of profiting by your kind intentions. I was not even aware that I required an introduction or standing in the world, which I entered very nearly twenty-two years ago, and in which I have made my own way till very lately. Shall I say that I am not to be

bought, and neither am I to be laughed out of any favour that I can confer? For anything more, you are freely welcome to the best terms that your lawyers can make—I have written to that effect—or to any other worldly benefit that I can render you, for I agree with Mrs. Wyndham, that the case is a hard one for you in the end, as for me and mine in the beginning. But you must consent to take any favour as a gift—as your right if you will—but not as your purchase. It is not only that I refuse to barter such small power as has fallen into my hands, and that I profess to be incorruptible, but that literally you can offer me nothing. I will not enter into your world, I do not own your standard."

"Ah," said Rica quickly, "your disinherited prince who has come into his own again, or your beggar millionaire is apt to be *tête exaltée* at first; but wait a bit, till the gates—not of heaven, but of the pleasantest places of the earth, don't fly open to his 'Open Sesame,' as he in his conceit has fancied, but grate on their hinges for want of a little of the oil of old-established proprietorship, *convenance* and *savoir faire*, he is fain to come down a flight, and accept the obliging aid which he spurned before. I don't despair of being your Mentorina and right-hand woman yet, cousin Pleasance."

Mrs. Wyndham had been staring blankly. "I am ready to excuse a great deal that is odd and unpleasant, I am ready to encounter and conquer it, if possible, for the sake of my children, and of my niece to whom I had hoped that my experience and influence might have been of use," she said almost speaking to herself in her amazement and incredulity. "Of course no knowledge of the world, no good breeding even, was to be expected. Still, you do not mean that you reject the good offices of the only relations you have in the world, Mrs. Douglas; relatives who, I may say it without partiality, would be a priceless boon to any *débutante* or *nouveau riche*, and who have shown you a worthy example in ignoring the painful rivalry involved in your claim?"

"I do not mean to fail in magnanimity," said Pleasance, inclined to laugh again.

"Impossible! you cannot understand," persisted Mrs. Wyndham, "Frederica and I had talked the matter over, and we had agreed that you should spend the next winter in Rome; Nelly's palace has suites of spacious rooms at the command of visitors." ("Especially if they be heiresses. The Roman palaces have no end of accommodation for heiresses. I should not wonder if they would lodge you in the Vatican itself," commented Rica.) Her mother went on without attending to the comment, "Nelly and the count will dispense to you a princely hospitality. You will see the best Roman society at and from their house. You will acquire a good foreign style, which is generally admired, and which will conceal the deficiency in early training that is much to be regretted now, as events have happened; but who could have foreseen them?" asked Mrs. Douglas with a tragic emphasis.

"A good foreign style, like charity, covers a multitude of sins," put in Rica. "Indeed, Mrs. Douglas, you will be a great fool not to take our embassy in good part, and make the most of it. It has just struck me that the position is like that of Cinderella, who, I have no doubt, married her two usurping sisters to gentlemen about court, that they might be conveniently at hand to supply her with little hints for her behaviour as a princess. Do think of Cinderella, and not of the 'Mysteries of Udolpho,' or the 'Romance of the Forest' (I know you read novels); believe me the Italian bravo with his stiletto is quite out of fashion. We have not the slightest intention of making away with you, in recommending you to spend a little time with Nelly at Rome."

"I do not think you have," replied Pleasance; "but I must refuse what I cannot avail myself of."

"Never mind, mamma," said Rica, "beggars should not be choosers. A truce is established. Mrs. Archie Douglas is to deal with us poor usurpers leniently. Ah! I forgot that the Christian charity was to be all on our side; but so it will come about eventually, and until then we shall bide our time;" and Rica drew away her mother before she had done more than express a tithe of her astonishment at Pleasance's continued refractory attitude after all these years and changes. Not all Mrs. Wyndham's devotion to her children's interests could, for the moment, stifle her displeasure at the reception given to her fine stroke of diplomacy.

When her visitors were gone, Pleasance's ill-timed laughter passed into a few quiet, but bitter, tears of pain, wrath, and ruth over her nearest relations in the world, as Mrs. Wyndham had said, who were worse than strangers to her, and over what seemed the mockery of forgiving offenders who would not be forgiven, who saw no occasion for forgiveness, and whose unblushing overture was made with the open purpose of retrieving a portion of their losses.

ON FELLOWSHIP WITH THE FATHER AND THE SON.

By the EDITOR.

WERE the question asked, "What is the object for which Christ lived and died, and the grand aim of the Christian ministry?" we could imagine many good Christians discovering considerable difficulty in giving an intelligent answer. Some familiar phrases might perhaps be used in reply, to which no definite meaning is attached. It might, for example, be said that the one end of Christianity is to "save souls," so that when this world shall have passed away men may be delivered from the punishment of hell, and be received into the joy of heaven. Now, such an answer, if rightly understood, would, in a measure, be true, and yet the ideas associated with such a statement are frequently very unreal, or at all events inadequate.

Perhaps the most suggestive and profound answer that Scripture contains to the question, "What is salvation?" is to be found in the First Epistle of St. John, where, after speaking of the manifestation of eternal life in the Son, he goes on to say, "That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us: and truly our fellowship is with the Father and with His Son Jesus Christ. God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all. If we say we have fellowship with Him and walk in darkness, we lie, and do not the truth; but if we walk in the light, as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." For it was to bring man to have fellowship with the Father and with the Son, and with the whole company of those who know and love God, Father, Son, and Spirit, that the work of redeeming love has gone on since the earliest dawn of the Church till now. It is the will of God the Father, Who has made us in His image, to bring us to be in fellowship with Himself, to share His own holy and blessed thoughts of peace and joy. This is implied in the command, "Be ye holy, for I am holy," and in His calling us to be His "sons and daughters." To bring us into this fellowship was the one desire of Jesus Christ. "O righteous Father, the world hath not known Thee." "Glorify Thy Son, that thy Son may glorify Thee." "I have given unto them eternal life, and this is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent!" This is the one great work of the Holy Spirit, whose office is "to shine into our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." It is in order to lead to this fellowship that the Gospel declares the forgiveness of sins, reveals the mind of God, and promises grace for the attainment of all good. And this end is the great aim and purpose of the Church, as consisting of all those who possess the same life, and love, and sympathy, and who labour to bring all men to share the good which they themselves enjoy.

St. John speaks of this fellowship as "walking in light." According to a characteristic usage, light is taken by him as the highest image of the pure, revealing, quickening glory of Divine perfection. And no image could suggest the character of God with greater vividness, for there is nothing in nature so glorious as this mysterious effulgence which sweeps from horizon to horizon, revealing the utmost depths of sky, making the clouds burn with splendour, the seas flash into a floor of diamond and topaz, placing a crown of gold upon the mountains, and making the valleys glow with a million tints. This light, whose fountain is on high, and which reaches to the lowliest home of earth, is surely of all emblems the most appropriate for the all-penetrating goodness, the clear sanctity, the stainless righteousness of God, which, ever shining, is ever revealing the true nature of all things. It is this light of God which fills with joy all those who truly know Him. It is for this the Seraphim adore Him, crying, "Holy! holy! holy!" and the whole Church in heaven falls in worship. It is the light of God's glory, as seen in His goodness and righteousness and truth, which engages every eye, which fills every heart, and satisfies and quickens every desire. But this is possible only in so far as these spirits have themselves fellowship with what God is. The measure of their joy is proportionate to their entrance into light.

This fellowship is but another word for salvation. There has never been a saint on earth, whether under the old covenant or the new, who has not been more or less in fellowship with the Father and the Son, and that which constitutes the life and blessedness of the saints in glory is but increasing fellowship with the Father and the Son. To possess this is to be saved. We must,

to some extent, be in sympathy with the absolutely holy and righteous will of God, we must love God for what He is, and find joy in what gives joy to Christ and to all saints and angels, or heaven can be no heaven to us. If we have not this mind in us, then no change of place will deliver us from the hell of being at enmity to God.

Now Jesus Christ came into the world to reveal the character of God, and thereby to throw light on all the darkness and evil of earth. He lived out in the world the truth of both God and man, and so the life that was in Him became "the light of men," making manifest at once the sin of ungodliness and the glory of sonship. But His work was more than a revelation. He came to bestow the same kind of life which He Himself possessed—"To all who received Him, to them gave He power to become sons of God." This life of sonship, of its very nature, puts us into fellowship with the Father and the Son.

But in what sense can we have fellowship with the Father and the Son? In what way, or in reference to what subjects, is that to be attained? This may best be answered by giving an example. When the Father contemplated the life of Jesus in the flesh, He said, "This is my well-beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." There was accordingly not a thought, not a word, not an action, from Bethlehem to Calvary, with which the Father had not perfect sympathy. When we are called to have fellowship with the Father, we are, in other words, required to share that sympathy. We are to see the rightness of all the feelings of Christ, the goodness of all His actions, the truth of all His teaching, the glory of His mind, life, sufferings, and death, and be well pleased and in harmony with their character. But if we are to have fellowship with the Father in His mind towards the Son, we are also to have fellowship with the Son in His mind towards the Father. Christ found it His "meat to do the will of the Father." It was His very life to obey and serve Him, and to yield up everything to His guidance. He had fellowship with the Father in His just condemnation and hatred of sin, and in His good-will towards a sinful world. Now, in proportion as we possess the mind that was in Christ, we enter into these thoughts, and perceive that what He felt was not only right, but that it is the truth of our being to be in harmony with what He was. And these convictions correspond to the purpose of Christ concerning us. His one great desire is to bring us to be like Himself—to know God as He knows Him, to see every object as He sees it, to view sin as He views it, to love holiness as He loves it—so that what gives Him joy or sorrow may affect us in a similar manner. This is the grand aim of all His teaching and discipline.

But here another question suggests itself. Is it possible for us to attain to a condition of being which so far surpasses any feeble comprehension we may now form of the Divine life? Two difficulties may be mentioned which meet us at the outset.

If God is light, that light of its very nature must reveal our darkness. How, then, is it possible for us to be in sympathy with the light which condemns ourselves? St. John lays full emphasis on this contrast. "If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us." But there is really no contradiction nor inconsistency here. A man can be made conscious of evil only as he is in sympathy with holiness, and that sympathy, at the same time delivers him from the power of the sin which he condemns. The two go together. It is the vision of purity which makes impurity disgusting, and thereby leads us away from its defilement. It is the spirit of generosity which makes us at once detest and cast out all selfishness. In proportion as a man sees the true nature of sin, so does he cease to have sympathy with it; he treats it as an enemy against which he is to make war; he keeps it no longer as his life, but mortifies and crucifies it; he does not walk any longer in darkness, but comes into the light, and looks at everything as in the light of God. Therefore, instead of there being any contradiction, there is the most perfect harmony between having fellowship with God and condemning ourselves as sinners.

Another difficulty arises from the enormous distance between anything we can attain to and so glorious an end as having fellowship with the Father and the Son. But the contrast between what we are now, and the infinitely high standard of possessing the mind of God and Christ, which is set before us, does not invalidate the trueness of the fellowship, even when it is no more than as the first rays of a new dawn upon the spirit. The difference between the seedling oak and the mature tree is one of degree only, which a few years may obliterate. But the difference between the seedling and the weed is one not of degree but of kind, and which becomes the more manifest the more they

grow. The difference between the sincere penitent and the most advanced saint is only one of degree. There is an element of sympathy which unites the highest and the lowest. The cry from the depths uttered by the broken and contrite heart, which in self-loathing longs for deliverance, is a cry with which every saint before the throne can sympathize. The man who, beating upon his breast, can say no more than "God be merciful!" is uttering a response to the mind of God, for he is seeing his sin as God would have him see it, and is, so far, in agreement with Christ and in fellowship with the redeemed. The prayer from one who in very agony struggles with evil, and craves for the clean heart and the right spirit, is in perfect harmony with the will of God. The man may be as yet very far from God's presence, "tears" may be "his meat day and night," and his soul may be "sorely vexed within him;" nevertheless, if his sorrow springs from such true desire that he can say, "My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God," "Show me Thy way that I may know Thee, I beseech Thee show me Thy glory," then, although he has "no language but a cry," it is one which meets the will of God, and is in perfect keeping with the mind of Christ, and of the whole Church of the redeemed in heaven and earth. Let there only be present such a perception of the nature of sin and the excellence of holiness as is in agreement with the eternal truth of things, then, should the man be no better than the thief on the cross, he possesses that kind of life which distinguishes heaven from hell; his mind is so far in fellowship with the Father and the Son, and with every saint before the throne. This is the one true religion. There is none other possible. Eternal light and eternal darkness depend on whether we possess fellowship with the right or with the wrong—with the mind of Christ or the mind of the devil—whether we have the spirit of children or the spirit of rebels. There is nothing arbitrary here. Christ came "a light into the world, that we should no longer walk in darkness, but have the light of life." "This is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil." This decision forms the turning-point of all religion; it is the boundary-line between life and death.

CINDERELLA.

A Child's Song of the Season.

By ROBERT BUCHANAN.

I.

WHERE Cinderella stitches,
The daylight dimly reaches,
And when the sun is setting,
The red rays faintly find her
With eyes that still grow blinder
Through famine and through fretting,
While lower, lower drooping,
She hums a weary air,
Above the bright robes stooping
Her sisters are to wear.

Her sisters?—they are creatures
Of softer, sweeter features,
Tall, stately, and resplendent
With jewels in their dresses,
With pomp and trains attendant,
And many a jewel pendant
Amid their drooping tresses.
Their beauty and their gleaming,
As lonely she sits dreaming,
Poor Cinderella guesses.

Oh she has seen them passing,
On sobbing, rainy nights,
When the wet streets are glassing
The glory of their lights.
And they have seemed unto her
As creatures far above her,
Too fair, even if they knew her,
To note her or to love her.
Yet as they pass'd so fleeting,
She watch'd them with heart beating,
And from their pride did borrow
Pure pleasure and no sorrow;
For while into her chamber,
Her little feet did clamber,
"How sweet!" she thought, all glowing,
"Just only to have noted
My lovely sisters going,
Fair, lustrous-eyed, white-throated!"
And with that glimpse of gladness
No canker flower did blossom,
And sweetness and not sadness
Fill'd Cinderella's bosom;

For all the night before her,
While she is dumbly sewing,
A happy spell is o'er her,
Of great lights coming, going,
And ever, scarce repining,
She feels it, and rejoices
To see her sisters shining,
And hear their happy voices.

II.

"This, and this only, would quite content me,
If once, once only, a glimpse was lent me
Of the fairy court and the fairy queen there,
And my sisters dancing in golden sheen there.

"I would not speak, I would keep from view,
Nor tell them *I* was their sister too;
Yea, lest my clothes and my face should shame them,
I'd crouch in a corner and never claim them.

"But oh to see them moving and flitting
In the halls where the fairy queen is sitting,
My sisters round her, bright lamps above her,—
I'd sew for a lifetime and think it over!

"Little Jesus with golden hair,
If I might wander to-morrow there,
Take just one peep at the light and laughter,
Come back and think o'er it for ever after."

O'er Cinderella's pallet small,
A picture was pasted on the wall—
Cheeks of red and eyes of azure,
A little Child, with a smile of pleasure.

Some might deem it a poor device,
Daub'd and sold for a copper price;
But to her it told of a golden story:
Our Lord it was, as a Child of glory.

All night long, as she slept, above her
The picture bent and seem'd to love her.
Still as she sew'd, for a moment raising
Her eyes, she saw that the Child was gazing!

"To-night the queen of the fairy land
Holds her court in the palace grand;
My beautiful sisters all are going,
One in the robe that I am sewing.

"Little Jesus with golden hair,
If I might only see them there!"
Ev'n as she prayed, with a glimmer splendid,
The picture flash'd and the Child descended!

III.

O'er Cinderella's bosom,
A strange calm awe was stealing;
She felt her poor heart blossom
With bright ecstatic feeling;
She saw and did not fear Him,
She knew and seem'd to love Him,
She thrill'd so to be near Him,
But blest the light above Him,—
The aureole and lustre,
Which round His form was beaming.
In many a golden cluster,
His happy locks were streaming;
But less she seem'd to dread Him,
Because the dress that clad Him
Was poor and sad to seeming.
A Child He was, yet under
His child-looks woke strange wonder,
And soft angelic dreaming.
"Come!" said He, smiling sweetly,
And gave His hand unto her.
Dumb-stricken now completely,
She felt the touch thrill through her!

The door flew open slowly
Before that Infant Holy,
And all the city of wonder,
Wrapt in its dim and grey light
Of smoke and mist and daylight,
Surged with a sound of thunder
Beneath, as the pale woman,
Unseen by all things human,
Was by a Hand Immortal
Led to the palace portal!

IV.

The sun was shining. Before the door
There huddled a crowd of ragged and poor
Children and maidens and women thronging,
With gaunt wild eyes of wonder and longing.

And Cinderella, unseen by them,
Clutch'd at the Infant's raiment hem.
"Oh who are these poor shivering creatures,
Ragged like me, and with human features?"

"These are thy sisters, and theirs!" her Guide,
Looking up in her face, replied.
She gazed again, and their looks seem'd younger,
With her own soul's passion, her own soul's hunger.

She stood amid them, and felt their breath
Heavy with famine, fever, and death;
And while she linger'd, the Infant with her,
Her beautiful sisters in throngs came thither.

In flashing slippers and luminous dresses,
With white pearls powder'd among their tresses,
Gentle and common, and young and old,
They throng'd to the beautiful gates of gold.

But Cinderella's heart grew bright.
"Oh!" she cried, "what a beautiful sight!"
She turn'd and look'd on the Infant's features—
Shrivell'd they seem'd like a frozen creature's.

"These are thy sisters!" said the Child.
He waved His hands with an anguish wild.
"These are thine own dear sisters truly;
Look on them well, and remember duly."

Then Cinderella became aware,
That floating over them in the air
Were evil spirits, misshapen, horrid,
Each with God's death-cross on his forehead.

Mammon was there with his yellow skin,
Pointing them on with a miser's grin;
Envy and Folly, sister and brother,
Were clinging to Ignorance, their mother.

Belial, swollen with lust and pride,
Guided these spirits evil-eyed;
Wildly they hover'd in his view there,
All the devils, black, yellow, and blue there!

Cinderella hath hidden her face:
"Take me away from the dreadful place!"
And then she murmur'd, sobbing blindly,
"My poor, poor sisters! God keep them kindly!"

V.

Then spake the Child, and on His hair
Strange light, as if a hand moved there,
Came trembling as He spake: "Indeed,
These are thy sisters and thy seed;
And blessed be the charity
Thou giv'st, and which they gave not thee.
Behold them naked to the day!
Possess'd by devils even as they
Whom I of old cast into swine.
These are our sisters, thine and mine!
And yet I say by one alone
Of those bright glittering gems they own,
And proudly wear, might now be fed
A thousand mouths that starve for bread;
And yet I tell thee all the while
They gather here with painted smile,
Forgetting thee and all God's poor,
Who wail unheeded at the door,
Dark day by day, my Father on high
Sits unremember'd in the sky;
And yet I tell thee many here
Maintain my shrines from year to year,
And worship, one day out of seven,
My Image, and a God in heaven!"

VI.

Poor Cinderella started,
And found she had been dozing.
Then, sad and weary-hearted,
Her gentle eyes unclosing,
Up at the dark wall peeping,
She saw the Picture there,
Not living, but yet keeping
The dim light on its hair,
As of a hand of blessing,
Illuming and caressing!
She sigh'd and dropt her sewing,
Then rising and forth-gazing,
She saw the day was going,
O'er the red house-roofs blazing;
Then while her poor heart flutter'd,
She watch'd the darkening gleam,
"How glad I am," she mutter'd,
"That it was but a Dream!"

"THE LAUREL BUSH."

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THE LAUREL BUSH.

An Old-fashioned Love Story.

By the AUTHOR of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

PART VI.

AS it befel, that day at Balcarras was the last of the bright days, in every sense, for the time being. Wet weather set in, as even the most partial witness must allow does occasionally happen in Scotland, and the domestic barometer seemed to go down accordingly. The girls grumbled at being kept indoors, and would willingly have gone out golfing under umbrellas, but auntie was remorseless. They were delicate girls at best, so that her watch over them was never-ceasing, and her patience inexhaustible.

David Dalziel also was in a very troublesome mood, quite unusual for him. He came and went, complained bitterly that the girls were not allowed to go out with him; abused the place, the climate, and did all those sort of bearish things which young gentlemen are sometimes in the habit of doing, when—when that wicked little boy whom they read about at school and college, makes himself known to them as a pleasant, or unpleasant, reality.

Miss Williams, who I am afraid was far too simple a woman for the new generation, which has become so extraordinarily wise and wide awake, opened her eyes and wondered why David was so unlike his usual self. Mr. Roy, too, to whom he behaved worse than to any one else, only the elder man quietly ignored it all, and was very patient and gentle with the restless, ill-tempered boy—Mr. Roy even remarked that he thought David would be happier at his work again; idling was a bad thing for young fellows at his age, or any age.

At last it all came out, the bitterness which rankled in the poor lad's breast; with another secret, which, foolish woman that she was, Miss Williams had never in the smallest degree suspected. Very odd that she had not, but so it was. We all find it difficult to realise the moment when our children cease to be children. Still more difficult is it for very serious and earnest natures to recognise that there are other natures who take things in a totally different way, and yet it may be the right and natural way for them. Such is the fact; we must learn it, and the sooner we learn it the better.

One day, when the rain had a little abated, David appeared, greatly disappointed to find the girls had gone out, down to the West Sands with Mr. Roy.

"Always Mr. Roy! I am sick of his very name," muttered David, and then caught Miss Williams by the dress as she was rising; she had a gentle but rather dignified way with her of repressing bad manners in young people, either by perfect silence, or by putting the door between her and them. "Don't go! One never can get a quiet word with you, you are always so preternaturally busy."

It was true. To be always busy was her only shield against—certain things which the young man was never likely to know, and would not understand if he did know.

"Do sit down, if you ever can sit down, for a minute," said he, imploringly; "I want to speak to you seriously, very seriously."

She sat down, a little uneasy. The young fellow was such a good fellow; and yet he might have got into a scrape of some sort. Debt perhaps, for he was a trifle extravagant; but then life had been all roses to him. He had never known a want since he was born.

"Speak then, David; I am listening. Nothing very wrong, I hope!" said she with a smile.

"Nothing at all wrong, only— When is Mr. Roy going away?"

The question was so unexpected that she felt her colour changing a little; not much, she was too old for that.

"Mr. Roy leaving St. Andrews, you mean? How can I tell? He has never told me. Why do you ask?"

"Because until he is gone, I stay," said the young man doggedly. "I'm not going back to Oxford leaving him master of the field. I have stood him as long as I possibly can, and I'll not stand him any longer."

"David! you forget yourself."

"There—now you are offended; I know you are, when you draw yourself up in that way, my dear little Auntie. But just hear me. You are such an innocent woman, you don't know the world as we men do. Can't you see—no, of course you can't—that very soon all St. Andrews will be talking about you?"

"About me?"

"Not about you exactly—but about the family. A single man—a marrying man, as all the world says he is, or ought to be, with his money—cannot go in and out like a tame cat in a household of women, without having, or being supposed to have—ahem!—

intentions. I assure you,"—and he swung himself on the arm of her chair, and looked into her face with an angry earnestness quite unmistakable—"I assure you, I never go into the club without being asked, twenty times a day, which of the Miss Moseleys Mr. Roy is going to marry!"

"Which of the Miss Moseleys Mr. Roy is going to marry!"

She repeated the words, as if to gain time, and to be certain she heard them rightly. No fear of her blushing now; every pulse in her heart stood dead still; and then she nerved herself to meet the necessity of the occasion.

"David, you surely do not consider what you are saying. This is a most extraordinary idea."

"It is a most extraordinary idea; in fact, I call it ridiculous, monstrous; an old battered fellow like him, who has knocked about the world, heaven knows where, all these years, to come home, and, because he has got a lot of money, think to go and marry one of these nice, pretty girls. They wouldn't have him, I believe that; but nobody else believes it; and everybody seems to think it the most natural thing possible. What do you say?"

"I?"

"Surely you don't think it right, or even possible? But Auntie, it might turn out a rather awkward affair, and you ought to take my advice, and stop it in time."

"How?"

"Why, by stopping him out of the house. You and he are great friends; if he had any notion of marrying I suppose he would mention it to you—he ought. It would be a cowardly trick to come and steal one of your chickens from under your wing. Wouldn't it? Do say something, instead of merely echoing what I say. It really is a serious matter, though you don't think so."

"Yes! I do think so," said Miss Williams at last; "and I would stop it, if I thought I had any right. But Mr. Roy is quite able to manage his own affairs; and he is not so very old—not more than five and twenty years older than—Helen."

"Bother Helen! I beg her pardon, she is a dear good girl. But, do you think any man would look at Helen when there was Janetta?"

It was out now, out with a burning blush over all the lad's honest face, and the sudden crick-crack of a pretty Indian paper cutter he unfortunately was twiddling in his fingers. Miss Williams must have been blind indeed not to have guessed the state of the case.

"What! Janetta? Oh David!" was all she said.

He nodded. "Yes, that's it, just it. I thought you must have found it out long ago; though I kept myself to myself pretty close, still, you might have guessed."

"I never did. I had not the remotest idea. O how remiss I have been! It is all my fault."

"Excuse me, I cannot see that it is anybody's fault, or anybody's misfortune either," said the young fellow, with a not unbecoming pride. "I hope I should not be a bad husband to any girl, when it comes to that. But it has not come; I have never said a single word to her. I wanted to be quite clear of Oxford, and in a way to win my own position first. And really we are so very jolly together as it is. What are you smiling for?"

She could not help it. There was something so funny in the whole affair. They seemed such babies, playing at love; and their lovemaking, if such it was, had been carried on in such an exceedingly open and lively way, not a bit of tragedy about it, rather genteel comedy, bordering on farce. It was such a contrast to—certain other love-stories that she had known, quite buried out of sight now.

Gentle "Auntie"—the grave maiden lady, the old hen with all these young ducklings who would take to the water so soon—held out her hand to the impetuous David.

"I don't know what to say to you, my boy; you really are little more than a boy, and to be taking upon yourself the responsibilities of life so soon! Still, I am glad you have said nothing to her about it yet. She is a mere child, only eighteen."

"Quite old enough to marry, and to marry Mr. Roy even, the St. Andrews folks think. But I won't stand it. I won't tamely sit by and see her sacrificed. He might persuade her; he has a very winning way with him sometimes. Auntie, I have not spoken, but I won't promise not to speak. It is all very well for you; you are old, and your blood runs cold, as you said to us one day—no, I don't mean that; you are a real brick still, and you'll never be old to us, but you are not in love, and you can't understand what it is to a young fellow like me to see an old fellow like Roy coming in and just walking over the course. But he shan't do it. Long ago, when I was quite a lad, I made up my mind to get her; and get her I will, spite of Mr. Roy or anybody."

Fortune was touched. That strong will

which she too had had, able, like faith, to "remove mountains," sympathized involuntarily with the lad. It was just what she would have said and done, had she been a man and loved a woman. She gave David's hand a warm clasp, which he returned.

"Forgive me," said he affectionately. "I did not mean to bother you, but as things stand, the matter is better out than in. I hate underhandedness. I may have made an awful fool of myself, but at least I have not made a fool of her. I have been as careful as possible not to compromise her in any way; for I know how people do talk, and a man has no right to let the girl he loves be talked about. The more he loves her, the more he ought to take care of her. Don't you think so?"

"Yes."

"I'd cut myself up into little pieces for Janetta's sake," he went on, "and I'd do a deal for Helen too, the sisters are so fond of one another; she shall always have a home with us, when we are married."

"Then," said Miss Williams, hardly able again to resist a smile, "you are quite certain you will be married? You have no doubt about her caring for you?"

David pulled his whiskers, not very voluminous yet, looked conscious, and yet humble.

"Well, I don't exactly say that. I know I'm not half good enough for her. Still, I thought, when I had taken my degree, and fairly settled myself at the bar, I'd try. I have a tolerably good income of my own too, though of course I am not as well off as that confounded old Roy. There he is at this minute meandering up and down the West Sands with those two girls, setting everybody's tongue going! I can't stand it. I declare to you I won't stand it another day."

"Stop a moment," and she caught hold of David as he started up. "What are you going to do?"

"I don't know and I don't care, only I won't have my girl talked about—my pretty, merry, innocent girl. He ought to know better, a shrewd old fellow like him. It is silly, selfish, mean."

This was more than Miss Williams could bear. She stood up, pale to the lips, but speaking strongly, almost fiercely.

"*You* ought to know better, David Dalziel. You ought to know that Mr. Roy has not an atom of selfishness or meanness in him, that he would be the last man in the world to compromise any girl. If he chooses to marry Janetta, or any one else, he has a perfect right to do it, and I for one will not try to hinder him."

"Then you'll not stand by me any more?"

"Not if you are blind and unfair. You may die of love, though I don't think you will; people don't do it nowadays" (there was a slightly bitter jar in the voice); "but love ought to make you all the more honourable, clear-sighted, and just. And as to Mr. Roy——"

She might have talked to the winds, for David was not listening. He had heard the click of the garden gate, and turned round with blazing eyes.

"There he is again! I can't stand it, Miss Williams. I give you fair warning I can't stand it. He has walked home with them, and is waiting about at the laurel-bush, mooning after them. Oh, hang him!"

Before she had time to speak, the young man was gone. But she had no fear of any very tragic consequences when she saw the whole party standing together—David talking to Janetta, Mr. Roy to Helen, who looked so fresh, so young, so pretty, almost as pretty as Janetta. Nor did Mr. Roy, pleased and animated, look so very old.

That strange clear-sightedness, that absolute justice, of which Fortune had just spoken, were qualities she herself possessed to a remarkable, almost a painful, degree. She could not deceive herself, even if she tried. The more cruel the sight, the clearer she saw it; even as now she perceived a certain naturalness in the fact that a middle-aged man so often chooses a young girl in preference to those of his own generation, for she brings him that which he has not; she reminds him of what he used to have; she is to him like the freshness of spring, the warmth of summer, in his cheerless autumn days. Sometimes these marriages are not unhappy—far from it; and Robert Roy might ere long make such a marriage. Despite poor David's jealous contempt, he was neither old nor ugly, and then he was rich.

The thing, either as regarded Helen, or some other girl of Helen's standing, appeared more than possible—probable; and if so, what then?

Fortune looked out once, and saw that the little group at the laurel-bush were still talking; then she slipped up-stairs into her own room and bolted the door.

The first thing she did was to go straight up and look at her own face in the glass—her poor old face, which had never been beautiful, which she had never wished beautiful,

except that it might be pleasant in one man's eyes. Sweet it was still, but the sweetness lay in its expression, pure and placid, and innocent as a young girl's. But she saw not that; she saw only its lost youth, its faded bloom. She covered it over with both her hands, as if she would fain bury it out of sight; knelt down by her bedside, and prayed.

"Mr. Roy is waiting below, ma'am—has been waiting some time; but he says, if you are busy he will not disturb you; he will come to-morrow instead."

"Tell him I shall be very glad to see him to-morrow."

She spoke through the locked door, too feeble to rise and open it; and then lying down on her bed and turning her face to the wall, from sheer exhaustion fell fast asleep.

People dream strangely sometimes. The dream she dreamt was so inexpressibly soothing and peaceful, so entirely out of keeping with the reality of things, that it almost seemed to have been what in ancient times would be called a vision.

First, she thought that she and Robert Roy were little children—mere girl and boy together, as they might have been, from the few years' difference in their ages—running hand-in-hand about the sands of St. Andrews; and so fond of one another—so very fond! with that innocent love a big boy often has for a little girl, and a little girl returns with the tenderest fidelity. So she did; and she was so happy—they were both so happy. In the second part of the dream she was happy still, but somehow she knew she was dead—had been dead and in paradise for a long time, and was waiting for him to come there. He was coming now; she felt him coming, and held out her hands, but he took and clasped her in his arms; and she heard a voice saying those mysterious words:—"In heaven they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God."

It was very strange, all was very strange, but it comforted her. She rose up, and in the twilight of the soft spring evening she washed her face and combed her hair, and went down, like King David after his child was dead, to "eat bread."

Her young people were not there. They had gone out again, she heard; with Mr. Dalziel, not Mr. Roy, who had sat reading in the parlour alone for upwards of an hour. They were supposed to be golfing, but they stayed out till long after it was possible to see balls or holes; and Miss Williams was beginning to be a little uneasy, when they all three walked in, David and Janetta with a rather sheepish air, and Helen beaming all over with mysterious delight.

How the young man had managed it—to propose to two sisters at once, at any rate to make love to one sister while the other was by—remained among the wonderful feats which David Dalziel, who had not too small an opinion of himself, was always ready for, and generally succeeded in; and if he did wear his heart somewhat "on his sleeve," why, it was a very honest heart, and they must have been ill-natured "daws" indeed who took pleasure in "pecking at it."

"Wish me joy, Auntie!" he cried, coming forward, beaming all over, the instant the girls had disappeared to take their hats off. "I've been and gone and done it, and it's all right. I didn't intend it just yet, but he drove me to it, for which I'm rather obliged to him. He can't get her now. Janetta's mine!"

There was a boyish triumph in his air; in fact his whole conduct was exceedingly juvenile, but so simple, frank and sincere, as to be quite irresistible.

I fear Miss Williams was a very weak-minded woman, or would be so considered by a great part of the world—the exceedingly wise and prudent, and worldly-minded "world." Here were two young people, one twenty-two, the other eighteen, with—it could hardly be said "not a half-penny," but still a very small quantity of half-pennies, between them—and they had not only fallen in love but engaged themselves to be married! She ought to have been horrified, to have severely reproached them for their imprudence, used all her influence, and if needs be her authority, to stop the whole thing; advising David not to bind himself to any girl till he was much older, and his prospects secured, and reasoning with Janetta on the extreme folly of a long engagement, and how very much better it would be for her to pause, and make some "good" marriage, with a man of wealth and position, who could keep her comfortably.

All this, no doubt, was what a prudent and far-seeing mother or friend ought to have said and done. Miss Williams did no such thing, and said not a single word. She only kissed her "children"—Helen too, whose innocent delight was the prettiest thing to behold—then sat down and made tea for them all, as if nothing had happened.

But such events do not happen without making a slight stir in a family, especially such a quiet family as that at the cottage. Besides, the lovers were too childishly happy

to be at all reticent over their felicity. Before David was turned away that night, to the hotel, which he and Mr. Roy both inhabited, everybody in the house knew quite well that Mr. Dalziel and Miss Janetta were going to be married.

And everybody had of course suspected it long ago, and was not in the least surprised, so that the mistress of the household herself was half-ashamed to confess how very much surprised *she* had been. However, as everybody seemed delighted, for most people have a "sneaking kindness" towards young lovers, she kept her own counsel; smiled blandly over her old cook's half-pathetic congratulations to the young couple, who were "like the young bears, with all their troubles before them," and laughed at the sympathetic forebodings of the girls' faithful maid, a rather elderly person, who was supposed to have been once "disappointed," and who "hoped Mr. Dalziel was not too young to know his own mind." Still, in spite of all, the family were very much delighted, and not a little proud.

David walked in, master of the position now, directly after breakfast, and took the sisters out a walk, both of them, declaring he was as much encumbered as if he were going to marry two young ladies at once, but bearing his lot with great equanimity. His love-making, indeed, was so extraordinarily open and undisguised, that it did not much matter who was by. And Helen was of that sweet negative nature that seemed made for the express purpose of playing "gooseberry."

Directly they had departed Mr. Roy came in.

He might have been a far less acute observer than he was, not to detect at once that "something had happened," in the little family. Miss Williams kept him waiting several minutes, and when she did come in, her manner was nervous and agitated. They spoke about the weather and one or two trivial things; but more than once Fortune felt him looking at her, with that keen, kindly observation, which had been sometimes, during all these weeks, now running into months, of almost daily meeting, and of the closest intimacy, a very difficult thing to bear.

He was exceedingly kind to her always; there was no question of that. Without making any show of it, he seemed always to know where she was and what she was doing. Nothing ever lessened his silent care of her. If ever she wanted help, there he was to give it. And in all their excursions she had a quiet conviction that whoever forgot her, or her comfort, he never would. But then it was his way. Some men have eyes and ears for only one woman, and that merely while they happen to be in love with her, whereas, Robert Roy was courteous and considerate to every woman; even as he was kind to every weak or helpless creature that crossed his path.

Evidently, he perceived that all was not right, and though he said nothing, there was a tenderness in his manner which went to her heart.

"You are not looking well to-day; should you not go out?" he said. "I met all your young people walking off to the sands; they seemed extraordinarily happy."

Fortune was much perplexed. She did not like not to tell him the news, he, who had so completely established himself as a friend of the family. And yet to tell him was not exactly her place; besides, he might not care to hear. Old maid as she was, or thought herself, Miss Williams knew enough of men not to fall into the feminine error of fancying they feel as we do, that their world is our world, and their interests our interests. To most men, a leader in the *Times*, an article in the *Quarterly*, or a fall in the money market, is of far more importance than any love affair in the world, unless it happens to be their own.

Why should I tell him? she thought, convinced that he noticed the anxiety in her eyes, the weariness at her heart. She had passed an almost sleepless night, pondering over the affairs of these young people, who never thought of anything beyond their own new-born happiness. And she had perplexed herself with wondering whether in consenting to this engagement she was really doing her duty by her girls, who had no one but her, and whom she was so tender of, for their dead father's sake. But what good was it to say anything? She must bear her own burden. And yet—

Robert Roy looked at her with his kind, half-amused smile.

"You had better tell me all about it; for, indeed, I know already."

"What! did you guess?"

"Perhaps. But Dalziel came to my room last night and poured out everything. He is a candid youth. Well, and am I to congratulate?"

Greatly relieved, Fortune looked up.

"That's right," he said, "I like to see you smile. A minute or two ago you seemed as if you had the cares of all the world on your shoulders. Now, that is not exactly the

truth. Always meet the truth face to face, and don't be frightened at it."

Ah no! If she had had that strong heart to lean on, that tender hand to help her through the world, she never would have been "frightened" at anything.

"I know I am very foolish," she said, "but there are many things which these children of mine don't see, and I can't help seeing."

"Certainly; they are young, and we are—well, never mind. Sit down here, and let you and me talk the matter quietly over. On the whole, are you glad or sorry?"

"Both, I think; David is able to take care of himself, but poor little Janetta—my Janetta—what if he should bring her to poverty? He is a little reckless about money, and has only a very small certain income. Worse, suppose being so young, he should by-and-by get tired of her and neglect her, and break her heart?"

"Or twenty other things which may happen, or may not, and of which they must take the chance, like their neighbours. You do not believe very much in men, I see, and perhaps you are right. We are a bad lot—a bad lot. But David Dalziel is as good as most of us, that I can assure you."

She could hardly tell whether he was in jest or earnest, but this was certain, he meant to cheer and comfort her, and she took the comfort, and was thankful.

"Now to the point," continued Mr. Roy. "You feel, that in a worldly point of view, these two have done a very foolish thing, and you have aided and abetted them in doing it?"

"Not so," she cried, laughing; "I had no idea of such a thing till David told me yesterday morning of his intentions."

"Yes, and he explained to me why he told you, and why he dared not wait any longer. He blurts out everything, the foolish boy! But he has made friends with me now. They do seem such children, do they not? compared with old folks like you and me."

What was it in the tone, or the words, which made her feel not in the least vexed, nor once attempt to rebut the charge of being "old?"

"I'll tell you what it is," said Robert Roy, with one of his sage smiles, "you must not go and vex yourself needlessly about trifles. We should not judge other people by ourselves. Everybody is so different. Dalziel may make his way all the better for having that pretty creature for a wife, not but what some other pretty creature might soon have done just as well. Very few men have tenacity of nature enough, if they cannot get the one woman they love, to do without any other to the end of their days. But don't be distressing yourself about your girl. David will make her a very good husband. They will be happy enough, even though not very rich."

"Does that matter much?"

"I used to think so. I had so sore a lesson of poverty in my youth, that it gave me an almost morbid terror of it, not for myself, but for any woman I cared for. Once, I would not have done as Dalziel has for the world. Now—I have changed my mind. At any rate, David will not have one misfortune to contend with. He has a thoroughly good opinion of himself, poor fellow! He will not suffer from that horrible self-distrust which makes some men let themselves drift on and on with the tide, instead of taking the rudder into their own hands and steering straight on—direct for the haven, where they would be. O that I had done it!"

He spoke passionately, and then sat silent. At last, muttering something about "begging her pardon," and "taking a liberty," he changed the conversation into another channel, by asking whether this marriage, when it happened—which of course could not be just immediately—would make any difference to her circumstances?

Some difference, she explained, because the girls would receive their little fortunes whenever they came of age, or married, and the sisters would not like to be parted; besides Helen's money would help the establishment. Probably, whenever David married, he would take them both away, indeed he had said as much.

"And then, shall you stay on here?"

"I may, for I have a small income of my own; besides, there are your two little boys, and I might find two or three more. But I do not trouble myself much about the future. One thing is certain, I need never work as hard as I have done all my life."

"Have you worked so very hard, then, my poor——"

He left the sentence unfinished; his hand, half-extended, was drawn back, for the three young people were seen coming down the garden, followed by the two boys, returning from their classes. It was nearly dinner-time, and people must dine, even though in love. And boys must be kept to their school-work, and all the daily duties of life must be done. Well, perhaps, for many of us, that such should be! I think it was as well for poor Fortune Williams.

The girls had come in wet through, with

one of those sudden "haars," which are not uncommon at St. Andrews in spring, and it seemed likely to last all day. Mr. Roy looked out of the window at it with a slightly dolorous air.

"I suppose I am rather *de trop* here, but really, I wish you would not turn me out. In weather like this our hotel coffee-room is just a trifle dull, isn't it, Dalziel? And, Miss Williams, your parlour looks so comfortable. Will you let me stay?"

He made the request with a simplicity quite pathetic. One of the most lovable things about this man—is it not in all men?—was, that with all his shrewdness and cleverness, and his having been knocked up and down the world for so many years, he still kept a directness and simpleness of character almost childlike.

To refuse would have been unkind, impossible; so Miss Williams told him he should certainly stay, if he could make himself comfortable. And to that end she soon succeeded in turning off her two turtle-doves into a room by themselves, for the use of which they had already bargained, in order to "read together, and improve their minds." Meanwhile she and Helen tried to help the two little boys to spend a dull holiday indoors, if they were ever dull beside Uncle Robert—who had not lost his old influence with boys, and to those boys was already a father in all but the name.

Often had Fortune watched them, sitting upon his chair, hanging about him as he walked, coming to him for sympathy in everything. Yes, everybody loved him, for there was such an amount of love in him towards every mortal creature, except—

She looked at him and his boys, then turned away. What was to be, had been, and always would be. That which we fight against in our youth as being human will, human error, in our age we take humbly, knowing it to be the will of God.

By-and-by in the little household the gas was lit, the curtains drawn, and the two lovers fetched in for tea, to behave themselves as much as they could like ordinary mortals, in general society, for the rest of the evening. A very pleasant evening it was, spite of this new element; which was got rid of as much as possible by means of the window recess, where Janetta and David encamped composedly, a little aloof from the rest.

"I hope they don't mind me," said Mr. Roy, casting an amused glance in their direction, and then adroitly manœuvring with the back of his chair so as to interfere as little as possible with the young couple's felicity.

"Oh no, they don't mind you at all," answered Helen, always affectionate, if not always wise. "Besides, I dare say you yourself were young once, Mr. Roy."

Evidently Helen had no idea of the plans for her future which were being talked about in St. Andrews! Had he? No one could even speculate, with such an exceedingly reserved person. He retired behind his newspaper, and said not a single word.

Nevertheless, there was no cloud in the atmosphere. Everybody was used to Mr. Roy's silence in company. And he never troubled anybody, not even the children, with either a gloomy look or a harsh word. He was so comfortable to live with, so unfailingly sweet and kind.

Altogether, there was a strange atmosphere of peace in the cottage that evening, though nobody seemed to do anything, or say very much. Now and then Mr. Roy read aloud bits out of his endless newspapers—he had a truly masculine mania for newspapers, and used to draw one after another out of his pockets as endless as a conjuror's pocket handkerchiefs. And he liked to share their contents with anybody that would listen; though I am afraid nobody did listen much to-night, except Miss Williams, who sat beside him at her sewing, in order to get the benefit of the same lamp. And between his readings he often turned and looked at her, her bent head, her smooth soft hair, her busy hands.

Especially after one sentence, out of the "Varieties" of some Fife newspaper. He had begun to read it, then stopped suddenly, but finished it. It consisted only of a few words:—"'*Young love is passionate, old love is faithful; but the very tenderest thing in all this world is a love revived.*' That is true."

He said only those three words, in a very low quiet voice, but Fortune heard. His look she did not see, but she felt it—even as a person long kept in darkness might feel a sunbeam strike along the wall, making it seem possible that there might be somewhere in the earth such a thing as day.

About nine P.M. the lovers in the window recess discovered that the haar was all gone, and that it was a most beautiful moonlight night; full moon, the very night they had planned to go in a body to the top of St. Regulus tower.

"I suppose they must," said Mr. Roy to Miss Williams; adding, "Let the young folks

make the most of their youth; it never will come again."

"No."

"And you and I must go too. It will be more *comme il faut*, as people say."

So with a half-regretful look at the cosy fire, Mr. Roy marshalled the lively party, Janetta and David, Helen and the two boys; engaging to get them the key of that silent garden of graves, over which St. Regulus tower keeps stately watch. How beautiful it looked with the clear sky shining through its open arch, and the brilliant moonlight, bright as day almost, but softer, flooding every alley of that peaceful spot! It quieted even the noisy party who were bent on climbing the tower, to catch a view such as is rarely equalled—of the picturesque old city and its beautiful bay.

"A 'comfortable place to sleep in,' as someone once said to me in a Melbourne churchyard. But 'east or west, home is best.' . . I think, Bob, I shall leave it in my will that you are to bury me at St. Andrews."

"Nonsense, Uncle Robert. You are not to talk of dying. And you are to come with us up to the top of the tower. Miss Williams, will you come too?"

"No, I think she had better not," said Uncle Robert, decisively. "She will stay here, and I will keep her company."

So the young people all vanished up the tower, and the two elders walked silently side by side, by the quiet graves—by the hearts which had ceased beating, the hands, which, however close they lay, would never clasp one another any more.

"Yes, St. Andrews is a pleasant place," said Robert Roy, at last. "I spoke in jest, but I meant in earnest; I have no wish to leave it again. And you," he added, seeing that she answered nothing—"what plans have you? Shall you stay on at the cottage till these young people are married?"

"Most likely. We are all fond of the little house."

"No wonder. They say a wandering life after a certain number of years unsettles a man for ever; he rests nowhere, but goes on wandering to the end, but I feel just the contrary. I think I shall stay permanently at St. Andrews. You will let me come about your cottage, 'like a tame cat,' as that foolish fellow owned he had called me—will you not?"

"Certainly."

But at the same time she felt there was a strain beyond which she could not bear. To be so near, yet so far; so much to him, and yet so little. She was conscious of a wild desire to run away somewhere—run away, and escape it all; of a longing to be dead and buried, deep in the sea, up away among the stars.

"Will those young people be very long, do you think?"

At the sound of her voice he turned to look at her and saw that she was deadly pale, and shivering from head to foot.

"This will never do. You must 'come under my plaidie,' as the children say, and I will take you home at once. Boys!" he called out to the figures now appearing like jackdaws at the top of the tower, "we are going straight home. Follow as soon as you like. Yes, it must be so," he answered to the slight resistance she made: "They must all take care of themselves. I mean to take care of you."

Which he did, wrapping her well in the half of his plaid, drawing her hand under his arm, and holding it there—holding it close and warm at his heart, all the way along the Scores and across the Links, scarcely speaking a single word until they reached the garden gate. Even there he held it still.

"I see your girls coming, so I shall leave you. You are warm now, are you not?"

"Quite warm."

"Good-night then. Stay. Tell me"—he spoke rapidly, and with much agitation. "Tell me just one thing, and I will never trouble you again. Why did you not answer a letter I wrote to you seventeen years ago?"

"I never got any letter. I never had one word from you after the Sunday you bade me goodbye, promising to write."

"And I did write," cried he, passionately. "I posted it with my own hands. You should have got it on the Tuesday morning."

She leaned against the laurel bush, that fatal laurel bush, and in a few breathless words told him what David had said about the hidden letter.

"It must have been my letter. Why did you not tell me this before?"

"How could I? I never knew you had written. You never said a word. In all these years you have never said a single word."

Bitterly, bitterly he turned away. The groan that escaped him—a man's groan over his lost life—lost, not wholly through fate alone—was such as she, the woman whose

portion had been sorrow, passive sorrow only, never forgot in all her days.

"Don't mind it," she whispered, "don't mind it. It is so long past now."

He made no immediate answer, then said, "Have you no idea what was in the letter?"

"No."

"It was to ask you a question, which I had determined not to ask just then, but I changed my mind. The answer, I told you, I should wait for in Edinburgh seven days; after that, I should conclude you meant No, and sail. No answer came, and I sailed."

He was silent. So was she. A sense of cruel fatality came over her. Alas! those lost years, that might have been such happy years! At length she said, faintly, "Forget it. It was not your fault."

"It was my fault. If not mine, you were still yourself—I ought never to have let you go. I ought to have asked again; to have sought through the whole world till I found you again. And now that I have found you—"

"Hush, the girls are here."

They came along laughing, that merry group—with whom life was at its spring—who had lost nothing, knew not what it was to lose!

"Good-night," said Mr. Roy, hastily. "But—to-morrow morning?"

"Yes."

"There never is night to which comes no morn," says the proverb. Which is not always true, at least as to this world; but it is true sometimes.

That April morning Fortune Williams rose with a sense of strange solemnity—neither sorrow nor joy. Both had gone by; but they had left behind them a deep peace.

After her young people had walked themselves off, which they did immediately after breakfast, she attended to all her household duties, neither few nor small, and then sat down with her needlework beside the open window. It was a lovely day; the birds were singing, the leaves budding, a few early flowers making all the air to smell like spring. And she—with her it was autumn now. She knew it, but still she did not grieve.

Presently, walking down the garden walk, almost with the same firm step of years ago—how well she remembered it!—Robert Roy came; but it was still a few minutes before she could go into the little parlour to meet him. At last she did, entering softly, her hand extended as usual. He took it, also as usual, and then looked down into her face, as he had done that Sunday.

"Do you remember this? I have kept it for seventeen years."

It was her mother's ring. She looked up with a dumb inquiry.

"My love, did you think I did not love you? you always, and only you."

So saying, he opened his arms; she felt them close round her, just as in her dream. Only they were warm, living arms; and it was this world, not the next. All those seventeen bitter years seemed swept away, annihilated in a moment; she laid her head on his shoulder and wept out her happy heart there.

* * * * *

The little world of St. Andrews was very much astonished when it learnt that Mr. Roy was going to marry, not one of the pretty Miss Moseleys, but their friend and former governess, a lady, not by any means young, and remarkable for nothing except great sweetness and good sense, which made everybody respect and like her; though nobody was much excited concerning her. Now people had been excited about Mr. Roy, and some were rather sorry for him; thought perhaps he had been taken in, till some story got wind of its having been an "old attachment" which interested them of course; still, the good folks were half angry with him, to go and marry an old maid when he might have had his choice of half-a-dozen young ones: when, with his fortune and character, he might, as people say, as they had said of that other good man, Mr. Moseley—"have married anybody."

They forgot that Mr. Roy happened to be one of those men who have no particular desire to marry "anybody"; to whom *the* woman, whether found early or late, alas! in this case found early and won late, is the one woman in the world for ever. Poor Fortune—rich Fortune! she need not be afraid of her fading cheek, her silvering hair; he would never see either. The things he loved her for were quite apart from anything that youth could either give or take away. As he said once when she lamented hers—"Never mind, let it go. You will always be yourself—and mine."

This was enough. He loved her. He had always loved her: she had no fear but that he would love her faithfully to the end.

Theirs was a very quiet wedding, and a speedy one. "Why should they wait? they had waited too long already," he said with some bitterness. But she felt none. With her all was peace.

Mr. Roy did another very foolish thing,

which I cannot conscientiously recommend to any middle-aged bachelor. Besides marrying his wife, he married her whole family. There was no other way out of the difficulty, and neither of them was inclined to be content with happiness, leaving duty unfulfilled. So he took the largest house in St. Andrew's, and brought to it Janetta and Helen, till David Dalziel could claim them; likewise his own two orphan boys, until they went to Oxford; for he meant to send them there, and bring them up in every way like his own sons.

Meantime, it was a rather heterogeneous family, but the two heads of it bore their burden with great equanimity, nay, cheerfulness; saying sometimes, with a smile which had the faintest shadow of pathos in it, "that they liked to have young life about them."

And by degrees they grew younger themselves; less of the old bachelor and old maid, and more of the happy middle-aged couple to whom heaven gave in their decline a St. Martin's summer almost as sweet as spring. They were both too wise to poison the present by regretting the past—a past, which if not wholly, was partly, at least, owing to that strange fatality which governs so many lives, only some have the will to conquer it, others not. And there are two sides to everything: Robert Roy, who alone knew how hard his own life had been, sometimes felt a stern joy in thinking no one had shared it.

Still, for a long time, there lay at the bottom of that strong gentle heart of his, a kind of remorseful tenderness, which showed itself in heaping his wife with every luxury that his wealth could bring; better than all, in surrounding her with that unceasing care which love alone teaches, never allowing the wind to blow on her too roughly, his "poor lamb," as he sometimes called her, who had suffered so much.

They are sure, humanly speaking, to "live very happy to the end of their days." And I almost fancy sometimes, if I were to go to St. Andrews, as I hope to do many a time, for I am as fond of the Aged City as they are, that I should see those two, made one at last, after all those cruel divided years, wandering together along the sunshiny sands, or standing to watch the gay golfing parties; nay, I am not sure that Robert Roy would not be visible sometimes, in his red coat, club in hand, crossing the Links, a victim to the universal insanity of St. Andrews, yet enjoying himself, as golfers always seem to do, with the enjoyment of a very boy.

She is not a girl, far from it; but there will be a girlish sweetness in her faded face till its last smile. And to see her sitting beside her husband on the green slopes of the pretty garden, knitting perhaps, while he reads his eternal newspapers, is a perfect picture. They do not talk very much, indeed they were neither of them ever great talkers. But each knows the other is close at hand, ready for any needful word, and always ready with that silent sympathy which is so mysterious a thing, the rarest thing to find in all human lives. These have found it and are satisfied. And day by day truer grows the truth of that sentence, which Mrs. Roy once discovered in her husband's pocket-book, cut out of a newspaper—she read and replaced it without a word, but with something between a smile and a tear—"*Young loves are passionate, old loves are faithful; but the tenderest thing in all this world is a love revived.*"

THE END.

A POTTERY HOLIDAY.

IT is Saturday, and a very bright morning in early September. All the previous day it would have been seen, in one of those large manufactories which produce painters' palettes, saucers, and colour-boxes by the thousand, and caster-rollers, and door knobs and handles by tens of thousands, that something unusual was in prospect. The throwers, moulders, turners, decorators, burnishers, riveters, and packers, as also the clay pressers and preparers, were working overtime, and as speedily as they could. Even the firemen were some hours beforehand and slackened their great fires earlier than usual. The fact was, the morrow was to be a holiday, and just two hundred workers were to spend it amid the moorlands which lie not far away.

The major part of the men and women live near their "bank," as a potwork is locally called, and all are early astir, for the special train they go by starts betimes. A few of the more responsible men have been already to their respective "shops" to see all was safe; but now they join this group or that group of friends and fellow-workers. All are dressed in their best; thus forming a

striking contrast to the busy passers-by, of their own class, who, just from breakfast, are hastening to their half-day's labour. Holidays, in this lovely season, are so general among potters as to make it probable that these workers hastening to their "banks" have had theirs, or else that they have one at hand. So the general greetings are cheery and kindly, and good weather is invoked.

These holiday-takers are, with but few exceptions, well dressed; for potters are a highly paid, intelligent, advancing class of artizans, and must not be confounded with the ruder and more ignorant population who work in the pits and furnaces of North Staffordshire and the Black Country.

How jauntily and airily the younger people pass on! The morning is so divine that even in this region of perpetual smoke the air is comparatively clear and balmy. All anticipate a delightful holiday, for most from experience know how glorious both sun and air will be when they reach the valley of the Churnet, and climb the alpine solitudes which lie beyond.

Those who live nearest to their "works" make their way to the Cobridge Station. Others go from Burslem, and are ready at the station when the train stays there. Here are the two chiefs and sundry friends; the former being men in the prime of life. The one grave and kindly; the other *débonnaire* and *en beau* in a velveteen coat; yet not less a consummate man of business in counting-house, on political platform, or magisterial bench. The chiefs, as they move about, have a kindly word for their people; for those nearest to them, for those crowded in the train, or those fast entering it. Thus gathered together you see a motley, yet well-behaved company. A few women carry babies, a few fathers take care of elder children; and almost all these sober, married folks bear with them reticules and baskets. The younger people, who are in prominent majority, omitting this class of impedimenta, give place on the arm to wavy folds of scarves and shawls. The prospect of sweet sounds is also betokened, for one man carries a violoncello of conspicuous size, another a fiddle, a third a clarionet, and three accordians or concertinas are indicated by as many boxes. Well-dressed men, young and old, carry books and rolls of music; and some of the smartest of the girls, who being in their best are for the day "young ladies," carry their roll of part-songs with the jaunty air of fashionable prima donnas. Every style of dress and decoration is here. White muslins, *à la Japanese*, and frills, are popular. There are polonaises and overskirts of every fabric and form. Black silks, light silks, watches, chains, crosses, and lockets are not uncommon. Hats, flowers, and feathers rest on conspicuous crowns and chignons of hair. There is, as a matter of course, good taste and bad taste. Most of these fashionable or "tip-tops" are young, and earn a good deal of money. They are not yet wise enough to lay a portion of it by, but hope by this proper show of comeliness and dress *à la mode*, to lure some smart young potter, or other desirable youth, into matrimonial toils. There are older single women in more sober style, whose visions of matrimony have faded away, and so wisely realise the natural and economic fact, that a day must come when neither man nor woman can work, and that dependence on the charity of others is as unwise as it is sorrowful. These last dress in plain silks, and other simple fabrics, and one takes with her a beautiful pet dog. Then, mingled with the rest are homelier women, who are chiefly dressed like maidservants of the old school, in print or woollen dresses, in serviceable bonnets, and here and there in shawls. These women are generally "treaders," that is, movers of, by a skilful sort of jumping, the lathes of the turners, though in many high-class works these movements are now all effected by steam-power. The treaders earn a pound a week, or more, and are in many cases bread-winners for sick husbands or orphan children, and their general cleanliness and homely, honest looks are good to see.

The train is ready to start, and the Babel of tongues, so loud on the platform a moment before, is transferred to the carriages, and the broad vernacular speech of northern Staffordshire reaches the ear.

There has been difficulty in taking in the huge violoncello, and even now it occupies so much good space as to be a nuisance. So a man in the next compartment bawls out,—

"Tum! thy big fiddle's knockin' off my 'at."

"An' thy yed too, if Tum dugna look out," laughs a second.

"Fayther!" shouts a little lad, "th' big fiddle's squazin' my toos awful."

"I'm sure," simpers a young burnisher, who wears a highly starched dress, "such nasty, noisy, ugly things ought to be put i' th' luggage van. My frock 'll be a pratty mess, an' mother standin' ironin' it an yesterday."

"Niver thee mind, Sophy," calls out a gallant young potter, "it 'ill squeak meusic

out to an on us presently. An' we'n have 'Off to th' Weddin' fost thing."

"Not *thy* weddin', Joe," replies Sophy, with a gay toss of her pretty head. This retort is followed by a peal of laughter.

"Mester" (so the word master is pronounced in northern Staffordshire; it is "maister" in Shropshire), calls out another young girl to the man with the fiddle, "scrape us a bit o' meusic. Summet merry. That'll be it."

"We'n have meusic anuf just nai," says another. "Let's talk."

At this point, one of the steady, middle-aged women calls out to one of the least educated and cultivated girls, who leans on a carriage window, and looks out, "Sall! pull" (the u sounded as in the word "hull") "in yer yed, the mester's lookin'," and as all the "bank" are on good behaviour to-day, and wish to please partners Gravity and Velveteen-coat, Sall "pulls" in her head accordingly, and the train proceeds.

Here and there for a short space on the outskirts of the town, various places and persons are recognised.

"Ello! Mrs. ——," cry two or three in a breath, "there's that naece o' yorz clanin' some misisiz aise. Wai dunner ur come onto a bonk an' earn money, an' goo ait a 'oludeein' a this'n?"

"Au dunna know. Ur auwiz was a wench for messin'."

Then a young potter joins in. "Fred! theer's ar Sunday-skew tacher gooin' dain that ere road. Is he gooin' a 'oludeein'?"

"Not he. He gooz oor that wee a' Saturdays. He's pee'er at a pit."

A little further on an older man joins in. "Ben!" he calls, "luck thi eer. Dain theer's th' place weer Joonz feight his dog Bounce agen Tum Pritchard's Fan. Ha! an' a precious feight it wur."

But the general talk is of the sentimental, literary, and domestic order. One middle-aged dame gives the history of her "mester's" illnesses, and what doctors he has had. Another enters fully into questions relative to them "childer o' mine, and the djel o' larnin' they're gettin' at th' new Board School. 'Wei, ar little Bob—he's gettin' t' raid like a clerk; an' he's larnin' jog'fry, or summet o' that sort, that's comin' t' know a abait t' other countries, as well as ariz'n. Yesterdee 'e wur telling me abait Africans, and t'other aitlandish sort o' folks—but I wur weshin' ye see, an' didnar pee much haid to th' lad. I ony hope they wunner crom his yed too full o' book larnin'."

"Naoo," (a pronounced as in air) "indeed!" ejaculates another matron, "when th' yed's o'er full, hands dunner goo quick, and that's summat, when folks at home are clemmin."

"Ay! indeed."

Other matrons and spinsters are hard at it too.

"Ony think! them Joonziz livin' o'er th' wee, han gotten a bigger shop debt 'en ever, and th' mon 'll sarve 'em wi' noo moore. An rait too, for getten debts, as a thatn's as bad as robbin'."

"Dun yu know ur never gen me back that weshin-jaoo, though 'twere borrit five wick agoo."

"Ay! just think, ur's gooin t' be married agen—and moor fool ur, says I, for the mon is a sportin' sort o' chap an likes his pot an poipe, an 'll allays be at th' Red Lion, ur may reckon."

"That lad o' urs that went off to Liverpool, a tidy bit a goo, 'as gotten a ship, they say."

"You remember Betsy's lass—dunna yo? ur that went off to Australy a year agoo last Martinmas? Well! urs married tip-top, an' sent th' folks awhom a biggish bit o' money."

This conversation—partly real, partly imaginary—is given to show the vernacular spoken by the homelier workers, and, true to human nature, the homely subjects in which they take interest. But such is no test of the mental standing and acquirements of the great majority of the young men and girls out on this day's "'oludeein;" for, as partners, Gravity and Velveteen-coat well say, "many of our workpeople are better read, better spoken, than average tradesmen and many prominent employers." Of course, here and there, the trained ear catches somewhat of the vernacular tone and expression, but, otherwise, the whole run of ever-varying conversation testifies to much substantial and moral advance. Of course the majority of the girls prefer the fiction of sensation and Rosa-Matildaism to other kinds of literature, and provincial narrowness may rule in the religious and political opinions of the men; but this said, there is proof enough that the more skilled workers of the Potteries are there, as elsewhere, preparing themselves for that rapidly-approaching future, when social unification will be no longer a mere speculation of philosophy, but a tangible and realised fact.

There is a little feminine chatter among high and low which must not be passed

over, being a reality. For where were ever women gathered together, in which some turn in the conversation did not bring in the question of "dress?"

"Matilda," says a homely girl to one much above her, and touching as she speaks the frill of a dainty "costume," "what did'n ya giv' a yard for this eer thing?"

The young lady twirls her roll of part-music—for she is a singer—and looks reprovingly at her ruder and simpler shop-mate.

"I don't keep my shop-bills, Suke, and when folks are out pleasurin' they should behave themselves."

"Well, a didn'a mean to be rude, 'Tilda, so ya needner put on th' grand. I jist ask'd ya to tell me—'cause when th' mesters reez my wages at Martinmas, aw just mean to have summut like it. I had'na had yer learnin' nor yer teachin' i' singin', but I anna rude, as ya well knows."

Presently there comes a question which stops this general talk, and makes many listeners. It is addressed to a pretty, well-dressed young woman, of superior mien, who is a domestic of one of the "mesters," and not on the "bank."

"I say? es'nur there a lady with the mesters?"

"Yes."

"Where does ur come from?"

"From London."

"What's ur going to do?"

"Speak to you all."

"What abait?"

"Why! cooking, and tidiness, and improvements of many kinds."

"Ur makes stories out on ur yed, dunnur ur?"

"I believe so?"

"Ay! fayther says he's read mony a one on 'em years ago. I'm thinkin' ur's gettin' an owdish lady now! Well! I hope will tell us a story. Cookin' ain't th' thing for 'oludeez! *My* mother could teach ur *that*."

"No! not such cooking and order as she knows about," replies the pretty maid, who, attending the lady, is thus her defender.

Now the train stays at a pretty station bearing the classic name of Milton. Here a few other holiday-makers, waiting on the platform, and who have chosen a country walk this glorious morning, take their place. From hence the picturesque moorland country begins to show. High cuttings, rocky gorges opening therefrom, and a wealth of wild flowers, conspicuous among which is the foxglove of various hues and kinds. Rivulets and tiny cascades pour through and down the rocks, and more or less the water is thick and very ruddy-coloured, thus betokening the vast beds of ironstone and red sandstone through which it has made its way. Occasionally come wider openings and more level tracts, amid which lie thinly-scattered cottages and farms, backed by picturesque uplands, and beyond these again a wild and lonely country of rock and moor. Before noon, the train reaches the Rudyard station, and here, amid the loveliest scenery of the Churnet Valley, the halt comes.

The station opens into a hilly lane, bounded on either side with hedges still gay with wild autumnal roses, and most profusely so with eglantine. The mingled perfume of both is most exquisite, and in the hollows beneath a variety of ferns and alpine flowers lend charming effects of colour, light, and shade. Wherever the holiday-takers see the flowers, they express their delight and admiration, and it has been pleasant to hear the remarks of those possessing some little art-knowledge. Presently, to the right, a rustic gate opens on to a private path, still on the steep incline. On the left is a plantation and a little stream fenced off; and to the right a lawn sloping upwards like the path; and following this, the holiday-makers, in groups and lines, come out on to the gravelled platform of the Rudyard Hotel, a place which, in itself and its environments, has the air of a gentleman's country-house rather than that of a hostelry open to all comers. From this platform is a splendid panoramic view of the moorland town of Leek, of Harracles, a country house of Jacobean architecture, and where the ancestors of the illustrious potter, Josiah Wedgwood, passed lives of utility and good repute; while to the right of this, high on an acclivity, there is seen the charming old country church of Horton, where many of these Elizabethan and Jacobean Wedgwoods lie buried, and where many of their race made marriage vows and bore their children to the baptismal font. This churchyard is so silent, and beautified by nature in so many ways, as, in Keats's touching words, "to make one in love with death, in order to be buried in so sweet a spot."

The elder portion of the holiday-makers take their place on seats and forms placed pleasantly about in sun as well as shade, on the broad platform in front of the hotel, or on the sloping lawn to which two or three steps descend. A few youngsters, as well as elderly men, are off to have a game of bowls

or else nine-pins, in the shade of a group of trees at the rear of the house. But the major part are mad for a dance, and so the fiddler, tuning his instrument, scrapes away at the old-fashioned dance-music, so long wedded to the movements of happy feet. Thus summoned, the light-hearted, giddy young things set off with the quadrille and the waltz, and like children out of school are wild with fun and frolic. Messrs. Gravity and Velveteen-coat join presently in these dances, and are as full of fun as the rest. Ladies and friends also take their part, and so the innocent joy goes on, till the fiddler is tired and there must be a pause. Meanwhile the rich affluence of the September sun sheds its glory over all; the air just rustles the leaves of the surrounding trees, and amid them the birds pipe their sweet trills and melodies.

A sort of luncheon follows of coffee, bread, butter, and buns, set forth in the hotel, in a very large, newly-built room, with lofty windows looking far and wide over the lovely panoramic view just spoken of. "Welcome," cut out in coloured paper, is prettily wreathed on the walls; while on the mantelpiece, and otherwise set about, are various vases and other ornamental pieces of modern Wedgwood ware. For even the landlord is a potter of note at Hanley, as also its mayor, and in his day has worked at modern Etruria. Luncheon over, there is, generally speaking, another and greater dispersion of the holiday-folks. A few of the simpler matrons and spinsters take their place on the rustic seats for a gossip. Some of the elderly men gossip too, as stretched out on the incline of the lawn, they enjoy their pipes. The younger children play about, and a few of the solo-singers and part-singers have a little music. The latter make trial of their glees and madrigals; partner Gravity, who is an excellent musician, timing them and giving them a lesson when needful. Eight of them sing —men, youths, and girls—and their ditty is old, and thus :—

> "Oh, dear! what can the matter be?
> Johnny so long at the fair.
> * * * * * * *
> He promis'd to buy me a bunch of blue ribbon
> To tie up my bonny brown hair."

But the key they have taken it in is too screaming and high, so partner Gravity bids the violin-player touch a note, and he leads the singers in the proper key, beating time meanwhile like a skilled *maestro*.

At the rear of the hotel stretches a breadth of woodland, a mountainous road leading to the moors, skirting it to the left, while sloping to the right, the woodland fringing it for long way, lies Rudyard Lake, so well known to Staffordshire people. It is an artificial piece of water, two miles in length, and covering about four hundred acres of land. It was formed in 1793, for the purpose of feeding a branch of the Trent and Mersey canal. A wide sluiced embankment, forming a sort of bridge in dry weather, separates in a most picturesque manner the Rudyard end of the lake from the valley of the Churnet, lying far below; the great blocks of masonry forming the embankment, as also the gorge through which the surplus water flows, being picturesquely decorated in clefts, nooks, and on ledges with ferns, lichens, mosses, and alpine plants; while here and there tall grasses and weeds wave to and fro in the light summer air. The right bank of the lake rises in very abrupt acclivity, the sides being deeply wooded; while at the foot, and on the margin of the lake, and running towards Macclesfield, is the railway the holiday-makers left at noon. From this point, the line known as the Churnet Valley, is renowned for its wonderful alpine beauty, and is, in the flush of summer and the fall of autumn, worthy of the tourist's eye and foot. So, indeed, is the whole region of these picturesque, solitary moors. For amid them is something to delight the eye of every wanderer, be he geologist, archæologist, botanist, antiquarian, or simply an artist with his sketch-book in his wallet.

The water of the lake is, however, too motionless to be in the fullest sense beautiful. It looks dark, deep, and deadly, as though those who had mischance thereon would never see the surface again; and this impression is intensified by the depth and height of the woodland shadows which wind onward with it. But "distance lends enchantment to the view." So distance here lends picturesque effects; and a mile or so away where stronger lights break in, the result is very fine, and such as would give intense delight to the best of our landscape painters.

One or more of the holiday-makers have brought rod and line, and essay an hour's fishing. Others wander away through the woods above the railway, gathering as they go the alpine or indigenous raspberries, which here and far away on the Derbyshire and Yorkshire moors grow more or less in great profusion; so much so, that in the moorland towns, as Leek, Ashbourne, and Bakewell, they are brought into the markets

for sale. Other of the holiday-makers ramble off to the picturesque town of Leek, to traverse its hilly streets, to look up at the vast factories for the weaving and making of such small silk goods as buttons, cords, silk twistes, and fringes; as well as at many of the quaint, old-fashioned houses, where weavers and buttoners a century ago, ere the day of factories, plied their primitive machines and looms. These houses, some of them still thatched, look, with their quaint long lines of windows, as though a section of the oldest part of Spitalfields or Bethnal Green were transported to these moors. In fact, some of the descendants of the Huguenots came here from Macclesfield, Congleton, and Derby, in the early part of the last century, and settled down as dyers and weavers. But the great point of attraction to those who have come so far, is the view from the churchyard. Nothing finer is to be seen in the United Kingdom. From thence is visible the more southern portion of the Pennine range, the Alps of central England; the wild summits and moors of which, useless save for sheep grazing, are left to solitude, and the perpetual mists which hover over them.

Others who keep nearer home pay a visit to the now scanty ruins of Dieulacres Abbey, where for somewhere about three hundred and twenty-five years, civilisation held its own in this region of primeval forest, moor and rock. All but the bases of a few splendid columns have passed away. But built into the walls of the farmhouse and steading adjacent are beautiful bosses of Gothic groining, corbels, circles including trefoils; enough, and more than enough, to indicate the artistic capacity of our race, and also raise a sigh in the breast of the thoughtful, that any sign of beauty should perish, even though only graven out of stone.

While partner Gravity teaches the choir, partner Velveteen-coat is off up the mountain-road to the left with the brightest and youngest of the "bank," male and female. There is laughter, as also merry jests, and no doubt flirtations, for some of the maidens are very comely; and flower-gathering and decorating is universal. So, when the merry wanderers return towards three o'clock, every bonnet, hat, and vest is gay with colour. Even the Velveteen-coat has more than one button-hole full of flowers; and the deer-stalker's hat which accompanies it looks rakish in a wreath of mountain-ash berries.

All but the furthest wanderers have returned by three o'clock, and the glee-singing and solo singing begin in earnest. At four o'clock comes the feast of the day; cold, substantial viands, with good and abundant tea. The great room, as some of the folks say, is "crommed," a large parlour on the opposite side of the hall is "crommed," a room up-stairs is "crommed," while some of the musicians take tea on the capacious landing; among whom, sitting conspicuous, is "th' mon wi' th' big fiddle."

There is no heading the table or formal attempt at superiority. Messrs. Gravity and Velveteen-coat take their place each in the midst of the two long tables, and the ladies find a place near at hand. The gentlemen, foremen, and others, settle down just anywhere, the minister says grace, and the meal begins.

"Will yo do th' pourin' out, missis?" asks a matronly, cleanly "treader," who earns a guinea a week, and by this means supports an invalid husband. The lady addressed declines, so the matron sets to to her task with hearty good-will. Her seat being just in front of a capacious urn full of tea, she sweeps, with a bend of her arm, a score of cups and saucers towards her, and begins "th' sugarin'" and "th' milkin'," and then turning down the tap of the urn, gives to each cup full measure and more, for the saucers are full too. Then she gives the lady beside her the very fullest and sweetest cup.

"Theer! just yo be a tastin' it. It's swaet enough, I reckon." The lady says she does not take sugar, and requests a cup without.

The matron is lost in wonderment. "Not take sugar!" she exclaims, and drawing a little off, so as to give greater expression to her wonder, "Wai th' ought. Sugar's a nourishin' thing, they say." Her wonder thus ventilated, she presents the unsugared tea with hearty good-nature, and then she concentrates her interest on another object.

On the opposite side of the table, a little way up the room, sits "John," in front of a huge piece of roast beef, to carve which it has fallen to his share. He is a stout, good-looking man, whom it is as pleasant to see at his lathe in his "shop," for he is a skilled and much-prized workman, as here, wielding a mighty knife and fork. His name, as just said, is "John," and the homely, kindly matron is his "treader."

"John," she calls, "give th' lady a paice o' baif. Not too fat, or too raw. They moight'n a' roasted it a bit more nor that."

John sedulously complies, and then the matron is careful that salt, mustard, pickles, and bread and butter are duly presented.

She herself partakes heartily of "baif and pickles," yet looks well to the cup-filling, as also to the lady.

"Yo're makin' a poorish tea," she says, with evident concern, and measuring another's power of food-consumption by her own. "Wun yo have a paice o' veal—it looks tonder, an' a paice o' 'am with it." Speaking thus, and before the lady can make reply, she has called out to some one a little way down the table, "Tum, give this eer lady a paice o' 'am, not too fat, an' mind yo cut it delicate."

Such is the call upon the matron's urn as to soon need the addition of two or three capacious teapots. Conspicuous among which is a brown glazed one, of good form, the lid being surmounted by a little old woman, wrapped in a cloak. Of this the original was modelled by the great Wedgwood himself just over a hundred years ago.

"What does such a teapot cost in this country?" the lady asks.

"Oh! they're made at lot's o' bonks. Well, maybe I'd give fourpence."

"Why, in London such a one costs half-a-crown."

"Ay! they charges a djel theer, I dussay, for everything. I've heerd that afore."

Meanwhile tea-pouring, carving, and conversation go briskly on. The general buzz and intermingled scraps of talk are highly amusing as they meet the ear. "A bit moor 'am." "No moor fat." "I dunner loike them theer pittles." "Give me that last bit. Colliflower, I mean, and no juice. Too much grocer's oil in it for me." "Missis," to the waitress, "some moor bread an' butter." "A cup moor tea, please." "This 'ere tea dunner do for me—it's too weak." "Ai smart yo look, Mary." "Shall I," in a very soft tone, "hav' th' pleasure of walkin' 'ome wi' yo?" "I sea, look at ur, ur's flirtin'. It's well ur mother dunner sea ur—theer'd be a toidy mess at wom." "Ay, I know ur was auwiz a flirt." "Jist look at ur. Another new dress sin' Wissuntide," and so on. These colloquies in the vernacular being largely mixed with those much more refined in tone, and grave or merry in purpose, as the case may be.

At length the meal is ended, and the waitresses who have been on the watch incontinently seize the "baif an 'am," for the volunteers from Etruria have arrived and want their tea. So the minister says "grace" and silence is proclaimed. Then partner Gravity rises and speaks earnest words to the people as to the capable work they have done through the past year; and as to the happy spirit which reigns in their own special manufactory between employers and employed. He tells them what fame their goods have in the market for taste, novelty, and quality of workmanship, how their trade is in consequence extending, and how presently their works will be enlarged by new buildings erected on a site lately purchased, and as yet covered by an iron foundry. The firm thus commercially prosperous, for goodwill and mutual duty unite all together, progress and improvement must still go on. The workers must be self-helpful, true to themselves individually. The young men, and young women too, must make good use through the evenings of the schools and institute open to them; and by such means not only elevate the tone of their moral life, but the character of their labour, so as to meet any demand made upon it by their employers. To this partner Velveteen-coat follows in a lighter and more excursive vein. He says how pleasant is this social gathering and pause from ceaseless labour. He explains how much social good arises from this sympathetic commingling of class with class. He refers with pride to the prizes the young men and lads have won in the local Art Exhibition, and to their obviously growing taste for mental culture. Mr. Velveteen-coat having said thus much, and much else which is merry besides, he introduces the lady as a very old friend of the working classes of this country. He is also good enough to read an address she has written and brought with her. This is soon found to be more specially addressed to the women, young and old; and refers to the great necessity which exists for individual improvement in the simple, yet important, arts of domestic life. The foremen and overlookers then have their say. The banker, the minister, and one or two other friends add a few words, and then a vote of thanks sum up the whole.

The great room is vacated, and out on the wide-gravelled platform and lawn a performance of vocal and instrumental music follows. There is a quiet bar in the hall of the Rudyard Arms, and soon there are a few parting glasses among friends. Cider and sherry are popular with the young; and prudent modicums of brandy and water with the elder. This is the only drinking; a mere "loving cup" passed round.

The railway whistle is heard; the sun is dropping low, the moon begins to show herself in the skyward distance of the moors; and, good time being kept, the holiday is over.

ELIZA METEYARD.

ON AN AUTUMN DAY.

I.

FAREWELL, broad downs! whose long unbroken swell
Is bordered only by the grey sad sky,
And grey sad restless seas that outward lie
(As those far lines of burnished silver tell),
With noise and fret of beaten waves. A spell
Of peace is on these grassy wastes, and high
Full sweep of winds that break through searchingly,
The fans of feathered fern and swift dispel
Low gathering mists, driving the crisp strong scent
From out the nestled thyme, chasing the lark,
Puffing his feathers, gurgling in his throat,
Till his shrill singing with their rhythm blent
Gives utterance to the waste's wild voices—Hark!
How freedom thrills the first exultant note.

II.

A golden belt of sunset round the meadows,
Woods growing dusk and lapsing into rest;
Quiet the noisy farm, all still and shadowed
The silent house, that waits me for its guest.

Her garden mute, the soft air rich and weighted
With scent of ripened fruit and roses dead,
A parting shaft of sunset spent and shattered,
On crimson leaves about her doorway shed.
Short while ago her white dress fluttered o'er them,
Here lies her book left open on the lawn,
While patient doves, about her window clustered,
Wait for the jalousies to be withdrawn.

Surely she will not tarry; for her coming
Will break the brooding silence of its spell,
Wake it to new delight or passionate sorrow,
To give me "Welcome!" or to bid "Farewell!"

C. BROOKE.

THE EARLY LIFE AND TIMES OF ST. PETER.

PART II.

THE *religious* knowledge imparted to Peter, like that of all Jewish youths, would, in accordance with the strict injunctions of the Mosaic law, be communicated by his parents, saving perhaps some simple instruction by the *Sopherim*, or other attendants of the synagogue.

Though doubtless devoid of the intellectual training of his great contemporary, Saul of Tarsus, and in the refinement which accompanies it, yet, judging from his subsequent powers as a preacher and writer, we can imagine that, as he passed from youth to manhood, his natural gifts made him abundantly capable of appreciating the varied loveliness of that wondrous picture in outer nature which was constantly unfolded to his eye. An eloquent writer has said: "If Christianity was to be the offspring of mere beauty of Nature, it might assuredly have found a more enchanting birthplace, such as the golden shores of Ionia, or those magic isles which rise out of a sea of azure on the shores of Asia Minor."* And yet, at the age in which Peter lived—not certainly in Palestine—we question if in many places out of it could a scene alike more unique and diversified be witnessed than around the Sea of Galilee. Gennesaret—almost unknown in Old Testament times (the Chinneroth of Joshua, xii. 3), or memorable only as the spot where the first Amorite shepherds pitched their tents—had become, in the reign and mainly through the munificence and luxury of the Herodian court, the most populous and fashionable district of the kingdom. Its waters were girdled with at all events nine proud cities and their varied palatial homes, recalling to many a Roman the sumptuous villas, temples, baths, and theatres which crowded their favourite Lucrine lake or the shores of Baiæ.

We may try for a moment to embody in words, the view, which, day after day, would meet the gaze of the youthful fisherman, either as he was preparing his nets on the beach for the night of toil, or shall we rather say (realising in thought the season when all secular work was suspended), on the Jewish Sabbath-eve, when, seated with his parents and companion brother in the green alcove on the top of his flat-roofed dwelling, he had leisure in Nature's "still, golden hour" to drink in the wonders of the prospect. Nigh at hand, though possibly half hidden by a rugged promontory to the left, the waves of the lake would lave what are now piles of ruin, but which were then the edifices of proud Capernaum, with its barracks and wharfs, the gleaming marble of its white synagogue doubly luminous under such a sky:—a city with which Simon was afterwards to be sacredly associated, not only as his own adopted home, where he lived with his wife's mother, but where most of the miracles of his Divine Master, of which he himself was most generally spectator, were performed. It was, moreover, the only settled residence which the Homeless One claimed,—"His own city." Farther east would rise before the eye of the young spectator the edifices of Chorazin, all the brighter, too, in the setting of black basalt rocks around. In front, to the right, where now is a miserable, battered village with a solitary palm, he would have before him the town of Magdala, which in future he would associate with a touching story of Divine goodness and grace; while other two miles in advance, and occupying the more commanding situation, were fast rising, if not already built, the stately towers and imperial edifices of Tiberias; a city built by Herod Antipas in honour of his master, on the site whereon Jerome tells us once stood a city called Chinneroth.

Simon and his fellows would have these waters, doubtless, much to themselves in the lonely night watches, only now and then would they note the glistening wake of some friendly craft in the clear moonlight or starlight. But by day, or in the cool of the evening, the whole expanse would be alive and furrowed with pleasure-boats, sumptuous barges, galleys, and pinnaces, gay as the Venetian gondolas of a later age; while vessels of heavier tonnage would be seen plying between the ports of Bethsaida-Julias and Capernaum, or moored in the busy wharfs filled with merchandise, where officials, like the future Apostle Matthew, would be seen sitting at the receipt of custom to collect the impost. Nor had Nature left what was attractive to art and man. The setting was beautiful as the jewel. That remarkable basin, six hundred and fifty feet below the level of the Mediterranean, enjoyed a tropical climate. Flowers and shrubs that would have drooped on Olivet, Bethle-

* Pressensé's "Life of Christ."

hem, or Samaria, grew in exuberant luxuriance there, and made it, what it was called, a terrestrial Paradise. The oleander, with its luscious blossoms, the vine, the pomegranate, the orange, the tamarisk, the lotus, the fig, the agnus castus, not forgetting the now unfamiliar palm—all had a home in this clime of the sun. Well may "the smiling district" be designated by a well-known French author as "the true home of the Song of Songs." The crimson and pink anemone, the "lilies of the field," familiar still at every turn, which were afterwards pointed to as excelling the glories of Solomon—weaving a richer mantle than any Syrian loom—mingled their brilliant hues with the green turf and the ebbing and flowing waves lapping the silver strand.*

Amid, then, such surroundings as these, the Fisherman boy was trained for the great work of the future; a befitting school surely for his subsequent varied labours. The rough life of adventurous toil, the heats of summer and storms of winter, which braced his physical frame, would nerve and inure him to cope with sterner difficulties. He had doubtless no thought in these his earlier years, save of living an unobtrusive life, and of dying an unnoted death by this Galilean lake. But the God of his fathers had a nobler destiny in store for him. Nets and toils and buffeting elements undreamt of by the sailor of Bethsaida, were to supersede his homely labours. The modest name of the village on the Sea of Tiberias was ere long to take its place among the memorable spots of earth; as memorable, though for a very different reason, as either Rome or Athens. In a sense which the great prophet of the nation never imagined his words to convey, it might be said of that whole region, alike with regard to the bounties of Nature and of grace, "O Naphthali, satisfied with favour, and full with the blessing of the Lord."

Although this paper was intended to give a sketch only of Peter's early life, we may connect it, ere we close, with the next important crisis in his history.

He emerges from the seclusion of Bethsaida, on the banks of the Jordan.

As he and his fellow-fishermen were occupied with their wonted callings on the Sea of Tiberias, we may imagine the conversation turning on the all-engrossing topic of the day—at least what was so among the earnest-minded of the Jewish people—the Great Revival Prophet, the son of Zecharias a priest, who had risen in Judea, and whose thunder-tones, far more than the warlike appeals of Judas, were stirring society to its depths. Never since Elijah's age had bolder words been uttered; never had a more vehement shaking taken place amid the dry bones of the degenerate nation. Leaving his childhood's dwelling amid the sunny vineyards of Hebron and Eshcol, he makes his adopted home the scathed and blasted deserts around the Dead Sea shores and the Ghor of the Jordan. The proposal and agreement is made among these Bethsaidans, that before going up to the City of Solemnities for the Passover, they would undertake a special journey, in order with their own ears to hear the burning words of this new messenger from heaven; who, in addition to the interest which had gathered around his own person, had announced himself the herald of a Greater,—the "voice of one crying in the wilderness, 'Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make His paths straight.'"

What a singular scene must have met the eye of Simon and his brethren when crossing the sacred river at Bethabara near Succoth! At the great ford they found themselves, in the midst of a motley multitude. The whole country, from the passes of Lebanon to the pastures of Beersheba, seemed to have caught up the sacred enthusiasm,—flocking to this wild Sanctuary of Nature in East Palestine, to listen to the strange ambassador of heaven —with his unshaven locks, clothed in rough camel-hide fastened with leathern zone, reminding of the fiery Tishbite, living in a cave by night, and, after satisfying hunger with wild desert fare, coming forth by day to deliver his faithful, fearless message. There were Pharisees from Jerusalem, publicans from Jericho, Gilead freebooters, Bashan shepherds bringing their sheep and lambs across the river for Temple sacrifices, Galilean fishermen, Samaritan vinedressers and husbandmen, soldiers from the barracks of Cæsarea, Tiberias, and Jerusalem; mothers with infants in their arms, old men leaning on their staff for very age, bereaved ones with dimmed eyes and broken hearts, profligates sated with guilty pleasure, rich men

* I have thus elsewhere recorded my own impressions of the surroundings in relation to familiar scenery at home. "They reminded one less of the northern Highlands of Scotland than of the peculiar pastoral hills in Ettrick and Yarrow in the South, or in Cumberland and Westmoreland; while in the upper end of the lake, as they proceed to girdle in the fertile 'Plain of Gennesaret,' they display here and there bold, rocky cliffs, beginning above the now ruined Magdala; more broken and not so continuous, yet those who are familiar with Salisbury Crags at Edinburgh may have a tolerable impression conveyed to them of their peculiar character and *contour*."

whose gold had failed to answer the question, "Who will show us any good?" poor men, hanging in the rags of want, driven to despair by the unkindness and cruelty and selfishness of others. All are seen gathered listening with arrested ears to the spare, worn, sunbrowned, ascetic man, whose words are evidently bringing tears to eyes that never wept before, and sending swift arrows home to hardened hearts, as he calls upon all without distinction of age, or sex, or history, to "flee from the wrath to come."

In common with others of his associates, the impressible nature of the son of Jonas had been touched with the fervid appeals of the desert preacher. He felt the stirrings within him of a new and nobler life, as he listened to the trumpet-call, "Repent! For the kingdom of Heaven is at hand." New thoughts and aspirations had broken in upon the monotony of his life of toil and the gains of the Bethsaida fishery. That bold prophet had not only flashed upon him a sense of his guilt,—"made him possess the iniquities of his youth,"—but, more than all, had he stirred within him intense longings to see the great "Consolation of Israel," whose advent was declared to be imminent—"the true Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

We need not rehearse the familiar story; how "the Lamb of God" was pointed out in the first instance, to Andrew and John, and how in obedience to the invitation "Come and see," these two disciples accompanied Him to the place where He dwelt, and "abode with Him that day, for it was about the tenth hour." This according to the Jewish computation, would be four o'clock in the afternoon. How long the interview lasted we are not informed. Probably it was far on towards midnight ere they separated. The bright stars and moon may have been shining on the cliffs and foaming waters of the Jordan when the two disciples came forth from the most memorable meeting of their lives. Next morning still farther reveals what had been the result of that intercourse on their own souls. In their dreams, a ladder, brighter and more glorious than that of their great ancestor with its troops of clustering angels, had been present to them, and transformed the banks of the historic river into a second Bethel—a truer "House of God" than that of the patriarch. Andrew, eager to make others he loved partakers in the joy with which his own heart overflowed, hurries in breathless haste to his brother Simon to communicate the tidings: "We have found the Messias, which is, being interpreted, the Christ (the Anointed One). And he brought him to Jesus."

How much is contained in that brief announcement, Simon "brought to Jesus!" the first introduction of Peter to the heavenly Master, in whose service he was henceforth to be enlisted. How could he ever forget that moment when his Lord beheld him, and said, saluting him by name, "Thou art Simon the son of Jona: thou shalt be called Cephas, which is by interpretation, A stone"?* Do not these words seem as if the omniscient eye of Christ had discerned at a glance the strong features in the character of His great follower; his natural weakness, his ultimate greatness, his rock-like boldness, firmness, fearlessness; a nature which, unrestrained and ungoverned by higher principles, might have developed itself into what was violent, headstrong, overbearing; but which, despite of a few exceptions, grace moulded and transformed into what was resolute, stable, inflexible, patient, enduring—the result doubtless of living union and contact with the great living "Rock"? As in the case of the illustrious father of his nation centuries before at Jabbok, to whom the new name was given of "the hero of Jehovah," so, "as a prince," he too was "to have power with God and to prevail." The good Shepherd "calleth His own sheep *by name*, and leadeth him out."

From this hour, Peter had enrolled himself among the number of Christ's disciples. It was in every sense the most momentous turning-point in his history—the time when a hundred hours are crowded into one. The suddenness and instantaneousness with which he accepted Jesus of Nazareth as his Saviour, was in accordance with the impetuousness of his character. The calm, reasoning, cautious Thomas would have taken days, possibly weeks, to ponder the evidence of the Messiahship claimed by a Galilean workman's son. The other takes his determination at a bound; and forestals, without hesitation, a future utterance, "Lord, I believe." In the absence of any miracle at this first meeting to authenticate the claims of Jesus, we must infer that there was something in the look and deportment of the Lamb of God, "fairer than the children of men," which attracted

* Cephas—"the rock." The equivocal meaning of the word was, no doubt, evident in the original Aramaic dialect spoken in Galilee. The French alone of modern languages exactly retains it: "Vous êtes Pierre et sur cette Pierre" (Milman's "History of Christianity," vol. i. p. 210). Lange renders the words, "Thou art Simon, the son of the shy dove of the rock: hereafter thou shalt be called the protecting rock of the dove."

and over-awed the new disciple with an irresistible sense of the Divine Presence. It was the felt power of intrinsic goodness and holiness, and spoke as convincingly as if the shining hosts of Bethlehem had again hovered over the scene, and repeated their natal song.

Not long after this interview these earliest disciples of the Messiah seem to have resumed, for a time, their wonted occupations. We can only picture how the hearts of the "Pilgrim brothers" of Bethsaida burned within them. The summer sunshine, the song of bird and breath of flower, would be in accordance with a strange, new, inner joy. When out on the sea with their boats and nets, girt in their rough hides, how would they love to rehearse these never-to-be-forgotten hours at Bethabara, when He (of whose peerless dignity, however, they still could only have a vague consciousness) met them, and they pledged to Him their obedience and love. They little dreamed, doubtless, then, of the higher vocation and more intimate fellowship in store for them, when summoned from their retirement they were to be made a spectacle to devils, and to angels, and to men. Peter's heart was now given to the Christ of Nazareth, and he only waited a more definite call to abandon for His sake his pleasant home and manly toil, and to surrender his time, his services, and ultimately his life. Though sadly failing on several earlier occasions, to "endure hardness as a good soldier," yet, he who was reared amid scenes, recalling above all others in Palestine heroic memories—Israel's olden age of chivalry, was, by a lengthened process of training and discipline, to be fitted for the stern moral conflicts of his later career, and finally to be made more than conqueror through Christ who loved him.

J. R. MACDUFF.

PNEUMATIC DRAINAGE.

SECOND NOTICE.

OUR notice of Captain Liernur's singularly ingenious and most effective system of drainage,* in which air is the motive power employed for the removal of sewage, has excited much attention, and we willingly comply with many requests for more information regarding what competent judges consider the drainage system of the future.

Assuredly there is need of "*improved* town drainage." We self-conceited moderns turn up our noses at the primitive domestic usages of our forefathers, but what will posterity think of our ignorant folly in constructing so many thousands of miles of sewers, into which we deliberately introduce every species of abomination best fitted to generate mephitic gases, to exclude which from our streets and dwellings is impossible?

We must, if we be wise, at once throw aside what a Madras correspondent terms "chronic and priggish" prejudice as to the discussion, save in scientific journals, of plans for promoting health and saving human life, which at present is being recklessly thrown away through the imperfection of our system of drainage. We must at once do what can be done to wipe away the reproach of being debilitated in mind and body by preventable disease, leading to premature mortality.

The public mind requires to be enlightened as to the real sources of danger, and most deplorable is the general indisposition to believe that from "properly trapped" pipes and drains there can be any injurious reflux of poisonous gases into our houses. Many give no heed to the fact that Dr. Fergus, of Glasgow,* has visibly demonstrated that such gases ascend through every contrivance intended to imprison them in regions subterranean, and that their corrosive action is such as to destroy, within from twelve to twenty-one years, lead pipes. Neither will they be warned by the eminent engineers who warn us that the very best sewers permit the escape of putrid matter, which gradually saturates the surrounding soil, and, not without reason, is deemed one of the sources of those epidemics which so often attack great towns.

The first thing to be done is to make people dissatisfied with things as they are. "Why trouble ourselves about Liernur and his *air* drainage in a country like this, where *water* is so handy? Why part with the very comfortable arrangements now in use?" Those who so speak are in a fool's paradise,

* See GOOD WORDS, June, 1874.

* "The Sewage Question, with Special Reference to Traps and Pipes." See p. 22, Fig. 2.

and need to be told that it is admitted by the most competent authorities that water is a specially dangerous vehicle for the removal of those impurities which must be got rid of, if the claims of health and decency are to be duly provided for.

To Captain Liernur belongs the merit of revolutionising all our ideas as to town drainage, of managing it on a new principle, and of giving effect to that principle by the employment of an agent commoner even than water, found everywhere and always, and costing nothing—the air, in short.

We shall seek to gratify the curiosity of our readers regarding the pneumatic system by giving a succinct and not too technical explanation of its nature.

In order that our observations may be presented to our readers methodically, we arrange them in the following order—(1) How it is effected; (2) where it has been carried out; (3) why it should be introduced into this country.

I. We did not require Captain Liernur to tell us that a vacuum being produced, the air or water in a pipe might be made to rush towards the place deprived of air. His merit consists in so applying the motive power thus producible, that, by means of pneumatic draught alone, the drainage of a single house, or of all the houses in a great city, can be effected thoroughly, speedily, and without annoyance to any one, and all this so economically as to be within the reach of any community. This is not all. He so utilises the fæcal matter thus procured *that it yields a revenue so large as soon to repay the cost of introducing his system, and henceforth a large annual income.*

(1.) His first axiom is, that the object of town drainage shall be, not the mere removal of filth, but also the keeping pure of the air, the soil, and the subsoil water, and the maintaining of this last at a permanently low level. He insists that all this shall be done without additional burdens to ratepayers; which, disliked by all, are especially hard upon the working classes. He denounces the injustice of forcing them to use water-closets, costly in purchase, and costlier to maintain, for in the houses of the working classes they are subject to as many disasters as a timepiece in the hands of children. The remedy is—abandon water for the removal of sewage, and, at the same time, the old method of collecting all city filth in *one sewer*, and floating it away somewhere: in the end it is sure to be an annoyance to man, beast, and fish, because it spreads defilement through the air, the land, and the waters. Call to your aid the blessed air; blow, or suck, every fæcal product of our dwellings into one place, there convert it into a dry powder, which sell to the agriculturist, sure to welcome "*quid faciat lætas segetes*," as Virgil has it.

Step the first is to bring order into the present sewer chaos of all that is abominable. Its contents are classified and treated separately. The sewers proper are for water drainage only, and are devoted to house, kitchen, and rain water. In towns already having sewers, these are employed. All excrementitious matter, and all fatty products of kitchen sinks, are kept out of the common sewer by arrangements alike ingenious, simple, and effective.

The waste products of industry are also excluded from the common sewers, unless purified at the cost of the person to whom they belong. Of course this requirement raises a host of interested opponents. In our presence Captain Liernur was asked, "How comes it that your system is not yet adopted at Berlin, which so much requires it?" Here is the animated reply:—"For reasons quite independent of the system. When manufacturers and others, accustomed to convey everything into the sewers, came to comprehend that this could no longer be permitted, they became very angry, shook their fists in my face, and said, 'We will see you hanged first!'" We can well believe it! Interfere with a man's right to enrich himself to the annoyance of his neighbour, and he is very likely to swear at you, and to continue the annoyance if he dare! When, therefore, the Liernur system has the collateral advantage of restraining human selfishness, and forcing pollutionists to remedy, as far as possible, the nuisances they create, the public have a powerful interest in wishing for its adoption. For the reasons already indicated the general sewage of a Liernurised town is treated by itself. The pipes conveying to the sewers the refuse liquids of trade and manufacture are provided with a slight bend, which always contains some of the water flowing off; and on it a short tube is erected, reaching to the pavement, and through this tube the Inspector of Nuisances can at any time take a sample for examination. If not tolerably pure, the person producing the nuisance can at once be interdicted.

(2.) The subsoil drainage is effected by small agricultural drain pipes, laid at a higher level than the sewer itself, and discharging

into it by vertical pipes at suitable intervals.

(3.) All fæcal matter, and the fatty and sedimentary products of kitchen sinks, are removed by a separate system of pipes; the peculiarity of which is, that air pressure is used instead of water.

This peculiarity of the system is carried out thus:—In the town to be drained, a central building is provided containing two or three air-pump engines, the aggregate horse power being such as is required for working purposes only, and the division into two or three engines is for convenience in case of cleaning, repairs, or accident. Under this building are air-tight, cast-iron reservoirs, towards which, as to a common centre, all fæcal matter is sucked. These tanks are connected by pipes with other tanks at the intersection of the principal streets, so as to command areas of from thirty to fifty acres. Pipes are laid along the streets leading to the tanks, to act as "mains," and from these mains other pipes branch off right and left to the houses, where they are connected with the closets and other receptacles to be drained. Every tank has thus as many mains as there are streets leading to it. Each main, with its branches, is, however, as to its drainage action, a distinct and independent arrangement, and has a stop-cock for itself, at its junction with the street tank.

When a vacuum is made in the tank, and the stop-cock of any one of its mains is opened, all the closet pipes connected with that main are emptied simultaneously, and their contents conveyed into the tank. Experience demonstrates that a simultaneous action is obtained even through mains nine hundred feet long. One tank can thus serve for draining all houses within a radius of that length, equal to an area of about fifty acres; so that, other circumstances permitting, towns may be divided into drainage compartments of about that extent, each of them being practically independent of the others, just as each main pipe of a tank is independent of every other.

One main pipe operates on a number of houses, one tank on several main pipes, and one central engine on numerous tanks. The central pipes, however, serve not only for communicating the vacuum to the various tanks, but also for conveying their contents to the central engine buildings, after the several main pipes have all contributed their quota.

The system is manipulated thus:—The air-pump engine maintains during the day a three-quarter vacuum in certain central reservoirs below the floor of the building, and at the same time in the central pipes. Workmen, perambulating the town, visit each tank once a day. To drain the houses commanded by one tank, they open alternately the connecting cock of the central pipe and the stop-cock of any main pipe; the first to obtain a vacuum in the tank, the second to utilise this by emptying the closet pipes connected with that particular main. After all the mains of the tanks in question have been operated upon, and their contents collected in the tank, the workman turns the discharge-cock, in order to send the whole mass to the central building for immediate conversion into poudrette.

A remarkable feature in the system is this. In the whole network of pipes there is not, except the cocks referred to, a single valve or other movable mechanism which is expected to do something when the pneumatic force is applied. All parts of the arrangement are fixed and immovable. Hence there is nothing to get out of order or to necessitate costly repairs; and when these are needed they are effected with ease. In proof of this, and of the care with which every detail of the system has been elaborated, it deserves to be noted that in all the places where it has been introduced the utmost satisfaction is expressed.

In an article like this, intended for general readers, it is not desirable that we should give a detailed account of the pneumatic closet invented by Captain Liernur. Those accustomed to the present system may still employ water, at the additional cost of 1*s.* 8*d.* per head. But in the pneumatic closet recommended for general use not a drop of water is employed. Nevertheless, the result is most satisfactory, there being nothing in any way offensive. The vacuum having been made in the street tank, communication is effected with the closet, and at once the contents depart as easily and completely as by the mechanism now in use. In a second all is still, and the most timid and fastidious can raise no objection, æsthetic or otherwise. What an improvement on existing arrangements!

The treatment of the fæcal matter thus procured is the culminating point of the Liernur system, and promises to be of the highest importance to agriculture.

The process is as follows. Captain Liernur utilises the waste steam of his air-pump engines, which still contains 92 per cent. of the heat imparted to it. Having a temperature of about 105 degrees Cent., it is passed

through a Green's economiser in the chimney of the boiler, and thus super-heated to about 115 degrees Cent. The steam is then conducted through copper cylinders revolving in troughs full of fæcal matter, with a thin layer of which, on the lower side, they are covered.

This layer is exposed to a drying heat of 115 degrees Cent.; but this temperature being rather low for evaporation, the revolving cylinders are housed in air-tight reservoirs, communicating with the air-pump engine, so that the outer surface of the cylinder and the thin layer of fæcal matter are exposed on the outside to a ¾-vacuum, while the inside is heated to 115 degrees Cent. The resulting evaporation is so rapid that the fluid fæcal matter is converted into a dry crust before the cylinder has completed its revolution. By a stationary knife, placed nearly under the cylinder, and parallel with it, the powder is scraped off into a long box, which stands on wheels, and can be readily removed. How the vapours from one evaporation are made to serve for the purposes of a second evaporation, and the vapours of the second for a third evaporation, thus giving a great economy of heat, would take up too much room to describe; but we may say that in a town of moderate density as to population, the waste steam thus used is amply sufficient to convert all the undiluted fæcal matter into poudrette without any further cost for fuel. The same principle of evaporation is used extensively in sugar refining.

The process, then, is this. The contents of the street tanks having arrived in the central tanks, as shown by a float indicator, they are at once, and without contact with the atmosphere, conveyed to a tank where they are mixed with a little sulphuric acid, to prevent the loss of nitrogen during evaporation, and thence they pass to the drying apparatus to be turned into poudrette. By the time this operation is effected a new quantity of fæcal fluid has arrived from another reservoir, and the process is repeated. The two operations may go on together the whole day, so that in the evening all offensive products are converted into a powder, ready to be packed in bags or barrels, and forthwith sent to market. Looking at it, and being told by Captain Liernur the singular process by which it had been so speedily produced, we could hardly believe our own eyes.

Having thus described the *modus operandi*, let us now look at the Liernur system in actual operation.

II. We have discussed *how*, let us now tell our readers *where* it is carried out, either in part, or in all its divisions—that is, including Liernur subsoil drains and impervious common sewers, along with the pneumatic arrangements, and the manufacture of poudrette.

Modesty in defining the bounds of the possible should be the characteristic of philosophers—nowadays especially, when the marvels of science and the achievements of engineering are so astonishing. Nevertheless, the pneumatic system, when under discussion by the sanitary section of a certain Philosophical Society, was thus spoken of by a gentleman having an expensive scheme of his own for the drainage of one of the greatest cities of the kingdom:—"After all the noise which had been made, the simple truth was, there was not a single place where at present it was successfully carried out. It was like the showman, always going to begin; but it was long of beginning. He had no doubt whatever of the utter absurdity of the scheme."

We hope this incredulous engineer will not be too much disconcerted by what we are now to relate. He is not the first who has obstructed human welfare, by denouncing as impracticable that which was actually doing good service.

The pneumatic system has been for some years in operation at Amsterdam, Leiden, Prag, Brünn, and Olmütz. It was exhibited in operation at the Vienna Exhibition of 1873, was most favourably reported on by the International Medical Congress, and was inspected by the Emperor of Austria, who knighted Captain Liernur, in recognition of the merits of his invention. The system, in all its parts, has been adopted by St. Petersburg, Dordrecht, and Winterthur, the aggregate population of these three towns being no less than 646,000. Moreover, Captain Liernur has been consulted as to draining pneumatically Milan and Naples, and is in correspondence with the authorities of several great towns in this country; and, while we write, our enterprising neighbours, Messrs. Laird, are constructing the pneumatic apparatus for their linen factory in the county town of Forfar. We have also, privately, been told of the large sums agreed to be given for permission to use the successful inventions of Captain Liernur in Holland, Bohemia, and in Great Britain.

Instead of relating what has been done in several places, we shall make special mention

of Amsterdam, where the difficulties to be overcome were unusually great, as appears from the following sketch by the lively pen of the author of "The *Rob Roy* on the Zuider Zee:"—

"The town of Amsterdam is all built on piles, and the houses lean hither and thither as the soft foundation yields to centuries of pressure. The tall crooked gables seem to bolster up each other: they have not room to fall. The canals are for roads and drains, a wretched barbarism. Sanitary laws are laughed out of countenance. Few people have seen more cities in their wanderings than the crew of the *Rob Roy;* but this queer old town of Jews and Hollanders, bridges, bricks, and cigars is a puzzle to them for filth."

Those desirous to know all about the filthy ways—canals rather—of Amsterdam, should read the very clever and interesting report by the special correspondent of the *Southport News;* the terms of whose commission were to investigate the Liernur system from beginning to end, to question friends and foes, to witness results and practical operations, where possible, in Amsterdam, Leiden, and Dordrecht.

The canals which encircle Amsterdam having long been the common receptacles into which the lazy Dutchmen pitched all sorts of rubbish, garbage, and excreta, it was hard to get the people to comprehend that the Liernur closets were intended for the conveyance of the last of these only. Hence they were loaded with very much more than the pneumatic draught could be expected to remove. Yet, such is its power, that minor objects, as old shoes, rats, &c., found their way to the tanks. In one of them was found a valuable dessert plate, which, having been chipped by a fall, was thrown into the pneumatic closet by a terrified maid-servant, vainly hoping that her mishap would in it be as effectually hidden as in the canal.

The new system was violently and persistently opposed by a pragmatical Alderman Tindal, who took it upon him to discontinue as unnecessary a certain pipe, forming an essential part of the apparatus. The result was the production of an odour so unspeakable that a horrified Englishman wrote home, savagely denouncing the pneumatic process as embodying the abominations of all bad modes of treating sewage. When the said pipe was in its proper place, a party of English gentlemen witnessing the same operation found it as harmless as the filling of as much clean water would have been.

M. Bergsma, chief clerk of Public Works, Amsterdam, declares that where Captain Liernur's plans have been carried out to the letter there has been no failure whatever. So convinced is he of the superiority of the system to every other, that he petitioned that it might be applied to his own house and neighbourhood. Mr. Kalff, director of Public Works at Amsterdam, in his report to the Common Council in 1874, recommending the extension of the system to about a hundred and fifty thousand of its inhabitants, declares that in the history of applied science there never has been an invention which in so short a time has arrived at such a degree of perfection. The civic authorities certify that with the practical efficiency and the sanitary effects of the pneumatic system they are completely satisfied. Knowing that a pecuniary gain was also anticipated, but that actually, as yet, in Amsterdam there has been none, its enemies glory over Liernur, and impeach his veracity. Quite unreasonable, however. The fault is in themselves, and he can afford to wait until the scientific, sanitary, and economic education of the good folks of Amsterdam is so advanced as to lead them to do as Liernur bids them, and provide sinks for their house slops. At present they carry out his views partially, and allow the collected excreta to be mixed with water and other superfluous ingredients to the extent of two-thirds. Farmers, of course, are shy of having much to do with such comparatively bulky and worthless stuff, which must be used at once or become valueless. When reduced into a portable form, according to the Liernur process fully carried out, the sewage of the great city of Amsterdam will assuredly yield large pecuniary profits, in addition to the important sanitary advantages confessedly realised. These must be striking, seeing that people of the highest intelligence congratulate themselves on living in a quarter of Amsterdam in which pneumatic drainage is in use.

Moreover, the commission from Winterthur, in Switzerland, in their report of December, 1873, write thus:—"In spite of the antipathy of some men in power, in spite of the defective and irregular management, the system steadily gains ground in Amsterdam." It is thus manifest that with those who talk of its failure there, "the wish is father to the thought." It must be added, that the town of Winterthur has adopted the whole of the Liernur system.

Its advantages are more visible in Leiden, although even there it is as yet being carried

on under unfavourable conditions, which will be removed when the whole town has been Liernurised. Last year the pecuniary gain from four districts, after payment of all expenses, was only £26; on an estimated expenditure, in cost of plant, engineers' commission, &c., of £3,000. The manure was sold at the rate of 2*s.* 9*d.* for each individual, whereas it is estimated that the fæcal products of each individual are worth from six to ten shillings a year. Well, that is something, whereas the anti-Liernurists declare that the pecuniary profit will be *nil.* Moreover, the value of the manure has already largely risen. Last year it advanced twenty-five per cent.: the contractor gave 1*s.* instead of 9*d.* per barrel. Of what other manure can this be said? So that when things are better managed, it may be reasonably expected that the pecuniary result will be amply remunerative. Even now the Mayor and Aldermen declare "it is a matter of certainty that all expenses will be repaid, and our capital returned."

A very striking evidence of the value of the Liernur system is found in the fact of its having been adopted in all its parts by the poor and decayed town of Dordrecht, with a population of twenty-six thousand. Mr. Van der Kloos, a gentleman of high attainments, a distinguished engineer, and the director of Public Works, being asked his candid opinion of the Liernur system, made this reply:—"I consider it technically and sanitarily perfect, and financially I have the best hope of it." And so have we; for a friend writes to us, "The Poudrette works at Dordrecht are now in permanent operation, and are *a complete success.* They commenced formally on 13th May. Liernur is jubilant in the extreme." This fact has an important bearing on the financial aspect of the question. The farmer who sees poudrette will, we are confident, be eager to buy it.

III. The *how* and the *where* of the Liernur system having been now described, we have still a few words to say as to *why* it should be introduced into this country.

It comes before us claiming to have solved the difficult problem of satisfying at once the interests of agriculture and of the public health. The value of poudrette to the farmer is proved. Sir Philip Rose, Bart., sent a sample of it for analysis to Professor Sibson, whose report is as follows:—

"Moisture 15.34; nitrogenized organic matter and salts of ammonia (containing nitrogen 8.30; equal to ammonia 10.08) 64.13; phosphates and oxide of iron (containing phosphoric acid equal to phosphate of lime 3.14) 5.40; alkaline salts, &c., 11.13; insoluble matter 3.80—total 100. This is an excellent manure, containing no less than ten per cent. of ammonia, with three of phosphates and other constituents of lesser value. It is superior to any sewage manures or similar products now in the market. This sample is very suitable as a corn manure, and for all purposes for which guano and other ammoniacal manures are commonly employed."

Another sample, sent to be analyzed by Professor Voelcker, was found to contain nitrogen 9.35, equal to ammonia 11.35. He estimates its value to the manure merchant at £8 10*s.* per ton.

Mr. Arthur Angell, F.R.M.S., public analyst for the county of Hants, values poudrette made by him upon the Liernur principle at £11 or £12 per ton.

The effect of the new system on the public health is of the highest importance. The increase of mortality from diphtheria, cholera, and diarrhœa, appears coincident with the extension of the present system. In the five years 1838-42, when water-closets were comparatively few, the average mortality from these diseases, per million per annum, in England and Wales, was 298. In 1847, London was compelled to drain by sewers, and other towns followed its example. These sewage diseases increased enormously, as is demonstrated by these figures taken from the Registrar-General's returns:—During each quinquennial period from 1847, there is a most significant increase, which in that of 1867-1871 attains this frightful amount, 1,282. Typhoid fever, killing from 15,000 to 18,000 every year, is also by all modern investigators traced to excremental pollution. Scarlet fever, partly attributed to the same cause, produced in 1838-42 a mortality of 63,000, which, in 1867-72, mounts up to 112,963! Till 1851 there was not a single case of diphtheria; and Mr. Simon, in his report to the Privy Council, asks why this disease, which over-ran Europe in the sixteenth century, and since then has been scarcely heard of, should recently have become a formidable disease in this country? Dr. Fergus, of Glasgow, believes the answer to be simply this—"we have been drinking water and breathing air contaminated by excretal matter in a state of decomposition." Dr. Lyon Playfair, M.P., in his recent address to the Medical Congress at Edinburgh, having alluded to two cases of water pollution in London, the water being introduced in cream and milk, observes that

when excrementitious matter is introduced into the human system as a fluid, though the contagium is not soluble, it seems more certain in its effects than when respired as air. Of this, while we write, we are furnished with a remarkable proof. The health of a family in a rural locality having long been unsatisfactory, the water forming the only supply of the household was analysed. It is pronounced highly dangerous, owing to the well being polluted by a sewer drain. And yet the family physician never seems to have suspected why his patients were suffering.

And then the dreadful cost of the water-system of sewage which has had so much to do in killing us! Since 1846, London alone has spent thirty millions sterling.*

What a different story shall we have to tell when London, Liverpool, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, and other centres of population, are drained pneumatically! The saving of water will, assuredly, be worth considering: the saving of human life and health, not to be estimated by a money price, will, we are persuaded, be manifest. However noxious the excreta, treated separately by the Liernur system, they cannot possibly be injurious. From the moment they leave the closets till converted into a dry powder they are shut up in air-tight vessels. Their liquid ingredients, having been evaporated and again condensed, return to the streams as distilled, and consequently pure water. The gaseous products of the evaporation, still possibly laden with disease-germs, are blown, along with the rest of the air sucked out of the tubes and pipes, into the fireplace of the boiler and burned. It is indeed hard to conceive that a typhoid germ can survive such a fiery ordeal, preceded by exposure to sulphuric acid in the poudrette part of the process. It is, therefore, most reasonable to anticipate that the introduction of the pneumatic system will be an era in the annals of hygiène. Such is the unanimous opinion of the Medical Inspectors of Holland. The civic authorities of Leiden certify that already the health of the worst part of their city is improved, and that the improvement of their physical condition has been accompanied by a change for the better in the habits of the people.

Finally, the pollution of rivers, streams, and estuaries, will be in a great measure prevented, to the satisfaction of man, beast, and fish. For although we have spoken principally of the pneumatic system with reference to putrescible matter, we must not forget that Captain Liernur attends to the whole drainage of a town. He prevents any street detritus entering the sewers, and causing silting up either in them or in the river. Where required, he purifies by a simple filtration process the house and the rain water, which alone are allowed to enter the common sewer; and when sewers do not exist, he provides his own improved sewers with separate subsoil drainage, which together are only half as costly as those now in use. The details of these various arrangements we have neither time nor space to enter upon. They are greatly needed. In September, 1867, masses of sewer-poisoned fish were found along the shores of lakes Constance and Geneva. The last salmon caught in the once-silver Thames was in 1824. The salmon-producing rivers of Scotland are, in many instances, shamefully defiled. Perusal of the evidence given to the Commission of Inquiry as to the operation of the Tweed Fisheries Acts makes us wonder that fish are still to be caught in the Tweed, the Teviot, the Ettrick, the Jed, the Gala, seeing that, apparently, not a factory on their banks is provided with a filtering tank for the interception of what is fatal to fish.

When this piscicultural folly brings along with it danger to the health and life of human beings and domestic animals—when river pollution is certain discomfort, and too probably an accelerated death rate—it is to be hoped that reasonable and religiously-disposed people will be prompted at once seriously to inquire whether by adopting pneumatic drainage we shall cease to be chargeable with the suicidal folly of robbing the soil of the manure which we cast into sewers, and the atmosphere of its purity, so that we breathe with difficulty and perish prematurely amid filth which we have not yet learned how safely to remove. Holland for many a year was our instructor in hydraulic works. In the sixteenth century much fen-land in the eastern counties of England was drained by Dutch labour directed by Dutch engineers.

Let us be thankful that in the nineteenth century, Captain Liernur, a Hollander, has invented what is expected, in the opinion of his countrymen, to prove the sewerage system of the future; seeing that it is simple, marvellously efficient, and within the reach of all willing to incur a moderate expenditure for the all-important object of lessening preventable mortality; the amount of which is among the greatest of our sins.

* Krepp's "Sewage Question," p. 64.

We invite attention to these vigorous words from the Report of the Commissioner from Southport:—"At Dordrecht my labours came to an end. I had seen all that Holland had to show in the form of public applications of the Liernur System. I had obtained opinions, official and private, as to its merits and demerits. I had traced its rise and development, and *I was convinced that its universal application was only a matter of time. That it will supersede all other modes of dealing with sewage of every description I am assured, for it has all the elements of victory, and the others are all suffering from ignominious defeat.* There is not a town, village, or city in Europe that is unafflicted with some form of zymotic disease, and that is nature's declaration that imperfect drainage is her abomination, and under her ban."

D. ESDAILE, D.D.

P.S.—Those desirous of further information should apply to Adam Scott, Esq., 221, Gresham House, Old Broad Street, London, as we cannot again reply to numerous correspondents. D. E

THE COMMUNION-TABLE IN CHESTER CATHEDRAL.

V.—THE CROWN OF THORNS.

ALL who have written on the Natural History of Palestine tell us that thorny plants are abundant and very various in that country.* It may be that this various thorny growth is more abundant there now,† after ages of neglect and bad government, than was the case in older days, as when the Hebrews themselves were prosperous, and every man dwelt "under his vine and his fig-tree," or in the time of the Romans, which was also the time of Christ, when all the country was thickly peopled and well cultivated.

Still it seems evident that this tendency to the production of thorny plants belongs inherently to the Holy Land. Indications of this fact meet us everywhere, in both the Old Testament and the New. In the first parable of Scripture—or first fable, if we prefer so to call it—the bramble is conspicuous.‡ This kind of growth furnishes the prophets with the imagery of some of their admonitory predictions. Thus in Isaiah, "I will lay my vineyard waste: it shall not be pruned nor digged: but there shall come up briers and thorns." And again, "Thorns shall come up in her palaces, brambles in her fortresses."§ So also with the imagery that gives life to precepts and exhortations: "Son of man, be not afraid of them, neither of their words, though briers and thorns be with thee."‖ So, to turn to the New Testament, in our Lord's proverbs: "Of thorns men do not gather figs, nor of a bramble-bush gather they grapes."¶ And in His parables—if indeed we can distinguish between His proverbs and His parables—"Some seed fell among thorns, and the thorns sprung up with it and choked it: ...that which fell among thorns are they, which, when they have heard, go forth, and are choked with cares and riches and pleasures of this life, and bring no fruit to perfection."*

The mere fact of the Crown of Thorns being one of the accessories of the Passion arrests our attention, when we are endeavouring to follow in imagination, from one point to another, that association of the Cross and the Garden, which has been taken as our guiding thought. It was when our first parents were "driven forth from the Garden," with a flaming sword placed at the east, "which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life"—it was then that the sentence was passed upon man and upon the earth, "Thorns and thistles shall it bring forth to thee."† Thus thorns are the emblems of the curse and of separation from Paradise; and we see here in this Crown of Thorns the truth symbolically expressed that Christ took this curse upon His sacred head, and by His Crucifixion opened the way to Paradise again. Would that those thorns of the heart, which we know so well, might be eradicated by the power of the Cross, so that this heart might become a Garden of all holy thoughts and of graces growing fresh and strong! Would that we might think with a more customary and reverential fear of the warning given in the Epistle to the Hebrews concerning some, who "crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh and put Him to an open shame"—with the judgment added: "The earth which beareth thorns and briers is rejected, and is nigh unto cursing; whose end is to be burned!"‡

* See for instance Canon Tristram's "Natural History of the Bible," p. 423.

† It is a popular mistake that the prickly pear, which was introduced from America into the Levant, is native in Palestine.

‡ Judges ix. 14. § Isa. v. 6; xxxiv. 13.

‖ Ezek. ii. 6. ¶ Luke vi. 44.

* Luke viii. 7, 14. † Gen. iii. 18. ‡ Heb. vi. 6, 7.

The antithesis is as strongly marked as possible between the Garden and the Thorn; and yet how the thorn itself seems to be ennobled, since the time when that Crown of shame and victory was placed on the brow of the Crucified Saviour! The thorny growths of the natural world have an eloquence since that day, which tells us, not of despair, but of recovery and restoration.

We must pass, however, from these mere general thoughts to a more exact contemplation of that part of the Passion of Christ which is connected with the crown of thorns. The holy task set before us in this course of meditation is, by the help of such aids as are within our reach, to picture to ourselves the particulars of that suffering and dishonour. We have reached now that part of the narrative which is most properly named the Passion. The institution of the Eucharist, and the agony in Gethsemane, are left behind; and we are now in the midst of the scenes which immediately preceded the Crucifixion. That which it is best to select, for artistic delineation and for description, according to the method here proposed to ourselves, is evidently the Thorny Crown.

Among the prickly growths of Palestine, which, as was remarked above, are abundant and various, we are not able precisely to say which was used for the Crown of Thorns. Nor, indeed, in itself—as regards questions of deep religious truth—is this a matter of much moment. Still, two plants may be named, which, in different ways, suggest to us instructive thoughts, and between which our choice must practically lie. Scientific descriptions would, of course, here be out of place. In this kind of commentary we are dealing with Art rather than with Science. One condition, however, must be satisfied by the artist who represents to the eye, whether in drawing or in carving, the thorn with which Christ was crowned. It must have been more or less flexible, to admit of that deliberate platting, which is named as one of the incidents of the Passion. St. Luke does not allude to the subject at all. The other three Evangelists specify, not only the crown, but the *platting* of the crown.*

Some are inclined to think that the true "Christ's Thorn" was a plant in which the leaf is more conspicuous than the prickle—the foliage being more or less like the foliage of those plants which were used when garlands were placed on the head, denoting joy or victory or royalty. On this view the Crown of Thorns was simply or chiefly part of the mockery, which was completed by the red cloak* of one of those savage soldiers for a kingly robe, and a worthless wand † in contemptuous imitation of a sceptre. This is the plant which is figured on the front of this Communion Table in the two panels immediately north and south of that which is in the centre. The thorns are not absent from its branches; but the leaves make a greater show, and clearly they might be well adapted to be platted into a wreath for Him who was mocked as "King of the Jews."

Others might be more disposed to make choice of a different thorn, the cruciform spines of which are terrible in their size, their strength, and their sharpness. No one who has ever seen the plant, and thought of it in connection with the crowning of Christ, can ever forget it.‡ This form of growth has been chosen for the central panel, where it is intermingled with grapes§ and ears of corn—for the embroidered cloth, where it is interwoven with the palm—and again for the upper part of the retable, where it appears once more in combination with the same emblems of the Eucharist. If this was the plant really used by the soldiers, then part of their purpose was to inflict pain; and in that lacerated and bleeding brow we see the bodily suffering of the Crucifixion already begun.

The choice of lessons for us from this Crown of Thorns are the Christian bearing of shame for Christ's sake, and the Christian bearing of pain for Christ's sake. Or rather we have both lessons here in one. How men shrink from scorn and ridicule, when this trial comes on them in the course of a religiously-consistent life! How many have sinned under this trial! How many have absolutely fallen away! How hard to bear is this temptation, especially to the young! If you, who are reading this, are conscious of the power of such temptation, look to the Saviour's head, wreathed with these leaves of mock-royalty, in the midst of the scorn and ridicule of the soldiers; and from that sight gain strength to be consistent and brave. And if extreme pain be our lot, that too is no slight trial. We can honour God by bearing it patiently, and by thanking Him in the midst of it; and power to do this comes in the thought that Christ's human body was

* Matt. xxvii. 29; Mark xv. 17; John xix. 2.

* Matt. xxvii. 28. † Ib. 29.

‡ The actual specimen used in this instance was from a plant grown in Malta, said to be propagated from one that came from the Holy Land.

§ It will be observed that one thorn pierces a grape.

like our body, exposed to extreme suffering, and sensitive as ours is sensitive.

St. John, and St. John only, mentions the Crown of Thorns a second time, just as he only mentions the "branches of palm leaves," the "garden" of the agony, and the "garden" of the entombment. When the account of the insults of the soldiers is over, this Evangelist says that Pilate brought the Saviour forth to the people with all the insignia of mock-royalty. "Then came Jesus forth, wearing the purple robe and the crown of thorns; and Pilate saith, Behold the man."*

This is a moment which has been seized by many artists, with a consciousness of its power over our feelings. This is the "Ecce Homo," which we have from St. John alone.

It is to be added that the crown of thorns remained to the last. We read that "after they had mocked Him," they "took the robe off from Him, and put His own raiment off Him, and led Him away to crucify Him." So it is written, both in St. Matthew and in St. Mark.† But we nowhere read that the soldiers removed the thorns. So far as I know, there is no picture of the Crucifixion without "the crown of thorns."

VI.—THE REED AND THE HYSSOP.

The Crucifixion itself is our subject now: nor is it difficult to decide upon the plants, which, following still the same course of meditation, we ought to select at this point for description and for suggesting reverent and serious thoughts. The Reed and the Hyssop are prominent at one most solemn moment in the events which we commemorate on Good Friday; and they are suitable for artistic delineation on the Lord's Table which is before us.

The Cross itself might indeed have been our chosen topic in strict harmony with our method of illustration; and it is not altogether irrelevant to allude to what has been written on this topic by older writers, who, if very fanciful, were also devout and reverential. The following Latin lines contain a summary of notions which have been entertained concerning the trees which supplied the wood for the Lord's crucifixion:—

"Pes Crucis est Cedrus: Corpus tenet alta Cupressus:
Palma manus religat: titulo lætatur Oliva."

Another fancy makes the oak to have furnished the material of which the Cross was constructed; and the religious meanings of this supposed fact are given by one writer at great length. The olive, meanwhile, is still viewed by him as the tree which supplied the wood on which the inscription over the Cross was written or engraved: and the combination is expressed in a Latin couplet, thus:—

"Quercus atque oleæ stabili se fœdere jungunt:
Cerne Crucem: Pax hic Justitiæque rigor."

Such conceits, however, though not to be despised, do not suit our present habits of thought. We are dealing, too, with the literal truth of the case, and not with mere fancies, if we allow our minds to dwell upon the plants which are actually named in the sacred account of that part of the Crucifixion, when the Lord said, "I thirst."

During Passion Week we endeavour to set clearly before our minds, and to impress upon our memories, the *facts* of our Lord's suffering. The facts, thus carefully and reverently apprehended, preach their own sermon. Now, with regard to the point which is immediately before us, it is essential, for the sake of accuracy, to bear in mind that there were two distinct moments in the history of the Crucifixion, when vinegar or wine was offered to the Saviour. I imagine that the two words mean the same thing, and that what is called vinegar in one place, is simply the sour wine which was the common drink of the soldiers. Unless we distinguish the two occasions, when the vinegar-wine, as we may call it, was offered to Christ, the history will become confused in our minds, and much of its solemn instruction lost.

The first two Evangelists tell us that, just before the Crucifixion began, there was offered to Christ what St. Matthew terms "vinegar mingled with gall," and what St. Mark terms "wine mingled with myrrh." In each case it is added that "He would not drink: He received it not."* I need not repeat here what I have just said respecting the words "vinegar" and "wine." With regard to the "myrrh" which is mentioned by one Evangelist, and the "gall" mentioned by the other, it is difficult to identify them confidently with any modern drugs; but it seems that they were some bitter or aromatic substances that were mingled with this sour wine.† It might be that the soldiers preferred to drink it thus: though the general explanation is that to those who were condemned to be crucified this drugged and

* John xix. 5. † Matt. xxvii. 31; Mark xv. 20.

* Matt. xxvii. 34; Mark xv. 23.
† Probably "myrrh" as well as "gall" in this instance is simply a generic term.

stupefying wine was given before the hideous business-like cruelty of this mode of inflicting death began, that it might dull the senses, and in some degree deaden the pain. It is further said that this was not strictly a Roman custom, but a Jewish custom occasionally adopted by the Romans.

However these things might be, this incident is quite different from that offering of vinegar-wine to the Saviour's lips, during the crucifixion, when He had uttered the words, "I thirst." St. John says, after the mention of the utterance of these words, "Now there was set a vessel full of vinegar; and they filled a sponge with vinegar, and put it upon hyssop, and put it to His mouth." St. Mark says: "And one ran and filled a sponge full of vinegar, and put it on a reed and gave Him to drink."* Here it would seem at first sight that two different plants are named in connection with the raising of the sponge full of vinegar to the Blessed Saviour's lips. In one case it is a reed, in the other it is hyssop. What are we to say concerning this apparent discrepancy?

As regards the Reed, there is no difficulty in respect of either the facts of the narrative, or our free choice for artistic representation. And, as to our selection of this vegetable form among others for our illustrative purpose, it is to be observed that this is the second time—indeed the third time†—that the Reed has been named in the account of the Passion. Thus it could not with any propriety have been omitted. The growth of reeds, some of a very great size, is common enough in Palestine. Many are found in the neighbourhood of the Jordan; and this, perhaps, gave occasion to the question of the Saviour concerning John the Baptist: "What went ye out for to see? a reed shaken by the wind?"‡ Reeds in the Holy Land of various kinds might easily be named, which would be suitable for the placing of a mock-sceptre in the hands of Christ, when the soldiers bowed the knee before Him in ridicule, and said, "Hail, King of the Jews!"—secondly, for the insult, when they spit upon Him, and took the reed and smote Him on the head—and now, thirdly, when the sponge full of vinegar was placed upon the reed, that it might be raised to the Saviour's lips. The bulrush has been adopted here, side by side with the hyssop, for the panels of the north end of the Communion Table, and another reed of lighter growth, for variety, in the embroidered cloth at the same place.

The Hyssop, if we are to judge from other passages of Scripture, must have been a plant of a growth quite different. It is so described in the Bible as to convey the impression of being small and flexible. It is used for sprinkling;* and in the description of the botanical studies of Solomon "the hyssop that groweth out of the wall" is at one extremity of the vegetable kingdom described by him, as "the cedar of Lebanon" is at the other.† Still, as it was observed just above, in reference to myrrh and gall, that it is not easy to identify modern drugs with ancient drugs, so is the identification difficult of plants which now bear certain names with those that bore the same names of old, whether in Classical or Scriptural writers; and it is quite reasonable to suppose that the plant here called "hyssop" had a long straight stem, which might popularly be called a reed. Moreover, it is probable that the elevation of the sacred crucified body of our Saviour from the ground was not very great. It is not unlikely that religious pictures have led us into a general mistake on this point. For my own part, however, I am inclined to adopt another explanation, and to imagine that a bunch of hyssop was placed upon the reed, and the sponge in the hyssop. On either supposition the difficulty vanishes. The plant which is carved on one of these northern panels and embroidered on the cloth is that which scientific men, who have studied the Botany of the Bible, accept as the most probable representative of the Scriptural Hyssop.

Some of the circumstances in this part of the narrative tend to give what we may call a terrible vividness to this moment in the Crucifixion. The words, "I thirst," were spoken just when that darkness was passing away, which had overspread the scene for three hours—so that the ghastly spectacle of the three crosses, with the three who were suffering on them, became then distinctly visible to the crowd again. And we see there that vessel set full of vinegar-wine, for the drink of those rude soldiers, when heated with their murderous task of setting up the crosses. And we see the sponge. Why was it there? I suppose it was for the cleansing of blood. And one little touch in the narrative at this point we should not fail to notice—the quick running of the soldier on hearing the words, "I thirst," that he might

* Mark xv. 36. So Matt. xxvii. 38.
† See Matt. xxvii. 29, 30. ‡ Matt. xi. 7.

* Exod. xii. 22; Heb. ix. 19. † 1 Kings iv. 33.

fill the sponge with the cooling drink, and raise it to the Sufferer's lips. There might be mockery in the act; but I imagine there was compassion too. In the roughest and hardest men there is often a tender place that can be touched by the sight of woe. As to the Hyssop and the Reed, this was the only way in which refreshment could be brought now to those sacred, burning lips. The hands that had blessed the cup a few hours before were now nailed to the branches of the Cross.

If we were occupying ourselves here with deeper subjects, we might say much concerning these words, "I thirst." They are an indication of the intense reality of the suffering of Christ. Wounded men on the field of battle are often in agony from burning and consuming thirst; still more must this have been the case with those who were crucified. The Saviour then, even to the last, tells us how literal was His incarnation, how truly He was one of ourselves. And how affecting is the fact that He allows Himself thus to be waited on at the last! Once again He is in conscious contact with the common daily things of this outward world. He accepts one poor consolation before He dies.

J. S. HOWSON.

The Central Panel of Communion-Table.

BEHIND THE VEIL.

"All our thoughts are but degrees of darkness."—RUSKIN.

VEILED and we cannot see beyond;
Is not that the end, though our sight be clear?
Death is a veil we cannot pierce,
And Life is a veil thrown o'er us here.
Mysteries perplex us,
And many troubles vex us,
And we cannot see beyond,
We can only cry like Goethe for "More Light."
E'en the friends whose hands lie close in ours,
Whose laugh and jest speed fast the merry hours,
Even they have something hidden
Which we may not know nor guess.
Oh, the griefs and passions surging
In a wild tumultuous throng,
And the petty cares absorbing,
What to better things belong.
Oh, the chaos of emotions, seldom lulling into rest,
In each human breast,
Behind the Veil!
Behind that veil we would not strive to pass,
Each glories in the boundary that screens him from the mass.

But there are other veils of man's own weaving,
In which he shrouds himself, the while believing
His own especial dogma, creed, or fable,
To be the only way to make salvation stable.
And all the time maligning,
Harshly judging, and consigning
To a future of despair,
All who dare
To deny,
And forgetting that the holiest,
Was the tenderest, the lowliest,

That ever trod our earth.
There are many veils conventional
Which men wear with grace intentional,
Never thinking that those veils must warp the judgment and distort the vision,
Till they worship what is false, and hold the holiest in derision.
While the SOUL is held in most supreme indifference,
And to the things of earth is paid the greatest deference.
In the pitiable worship of that creed
Of gold, of dress, position, and that breed,
A miserable worship which is all a lie, a sham, delusion; but——
Behind the Veil!
The *True* shall triumph o'er the false of earth,
Th' unseen then shall have its own true worth.
By what thou *art*, and not by what thou *hast*,
Shall be God's judgment on the soul at last.

That we believe,—what do we *know*?
Nothing.
The more on earth we wander,
The more we think and ponder,
Comes that irksome, sad summation
Of all our meditation,
The more we think, the less we find we know,
The more we think we know, the less 'tis really so.
Brain cannot solve for us our strange existence,
With all our knowledge, by extreme persistence
Something called *Spirit* is mysterious still,
And mocks each effort of man's strongest will.
What is that spirit, how, and whence, and why?
Hush!—comes no answer, but the hopeless sigh,
"Behind the Veil."

Behind the Veil! What Veil?
Is *Death* the veil concealing
What shall never know revealing,
Till our spirits pass that portal
Into lands unknown to mortal?
Or is *Life* the veil that shrouds us
In a mist that dimly clouds us,
And we cannot see beyond,
Cannot reach the golden glory of our dreams,
May not catch a transient vision of the gleams
From the wonderful Unseen,
Till the Veil of Life is riven,
And the rending shows us—Heaven?

Death and Life thus intertwine,
For the Life we love must leave us,
And the Death we hate must cleave us,
Ere existence be divine.
But then, ah! glorious ending
Every joy upon us blending,
All our idealisation
Finds a full realisation
And *Fulfilment* is perfection of delight!
And all our aspirations,
All our high anticipations,
Vague desires;
All are laid at rest,
In a calm that knows no troubling and no pain,
In a light that knows no shadow and no stain,
Behind the Veil!

HELEN K. WILSON.

NATIONAL HEALTH.

CHAPTER VI.—HEALTH AND ALIMENTATION.

HEALTH and Alimentation go so closely hand in hand, we may recognise in some characteristic series of healthy conditions the qualities of food on which they are sustained. We may recognise equally well from the evidences of certain forms of disease that either deficiences of foods or unnatural kinds of foods are present in the diets of the diseased.

Buckle, in his desire to prove that all natural characteristics are due to a few simple physical laws, has dwelt unjustly on the influences of foods as determinators of such characteristics. He held it possible, "by the application of a few physical laws, to anticipate what the food of a country will be, and therefore to anticipate a long train of ulterior consequences." Hence he assumed that a particular food was natural to a particular community placed on special parts of the earth—rice to the natives of India, bread to men of these northern climes. In the view that the qualities of a people are determined largely by the qualities of the foods on which they subsist, the distinguished author of the "History of Civilisation" was right. In the view that each part of the earth specially provides the best foods for the inhabitants of that part, he was generalising too far. To a considerable extent it is true that in each portion of the world the people living on that portion find in the products of it all that they require, but not according to any particular design bearing upon that particular people; because, when all the facts are examined, it is found that such food as is really the best for one people or one race is the best for all people and all races. A community that is confined too severely to any one food is never a healthy community in the strict sense of the term, and a community that is truly healthy may safely be accredited with the

possession of such variety of alimentary substance as would sustain all the rest of the world with equal excellence.

The errors that have crept into the arguments on these subjects are due to other errors of a physiological and local character, from which such great observers as Buckle himself are not altogether and at all times free. For example, Buckle, from the premise that in India rice takes the place which in England is held by bread, and is the essential article of diet to the millions of India, argues that rice therefore is the natural food of those millions, and has founded upon this assumption the generalisation I have quoted. But the premise was incorrect, and therefore the conclusion; for it is physiologically impossible for any human being to exist on rice, seeing that rice cannot yield muscular substance, and, as Mr. Cornish has most ably demonstrated, it is not true that rice is the essential article of diet to the millions of people who make up the bulk of the Indian population.

The true scientific position of the question is that to form the healthy man anywhere and everywhere, the same qualities of food are required for him anywhere and everywhere; and when differences arise from differences of quality, they are not to be accepted as special results of natural selection for the particular welfare and health of a people, but as physiological variations resulting from varieties of food which may be very good, or very bad, or indifferently good or bad, according to circumstances, and certainly without reference to such physical provision as Buckle has assumed. An East Indian may exist largely on rice because he cannot get other food; a Russian, for the same reason, may exist on rye bread; a Norfolk labourer on Norfolk dumpling; a Scotsman on oatmeal cakes; but because these foods are or may be to those who eat them the foods natural to their countries, it is not to be assumed that they are all-sufficient, or that they supply what is sufficient to maintain the most perfect standards of health.

I introduce the subject of alimentation in its relation to the national health with the above remarks for the purpose of enforcing the principle that food has now to be considered in the first instance from a physiological point of view. The best method for feeding the people has always been a great political question. Plague, pestilence, and famine, battle and murder, have in the most solemn manner been classed together, and of all these calamities famine, perchance, has most terrified the rulers of mankind. The time has come when the question of food supply must pass through the hands of the teachers of science before ever it reaches the hands of the politicians. It is the duty of men of science to show what is food in the most simple and necessary sense of the word. It is their duty to study what is sufficient quality of food and what is sufficient quantity. It is their duty to study, further, what is over-sufficient, what is under-sufficient, and what are the evils of over-sufficiency and of under-sufficiency.

In a reformed world the understanding of the food question will be simple enough. In the course of the present century science in the most wonderful manner of exactitude has discovered the elementary organic parts of the animal body, and has so analyzed the outside sources of those parts, from which the wasting body is supplied, as to know the precise value of all foods which are in common use. By the first of these studies it has been found that the constitutional structure of the body is made out of a very few principles. Of water; which forms seventy-nine per cent of the blood, eighty per cent of brain, eighty per cent of muscle, ten per cent even of bone, and which is the fluid menstruum and only natural fluid menstruum of all the substances that are in solution. Of albumen. Of fibrine; which forms the solid part of the muscles. Of gelatine; which is found in bone, tendon, and cellular tissue. Of fat. Of phosphate of lime; which forms the earthy and resistant base of bony substance. Of chloride of sodium (common salt), and other saline substances which, existing in the blood, add to the specific weight of that fluid, and perform some secondary offices in the secretions. And, not to enter too far into detail, of the metal iron which in the corpuscles of the blood makes them, as it were, into a metallic chain running through the whole circuit of the blood in all the minute ramifications.

By the second of these studies it has been found that the constructive materials of a living body are made ready for the body outside itself, and that, with the exception of a portion of the water and of some saline substances, the materials for the body are made in the vegetable kingdom. The vegetable world is discovered to be the grand laboratory of nature in which, in line of continued experiment, with the sun as the furnace and source of energy, the products necessary for the animal life are elaborated and are so prepared that they are all but ready for use. One food which the animal

itself more perfectly elaborates out of what it receives from the vegetable supplies,—I mean the secretion on which the mother feeds her young and which may be accepted as the one typical and, when it is taken from a healthy source, perfected food, *milk*, is the only exception to this rule.

Scientific inquiry has made these simple truths as clear as clearness can be, and, extending the observations from the particular to the general, has further shown that in all climes and under all conditions the elementary facts of construction are the same. Each living animal of the same construction requires the same materials for constructive purposes. The quantities of materials respectively may vary according to climatic necessities, more oleaginous food being required in one locality, more muscle forming substance in another; but the qualities remain in all cases fixed by an arbitrary rule of nature from which there cannot be divergency of action with persistency of health.

The course of investigation has led to the demonstration that the ultimate resolution of food within the body, during which and by which resolution the body is animated and sustained with animation, is traceable through what are termed technically the animal excretions, the excretions of the lungs, the skin, the kidneys, the bowels. Those products which the vegetable world elaborates by its chemistry resolve accurately, within the animal, into new products which approach at last to the earthy substances that in turn give food to the plants. Only the water remains unaltered. That coming to plant and animals alike from its primitive sources, continues as water, unchanged itself in chemical quality, though itself the medium in which all the changes of other substances take place, and so accommodates itself to form of structure that it becomes, by combination, solidified in muscle, brain, bone, and sinew, fluid in the blood and secretions, vaporous in the breath.

Given therefore a fixed diet the ultimate products of the animal sustenance will be formed upon it. The products due to the resolution of the fat-making materials will be evolved from the lungs as carbonic acid; the products due to the resolution of the muscle-making materials will be evolved by the kidney in the form of a salt known as urea. The products also will be eliminated according to the supply of the material from which they are formed. An excess of animal food will, for example, lead to an excess of urea in the renal secretion, and if the body be kept at rest the amount of urea secreted will hold a definite relation to the amount of animal muscle-forming matter that is consumed in the food.

Still more, we now read by the light of science, that during the process of improper feeding certain internal changes of the body take place, which, though unseen while the body lives, are as definite as any of the changes of an external character that are visible in shape and form. From excess in the use of some foods extreme changes occur in the blood vessels by which the vessels are charged with fatty substance, and are thereby weakened or obstructed. By excess in other foods the minute muscular fibres are made to undergo degeneration, and the central muscle of the circulation, the heart, is reduced in its power and impeded in its functions. By other excessive uses of foods, visible or objective changes of the body are induced, such as obesity, eruptive conditions of the skin, and diseases so distinctive as that once terrible chronic plague of our naval forces, sea scurvy.

The diminution of food, the limitation of qualities of foods apart from quantities leads in its way to special deflections from the standard of health of the most striking character. The extreme reduction of foods, and especially of muscle-forming foods, leads to the development of the contagious malady or plague called famine fever. The reduction of the inorganic bone-forming structure, phosphate of lime, leads to the development of a disease of the bones in which from their suppleness they bend and give a misshapen skeleton.

Thus, without the introduction of any injurious foreign substances into foods and drinks,—and under the head of foods I include all that is capable of sustaining the body, be it in the shape either of food or drink,—there may be induced by feeding certain definite changes in the animal body, which changes invariably follow the error that is committed according to fixed rule, and which afflict alike, when they are in operation, men of every race, of every clime, and of every age.

In studying the effects of alimentary substances on the national health it is necessary, therefore, to consider, in the first place, the essentials of foods, what are wanted and what are not wanted. If we extract from foods any part of what is wanted, the health is not maintained; if we put into them anything that is not wanted, the health is not maintained; if we give the right things in excessive quantities, the health is not main-

tained; if we give the right things in insufficient quantities, the health is not maintained.

Suppose we divide these essentials of food into their respective parts. They then present themselves before us in five groups. There is first and foremost the water, which we have seen makes up so large a part of the body as water simply and in its purest form. Secondly, there is the muscle-forming food; called, sometimes, because the element nitrogen enters into it, *nitrogenous food*, or because it assumes in the organism the colloidal or jelly-like state of matter, *colloidal food*, or, because it has been assumed to be derived from albumen, *albuminous food*. Thirdly, there is the saline, or, as it is sometimes designated, *mineral food*, of which the lime salt in bone is the most striking example. Fourthly, there is the metallic constituent of which the iron present in the blood is the marked element. Lastly, there is the *hydrocarbon class of foods*, the foods which, burning within the body, sustain the necessary animal temperatures, and which have their best representatives in rice, potatoes, arrowroot, or other starchy substances, and in sugars, oils, and fats.

By a process of learning, by an experience in some sense scientific, yet standing apart from professed science as we moderns know it, man in the course of civilisation, has arrived at the art of preparing foods so as to supply all these bases and basic properties. But though he has thus learned an art, and discovered various methods by which to divert and delight the palates of those who depend upon it, his labour has been too sensual to be wise and too crude to be economical. The refinement of culinary art, so far, has consisted in getting together more than sufficient of all the bases; in making the mess delightful to the sense of taste, and in leaving the system of the man who feeds to work out the problems of application and elimination. By this ignorance in art, or want of scientific direction, the health of the most civilised communities has been injured, sometimes fatally injured, by plenty; by the same ignorance the health has been injured, sometimes fatally injured, by famine in the very midst of plenty, if the plenteousness could but have been seen and judiciously applied.

At the present hour throughout the whole of our communities these great errors of art in relation to food are in active existence. The sensual appetite rules the roast, and proclaims its determination to be gratified at all costs. The rich man feasts on his mixed incongruous foods and drinks, as if his body were made solely to be the servant of his luxurious desires. The poor man takes, with grumbling, his common fare as if it required no preparation, and no consideration except its plentifulness and the convenience with which it can be obtained. He, like the rich man, goes in for quantity, and when his means allow him, for luxury too. In some mining districts when times are good and wages are high, the working miner looks on his luxuries for the stomach as the great objects of existence. He must have everything in season, and not content with that supposed advantage, must force the natural gifts out of their season, and on the earliest of the forced viands, from the fields, from the gardens, from the herds, must indulge his trained appetite to the full bent of its depraved capacity.

It is a peculiarity of natural ordinance that the provisions of nature seem to be in excess of every necessity. I say seem to be, because the excess cannot really be greater than is necessary, though to our limited appreciation of the universal system, it appears so to be. Thus the multiplication of life on the planet is so rapid in all forms of life that were it not for the balance of death in thousands of premature ways, our small globe would soon be overstocked and would cease to find sufficient sustenance for its inhabitants. In like mode man seems in many things to imitate the instinct of nature, and to provide himself always, if he can, with more than he requires. The fact is most strikingly evidenced in the case of feeding. There is scarcely a man or woman to be found who does not, when the opportunities are present, consume more food than is possibly requisite for the healthy sustainment of life and activity. The fable of the belly and the members is the truest of histories. To the wants of the digestive organs all other organs must contribute; hands and feet, eyes and ears, brain and nerves must labour primarily for the insatiable stomach; that first master which, in turn, proves the first minister to their necessities.

It is not to be presumed that anything will, in essence, modify this natural primary craving. It is not to be wondered at that every measure which tends to satisfy this craving should be considered amongst the most beneficent and remarkable; that the politician who gives the cheap breakfast and takes the tax off the loaf, or the agriculturist who makes two blades of corn grow where one has grown before, should be the most popular and the most honoured of men.

It would be as foolish to unite against these instinctive habits and desires after food, as to unite against life itself and its continuance. At the same time, as we are all endowed with reason as well as instinct; as we have an outside not less than an inside nature, which outside nature, like the clothes we wear, or the manner we assume, or the thoughts we speak, show the wisdom with which our existence is tinctured, it cannot be useless to train the instinctive desires into something that is within control, or to learn by the light of advancing knowledge, to what extent we often exceed necessity and bring upon ourselves and ours the injury that ever follows upon extravagance.

In no department of life, as it at present exists, is the correction of instinct by reason more urgently required than in this matter of alimentation. At no period in the history of this nation have happiness and comfort so prevailed as in the present age. In no age have the people been so well provided with food, so well clothed, so well housed, so well educated. And yet it is true that, in the matter of feeding, nothing could be systematically worse than the systems which still prevail. The errors lie on every side.

Altogether there is an exaggerated importance attached both to eating and drinking. Everybody seems as if he carried about with him a spoon with something in it to put into somebody else's mouth, "Won't you take something," is the first expected word of common hospitality and good-nature. If a great event of any kind has to be signalised, it must be distinguished by what is characteristically called a feast, which means the supply of certain articles of food and drink beyond what is taken in the ordinary rule of life, and beyond what is in any rational point of view commendable. If a friend be invited to dinner, the immediate object is not to give that friend what will be good for him and for his health, but what may be doubtful for him and extravagant for the giver. In the exuberance of generosity the friend is asked to eat what is no longer food, but so much money which he cannot digest, and which would not help him if he could. If a man praises his cook, and asks a visitor to his table because he has at command the best *chef* in the world, he does not speak of that *chef* as of a man who understands the relation of food to the wants of the body, and who can make the simplest supplies of nature applicable to the readiest and easiest building up of the bones, the muscles, the brain, the senses. He speaks of an artist who can spend the largest amount of wealth in ministering, in the greatest number and variety of modes, to the sense of taste, and who can, thereby, induce the visitor to wreak the worst vengeance on his stomach, and other oppressed organs, which, being overtaxed, make all the body feel with them the weight of the taxation.

From this point of view of alimentation, the art of cooking has but one object,—that of making a huge excess of food find agreeable entrance into the body. There is, however, another mode in which the art of cooking food is degraded. Amongst the working masses, in their everyday life, the food that is eaten loses more than half its value by the faults peculiar to its preparation. You see the working or labouring man going to laborious duties which call for the best and most perfect adaptation of food, so that the force that the food can supply may be all converted into working force; and there is the precious food, the compressed energy of the man for his labouring hours, tied up in a handkerchief, with little regard to its cleanliness, or to the place where it is to be stored until it is required. If you look at the mode in which that food has been cooked, it will strike you, in nine cases out of ten, that the ready digestion of it is beyond any human possibility. The bread will be dry, hard, and probably coarse; the animal food either partly cooked or cooked to dryness; the pastry thick, heavy, cold; the cheese, if as a supposed luxury it be provided, dense, or soft, or acid, or of strongest flavour. To the whole will probably be added one or two cold potatoes, which at their best were hardly boiled, that is to say were boiled hard that they might hold together. Physiologically speaking, a meal of this kind, prepared in the manner I have stated, and prepared in a manner I have copied from direct observation, loses more than half its value. If it contain all the elements necessary for nutrition, it is digested with difficulty and labour; the force expended on it by the stomach, and which ought to be expended in muscular labour of the limbs, is so much labour utterly thrown away. Neither is the mischief finished here. The laboured digestion brings on what is commonly called indigestion; the stomach and intestines are distended with flatus; the nervous surface of the alimentary canal is rendered irritable, and the mind thereupon is disturbed; hard work becomes annoying work, and after a long time the body generally suffers in its

nutrition owing to the persistent nervous irritation to which it has been subjected.

Thus in the richer and in the poorer classes of our society the errors in the preparation of food are all pervading. In the one class the alimentary organs are injured by satiety and luxurious excess; in the other the alimentary organs are injured by the extra labour and irritation to which they are daily exposed. The same mistakes extend also through the middle classes of society, though not to so extreme a degree; for here is found occasionally the house-wife who can cook decently, and who, from the necessity for economy, learns, in a practical rule-of-thumb way, the kind and character of food that best suits those under her charge, and the cheapest and most efficient modes of preparation.

If in the above observations I have seemed to speak too extremely on the follies that are extant in the methods of administering to the sense of taste, it certainly has not been with the intention of decrying that artistic preparation of foods which tends to make them agreeable to the sense. The first requirement in the preparing of alimentary substances for the table is so to prepare them that they shall be presented in a form best fitted to be assimilated, and in a form best fitted to sustain the wants of the body without excess on the one hand, or deficiency on the other. Such a process represents the *science* of preparing food for the table, but it does not interfere with the *art* that would, in a moderate and simple manner, please the sense or senses. To set forth foods in a mode that is pleasant even to the eye, is harmonious and healthful; and to make them so that they shall be pleasant to the palate is still more healthful. The science and the art, in fact, go well together. The evil begins when the art is allowed to override the science, and when the senses are gratified at the expense of the whole body. Against that system I protest, and that alone.

If faults of the gravest kind are to be found in the systems of preparing substances for alimentation, faults equally serious are to be detected in the qualities of substances that are prepared for and are used by the community as foods and drinks.

The fact has already been noticed, that within the body the fluid which makes up the mass of the soft tissues, holds the soluble saline matters in solution, and acts as the menstruum of the colloidal substances, is simple pure water. The entirety of all the mechanism of the organic parts in their individual and in their united capacities rests on this arrangement. The specific weight of the blood, the specific weight of the fluid secretions, and the important relative balance of weight between the blood and the secretions rests on this arrangement. The proper suspension of the colloidal albumen and fibrine in the bood in conditions ready for their application, for filling up the waste of the solid tissues, rests on this arrangement. Any process that interferes with the proper relationships of the water of the blood to the tissues, interferes with the natural uses of the water, and leads inevitably to a perversion of function which proclaims itself with more or less of intensity as a disease.

The supply of water for maintaining all the vital purposes is from what we drink as fluid directly, or from what we take in, in combination with solid foods all of which hold in them a quantity of water. Some animals, those which subsist on moist vegetable food, find in such food itself sufficient water for their wants, but man requires a certain small measure of water over and above that which is conveyed by foods. In a natural state of living the quantity for a full grown man need not exceed twenty-four fluid ounces in the twenty-four hours, and I know one individual who, though he leads a moderately active life, confines himself to twenty ounces of liquid in the period named. The quantity is of importance, but it is of greater moment still that the quality shall be unalloyed, that the design of nature shall be carried out in all its perfection, and that the blood shall carry no other fluid in its own columns, and into the membranes and tissues, than the one fluid water. Let the water be overcharged with saline matters, with common salt, with salts of lime, or with soluble organic substance, and speedily the injurious effects of the admixture are developed. Unfortunately in many, I might, indeed, say in most, of our water supplies some or other of these foreign agents are present, and a considerable amount of disease is produced by them. But their effects are small compared with the admixture of another foreign and injurious thing which enters into the drinking water of the large majority of our community, which, under an utterly erroneous impression respecting it and its uses is considered too often to be a necessary addition, but which is, in truth, an unnecessary pollution. The foreign agent I now refer to is the liquid called alcohol. This liquid forming often twenty-five per cent., nay, sometimes forty per cent., of the

vinous drinks, and taken in these extreme proportions, in excess often of the actual amount even of water that is required, transforms the whole organism, and modifies all its functions; transforms the very character of the man, and produces an animal which is not, strictly speaking, a man, as man was devised by the Supreme Power, from and by whom he proceeded, but a new and lower creation. Health and alimentation are at once separated when the grand deterioration of the body by this agent is made a part of the daily business for re-supplying the body with what is called food: and though, happily for us all, no animal save man himself is subjected to this perversion of the order of nature, the evils are sufficiently dire from the error as it is, to make us wonder at the egregious folly of it, and shudder at the consequences it entails. A royal commission on the pollution of rivers has sat and said. When will a royal commission sit and say on this pollution of the rivers of life?

The errors in qualities of solid food are of less moment than the fatal and singular error in relation to drinks, to which special reference has just been made, and yet they are sufficiently numerous. They spring in some instances from subservience to mere taste. In other instances they are due to ignorance. In a certain large number of instances they are the effect of necessity. The result as a whole, is that in the midst of the wildest and most useless extravagance there occurs, what must needs be the consequence of extravagant indulgence, a large amount of disease and of premature death from excess; a large amount of disease and discomfort from misappropriation of food that ought to be better applied; a large amount of miserable health, deformity of person, crime, and occasionally death itself, from direct privation of the ailments that are necessary for the maintenance of life.

From a view of all classes of society it is seen to be impossible that any of them can be at this stage of our national existence properly sustained by food. Those of us who as physicians have under our observation the more affluent classes, are drawn to the conclusion that amongst those classes a much larger quantity of alimentary substance is consumed than can possibly be of service, and which being of no service is a cause of injury to the digestive organs, and equally so to the muscular organs which by interposition of fatty matter are impeded in their motion. The discomfort, the languor, the debility, which occur from one of these induced evils alone, I mean the deposit of fat around the heart, are of a kind which none but the physician can properly compute.

For these and other reasons there is springing up amongst the members of the medical profession a truly wise system of prescribing not only abstinence in regard to alcoholic drinks, but abstinence also in diet; reduction of quantity, and more accurate selection of those articles of diet which are absolutely requisite.

In the affluent class we see the errors of excess: the too corpulent body; the distended stomach; the slow and uncertain muscular movement; the easily puffed-out lungs; the feeble and readily fainting heart; the sleepy brain. By a ridiculous use of words the physician, when he directs these sufferers to let themselves down to a natural proportion of food and drink, is accused of prescribing a starvation treatment which, indeed, is the only remedy, and which is, as a rule, a success beyond expectation when it is faithfully followed.

Amongst the less affluent classes, but amongst those who know nothing of what is actual want, we begin to notice errors in the matter of selection of food. The affluent have at command so much of everything, they feel no necessity to make selections. The needier man needs to select, but not appreciating the need looks commonly on quantity as the thing to be obtained, and buys what is cheapest and most abundant. He exhibits the same prevailing fault, desire for excess, which desire is greatly increased in communities where large masses are congregated together in densely populated cities and towns. So marked is this fault in relation to the use of animal food, that during the cotton famine I computed, in 1862, that if throughout the whole population of England, the average quantity of fresh animal food used by each person was seven and a half ounces per day, the proportion to each inhabitant rose in London to twenty-two ounces. It may fairly be concluded that much of this excessive amount was not actually eaten, but was practically thrown away or misapplied; but that a gross excess was consumed, there can be no reasonable doubt, and I fear that since the period named, the increase of wealth has added to rather than reduced the evil.

In the midst, however, of increasing luxury amongst the upper and middle classes of society one disease is, I am bound to say, markedly decreased. I refer to the disease known as gout. Every practising physician

who can carry back the recollections of disease for thirty years, as I can, must be specially struck by the remarkable limitation of this malady, this special malady of luxurious living. A right-down case of genuine acute gout, such as I remember to have seen as a very ordinary phenomenon indeed in the early days of my career, is an exceptional phenomenon now. This decline of one of the most common and most painful of human evils, can, I think, be traceable only to one circumstance, the departure from the custom of indulging in deep potations of port and other rich, strong, sweet wines. Considering that gout is a disease which once induced by indulgence becomes hereditary, it is remarkable, and hopeful as remarkable, to witness that such a brief abstinence from one national custom should have been followed by such signal and good results. I think there is no reason to doubt that if total abstinence from all spirituous drinks were to become as universal as total abstinence from those drinks of the vinous class which specifically induce gout, not only that disease, but many others which have their origin in the use of alcohol, and which descend in line, would be equally reduced, and in two or three generations effectually wiped out.

Amongst the lower classes of our communities the question of health and alimentation is presented to us in a somewhat different light. We see in the deformed weakly children of the very poor evidence of deficiency of the foods out of which the skeleton is built, and from which also the brain substance and nervous material should be supplied. We see in these examples the effects of food too watery and too exclusively formed of the bread and water type. We see in the women of these classes nervous enfeeblement from excess of tea and from subsisting on bread, or bread and butter, unmixed with better and varied sustaining foods. We see again, too commonly in the men, the bloated enfeebled condition induced by excessive indulgence in beer, coupled with the persistent indigestion incident to the consumption of badly selected, badly prepared, foods, whether of the animal or vegetable series. Fortunately we know that these conditions are not a necessity, are not truly the effects of want of food, but of want of knowledge. There are few men now out of the workhouses so poor but that they can get as much food, and as good food, as the persons who are incarcerated in our prisons, and certain it is that prison fare, though it may not be so palatable as the free man at little extra cost can easily make it, is, for all essential purposes, a good alimentary sustainment, and one towards which every member of the community might incline with benefit to his health, and with certain addition to his wealth.

If men would remember that pure water is the only natural beverage, and that under ordinary circumstances the adult man or woman does not require more than twenty-four ounces of it in twenty-four hours; that of solid food, animal and vegetable combined, the same number of ounces is, under usual conditions, sufficient; that of solid food not more than one-third need to be of the animal muscle-feeding class, leaving the vegetable starchy and oily or heat-supplying substances to make up the remaining two-thirds; that the foods should be cooked so as to be freed of their rawness, without being reduced to tenderness or shreds or hardness by over-cooking; that the foods should be themselves pure and of healthy origin; that the division of food by meals should be into three periods, at times of equal length and of about five hours' duration; and that the gratification of the gustatory sense should be made secondary to the actual requirements of the body for its aliment, should, in fine, be kept as neutral as is the taste of the young child who feeds on the most natural and at the same time most neutral of all foods, milk.—If these rules were remembered and acted upon, without divergence into feasts for indulgence or fasts for penance, the national health would make an advance that would lead to the development of a race constructed for an enjoyment of happiness which, except in the imagination of the poet, has had no existence on earth since Paradise was lost.

BENJAMIN W. RICHARDSON.

"WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH."

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WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH.

By the AUTHOR of "Lady Bell," etc.

CHAPTER LIV.—A SUDDEN SUMMONS.

PLEASANCE was still at Stone Cross, when the morning post brought her, along with some law papers, a private letter from Mr. Woodcock. He had accepted her as a client, and had written to her frequently in the settlement of her affairs. Such letters were in the course of his duty, and he did not depute them to a clerk, because he had a genuine respect and liking for Archie Douglas's wife.

Pleasance opened the letter at her breakfast-table, without a suspicion of anything extraordinary, but she had not read a line of the scrawled and blotted half-page, a contrast to Mr. Woodcock's usual strong, clear handwriting with which he was in the habit of covering a page and a half, or two pages, of paper, without being aware that some startling calamity had thrown even a man like Mr. Woodcock off his balance.

"Dear Madam," he wrote, "I am grieved to inform you that bad news has just reached me, indirectly, which you ought to know, and not to read first in the newspapers. A grievous accident has happened to the shooting party at Shardleigh. The telegram for a London surgeon simply stated that Mr. Douglas had received a gun-shot wound, that the hæmorrhage was great, and the worst apprehensions were entertained. I have not a moment to lose, as I am starting at once to do what I can for the poor fellow and his mother and sister. I shall write to you by the first post after I arrive at Shardleigh; and if anything remains to be done, you may command my best services.

"Your faithful and obedient servant,
"Geoffrey Woodcock."

It was on a September morning, the year having advanced through its prime into its first decay, when Pleasance sat alone in the dining-room at Willow House with that letter on the table-cloth before her, and when her eyes all at once began to swim.

She recovered presently, so as even to hear the sweet, cheery song of a robin on one of the willow-trees, that peculiarly autumnal song associated with the garnering in of ripe fruit, and the pathetic, peaceful smile of the autumnal sun over the reaped and stripped fields and orchards, to which Archie Douglas had first called her attention.

Archie—Joel Wray—badly hurt, dying, perhaps dead already—no, the last could not be with the sun shining in the sky, and she sitting there with no intimation of it—only let God spare Archie Douglas to walk the face of the earth, to breathe the same air with her—only let God not cut him off in his fresh youth, and she would ask nothing more.

What of the early quarrel between husband and wife? What of their obstinately maintained separation ever since, and of the people who would not hesitate to say that the couple who had never been happy together, never borne and forborne, and shared good and evil as husband and wife ought, but who had fallen apart and kept apart from the moment of their union, could surely, of all the couples in the world, best afford to be parted? These people knew nothing of the love that in its bitterness may be the very root and source of discord, and which can survive all discord and all disunion, though its undying existence be but an undying anguish till love and life be put in harmony. It was the very reverse of what they said. Archie Douglas and she who were severed and at enmity, could of all the couples in the world least afford to be sundered by death.

Archie, if he were conscious, might think of her; wish for her presence, seek to accomplish their reconciliation in death, as

he had sought it in life. Pleasance would no longer fail him, since the shadow of death obscured all worldly distinctions. Would there be any room left save for primitive wants—especially in the heart which was naturally single and tender? Would not the one passion of his life, which had exercised such all-powerful sway over him, as in Pleasance's eyes to make havoc of his integrity, reassert its sway, even in the middle of the most solemn considerations? Would not love prove indeed strong as death, and, outlasting all other human emotions, cause him to sigh with his passing breath for the sight of his wife—for an assurance that they were one at last, and in spite of all, for an embrace in which he should gather up and bid farewell to mortal good?

Pleasance rose up quickly to go on her errand; she had not called together her small household, or announced to the Perries a catastrophe in which they, too, had an interest.

Pleasance could not tell what she might have done had she been a happy wife, only parted for a day from her husband. But even then she had a dim notion that she could ill have borne sympathy; that she could not have called in her servants to weep and lament with her over the worst, or to attempt to revive her soul with vain hopes and feeble consolations; she would rather, if it might have been, have played the part of that Shunammite woman who had been the object of her youthful admiration, and said, "It shall be well; and then she saddled an ass and said to her servants, Drive and go forward, slack not thy riding for me except I bid thee." As it was, she did no more than tell Mrs. Perry that she had heard news which would cause her to take a journey at once, and that she could not tell when she might return.

Mrs. Perry, watching her mistress narrowly under her deference, made no opposition.

For that matter Mrs. Perry was in the receipt of recent letters from her old mistress, demolishing the original construction which Perry had put on her instructions, and abounding in injunctions which had Mrs. Archie Douglas's supreme will and pleasure, her highest honour and satisfaction, for their constant text—"Something has come to her, Perry, but it is no business of ours to make remarks; there is a light in her eye and a set of her mouth, that I never saw matched in my proper Mrs. Douglas. Our present Mrs. Douglas is growing up and taking on, Perry. All she said was, 'I must go, Mrs. Perry, get me a time-table;—yes, it must be the first train north-west. I cannot say anything about coming back;' and not another word or sign, as if she had only to speak and have what she wanted done, and it was not for her to give reasons. I shall offer either you or me to go with her as maid or man, although she do lead us a dance. I don't think she will, she has grown so—fit company for the Dean's lady, and the rest, don't they know it? This last Mrs. Douglas has picked up that purse of her own which my lady did not bring with her, but she has found more—she has found mind, manners, everything. Whatever can Mr. Archie be thinking of to continue to turn his back on his lady, who has grown to be so fine a lady? She was always handsome, as can be seen. But we have nothing to say of our master and mistress; and I only hope, Perry, that they will see we have acted with discretion, and done our duty."

Perry was compelled to acquiesce even to the alarming suggestion of sending him away as man with young Mrs. Douglas on an unknown journey with no termination specified—when his melon beds were in their most critical condition.

But Pleasance declined the company of either Mrs. Perry or her husband—her growth as a fine lady had not extended to any such necessity in her eyes. "I have travelled before by myself, I can manage perfectly," she was a little impatient in refusing to be helpless.

Mrs. Perry might pack a trunk for her mistress, prepare sandwiches and put them in a sandwich case, and Perry might go with her to the station, where, however, Pleasance abruptly dismissed him, and took out her ticket, starting alone on her journey of life or death.

Stone Cross and Shardleigh were three middle-sized counties apart, but these counties could be traversed in the course of one autumn afternoon, so near had Pleasance been to her husband when he was at his own place, by the speed which annihilates distance. As yet she did not feel it near as she sat with her fingers clasped tightly together, and looked out mechanically on the shifting scene through which she was whirled along.

It was a grey still day; but the country through which Pleasance passed and which rapidly became more and more wooded in its landscape, showed no change in the heavy dusky green foliage of later summer. In spring, these coppices, coverts, and

stretches of young plantation, and old woodland, would present every variety of delicate green, daintily brushed and powdered with red and brown. Six weeks later than this September day, they would be gorgeous in their autumn patches of yellow and crimson. Even in midwinter, when the varied tracery of the boughs became exposed, with the copper-coloured stems of firs, the white bark of birches, and the misty purple tinge of beech twigs brought out in fine mellow relief against a dark back-ground, there would be no monotony such as was presented by the present sombre uniformity of colour and shade. Even when she did not know that she was looking at it, Pleasance had a dreary sense of summer fulfilment, without the glory of autumn.

The hedges with their burnished wealth of hips and haws, the very bare fields, were an unconscious relief, after these dark woods, where birds were silent, and last year's nests deserted, where hyacinths and primroses had long withered and seeded on their stems. The belied bleak east country, with its openness and width of light, had been less depressing than these unrelieved masses of wood.

It chanced that Pleasance had no companions for the first part of her journey; towards the close the train got mixed up with and lost in a whole series of trains which had been running with special regard to a volunteer review held in the neighbourhood.

It had been a monster review, inspected not only by a field officer and his staff, but by one of the royal princes, and had attracted a large company of spectators in addition to the volunteers themselves. Each carriage of the train employed for the purpose of the review, was crowded to overflowing, until at a junction where Pleasance's express train stopped, its carriages were pressed into the service. At last, when third and second class carriages were crammed beyond further expansion, a portion of the travellers were transferred to the first-class carriages. A couple of elderly, well-to-do farmers, returning, not from the review, but from the next market town, were drafted upon Pleasance as her share in the reversion. "No intrusion, I hope, miss; you see we cannot help ourselves, if we are to get home to-night," said one of the invaders. They were both of them bluff and stout men. Both wore dark frock coats which had a Sunday air, and each made a considerable display of shirt front.

The speaker addressed Pleasance in civil deprecation, glancing at her general air, but failing to recognise in it any sign of matronhood.

At another time Pleasance would have been diverted with the humour of such an excuse to her—pointed as it was, by the recollection of her own intrusion into a first-class carriage under the wing of Mr. Woodcock, when her ill-fitting pilot jacket, and newly-bought gloves, had not proved a sufficient passport to so elevated a position. In her present circumstances Pleasance uttered only a gravely gracious negative to the idea of intrusion. She sat gazing dreamily out of the window, wondering how the noisy and extremely mundane farce of a fight, like a review, could be acted in close juxta-position to that last tragic and very real single combat, between life and death, which is the last scene here below of our strange eventful history.

The two farmers were not gentlemen farmers, though they appeared to be yeomen of substance and respectability. They sat in the farthest corner from Pleasance, and were either silent or conversed for a time in undertones, suffering themselves to be subdued by the presence of the young lady, whom they mentally pronounced in looks and manner, if not in dress, a "stunner."

Gradually the restraint wore off, and the farmers carried on their conversation audibly. Their talk reached Pleasance, and although she was not attending to its sense, by that curious faculty which the mind possesses, the words entered into her ears, so as to make an impression, capable of being retained and recalled, on her brain.

The farmers were not speaking of the market and its prices, or of the prospects of their crops and cattle—probably these interesting topics had already been disposed of—they were comparing notes on the more speculative question of their squire, his opinions, his worth and his weakness. They spoke of him as elderly men do of men much their juniors, and as men in the struggle of business, or who are only moderately affluent, speak of other men—the select few, raised far above business fluctuations, born with silver spoons in their mouths, and amply, even excessively provided for during their threescore years and ten, while still in their cradles. Such men, with their equally lucky daughters, sisters, and wives, if women be included in the estimate, are rarely spoken of with envy by elderly men and women. On the contrary, the duke and duchess and the millionaire are

apt to be indicated with a gentle indulgence and a mild pity, which broadly hint it is on the cards that all is not gold that glitters.

It became clear by the tenants' comments that their squire had other claims on their tolerance, besides his advantages as a great young squire. His opinions evidently did not coincide with the pronounced conservatism of the farmers. He seemed suspected of liberalism and radicalism; he was plainly charged with being too much on the side of those rascals of labourers. Yet even in this far more serious and culpable offence than the mere accident of having been born a squire's eldest or only son, and thus rendered exempt from these toils and the responsibilities in procuring a living, which go far to render men manly and thoughtful, the farmers spoke of their squire with considerable leniency. It was evident they looked over—even submitted to utilise—his youthful flush of confidence and enthusiasm, in giving in to the notion that such as he was in position, might be the natural arbitrators between county boards, parish vestries, and individual employers of labour on the one hand, and the Hodges of labour on the other.

The whole tone of the criticism implied that there must have been the good offices of possibly more than one generation between the contending parties.

Pleasance listened and noted vaguely this talk of the yeomen about their superior, wondering as vaguely all the time, how in the tumult and miserable anxiety of her mind, she could listen to what she was but partially capable of comprehending, to what she knew was of no moment to her.

She had ceased to listen, every pulse in her body was beating too impetuously, before she reached the last little country station, which the train would sweep by, before it approached Westbrook, the country town close to Shardleigh.

There were people waiting at the little station, at which there was no stop, and a salutation was waved amidst perceptible excitement from the group on the platform to some traveller in the train. "Do you see that? it will be to some friend of the gentleman," said one of Pleasance's companions, who had paused in his talk and was looking out. "There is Woodgreen where he was carried, and is lying"—he pointed to a farm-house which the train was passing.

"He is not from these parts, you know," said the other, not looking at Pleasance, as she leant forward with heaving breast and convulsive grasp of the side of the carriage to steady herself. The speaker was utterly unconscious of the profound impression which he was making, as he went on with his speech which carried enlightenment in its careless words; "his name is Scotch, and so for that matter is the squire's, though I believe he is no relation, only a college chum who had come down with the other friends of the family, and was stopping in the house. I hear our Mr. Douglas, who, whatever may be his faults, has his heart in the right place, and no mistake, is terribly cut up by the accident. He has never left the other's bedside, day or night, any more than if he had been the squire's brother."

There was an unexpected silence in the carriage, for the second farmer's eyes were riveted on Pleasance.

"Has there been one accident or two?" she was forcing herself to ask, in a husky voice, raising her veil. "Who is hurt?"

The farmer, who had remarked her agitation, dismissed his first conjecture that the young lady was the friend of the injured gentleman, to whom the signal had been made, and before whom he and his crony had begun indiscreetly to talk over the accident which, until to-day's review, had been the great topic of every circle in the neighbourhood. "She may have no concern with this accident, but, poor soul! young as she is, she has had to do with some other in her life, so that the mere mention of the trouble has given her a turn."

"Only one, miss, and that one too many," he said in civil explanation. "It was an accident in Mr. Douglas of Shardleigh's party, as they were shooting over Furze Brow yesterday. One of the bushes caught a gun, as should not have been loaded, carried by a lout of a beater, and the charge went into the shoulder of a stranger gentleman stopping up at the house. He went down like a shot, and was taken up bleeding like a bullock, from an artery, they say, and carried to Woodgreen. He was given over by the first doctor that saw him, but as he lived on, and was one of them folks that could afford more help, he had a dozen medical men around him in no time, while a tip-top surgeon from London was called in. Now I hear they agree between them, that since he has not given them the slip in the meantime, there is some chance for him left."

"I am glad," said Pleasance, in thankfulness for the respite to the man she had never seen, clasping her hands, the tears breaking forth and streaming over her cheeks.

She dried her tears, leant back, and told

herself that it had been a great mistake. No doubt Mr. Woodcock had telegraphed, or written, or travelled away in hot haste, to remedy, so far as she was concerned, the blunder that had been committed. But she could not find time to think of herself, her idle journey and wasted pain; she was full of a blessed confusion of relief and gratitude, in which the needless sorrow and perturbation to herself, that would have been foremost in a more selfish and colder-hearted woman's mind, found as yet no room.

Then she became aware that her companions, with quite as much natural delicacy as engrossing interest in their own talk, had resumed their interrupted conversation. But only a few more words reached her ear when it flashed upon her that Archie Douglas was their squire, on whose proceedings they had been animadverting. She listened for what more was to come with tremulous eagerness, but it met her in a form which she had not expected, and overwhelmed her with discomfiture and dismay. She had the proverbial fate of the hearkener, though her hearkening had related, as far as she knew, to talk of another—not of herself, and was done in open day. The speakers were proceeding to speak of her before her face, without their knowing it. One of them was saying that the squire might have taken a lesson from his own unfortunate marriage not to favour violently the lower class and every vagabond, as he was inclined to do. The other was correcting him and telling him that he reckoned there was some mistake, for the squire's wife had proved to be a lady with a great fortune. But no doubt she was a bitter bad one, whatever she had come from or had in her hand, when even the squire—who, poor young fellow, was friendly to everybody—could not put up with the woman he had made his wife.

Pleasance had to endure the bewildering sense of impersonality, the strange feeling of shame, with which one has to sit and hear his character and history spoken of as that of another, without the power to prevent it. It would be worse than anything which had gone before both for herself and these two stout tenants of her husband's, innocent of evil, if she were to say aloud, looking in their faces, "I am the squire's wife, and I have been as much sinned against as sinning."

CHAPTER LV.—ONE LOOK AT SHARDLEIGH.

When the train stopped at Westbrook, the sprucest and least shy of the farmers paused after getting out, and said civilly to Pleasance, "Can't I do anything for you, miss—call your servant, or look after your luggage? We are quiet enough at Westbrook in general, but the stir of this review seems to have turned things topsy-turvy here also."

"Thank you," said Pleasance, "but I have no luggage and no servant. I shall return by the next train. I find there has been a misunderstanding about my coming here," she added hastily, seeing that her volunteer ally looked surprised.

"Ah! that is unlucky, but I would not let myself be too easily put out," the elderly man proffered his sensible advice. "There is no end of railway mishaps," continued the farmer, remembering with regret old coaching days, attributing every error to railway mismanagement, and proceeding to condole with Pleasance on what he concluded was her plight, with fellow-feeling. "There is no train goes right through, I mean as far as me and my friend were taken up, till pretty late in the evening, and the daylight has drawn in a bit by now; you would be landed at your destination in the dark, and no friends expecting you again, it is like; better stop the night here. There are good hotels where even a young lady like you, though she may feel a trifle awkward, will be perfectly safe and pretty comfortable. I am going to pick up my horse and trap at the best (the Swan), and will be happy to show you the way, if you wish it. It is a crying shame there ain't damages to passengers for being misinformed, as well as for accidents, though damages might be no object to the like of you."

Pleasance, feeling weary and bewildered, readily accepted the friendly service, but before she could get out of the station she was again accosted, by a gentleman's groom this time. He came hurriedly up, looked about him, and approached Pleasance, touching his hat. "Beg pardon, ma'am, but is your name Douglas?"

Pleasance gave a great start and a gasp. Had detection found her out the moment that she had come within a mile of Shardleigh? But she could not deny her name, let the result be what it might. "Yes," she said, trying to speak firmly.

"Then she is a friend of the poor gentleman's, after all," reflected the attentive farmer; "but what the dickens did she mean by a misunderstanding about her coming?"

"I have been sent over to fetch you; the carriage is at the gate. Gentleman is better, ma'am, I am most 'appy to say; looking up

decidedly; the worst is over, they appre-'end. I was bidden be sure and tell you the first thing. The squire he would have come himself, but he has been so taken up to-day with the prince and everythink; he was only seeing the prince off when I left."

"I think there is another mistake," said Pleasance with a faint smile, growing sick in the middle of her sense of deliverance at the bare thought of the danger which she had narrowly escaped. She felt sure, too, that her wits were giving way under the shocks and trials of the day, when she could jumble up the mention of a prince with Archie Douglas and his engagement in attending on his friend.

"I am not a relative of the sick gentleman's, but another Douglas."

Her assertion was corroborated by a shout from the farther end of the train. "Here, Waterton, here is the lady for Woodgreen," and Pleasance, with a little thrill of interest that withdrew her for a moment from her own pressing cares, joined the rest of the travellers, and the railway functionaries standing aside to make way for, and to gaze sympathetically at the pale, red-eyed woman for whom Pleasance had been mistaken, and whose piteous case she had held, not an hour before, to be her own.

"To be sure," Pleasance's farmer friend was saying. "Douglas is a common name —seems so, at least—no end to misunderstandings, this way, miss, to the Swan."

He never for a moment, in his recent discovery of the commonness of the name of Douglas, associated the beautiful young lady whom he was proud to be of use to, and in so doing, to teach his neighbour Hipwell manners—with the wife of whom even his philanthropic young squire was fain to get rid, and whom the farmer himself had been lately denouncing as a reprobate.

Westbrook, though a good old town of some size and respectability, added to a certain old-fashioned sober beauty, was not a manufacturing town. The commotion in its crowded streets was due to its contingent to the review, and to the fact which Pleasance and her conductor learned as they walked along, that the young prince who had naturally been the hero of the review, had passed through the town in the afternoon.

Even the elderly man of bucolic interests was moved by the honour which had been done to the place, and indulged in regrets that his women-folks had not known in time to go and stare at the real live prince with the rest.

The news did not prevent Pleasance's companion from discharging his office as guide, but his desire to talk the great event over in the bar of the Swan, and to carry the tale home, largely eclipsed the sensation which Pleasance had created in his mind. Nevertheless, he was more than willing to do a good turn to this pleasant-spoken beauty, who was about the age of his youngest daughter; but since he regarded himself as a leading man in his line in the district, and was fond of taking an active part in every public matter, he was rather glad to get his strange young lady off his hands, and to think no more of her. He was ready to rush into the heat of the discussion going on in the bar of the Swan, whether it were possible to get up impromptu fireworks to celebrate loyally the honour done to the town.

The Swan, where Pleasance was as desirous of finding shelter as her conductor could be of disposing of her, and where the farmer handed her over as a strange young lady who had come to grief by losing her way on the railway, fully deserved the character it had received. It was a county town inn of the best sort, and where, even in the midst of the universal commotion, Pleasance was immediately shown to a good private sitting-room, and was waited upon by a neat, clever, soft-spoken maid.

The landlady had only got time to catch a glimpse of Pleasance arriving without luggage or attendant under the championship of Mr. Burrows, of Hog's Lane Farm, but she, like the old landlady of the Yorkshire Grey, was favourably impressed. She leapt to the conclusion that Mr. Burrows was right, the guest was really one of the gentlefolks who had been victims to the disorder on the line that day, and whom it was alike the landlady's duty and policy to treat with every attention.

If it had not been for the special supper given in the Swan that night to the Westbrook volunteers, the landlady would have devoted herself to Pleasance; as it was, she told off for her use the nicest of her chambermaids.

Pleasance had grown, as Mrs. Perry had declared, since the days of the Yorkshire Grey, and since her acquaintance with the ways and doings of the Brown Cow. The result of the months and months spent at Willow House, under Mrs. Perry's careful auspices, was that Pleasance took all those marks of distinction as a matter of course, and confirmed the chambermaid in her report to her mistress, that the new-comer was quite

my lady; such another as Sir John's daughters, when they had rooms for the county ball.

Pleasance ventured to ask her attendant about Shardleigh, and found that—after the prince, who would have been the preferable subject of conversation, there was nothing that any inhabitant of Westbrook would speak of with greater readiness and gusto than Shardleigh. It was not only the finest place in the neighbourhood, but the squire was very liberal, as his father had been before him, in allowing the use of old rights of way, and in throwing open his grounds, and especially his winter garden on set days to the public. The family resided part of every year at Shardleigh. Mrs. and Miss Douglas, the squire's mother and sister, were there then; and the prince had called that afternoon at Shardleigh, which had been the reason of his passing through Westbrook. Of course the prince could not be in the neighbourhood—nobody ever was in the neighbourhood—without visiting Shardleigh grounds.

The family always employed the town tradesmen; and not only Mrs. Douglas, but the squire and his sister took a deal of trouble with the workpeople, and were very good to the poor. And a prince had actually been to Shardleigh in token that its attractions were transcendent.

"How far was it from Westbrook to Shardleigh?" Pleasance questioned.

A full mile by the road to the principal gate, then another mile through the park to the winter garden and the house, her willing informant told her; but there was a lane which led by the house, as it stood in the corner of the park, and from one point of which—where the lane crossed Burnham Brook—you could catch quite a near view of the house with the great conservatory and the terrace. The lane was not above a quarter of a mile from the town, but few people cared for it now, since every Tuesday, any one who liked could drive in at the main entrance, and go right up to the house, and walk all over the gardens and the conservatory; even when the family were at home, they took care to be out of the way, or they greeted the visitors pleasantly. Mr. Douglas had even been known to turn aside in order to set right a party of tourists. People said that it was beneath him, and that he should know his own place and think more of himself; but the pleasant-spoken chambermaid thought he was a very fine young gentleman indeed, and was sure he would be as kind as a woman to the poor gentleman lying badly hurt at Woodgreen.

"I am sure he will," said Pleasance with eager acquiescence.

She had dined in the golden glow of an approaching fine September sunset in which the grey day had ended; she was detaining the maid who had acted as nimble hands and feet to a venerable grey-headed waiter—nominally serving, while Pleasance cut an apple into minutest sections, and turned over its seeds. "I should like a stroll this beautiful evening," she said hesitatingly setting about the first piece of duplicity she had been guilty of in her life, and necessarily bungling it; "could I find the lane you spoke of? is it easily reached?"

Quite easily, the maid said with decision; she had only to go as far as St. Nicholas's Church—the old church with the square tower—in sight of the Swan windows, and pass it, when she would find the lane which turned off fifty yards or so beyond the churchyard. It was a very quiet walk; Westbrook was generally quiet, for it had no rough mill hands, or swaggering soldiers, or tramps to speak of. But this night, when there was talk of rockets to be thrown up, or at least a bonfire lighted in the Elm meadow, the maid would go bail that the lady would not meet a living soul in Shardleigh Lane.

She would not meet a living soul, Pleasance repeated in feverish reassurance, for a longing had seized her to look for this once, when she was so near, on Shardleigh, which might have been her home. She had no apprehension of meeting Archie Douglas, whose post was by his friend at the farm-house, a station distant. The only other person whose recognition Pleasance feared was Archie's sister Jane. But Pleasance argued that it was very unlikely, when she only knew a single girl in the whole population of Westbrook, numbering ten thousand, that this solitary girl should be the very person Pleasance would meet in a deserted lane, in the evening, of all times, when a girl in Jane Douglas's rank must have dressed for dinner, and be obliged to confine herself to the conservatory or the terrace.

Besides, though this single girl was her own sister-in-law, Pleasance, whom she had only seen once, and that for a short time in the Willow House drawing-room, would not probably recognise her in her walking-dress with hat and veil.

Pleasance ruled that there was no risk of discovery from this enemy; and she herself would be gone early the next morning on her return to Stone Cross.

So she went out before the yellow light of the sunset had reached its climax, and found the few streets she traversed not only restored to their usual quiet, but already forsaken for the anticipated rejoicings in the Elm meadow.

She had no difficulty in finding St. Nicholas's Church—the old parish church of the town—and in striking upon the lane beyond the churchyard. But in consideration that the lane had the high park wall on one hand, and an equally high hawthorn hedge on the other, and lay deep in the shadow, Pleasance not only feared that the September dusk would find her there, but doubted that she would have nothing save her walk for her pains. As far as she had gone for the first five minutes, she could only see the grass getting a darker and darker green beneath her feet, and the sky changing from blue to purple over her head. She could not conceive how, with such barriers on each hand, her prospect could be extended.

But just as she had brought herself to say she must give up the foolish quest, she saw that the park wall and the hedge before her gave way on the right hand and on the left to the low parapet, ivy hung, of an old bridge. The green-garlanded arch, with the brown water stealing through below, presenting an agreeable feature, varying the park scenery as viewed from the great house beyond, was doubtless one of the reasons why the lane itself had been allowed to remain.

When Pleasance stood on the picturesque old cow bridge over Burnham Brook, the park with its clumps of magnificent timber stretched before her under the lingering radiance—all the more impressive because of the sombreness of the lane, of this loveliest September sunset. It retained an afterglow made up of the precious "dust" of the sunk sunbeams, and the slight mist which come between her dazzled eyes and the glory, bathing and softening the undulating lines of the trees, and the sweep of the grassy openings.

The pile of the house appearing so close to her, as to startle her for a moment, was very similar in Pleasance's unsophisticated eyes, which knew little of architecture save what she had drawn from her haunt in Stone Cross Cathedral, to any other large, handsome building the size of which makes it imposing. She could not see, and could not very well have appreciated, the gateway and portico, which were not incongruous excrescences, as they are in most instances, but were fine integral portions of the older wing of the house, constituting Mr. Woodcock's chief pride in the mansion as a man of enlightened taste. Of the winter garden, of which every lady made so much, and of which Pleasance had heard in a former stage of her existence, when she had little guessed its history, she could see merely the towers and cupolas still reflecting the sunlight, but only giving her a vague hint of the fairy world within.

Yet, with all its deficiencies, the glimpse of Shardleigh under that wonderful mellow light, which would have transformed the meanest, most barren prospect of a wretched quarter of a great town, or a bleak chalk down, or a black peat moss, into a place almost fair, almost invested with interest, for the moment—ravished Pleasance's soul with its rich and stately beauty.

She stood leaning against the parapet of the bridge, and looking her heart out. As she looked there came back upon her in a flood the same impression with which she had gazed in the early morning, in London, on the house in Grosvenor Place—that very sense of incongruity with which Mr. Woodcock had recalled Shardleigh when he was on his way to find Archie Douglas's wife at the carrier's inn in the side street, near the Shoreditch Station. Pleasance was perfectly aware that she had changed since the time—a few months ago—when she had thought a London cab a fine carriage, and been at home in the Yorkshire Grey. She had not forgotten that in the interval she had become an heiress worthy of the name even in sight of Shardleigh, and who could, if she chose, provide herself with a home almost as fair, refined, and exclusive as this home. But the rearing and experience of many years came back upon her, in a rush, at this moment, and were all the more irresistible since, during the whole previous day she had been thinking and dreaming of Archie Douglas as Joel Wray in the surroundings in which she had so quickly learned to know and love him, at the wheat-hoeing and on the harvest-field, on the beach at Cheam, in the old Manor House room—rustic places, with their homely figures, widely removed from this scene, so noble in its repose, that it did not seem unmeet that a prince had been a guest there that day.

While Pleasance stood on the bridge and noted that bright lights were springing up in the house, she was so near it that the sound of a window being opened, drew her attention to the terrace which she had overlooked. It lay before the long French windows, just

lit, which Pleasance had judged rightly belonged to a drawing-room, and had flights of steps leading to a lower terrace, and thence to a flower-garden, which was almost entirely out of Pleasance's scope of vision.

The window opened was one of the drawing-room windows reaching to the floor, and out of it—relieved against the light background, taking Pleasance's breath away with consternation for the instant, and causing her to draw back in the utmost agitation and alarm within the shadow of the park wall—came a lady and a gentleman. The gentleman, as Pleasance knew in a second through the gathering dusk, was Archie Douglas, no longer watching by the bed of his friend in the farm-house three miles off, and the lady, Pleasance guessed by the flaxen hair flowing

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loose over her shoulders and white gown, must be his sister.

For a moment of acute distress Pleasance laboured under the delusion that she must be seen and recognised, even as she saw and recognised the figures before her. When she recovered and knew herself safe, she gave herself up to one long ardent gaze at the man she had loved and wedded, whom she had not seen for months, whom she had thought to see that morning stretched lifeless, or sighing out his life before her. But Pleasance had never seen Archie Douglas look as he appeared then, not even in the last encounter at a fashionable hour in a fashionable park.

As if in an echo of Pleasance's conviction of the gulf which divided them, he came out

on the terrace in the magnificent scarlet and gold uniform of the officer of a yeomanry regiment, which he had put on when he hastily joined the review, in order to escort the prince to Shardleigh. The dress, though fantastic in Pleasance's eyes, enhanced as she could not have believed it was in the power of dress to set off the natural elegance of Archie Douglas's figure and the comeliness of his prepossessing face.

Jane Douglas also was not in her ordinary evening dress of simple white muslin. An impromptu garden-party had been assembled at Shardleigh as soon as the prince's intentions were known, and Jane retained its demi-toilette, in which Pleasance could distinguish the gossamer fall of lace, and the gleam, against the light within, of gold and jewels at the throat, the bosom, and the wrists. A third member of the party who had followed the others to the window and stood there, had a costly Indian shawl drawn round her figure, slight and graceful as a girl's, and showed the same flashes and points of light, where the setting of a locket, the eyes of a serpent bracelet, the stones of a cross, came out on the black and white of her dress.

The family party were alone after the dispersal of their guests, including the chief. The honour and the fatigue were alike over, and the mother, son, and daughter were left by themselves, not too exhausted, to indulge in natural satisfaction, and compare notes on the occurrences of the day. Added to this welcome conclusion, there was in the Douglases' case the increase of a very lively sense of relief from a recent burden of anxiety and sympathetic distress. The temporary effect of these combined influences on an impressionable young fellow like Archie Douglas, was to render him for the hour in exuberant spirits. Pleasance, standing not so far off, on the bridge, in the lane, could hear the gay voices and laughter, with Archie's rising pre-eminent. She could see the two younger figures flitting in their freedom and gladness backwards and forwards, with Archie's arm drawn through his sister's in place of hers drawn through his, to hold her by his side, and the two contrasted heads, dark and fair, in closest confidential contact, as their two owners pursued their merry stroll. It did not seem that anything or anybody was wanting to the group. How could there be, especially when the one who had voluntarily excluded herself, and who stood unsuspected, looking into Paradise, was only Pleasance? What could she have in common with the young fellow before her—a great one of the earth in his peacock plumage? Was he indeed the same footsore reaper to whose primitive wants she had once ministered? If he had been what he had seemed, she might have served him in a thousand ways, and proved his best friend; as it was, she was right that he had no need of her; she would have been at the best a tolerated intruder, a wearisome drag on him and his friends.

A sharp pang went through her heart as she told herself this, and added that her own eyes saw and testified to the ultimate wisdom and integrity of her course. But she had been accustomed to think of Archie Douglas as still remembering and regretting her, however foolishly. True, he had been in the animation of pleasant social intercourse when she had met him riding with his sister and Rica Wyndham in the Park; but his tone had changed instantaneously at the sight of her; in their interview after he had acknowledged her as his wife, he had shown himself full of restless pain and misery. Mr. Woodcock had always talked of him as of a man disappointed, dissatisfied with his abundance of good things.

Altogether it was a great blow which struck to Pleasance's heart to see Archie Douglas the happiest of the happy. She did not pause to inquire whether she had any right to resent it.

But her heart spoke out more truly in its inconsistent cry, "You are cruel, Archie Douglas—you whom I thought so kind, cruel and heartless, you are like the rich man who took the ewe lamb. You sought me with a false pretence; and now, though our lives are sundered, you can be as happy as if you had never known of my existence: it is as if you chose the time when I had flown to you in what I held to be your extremity, to show me that you never knew what love meant. You have made me lose my love Joel, as well as my husband Archie Douglas. I have wasted my whole heart upon a dream."

The glow in the western sky paled, faded and darkened; Shardleigh park and house paled and darkened with the sky; the first star came out, and the dews began to fall.

The mother within tapped on her children, who obeyed the summons reluctantly.

The mute shadow watching all, stole back through the silent lane to the inn.

CHAPTER LVI.—RICA'S PRIVATE MISSION.

When Pleasance was back at Stone Cross for the weeks that were left her there, she

consented to go through the form of paying a visit to her aunt, amidst the dignities of Gable House.

Such a visit was no pleasure, but a penalty to Pleasance; but she could not in her conscience withhold it, when she took into account that Mrs. Wyndham was her father's sister, and actually, save Pleasance's husband, her nearest surviving relation. Pleasance could not comply even in the most restricted manner with the requirements of society where other recent visitors were concerned and leave out Mrs. Wyndham, without inflicting on her a marked slight. It might even involve a false suspicion on the part of the world of the Close, and the neighbourhood, that Pleasance accused her aunt of having been in some measure privy to the will which had so long lain in abeyance.

All Pleasance's rampant justice rose up in arms against subjecting Mrs. Wyndham or any member of her family to so unfounded a suspicion. Pleasance would call every day of her life at the Gable House and have the Wyndhams calling every day back again at Willow House, invading her privacy and disturbing her peace, sooner than do them or any other human being such a wrong in cold blood. Pleasance would rather sit half an hour with her aunt and endure the associations which she recalled. The younger woman would look at the elder's slow, pompous movements, and at the traces of the beauty which had remained so long unfaded and unforgotten. Pleasance would listen to Mrs. Wyndham's confidently imperious apologies and excuses in reference to the past, and her laboured attempts at promoting greater friendliness for her family's ends in the future. The listener would endure the speaker's lengthened emphatic dissertations on her children's merits, and her half-indignant remonstrances against, and lamentations over Pleasance's perversity in not grasping at their overtures. She ought to make it her very first arrangement to go to Rome for the coming winter, to live with Nelly in her palace and see the first society in Rome. Pleasance should seek to pick up such a tolerable foreign style, that, on her return to England Mrs. Wyndham and Rica might have no difficulty in taking her up and going out with her. Of course, Pleasance was too young, and above all too peculiarly situated to dispense with influential countenance.

Rica never stayed much beside the mother, who idolised her, so that in consenting to sit with Mrs. Wyndham, Pleasance was at least safe from Rica's more direct assaults, whether of mere flippant levity or reckless importunity. For Pleasance had learned to take the true measure of Rica's hilarity and frankness. But the best established inferences sometimes fail, so Pleasance was forced to admit, when after doing her utmost to bear and forbear with her aunt at Gable House, she returned home to find Rica established in the drawing-room at Willow House. There she was turning it upside down for her own convenience and amusement, flinging any market flowers with a suspicion of herbs in them out of the window, tossing about Pleasance's books, meddling with and scaring her birds, and inserting the most villainously destructive stitches into a little bit of old and fine embroidery which Pleasance was trying to repair.

"Here you are, cousin Pleasance, and here I am sick to death of waiting for you," the culprit hailed the mistress of the house. "What can you find to say to the poor poky old *mater* with whom you were not such great friends, to begin with? But you had better take a chair," she invited Pleasance to a seat in her own house, "before I open my budget, which happens to be a long and special one. I wonder if I feel like the Chancellor of the Exchequer when he prepares to lay his before the House? I dare say I am a great deal more in earnest, since, except in the light of his office, he cannot care a straw for what no more concerns him than it concerns the other millions in the kingdom."

"I hope people are sometimes in earnest about what concerns their neighbours. I need not say, I hope, I don't doubt that there are such feelings as philanthropy—even true patriotism," said Pleasance with something between a twinkle and a sparkle in her eye.

"Well, there are such hobbies," said Rica, "and people mount them and ride them to death, pretending all the time that they are disinterested; but what is a hobby, unless a man's way of entertaining himself, and proving his superiority to his fellows? I should like nothing better than to come out as a public benefactress, but then I should always be candid, and own that I did it for a whim and to amuse myself. The new Lady Bountiful, with her woman's rights, her advanced education, and her extended charities, has a good deal of go in her, and is great fun. She is not half such a 'do' to herself, at least, as her predecessor was."

"Do you mean," asked Pleasance, "that you cannot conceive of any real wrongs

which any class or section of women may suffer, with redressors of such wrongs, working in the dark and making mistakes and messes, doubtless, but perhaps working towards the light all the same. Do you intend me to believe that you cannot imagine an actual amount of shallow, narrow ignorance which well-instructed people have a genuine desire to lessen? Have you no faith in much patent sore suffering which the friendly souls in the world would seek on the highest authority to relieve? Is it to you an idle play of shams and by-words, assumptions and fashions, of which you can freely make game? Do you see nothing above and beyond the folly of it?"

"Not I," said Rica with unabashed coolness. "But, although I don't believe in saints and martyrs since the time of the apostles, I suppose—and if I had lived in the days of these old gentlemen I dare say I should have had a crow to pluck with them too—still, I have no particular quarrel with the one-ideaed souls who think they are serving God and man, when they are only airing their own sneaking good-nature and fondness for popularity, or their spite against some neighbour who goes and does the reverse. I think they are worthy enough—a little blind, that is all."

"They are much obliged to you, Miss Wyndham," said Pleasance; for she had never been able to give Rica the right hand of intimacy, in responding to her freedom of address, by calling her cousin by her Christian name.

"What would you have?" said Rica, a little impatiently; "I am a humorist. As for you, if you cannot see a joke, you should make a pretence you do. Your solemn people who take everything *au grand serieux*, are too terrible, even when they are not atrocious hypocrites. I do not think I could stand them."

"I used to fancy I could see a joke," said Pleasance, "but to turn everything into a joke is being too much of a light princess to suit my conscience. It seems to me that it is left for the most modern humorists—or those who profess to be so—to put irreverent, unfeeling hands on human nature as a whole, and treat it as beneath respect, if not beneath contempt."

"Well, so it is," said Rica with a yawn, "there is no great thing in it—I am sure you have lived long enough to find the truth of my words—except that it is mostly good for a laugh. But spare me sermonising; it ain't quite fair to impose it just yet. By-and-by I shall take my doses, but I need not anticipate the horrible process, need I? I assure you that while I thrust my tongue in my cheek and laugh in my sleeve—you will not be so tyrannical as to refuse me so much liberty—I shall turn out a good, fat, jolly associate sister of a morning, if you make reforming the world your cue, when we keep house together."

"Keep house together!" exclaimed Pleasance astounded.

"Yes, my dear child, that is just what we are going to do," said Rica with frank decision, "and if I were not stupidly honest, I might come over you by hinting that you would do me no end of good. To win such a light-minded, worldly sinner to the side of earnestness, self-denial, and good works would be a grand tribute to your power. But you see I am honest, and I don't hint at having lost my senses, and fallen over head and ears in love with you and your Christian socialism, or whatever it is, though you are very handsome, and have grown rich—at our expense, alas! The utmost that I propose is to make a highly judicious *mariage de convenance* between us two. Seriously, cousin Pleasance, I do not wonder that you have repulsed mamma's heavy artillery of proposals. It is trial enough for me to be tied to her apron-string, and dragged about in her cumbrous, slumbrous way. Then the idea of you going to Nelly, which was so plausible at the first glance, and to which I lent my support, had its disadvantages. You might be gone ever so long, and Nelly and her count might appropriate you altogether, since you have no near tie, or none the holder of which cares to claim it. That is my side of the objection. For yours, the count is exquisitely noble and high-bred, like his palace; but he is as empty of all, save ancestral distinction, as the wide staircase and vast rooms of his dwelling. I have already told you that he is as proud as Lucifer, and as vain as a peacock; he is not easy to get on with. Poor Nelly has her own trials. She is apt to be dismal and occupied with calculations concerning the death of the old count, and she cannot understand why the last should not be as interesting and enlivening to her audience as to herself. Honestly, I think it would be pleasanter for you to stay at home, or merely to travel here and there with me for your duenna, governess, whip—what shall I call it?"

"But I have no idea that I want a duenna or a governess, not to say a whip, whose duties to me I cannot fathom."

"Oh, I should keep in order, fight, and

bring recalcitrant members of society to vote that you would not only pass muster, but that you were quite 'good style,'" explained Rica, "as the parliamentary whips serve their leaders."

"And where would your mother be?"

"Oh, mamma would learn to do without me, as she has to do without Tom and Nelly, as she must do if I can manage to marry to suit me—I make no secret, that it is a question of management and suitability. Home is the best place for dowagers, and if mamma is not a dowager, it is all Tom's fault. He ought to have provided me, long ere this, with a presentable, tolerably energetic sister-in-law to take me about. Nelly is *hors de combat*, and I protest mamma makes a spectacle of herself, dragging on some unhappy man's arm, at breakfasts and garden parties, and nodding on her seat during the last waltz after supper," cried Rica in pettish disgust. "As for yachting, she and I together would sink any yacht of light burden; and as for fishing in Norway, or scrambling and roughing it among the Dolomite or any other mountains, or doing anything that one really cares to do, or that is worth doing, it is as entirely beyond her capacity as a flight to the moon. I am always preaching that to sit still is the strength of age, but she will not appropriate the text. Now, you may come in quite handy—you are a matron in name at least, which is all that is necessary. If we can persuade her that it will be for Tom and Nelly's good as well as for mine, I have no doubt that mamma may be induced to depute the care of me to you, and you to me. I should write to her of course, and Jobbins, my new maid, writes a legible hand, and could keep her still more *au fait*, with regard to our movements."

"And where should we move to?" inquired Pleasance curiously.

"Oh, wherever there is anything good going on. You are a free woman without any encumbrance, as people take care to advertise, but you do not half prize your freedom. To town in the season, of course, for I have had just enough of country society this summer, at Stone Cross, to whet my taste for blood again. Where shall we go—do you ask? wherever there are worlds and men to conquer, to be sure; and it will go hard with us, if with your beauty, money, novelty, and strange eventful history — I am too modest to say anything of my poor little attractions, centring in my tongue—we do not revenge ourselves on Archie Douglas, and take the world by storm."

"But Archie Douglas is my husband; and I do not care in the least for taking the world by storm. Besides, Rica Wyndham, if I were so happy as to have a mother, or even a loving old friend left to me, I should not think there was any pleasure in the world worth being with her."

"Do you mean to say that you reject my suggestion as you did mamma's?" questioned Rica, speaking slowly and seriously, for her.

"Yes, I do, absolutely," answered Pleasance. "I should have said that I was obliged to you for coveting my company, or caring to serve me, only that I might appear to be mocking you, for you have been telling me in every word, it was your own greater freedom and fancied better entertainment you coveted, and that it was to serve yourself you spoke."

"Quite so, you are perfectly right, Mrs. Douglas," said Rica, getting up with a laugh which sounded harsh.

Rica's face had till now been looking its best, in its dimpling, rippling laughter, with only the slightest tinge of excitement colouring its ivory hue; but as she rose to go, a purple flush of passion spoilt the delicacy of colouring, and the curves of the mouth were drawn into a sneer which looked bitter and fierce upon a face that was young, and a woman's.

"What," she said, "you can decline every favour we demean ourselves to ask of you, after we forgave your supplanting us in Heron Hill and its wealth, by a base piece of intrigue on the part of your low-minded and cowardly father! But I do not wonder at it, for you, too, have had something to forgive—something that no woman ever can forgive."

"I do not understand you," said Pleasance, standing up stiff and cold, taken aback by the sudden burst of rage and its reviling.

"I mean," said Rica, "that you drew Archie Douglas into a low marriage, which was no sooner committed than it became detestable to him, and which he did his best to ignore and escape from. I mean that he sought his solace in me, that he would fain have taken refuge in a pursuit—idle it must have been since, like your father, he could only have been half a villain—of me and my society; but you, perhaps, because you condemn fine ladies on principle, were not burdened with a lady's scruples of pride or delicacy—you followed and exposed him."

"It is not true," said Pleasance in vehement indignation, but calming down even while she spoke. "You know that you are not speaking the whole, or even the least

part of the truth, that you are twisting and distorting facts to suit your own bad purpose."

"I believe, however, that mine is the general version of the story," said Rica, recovering her self-control in part, and smothering the rage she felt in addition to every other ground of offence, at having been betrayed into a rage—for was not her rôle that of a laughing philosopher, and did it not detract from her mercurial philosophy to show feeling of any kind? "My theory was held at the time by the persons who should have known best—Mrs. Douglas amongst the rest. If you take my advice, cousin Pleasance, you will have nothing to say to your gentle, enthusiastic mother-in-law when she comes to the neighbourhood of Stone Cross next week, that she may be no longer able to avoid making your acquaintance, and when she is so charmed with you at first sight, as to fall into your arms. She has been very fond of you, all along, has she not? stood by you and taken your part? She has not come to you late in the day, when by the shameful misappropriation of grandpapa's property, you are a rich woman? You snubbed poor little Jane Douglas, you know, when she took it into her foolish head to patronise you. But really Jane could do it much more gracefully, for you were only Archie's poor, low-born wife in those days. Archie Douglas has not been particularly strong-minded, honest, and faithful in the course of the history, in spite of his juvenile heroics. It is so easy to be heroic before the time. However, he has left it to a refined, sensitive model woman, like his mother, to be shamelessly mercenary. Or is it that his objections are insuperable? You should know, since it seems I have given a garbled version of your relations. Do you know you have given me the lie direct; but of course you were in jest—you said you could jest, not a very polite jest, but you despise politeness. It may pass between cousins—only I had better take my leave for the present."

Pleasance was left alone to realise what an insulted woman feels, and to ask herself was this really the world's version of Archie Douglas's conduct and hers? Did the light-minded and ill-natured—and how many people were light-minded and ill-natured in her world!—judge him especially according to this definition?

Pleasance was certain that it was false. She had told herself down at Shardleigh the other day, listening unperceived to his light-heartedness, that Archie Douglas had forgotten her. She had accused him of being cruel and heartless in the completeness of his forgetfulness; but now she indignantly repelled Rica Wyndham's insolent assertion, and told herself that she knew better.

He might have learned to laugh since then, so that she, listening to the light laughter, had said that his love was dead, and he had never loved her. But she had slandered him, and that true love which could never die, and that had once ruled his heart. It must awake, stir, and fill him with vain longing, whenever his better nature spoke to him out of the silence.

Could the world not see the difference between the truth and Rica Wyndham's malicious statement? Could it be that the difference might cease to exist, and that in the course of years, in the void in his heart, and the sense of failure in the life, to which he was sentenced in the middle of his outward prosperity, Archie Douglas would harden, sour, and sink into seeking ever lower and lower compensations, until she who had thought to save him, still more than herself, from the consequences of his folly, would have too surely wrought his destruction?

In addition, was Mrs. Douglas really coming soon to Stone Cross, confirming the report of one of Pleasance's visitors, to mock Pleasance with advances, to bring upon her all the evils of an unsuitable connection, from which she had fled with everything that was hateful rendered positively loathsome by mean hypocrisy being joined to resentful scorn? Ah, how Pleasance wished she could get away from the strife, take to herself the wings of a bird, and flee into the wilderness and be at rest!

CHAPTER LVII.—SPEEDING THE WILLING TRAVELLER.

PLEASANCE was more fortunate than most people, when they desire to go aside for a season, and leave behind them the conflict of their lives. An opportunity presented itself to her at that time to quit Stone Cross and forget her troubles, as she hoped, in the renewal of old ties.

A letter came from Lizzie Blennerhasset, in which the writing, in place of being blurred with the dismay of a false alarm, like Mr. Woodcock's, was all tremulous and performing fantastic flourishes with justifiable exultation.

Lizzie had received another letter from Dick Blennerhasset, detailing his rapid rise in the world beyond the Atlantic, and, as if that were not sufficient to swell Lizzie's tender, unselfish heart with gratitude, the

letter said a great deal more. Long Dick promised stoutly that he was taking care not to risk the success of which he was so proud, and had entirely left off sprees, when he had no village cronies. He did not seem, thank God, so much as to feel he wanted sprees any more; he was so thundering busy with his forge, his lot of land and his shanty; only he drove his Whitechapel cart every Sunday a dozen miles to the nearest church, not merely to see his neighbours, but to say his prayers, as he had done at home.

But his log-house, which he was taking so much trouble with, and his garden which he was clearing and sowing with English seeds, were a thought lonesome. He had taken it into his head that if his cousin Lizzie would come out to him and be his wife, she might cheer him a bit, and give him all that he missed. He did not fear that he could give her a return for what he got, and the two be as happy as the day was long. All that was past was like a dream to him—he did not mean that it could be dreamed over again—but he had begun to think that Pleasance might have been right, since she had not only come of gentlefolks herself, but had found a gentleman for her husband in Joel Wray. As to Joel's thinking light of her, and being parted from her by his friends, Dick could not take that in; he knew a thing worth two of that. Joel was not made of such miserable stuff; he had been as sweet as man could be on Pleasance. And where could he find among all his grand belongings of fine kin, a lass like Pleasance Hatton?

However, Long Dick was not writing about Pleasance, who had dropped out of his horizon, and in dropping had carried away all the burning pain, and left but the pensive memory of his first love. He had thought that the wild fresh air of these far western woods might do wonders for his cousin Lizzie's health. Somehow he had always seemed to have a special interest, equivalent to a right of ownership in her, since he had saved her life when she was a child. And in the gradual fading and dying out of his passion for Pleasance, he could recall, in his lonely well-doing, nothing so sweet and satisfying as the devoted presence of his little cousin.

To say that Lizzie was acquiescent, to say even that she was happy, was to say literally nothing in the presence of what she felt. Even under all the labour and restraint which a written letter cost to Lizzie, the pride and joy of her heart danced and sung so as to ring through the heart of the reader.

"To think that I d' be to be married at all! I as everybody thought were a owd maid, branded and told off as any shorn sheep, and before Nancy and Kitty, as are well favoured, and hale in wind and limb, and as never looked to dance at my bridal, or at my way-goin', which is all the same. Well, it d' sound stammin', kinder hard on en, and I wonder, I do, they bean't more spitefuller than they be at times; but married right off to sich a man! I am to be lady of three cows, not to speak on Dick's pair of hosses; and there d' be a servant man; and us is to drive in the Whitechapel cart—dev you remember driving me, Pleasance?—like gentlefolks or farmers to church on Sundays: but that's nowt to the man. Why, Pleasance, it's not for me to sing his praises not no longer; but you d' know there bean't Long Dick's marrow not in Saxford, nor Applethorpe, nor Cheam, nor in the world! I 'a done nor'n to deserve such a fine lot.

"I'm like to go crazed along on pride, I am; but the thought do keep me down a bit, that he as were evened to you, is only to get a poor silly lameter like me, whose wery passage he 'a offered to pay. But I 'ould not rob him in money, me as is to get all and bring so little to him. I up and towd far'er I could make out part on the passage with my savings in the dressmaking, and if he 'ould not give me the rest, to get me off his hands, and well cared for in time to come, I 'ould bide till I could work for the money. At the same time it were not very likely Long Dick, when he came to take second thoughts, 'ould bide by so fine an offer, and so a grand chance for far'er's own darter—and his poor cripple darter as were not, by no manner on means, every man's bargain—would be lost. Then mor'er, and even Kitty and Nancy, backed me up.

"And so I am to sail in ten days for 'Merika—no less; and if so be you 'ould care to see me once more afore I go, now's the time, for I 'a come to be a lass in request. Folk d' say you mun be growed too grand a lady to care to see me again, or to hear on Dick; but I'll believe none on it of the gal as knew my Long Dick as you knowed he, and as he cared for ooncommon, as were nat'ral the days when you were both wanters, and were the likeliest lad and gal far or near.

"And if you d' think on comin', Pleasance, I 'a spoken to Missus Gooch as 'a taken Missus Balls's place up in your owd house at Manor; and her is a quiet, purpose

'oman, and says they 'a a room and to spare, and 'ould not objec to a lodger for a week or thatten."

It has been said no woman hears that a man who has once loved her, is consoled for her loss, and has replaced, or is in the act of replacing her by another woman, without a little recoil of mortification and displeasure. But Pleasance only thought, "If Archie Douglas has forgotten me in part, Long Dick may well have forgotten me altogether."

"I will come, Lizzie; I shall see one woman under God's sun perfectly happy. I shall get away from Stone Cross, from society with all its claims, from mocking mischief-makers and furious assailants like Rica Wyndham, from the speciously bland apparition of my mother-in-law, to something simpler, ruder, truer. I shall return to the folk of Saxford whom I know, to Lizzie whom I love, and who does not in her day of triumph bear me a particle of malice because I was Long Dick's original choice, but has love to spare for me even from the huge mountain of love that is his due.

"I have the advantage of being free, as Rica Wyndham said. There is some good in being a woman of independent fortune, after all. I shall write to Mr. Woodcock. I am afraid he will disapprove; but I must vex the friendly old gentleman on this occasion. There is no help for it, that 'the nest is flown,' and the bird has gone back, with her clipped wings and encumbered feet, to the spot of earth whence she took flight."

Pleasance was as good as her word, and arrived at the nearest station to Saxford within several days of Lizzie's sailing. Pleasance did not take a cab, like Mr. Selincourt, when he was on his mission of inquiry, and was forced to invade the precincts of the Brown Cow. She did not come down in style and impress her grandeur on the natives, as they had predicted she would do from the moment they had heard of her expected arrival. She walked to the Manor House, as she had walked from it, though she left her luggage, rendered more bulky by special marriage-gifts—a travelling suit to Lizzie—the last improved set of harness to Long Dick, and by sundry other gifts to old acquaintances and allies. And Pleasance wore her plainest striped calicot morning gown, the nearest in material to the old gowns which she had worn when she was a dairy-maid, deputy housekeeper, and farm servant under her cousin at the Manor.

It was just about the equinox when the bare pastures and the abounding water of the east country were being scoured and tossed out of their last remnant of summer verdure and tranquillity.

The Manor House had undergone changes since Pleasance had quitted it in early spring. Its yellow walls had been subjected to a process which had removed its weather-stains and restored its pristine ochry hue in somewhat glaring contrast to its wavering, bulging out, sunken-down outline. A great part of its old olive thatch, with its luxuriant house-leek, had been removed and replaced by new bristling straw, hard in outline and pale in tone.

At the lattice window, instead of stout, hearty Mrs. Balls, there looked out the quiet "purpose," Mrs. Gooch, a young, thin, hesitating woman, shrinking from the responsibility which she had incurred. She curtseyed to Pleasance, and did not usher her into the great kitchen, where Anne and Pleasance had once done their best to fill the two oaken chairs, and round whose walls Pleasance's crows' scratches of drawings had been wont to flutter. It had long been her home, but it had ceased to know her, and she ceased to know it as the house-place of Joe Gooch, his missus and family.

Pleasance was shown—she could no longer take it upon her to walk where she would—into the best room, made up of cast-off relics of ancient gentility, and of out of keeping, coarse bits of modern Cheam upholstery—the room which Pleasance had always avoided as the least habitable and likeable room of the Manor House.

Pleasance had a meal there—no longer of souse cheese, apple turnover, cyder and ale, but of a slice of stale, shop-bought cake, with a glass of sour wine. She found it discomposed Mrs. Gooch, when Pleasance crossed the threshold of the room assigned to her. Mrs. Gooch, and even her husband, could by no means comprehend, but were inclined to be suspicious—though they were themselves honest people enough—of Pleasance's eager interest in the farm-stock and of her impulse to go and greet every animal that had been there six months before. "She be in Lawyer Lockwood's interest; she be here to report any shortcomings; you never oughtn't to have had her here; 'ware on her, missus," was Joe Gooch's warning to his missus.

Pleasance had to put up with the altered lines in the house and its inhabitants—with the oblivion into which she had begun to fall where the bucolic equine and canine memories of Daisy, Dobbin, Growler, and their compeers were in question.

She was the sooner reconciled to it, that she felt with a mixture of proud regret, of half sorrowful diversion, and nascent unconfessed hopefulness, that there was a change in herself. The little world of the Manor farm could not be to her, any more than she could be to it, what it had been. She had gone beyond it; her bands were enlarged. The place no longer fitted her, nor she the place. It was like her own image in Long Dick's mind—a vision of the past to be fondly remembered, but to be left behind.

She stood in that room to which regard for the Gooches' feelings confined her, and looked out with the greatest interest on all the operations in which she had once taken so prominent a part, but with no great desire to resume them. She felt as if she had engaged in them in another state of existence and another world.

It was the same in her intercourse with the natives of Saxford, always excepting Lizzie Blennerhasset. Upon the whole, Pleasance thought the villagers—the girls took it less amiss that she should have been carried back to her natural sphere, by Joel Wray's doing her justice in money matters, or by her coming into a fortune—they were not at all particular which—than they had regarded her presuming to wear spectacles while she stood in the rank of a working girl. But they were shy of her, while interested in her, as the better specimens of the poor people of Stone Cross had been shy.

True, in this instance the shyness wore off a little, and the girls got the length of asking Pleasance, and of listening with curiosity to her answer, what she did when she was no longer called upon to dirty her fingers? They required a catalogue of her wardrobe, were amazed and a little scandalized to find it no finer than it was, but were greatly pleased when Pleasance showed them a new fashion and offered them a pattern. Still, it was as impossible for Pleasance and them to go back and re-occupy the old footing, as it was impossible to gather up the drops of water which had flown miles in their progress to the sea, and restore them to their place at the source of the brook.

Only Lizzie Blennerhasset, with Anne and Mrs. Balls in their graves, remained the same as ever to Pleasance.

Great joy, like great grief, smooths out artificial distinctions. Lizzie in her exaltation could not realise that Pleasance had been removed from her sphere. And where there was no realisation there was no removal.

So far from Lizzie feeling that Pleasance was raised above her, Lizzie, in her glory of rewarded, satisfied love, recognised that Pleasance had suffered a great, irremediable loss, and was far below her old companion whom she had helped and favoured.

What was Pleasance, the grand lady living in alienation, as Lizzie comprehended by instinct, from Joel Wray—though Pleasance never said a word—to Lizzie, the thrice-happy bride of Long Dick? Lizzie intensely pitied Pleasance, to whom she was stooping; she almost reproached herself, only Pleasance encouraged her, for pouring out, as Lizzie poured, her bliss in Pleasance's ears.

The strain rang always with the same changes. Who would have thought that Lizzie would have been married at all, and to such a man—Lizzie's king of men! Not as she had once been fain to crave when he was worn and worsted, soiled and beggared of all that men and women prize, but while still in the flower of his youth, in his conquest over his lower inclinations, in that worldly victory of which men approve so highly under the name of success. Even Lizzie's cool and but slightly sympathetic neighbours readily owned that the girl's luck had been prodigious.

Pleasance was wrong in begging Lizzie to say no more of her—Lizzie's—unworthiness, because it moved Pleasance strangely, and brought the tears to her eyes to hear it, since it was a safeguard to keep the fragile human heart from bursting, as it has been known to burst under a mighty flood of happiness. As it was, Lizzie's health had never been so good as on the eve of her voyage and marriage; a little colour flickered in her cheek, her blue eyes were bluer and sweeter than ever. Pleasance even fancied that, by dint of sheer happiness, Lizzie limped less, or else the limp was less perceptible.

It was a small matter to quit her parents, who were pleased to get rid of her creditably, who had never taken much heed of—not to say pride in her, till now, and whose very pride at present was mingled with doubtful apologies. She did not mind parting from her sisters, with whom she had little in common—even from Clem, who had his music at last to his heart's content, and needed her no longer—or from Pleasance, who had become again outwardly the lady that she had always been inwardly. Nothing was any trial worth speaking of to Lizzie Blennerhasset, when it was counterbalanced by her going a thousand and odd miles to marry her cousin, Long Dick.

"Across the hills and far away,
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
Beyond the night, beyond the day,
Through all the world she'd follow him."

Although Lizzie had never been on a sheet of water bigger or more exposed than the Saxford Broad, while she had seen the sea and heard of its wild work at Cheam, she was not afraid to propose, in the middle of a raging equinox, to cross an ocean, a sickly little steerage passenger, alone, unprotected, save by her very weakness, in an unruly crowd, to reach Dick. The discomforts and hardships of a voyage, however prosperous, even to a homely girl like Lizzie, would pass lightly over her, in her long ecstasy. Doubtless, she would entertain all her fellow-passengers who would listen to her, for the whole length of the voyage, with tales of her matchless felicity and her grand man. And the strangers would listen and marvel, and laugh in her poor little face. They would ask each other if she were crazy, or if some rascal were taking "a rise" out of her, so that she would find him gone out of sight and sound, or married to another woman when she arrived—till the last moment, when they might chance to see Dick, stalwart and faithful, ready prepared with a tender welcome.

Lizzie would have been willing to pass again through fire as well as through flood, to attain that bourne.

Pleasance became familiar with the end of the story in anticipation, until in a short time it ceased to fill her imagination, which would stray irresistibly to her own affairs and those of Archie Douglas.

It was a bad choice that Pleasance had made of a place to forget herself and him in. She had come back unwittingly to the very locality where their short, close connection had its beginning and ending. Every spot was associated, not only with the tranquil years which had succeeded the one great tempest of Pleasance's youth, but with the halcyon days of Joel Wray's coming a poor stranger and day's man to Manor farm; of their working together and knowing each other as if by intuition; of his swiftly-developed, openly-shown preference and frank, fearless rivalry with Long Dick; of his wooing and winning her, up to the disastrous exposure in the church, and the bitter parting which followed.

Why had the love, so much more spontaneous and equal—after all, been so much less fortunate than Lizzie's one-sided worship and her cousin Dick's mild liking? Was the contrast between the two women's experiences a case of Dives and Lazarus? Had Pleasance's and Lizzie's gifts, their good and evil things, been apportioned in the beginning to be reversed in the end?

It was close upon the very season of Pleasance's wedding only a year before, that season whose sober and chastened charms Archie Douglas in the wilful and headstrong passion of his youth, had been able to teach her fully to perceive.

How kind he had been then, not only in his keen sympathy with the shipwrecked sailors at Cheam, or in the first devotion of the love which she had accepted and returned, but in his patience with the obligations which she had asserted, and his indulgence to her partialities and prejudices.

These arrangements had been but a makeshift; he had been consciously deceiving her all the while. Therein had lain the fatal flaw. But he had been so eager to spare, so reluctant to thwart, so fain to gratify her to the last moment, when concealment came to an end, and when she had repaid his wistful breaking of the blow with unmixed scorn and reprobation.

That girl of whom he had told her, in the play,—that beautiful, ambitious girl whom the gardener lad had wedded under the guise of a prince, though she had met the discovery with furious revilings, had relented, after it was too late, indeed, but still long within the proverbial year and a day. Had she been less upright, or had she been more loving than Pleasance? Was it true, what he had said, that she had not only been unforgiving, but that she had suffered the accidents of fortune, which he had refused to count where she was concerned, to come between and part them?—that she, the poor woman, had shown herself more influenced by the world in the end, than he, the rich man, had proved in the beginning? And by her incapacity for forbearance had she forsaken the man whom she had chosen as he had chosen her,—failed in her obligations and her solemn vow, and left him to struggle and to perish as he might in the weakness of his error?

Was death more sacred than life? Would she have gone to him for a brief reconciliation and a passing satisfaction, and would she continue to stand aside and let two lives be wasted? Within the sight and sound of Lizzie's primitive bliss, primitive passions took larger proportions.

Pleasance turned from the ceaseless wearing reiteration and discipline of these questions to go with Lizzie to Cheam, to see her on board the ship, and be the last of her friends to leave her.

Lizzie's happiness underwent no cloud; the dull October evening was a June morning to her; and the tar-smelling, confusion, and noise on the deck of the emigrant ship was already Dick's white-washed house in the lone green woods. Notwithstanding, she was touched by the assiduity of Pleasance's friendship, and she suggested—

"Happen you'll come out and pay us a visit, Pleasance—you, who are your own mistress, and 'a more money than you can spend, else I 'ould never 'a let you spend so much on me. Dick and me as are one now, eh, we 'ould be mortal glad to see you out there. Or happen we'll come back and see how all you owd folk d' be farin."

To Lizzie, in spite of her modesty, Dick and herself, in their approaching honeymoon, were invested with a kind of perennial youth, in keeping with the new and fresh land in which their lots were cast. The people and the world she was leaving behind her, were alike old and faded—to be regarded with gentle patronising toleration and pity, which in a less meek little woman would have been allied to contempt.

"There is something to come before that," said Pleasance. "Dick will have word of the arrival of the vessel, and be in the port waiting for you."

"I hope not," answered Lizzie seriously, "if there be his hay to take in, or his patch on corn to sow, or his cows ailin', or any press on hoss-shoein'. Whatten for should he take the trouble? Arter I 'a gone so far alone, I can go a bit far'er, it stands to reason. And I should not like to begin by burdening he, that 'ould be a bad, oonhandsome, and ooncalled-for beginnin'."

"How should you like to find him then? What circumstances would you choose for those of your meeting?"

"Wool, I 'a no petickler choice; if so be hisself is there, anything will do famously," said Lizzie brightly, as she looked with dazzled eyes over the side of the vessel, out to the heaving, moaning sea, and not back to England. "Tell'ee what though, Pleasance, I mean to lay up the pretty gownd, cloak, and bonnet you 'a gin me to travel in—anything is good for salt water and ship's company, Dick not bein' there. I'll put 'en on spick and span the day we land, for I 'a a fear sometimes, though you are good enough to say 'appiness d' be main settin', Dick mun 'a forgotten my looks, my limp and that; and I 'ould giv' en all the help I can for the first day. Arter that—wool, I can lay my hair among's feet to prevent him ever mindin' he were that generous and kind."

"He'll never rue it, Lizzie, nor will you."

"I? I dessay not," exclaimed Lizzie in laughing disdain. "I 'a been born under what folk call a lucky star; and its luckiest shinin' were when our 'owd smithy went on fire, and Dick—he thought on me, wakened me up, and carried me out with the stair cracking aneath his brave feet. I remember, that I do. Tell 'ee what, Pleasance, I should like just to find Dick a-sleepin' soun' hisself, that he should a-waken up and fin' me in his own house place, with nobody but our two sens to see. I think he 'ouldn't be disappointed then—not as if he 'ad been a-waitin' and a-watchin', with folk a-speakin' and a-twittin' him about his gal."

CHAPTER LVIII.—PLEASANCE DOUGLAS'S OBLIGATIONS.

PLEASANCE struggled a little longer with the gall and fret of the obligations to which she was gradually awakening, and which the sight of the Manor House and of Lizzie Blennerhasset's willing feet starting on their loving pilgrimage, quickened to tormenting activity. Then Pleasance yielded to the compulsion which was on her, and took another desperate resolution, carrying it out in her uncompromising fashion.

She did not write and ask the advice of her friend Mr. Woodcock; she did not appeal to Mrs. Douglas, who, as she had been told, was now much inclined to play the part of peace-maker; she did not solicit the more unsophisticated kindness of Archie Douglas's sister. These were the old *bêtes noirs* of Archie's friends and kindred, whom she would face at the proper time and place, but she would never seek their help. Pleasance would have no go-betweens, no mediators between her and Archie Douglas.

She left the Manor House where she had still lingered, and travelled straight across the autumn country to Shardleigh. She passed through the same woodlands that she had traversed in early September, when she had come from Stone Cross, believing Archie Douglas lying near to death in his house. The sombre monotony of the late summer green, had been broken up by October into a splendid wealth and variety of colour. The beeches were red gold, the chestnuts yellow gold, the hedge maples straw colour, the oaks tawny, while the ash had regained, in fading, a vivid apple-green. Where ornamental trees of foreign origin had been recently introduced into some of the gentlemen's parks which she

passed, the sumach was a flaming crimson, and the last imported oak a royal scarlet. The bracken seen between the trees was a rusty brown or a pale maize. Pleasance was sure that there must be a new spell of life in the woods after the slumbrous pause of over-blown summer; acorns and chestnuts must be dropping on every side, rabbits and hares must be scudding, squirrels leaping, and little robins trilling from bough to bough. It was the Indian summer before the nightly frosts grew sharper and more biting; before mists gathered earlier in the evening, and lingered later in the morning, and the branches stood picked out in their thinning leaves, and waxed barer and barer—till what with the mists and the darkness, wanness, and greyness contrasting with the black-green of such foliage as was left, brown October waned into a chill, shadowy forerunner of the dreariness and deadness of November and December.

It was still far from the desolation of the year, and Pleasance, spurred on to a great effort at self-abnegation, to an entire yielding up of her will, and a full atonement, took some comfort from the beauty which was born of rough wind and weather, of icy frost as well as of genial sunshine. Pleasance did not go to Westbrook this time. There was not a prince every day at Westbrook to divide and distract public attention, and coming deliberately, as it were, of her own free-will, knowing her purpose, Pleasance shrank more than ever from observation, and seemed to apprehend detection in every encounter.

She travelled by a slow train, and came out at the little Woodgreen Station, near the farm-house, where the gentleman who had suffered from the accident had lain for several weeks.

It was too late to go further that night, and Pleasance, asking where accommodation could be had near at hand, was referred to that very farm-house, and permitted to lodge in the same rooms where Archie Douglas had watched. She was entertained, as a matter of course, by the farmer's sister, who served her with the great story of the gentleman's accident, danger, sufferings, and recovery, and the attention paid to him by the squire. The chair which Archie Douglas used to occupy during the watches of the night, was pointed out to Pleasance. When she was alone, she went and sat down in it, and leant back her head, with her eyes fixed on the bed, saying, "So I might have sat here, and he lain yonder." Then she started up in fright lest her senses had forsaken her.

In the morning Pleasance found on inquiry that there was a little pony-carriage kept for the farmer's old mother, and which she might have for a consideration to the boy who drove it, to take her over to Shardleigh.

No one wondered that after she had been ciceroned to the corner of the field where the gentleman was accidentally shot, she should go on to Shardleigh, the show-place of the neighbourhood. With Westbrook and its abundant railway opportunities in the immediate vicinity, there seemed no occasion for her to return to Woodgreen, and its little station, where few trains stopped.

Something in Pleasance's beauty, her independent mode of travelling, and perhaps, —who knows?—an utterly unconscious tragic element in her simple speech and manners at this time, put it into her last hostess's head that the stranger was "a play-acting lady," wonderfully civil and quiet for her kind, connected with a company of actors in the neighbouring town.

Unaware of the inference, which she would not have heeded had she guessed it, Pleasance, in the intensity of her determination, stepped "like a queen" (albeit a stage queen, to the mind of her hostess) into the little carriage. She was driven along the pleasant shady road to Shardleigh, up to the great old stone gateway, old and stately enough to dispense with armorial bearings.

The lodgekeeper threw open the gates, as it was a public day. When Pleasance dismissed her little curricle and driver with his gratuity, and announced that she meant to walk up the avenue, the woman prepared to chat affably with the new-comer, to tell her the points of interest in the views of the house and conservatories, and to indicate the special groups of trees which she was to look at on the road.

Pleasance interrupted the speaker to ask briefly if the family were at home.

Yes, some of the family were staying at the house, but that made no difference, not the least in the world, on a public day. "I hold the place on trust, don't you know, Jenkins?" the Squire had once said to the lodgekeeper's husband, when, as under gamekeeper, he had objected to visitors straying as far as the head keeper's cottage, and disturbing the young pheasants, "and I wish I could give the public more enjoyment than they get in Shardleigh." "Them were the Squire's very sentiments, and his father's before him," the speaker continued to recount. "Of course visitors don't ought to go

and abuse such kindness, picking and stealing flowers, and disturbing any game as is about."

Pleasance only responded to the hint, if it were meant for her benefit, to respect her husband's property by saying, "Is the Squire——." The word spoken by her sounded so strangely in her ears that she stopped and began again, "Which of the family is at home?"

"The Squire himself," the woman answered promptly, and Pleasance's heart gave a great throb; she could not have told whether of thankfulness or reluctance.

"But he is going to-morrow for a great way, and a long while, the more's the pity," the servant volunteered the information.

Pleasance was silent, considering how nearly she had missed her object.

The lodgekeeper liked a gossip. She had by this time made up her mind that she would pay the handsome, solitary lady who had come so early, the compliment (the Squire liked the visitors to be attended to) of strolling with her as far as the road which turned aside to the offices, where the woman had, or imagined she had, business with half-a-dozen satellites. Her little girl "Hemmar" would look to the gate, as well as her mother could, in her absence. The Squire objected to fees paid to his servants, but he was not the hard-hearted gentleman to find fault with pence chucked to a child.

If Pleasance pleased, the lodgekeeper would take her the length of the sycamores, which were older than the house, and the stone-pines, which had been planted by the former family.

Pleasance could not choose but please; and as they walked, she kept asking herself where her feet were carrying her, and getting giddier under the knowledge, while her companion furnished an under-current of monologue by way of conversation, out of which Pleasance caught snatches of information that nearly concerned her.

The Squire was going away as far as Queensland, if the lady knew where that was. The lodgekeeper was aware that it was a deal further off than France or Italy, where Mrs. Douglas had often gone for her health. But it was nothing that the ladies of the family should not make any stay at Shardleigh—the neighbours and servants were used to that; and, as it happened this year, Mrs. and Miss Douglas were gone to pay visits before meeting the Squire in London to see him off, after which they were to try wintering at Torquay. But everybody had depended on the Squire's remaining at home when he was done with his college and his travelling, and since all connection had been broken off with the great Lancashire mills on his father's death. His mother was not the least disappointed of all at this last flight; she had done what she could to prevent it, and she quite "took on" about it. So fond as the Squire had been of the country when he was young, too, and so little as he cared for a fine gentleman's life in London. People had hoped that he would have stayed still, though his misfortune, which was not connected with the place, prevented him settling in life as he might have done.

The speaker caught herself up, and broke off her confidences for a moment. With all her communicativeness, she was too well disposed and honestly attached to her master to desire to impart the slur of the Squire's unhappy marriage to a stranger.

Pleasance need not have kept her eyes riveted on the ground, and felt her cheeks begin to burn, in anticipation of a repetition of the farmers' talk in the railway carriage six weeks before.

She could tell—the lodgekeeper hastened to resume the one-sided, and, on that account, all the more enjoyable, conversation—why the Squire had fixed on Queensland for his present destination. He had a friend—one of his many friends, whose father had been made head man of some sort (governor it was called) of that end of the world, and the Squire he would go and help him and his son. The Squire was mad to help to govern, to see after the emigrants who sailed there, and to find whether it was a good settlement for any poor bodies who could not get on at Shard Common or in Westbrook. It was like the Squire, and his going might be of service to many, the woman owned; but it was disheartening to the folk at home, and the servants at the house—she for one, would miss him. He had always been coming and going, with a pleasant word for everybody, and an interest in everything. He overweighted himself with interest. Only this last night there had been word of poachers about; and though the Squire might have trusted Warwick, the head keeper, who had been in the place before his master was born, and her husband, a keeper's son, bred to the work, nothing would serve the Squire but he would go with the men to hinder mischief, and speak the rogues fair in the first place, if the gamekeepers fell in with their enemies; but of course the prowling scamps took good

care to be out of the way, when they were sought for.

The guide had forgotten to point out to Pleasance the sycamores and the stone-pines, and she was at the road which led to the offices, where she turned off with a parting assurance to Pleasance that she could not lose her way. She had only to hold straight on, when she would have fine views of the house and conservatories. Just as she was close upon them, she would come to the laurel walk, which would lead her to the south garden door, and there one of the under gardeners would be sure to be in waiting.

Pleasance did not think it necessary to say that the laurel walk and the gardens, even the winter garden, had no place in her plans.

She walked on alone through all the stateliness, beauty, and sweet scents of an old avenue of fine trees, in one of the two seasons of the year when such an avenue is most attractive. The flowering shrubs of spring had put on their wealth of berries, which the birds had not yet plundered. The gloss and bloom, and subtle or splendid tints of these berries were hardly inferior to the loveliness of the flowers, while the glory of the leaves could be compared to nothing save that sunset glory which is too beautiful to last.

Pleasance walked along as in a dream, with a dim sense of harmony and grace all around her; but she failed altogether to mark the fine porch, after Inigo Jones, which was the pride of Mr. Woodcock's heart.

The hall door was standing open, and as she put her hand on the bell, the butler, who was crossing the hall, came to her.

"There is no order required for seeing the gardens on Toosdays, madam," he told her courteously, before her lips could frame a question.

He was a stout, elderly man in an undress of grey, instead of in the "cloth" of his order, and looked more hearty and less solemn than butlers generally look. He struck Pleasance with a passing, ridiculous sense of acquaintance, from a slight resemblance which he bore to the Manor House bailiff.

As he stood, speculating what she wanted farther, and feeling disinclined, though he was an obliging man, to go out, and that on an October morning, in his slippers, only to take one of the already sufficiently indebted public—even a handsome young lady, round to the gardens, Pleasance managed to say in a low voice, "Can I speak with Mr. Douglas?"

Then he concluded that she had some special favour to ask of the squire, perhaps had brought a letter of introduction, though it was odd that she should deliver it in person, betimes of a morning. Only ladies were learning to do their own errands nowadays, and were less mealy-mouthed than they were formerly.

"Will you walk in?" said the butler, following up this idea, "till I send some one to inquire. We were late up last night; indeed, I do not know if Mr. Douglas went to bed at all, or if he has not lain down now."

He did not explain why the head of the house had been at large during the small hours. Probably, though he was remarkably free from official pride, he had a conventional prejudice that it would be more to Mr. Douglas's credit as a gentleman, and less to his discredit as an eccentric, rich democrat, to let it be supposed that he had been racketing the night away.

Mr. Debree took Pleasance to the library, and after glancing round, showed her in, and shut the door behind her, while he proceeded to look up a footman to look up his master.

Pleasance stood for a moment staring in her agitation at the book-cases, with their volumes and busts, the long table covered at this moment with maps, the chair standing empty before it.

Something, she could not tell what, made her turn quickly round the next moment, and there on a couch behind the door lay Archie Douglas with his arms above his head, fast asleep, undisturbed either by the opening door, or a presence he little wotted of.

The very circumstances which Lizzie Blennerhasset had idly projected in the height of her happiness, as those in which she should choose to meet Long Dick in the Backwoods, were those in which Pleasance found Archie Douglas at Shardleigh, in the midst of their trouble, and while she was altogether uncertain what his awakening might bring forth.

Archie Douglas slept, and Pleasance held her breath, to feed her famished eyes on the traits which had been and were so dear to her. There was no chance of his offending her with his levity and indifference at this moment. He did not look a fellow who could be extravagantly gay, though there came back to his face in sleep, in contrast to the fast maturing lines which Mr. Woodcock had remarked in Glen Ard, a certain abiding youthfulness which hardly leaves some faces. Still Archie Douglas looked sad, even stern, with the set muscles of the face relaxed and un-

formed into the pleasant look which they were wont to wear, for the benefit of his fellows, in his waking moments.

In his dress, and in his wearied air, he was infinitely more like the Joel Wray—the foot-sore tramp that had first presented himself to Pleasance—than the joyous, gorgeous young Yeomanry officer just come from entertaining his prince He had put on an old shooting-jacket to be "neighbour-like" with his gamekeepers, in whose company he had spent the night, when he had gone out to keep the peace, and speak a last protesting word to the inveterate delinquents against his own and his father's liberality. The night's adventure, foiled as it had been in so far as a close encounter with the poachers was concerned, had taken him through hedges and ditches, and along byways muddy after recent rain, so that though he had changed his boots, his shabby disordered dress was full of earth stains. They went at once to Pleasance's heart, reminding her of the traces of a labouring man's toil, for which she had seemed to love Joel Wray more passionately, than for the grace of his address and the softness of his speech, or the cleverness of his resources, and the amount of his book knowledge.

He slept soundly, and such sleep in its defencelessness and unconsciousness appeals strongly to the bystander, be he friend or foe.

"Death's twin brother" sometimes simulates death wonderfully. Pleasance's heart began to flutter with indescribable awe, terror, and anguish, when the lively dark eyes continued closed and immovable. As it seemed to her, she could no longer distinguish the rising and falling breath on the lips, pale with recent fatigue, and grave with an absolute gravity, which had struck Pleasance with the first sensation of timidity that Archie Douglas had inspired in her. But she began to feel that she would not mind, though he should prove hard and unbending in his reception of her submission—as she never could have imagined him; nay, that she would welcome cold rebuke and harsh repulse with delirious gratitude, if he would but stir and give some sign of life.

Only a few weeks ago she had been in a degree prepared for seeing her old lover, her husband, dead or dying. Then she had set out for Shardleigh with small prospect before her eyes of a more merciful conclusion. Now when she had come on a different errand, with other thoughts in her heart, was she to find the threatened dread awfully fulfilled? Was she to be too late after all?

In her paroxysm of fear and despair, Pleasance did not call out, or touch him to put her ghastly doubt to the test; she did not summon help, or drop down senseless herself. She drew nearer and nearer to the recumbent figure, as if drawn by an irresistible fascination. She bent over it for a second, with a face as blanched and lips as breathless as its own.

CHAPTER LIX.—A SECOND MARRIAGE DAY.

At that instant Archie Douglas opened his eyes, looked up and recognised his wife. "Pleasance. Good heavens, am I dreaming?" he cried, starting to his feet, with the blood rushing to his head.

Pleasance's own face changed with the swiftness of lightning, from pallor to a scarlet flush. "No," she said looking down, "I am come, Archie, to see what you would have me to do."

"What I would have you to do?" still in wild confusion, and with the blood coursing hotly through his veins. "Do you mean that a sense of duty has brought you here?"

"Yes," she said, "as soon as I saw my duty."

He struggled for composure. "It is well that you see it at last," he was able to reply, speaking coldly, and with a shade of scorn in his tone, "for, however I might have sinned against you, it was not your part to deny your obligations."

"I know it now," she stammered. "I am here to fulfil what are left of my obligations."

"And I have said it is well for you as for me," he answered with rising irritability; "but you cannot expect me to thank you for your late resolution."

"No," she said faintly, "I do not deserve—I do not wish thanks." She spoke in the humility of her conviction of wrong doing, with her heart sinking and ready to break at every word.

He placed a chair for her; and then he stood and looked at her, not directly—he had not looked her in the face after his first amazed gaze of recognition—but with a furtive glance, as if he did not know what to do either with her or with himself. He put his hand to the bell. "I must have Ramsay the housekeeper summoned, and tell her the mistress of the house has come," he said with feverish haste.

"Not yet," she said imploringly, scarcely knowing what she said.

"But there is no time to lose," he insisted. "You must be put in possession of your place

here before I go to-morrow. You knew I was just leaving for Australia?"

"No," she said sadly.

"No?" he echoed with a little incredulity, "but how should you know or care!" he added quickly; "no, it was not like you to inflict that additional cut"—he broke off, "Why should I say what was like you? we mistook each other utterly," he declared ruefully.

Pleasance was silent, she could not go a-begging with her love, not even when she was there to admit her error, and to offer what compensation was in her power. She was not like Lizzie Blennerhasset.

The conception had been her rooted conviction, and it was part of her very nature, that it was for man to pursue and implore—it was what his strength could do without degradation; and it was for woman to retreat and keep her treasure till she was sure that it was wanted, and would be prized—else the treasure in its fulness would be lost to both man and woman. It was by such self-respect that woman's weakness became dignified, and that the noble relation of help-meet was established. The man was the woman's head, and she should call him lord; but he was also her brother and fellow-worshipper, and she should come to him as a friend comes to a friend, not as a servant to her master, a slave to her owner. There was a love which was a fond dog's love, and a love which was a truest friend's.

Pleasance had loved Joel Wray in response to his ardent love, and owned her love all the more freely, that he had come before her poorer and more friendless than she was. She had stood by her election and confirmed it, till it had become, to her mind, void by his deceit.

She had been wrong, and she had travelled to Shardleigh to confess it, and to re-establish, if he would, Archie Douglas's authority over her; but no more than in the beginning could her love go a-begging, though she was quite conscious that the reticence put her at what might be a fatal disadvantage.

She could not tell what she had expected of reconciliation, of propitiation, of two hearts once so loving and united, springing by intuitive perception to the hidden motives, the piteous relentings, and the yearning tenderness on each side. She only knew that her inmost soul sickened at the formal pretence of re-union which Archie Douglas was proposing, while she was ready to consent to it, as to her duty. With her duty she could and she had gone a-begging, but all expression of her love at the first unappeased, haughty sparkle of Archie Douglas's eye and curl of his lip, shrank back into the furthest and most secret recesses of her spirit.

Archie Douglas sent for Mrs. Ramsay, who, though she was a woman of the world and of Mrs. Perry's code of manners, stood aghast at the abrupt communication that a mistress of Shardleigh had arrived on foot, in the early morning, walking in upon the household unexpectedly and unrecognised as if she had been a spirit. And this was the young Squire's wife about whom there had been such divided and contradictory accounts—who had been now described as a low young woman working with her hands—now a proud and perverse young lady of birth and fortune who had been kept out of her inheritance, and whom the Squire's mother had taken to speaking of with marked respect and a certain indefinite anticipation. Was this Mrs. Archie Douglas—this woman quiet and lady like as she was handsome, who stood subdued and self-restrained, suffering the Squire to present her to his chief servant, and even saying, of her own accord, with gentle friendliness, "Yes, I hope that we shall know each other better," in answer to Mrs. Ramsay's flurried greeting. And, to complicate the mistress of the house's arrival, there was the master's departure the very next day.

Mrs. Ramsay could scarcely control the whirl of astounded, conflicting feelings which beset her, till she was at liberty to rush to her own room and call a counsel of the more responsible servants, headed by Mr. Debree, to tell them the tale, and to advise with them how to behave in the strange emergency in a household of position and respectability like the Douglases'.

After he had installed her in the house, Archie Douglas formally apologized to Pleasance for leaving her alone, that he might go to Westbrook to transact pressing business in reference to his immediate departure. "I shall write to my mother," he said with the same forced, exaggerated politeness—in which there was an element of restless anxiety, that he had used from the beginning—"she will rejoice to learn that you have assumed your proper place; she will welcome you, if you care to have her welcome. You have no opposition or the slightest blame to apprehend from her," he added with an impatient half smile and incipient shrug of the shoulders; "she has arrived at setting her heart on your presiding at Shardleigh. As for my sister Jane, she is innocent of intending to do harm; she is as

good and true as gold, and she has no sister of her own, you and Jane should be friends," he finished with implied reproach quickly suppressed. Pleasance could not tell whether he had been told of Jane's visit to Willow House, but she fancied he knew of it.

When he was gone, she stood at the library window, until Mrs. Ramsay came in state, and ushered her to a drawing-room which, with the adjoining suite of rooms had been closed, but had been opened up and put in order, on the spur of the moment, for her reception. Then Pleasance stood at the drawing-room window—a long French window opening on a terrace—she believed the very window out of which Archie Douglas and his sister had stepped, the night she had watched them from the bridge over Burnham Brook in Shardleigh Lane. She could see the ivy-hung bridge as well as a portion of the flower gardens at her feet; and beyond the gardens—a-blaze still with purple and white asters, African marigold, scarlet geraniums, and blue salvia—lay the park with its slopes—sunny even in October, its ferny dingles, and noble groups of forest trees.

Her eyes seemed to lack lustre, she could not take in the beautiful landscape before her. The bare pastures and meadows of the Manor farm were constantly coming between and taking the place of the real scene. Her mind was in a stupid maze. Could she be the same Pleasance Hatton who had worked diligently in the fields, and laughed to scorn the idea of becoming a lady? Could the master of Shardleigh, who spoke only to be obeyed, be the very Joel Wray whom Long Dick had rated for his bad wheat-hoeing, to whom Dick, mocking, had set the unsuitable task of hoisting the sacks of corn into the cart for the mill?

Pleasance was lonelier than on the day when Mr. Woodcock had brought her to Willow House. As the hours wore on, the portion of the flower garden and the park on which her eyes were fixed, ceased to be solitary. They became peopled on this public day with visitors from Westbrook and the neighbourhood, who availed themselves of what was likely to be one of the last fine days of the season, to stroll in groups here and there, stand and make comments on the flowers, or sit and rest under the trees. Pleasance said to herself that no figure there was or would be such a forlorn stranger at Shardleigh as its mistress. She had an instinctive comprehension that the whole house was in a state of excitement—of rebellion for anything she knew, though everybody was studiously civil to her; but excitement and rebellion were alike over for her. She asked herself was it retribution? Had she by flying from her fate brought it down upon her with tenfold force?

Archie Douglas took every precaution to avoid awkwardness, and to save what might be Pleasance's feelings. He said in her hearing to the servants that Mrs. Douglas's luggage was to follow her, and bade them let the two have dinner without ceremony in the library.

But although he had said "without ceremony," and although Pleasance wore of necessity the blue serge gown in which she had travelled, Archie Douglas dressed punctiliously even to the diamond ring on his brown hand, and the fresh camellia in his coat, and in that guise, as he might have led a duchess to a seat of honour, came and offered his arm to Pleasance and put her at the head of the table.

This dinner was the first meal that the two had eaten together since they became man and wife a year before. In that sense it might have been considered as replacing the marriage feast in the Manor House kitchen from which both bride and bridegroom had been absent. But there was little hilarity to celebrate the occasion; and if Archie Douglas remembered it, he did not betray the remembrance in the painfully measured conversation, kept studiously devoid of allusions, which, as if he were striving to entertain a stranger, he made for his wife, even after he had dismissed the servants from the room, and Pleasance and he sat alone together over their dessert.

He had asked her what impression the neighbourhood had made upon her, as if she had seen it for the first time.

Pleasance, answering as mechanically as he questioned, said she had admired the woodlands more on this occasion than on the last. She was conscious the next moment that she had implied an earlier acquaintance with the country, and so she added, with an increase of colour, "I was here before."

"Indeed," he said, so surprised as to cause him to raise his eyes quickly to her face and let them fall again, but he would not allow himself to put another question.

Pleasance felt this was worse and worse. On what occasion, or for what purpose to spy out the land or to spy upon him might he not suppose that she had been there?

"I came to Westbrook on the first of September, when there was an accident," she forced herself to explain, desperately.

He looked at her fully this time. He had not the cruelty to suggest, "And you expected to find yourself a widow, no doubt?" He was too much agitated if he had had the heart. "I know that there was a mistake and confusion of names," he muttered, "but Woodcock came down at once and found out the blunder."

"But I had left before I heard from him again," said Pleasance briefly.

"It must have been the day that the prince was here," Archie Douglas reflected, speaking out his thoughts, "when the other Douglas, my double, was pronounced out of danger, and I had to get into a red coat, half-asleep as I was, and ride to the review, and back here to do duty as host. But everything went off well; I remember Janey and I got quite merry over it, after the affair was over."

Pleasance could have told him that she had also been a witness to their merriment; but she was occupied with the thought that his account of it in place of grating discordantly upon her, somehow sounded pathetically in her ears.

He forestalled her rising from the table by suddenly proposing to show her the winter garden, since the hour for closing it to the public had struck, while his manner grew gentler and more uncertain.

Pleasance could only comply, and fill up the *rôle* of this strange unreal first and last day with Archie Douglas at Shardleigh. She could bear to the full the torment of such intercourse, realising that there was in the torment the lingering thrill of former bliss, and knowing that it was to come to an end within a few hours.

The winter garden deserved its renown in its labyrinths, alleys, and central hall, where there was a great fountain. The umbrageous flowering partitions, and flowery ceiling, the bosky verdure, brilliant blossoms and tropical fruit on every side, consisted of the choicest productions of Italy, Spain, Egypt, and farthest Mexico. The strangers who were permitted to breathe the luxurious, perfumed air, to look up at lemon and palm trees, and down on lotuses and cacti, called it as good as varied foreign travel or fairy land. To the couple whose toy paradise it was, and who were straying there for the first time together, two severed souls within its bounds, with the world whispering and peeping at them in the distance, it was like a region under a spell—not out of keeping with their own unnatural position and tumult of feeling.

Each remembered how and when Archie Douglas had spoken of the great conservatory to Pleasance, and each knew that the other remembered. When they had made the round of the whole, they paused at the aviary at one end, where Archie pointed out to Pleasance every gold and silver pheasant, turtle dove, and love bird, as if he were bent on making each introduction to her himself. He even put off some time in attempting to catch the birds that he might put them into her hands for her to inspect more closely, with no other result from the proceeding, than the evidence that their hands trembled too much to hold a bird.

He took her a second time past the huge myrtle which had been a great plant when his mother brought it from her father's old-fashioned green-house, where it had supplied her and her sisters with their bridal wreaths. It was not in blossom, but he plucked some sprays and offered them to Pleasance. "I have imagined something like this, a hundred times," he said, "still the picture was different." He hesitated a moment. "Pleasance," he said, impulsively, "answer me one question—Was it duty that brought you to Shardleigh the very day you heard of my supposed accident?"

"I did not think of duty," she replied hurriedly, plucking to pieces the sprigs of myrtle. "I could not help coming."

"If such helplessness had only befallen you earlier—" he exclaimed, half dryly, half sadly. "Do you know, Pleasance," he began again, "if I had been actually shot, and brought down to the verge of the grave, I have a notion that I should have sent for you, in view of not being able to go to you myself, and after I was broken down in strength and spirit, remember, begged your pardon humbly, once more, and sought a word of grace."

"Oh! no, no," she cried, "I am glad it was not so. It was not for you, though you had done wrong, to humble yourself afresh in the dust. It was your wife's part which she was slow to learn, to submit."

"Pleasance," he said again, with his eyes kindling and his breath coming fast, "what if we have mistaken each other a second time? I could wish I were not going away to-morrow, that I might begin all over again, and perhaps make it up at last, but I have volunteered my services, and Sir Ashley depends on me. Pleasance, Pleasance, you have not forgiven—you will never forgive me. Why do you not say, 'Stay, Archie, for my sake?'"

"I cannot," she said with a sob; "I had rather say, 'Go, and take me with you.'"

He took both of her hands in his. "What!" he asked, "is Shardleigh, then, nothing worth in your eyes? Can you foresee the tedious voyage, the rough colonial life?"

"I believe Shardleigh is the most beautiful place in the world," she said solemnly, "but the voyage would not be tedious, nor the colonial life rough to me; and then, when we had earned the reward which we had both forfeited, we might come back, and Shardleigh would be home."

He saw that she was wise, and for that matter he was ready to forego Shardleigh for the half of his existence, if he might have Pleasance, his wife, come back to him in very deed, seeking him, not Shardleigh.

He took her in his arms with an ejaculation of passionate satisfaction, and Pleasance did not withdraw from his embrace, but receiving it as a sign of his consent to her wish, as well as a seal of their reconciliation, put up her arms to his neck and offered her lips for his kiss; and Pleasance was a woman whose caresses were sufficiently rare to be exquisitely precious, yet not so rare as to make those she loved pine for them.

So the October night fell on their true marriage day.

CHAPTER LX.—WHAT SHE CAME TO.

MRS. DOUGLAS always said that her son and his wife had the most romantic story she knew, and that Archie took his taste for romance from his mother, so that all about his marriage, and her daughter-in-law above all, was the greatest delight to her. Mrs. Archie was the daughter of Fred Hatton of Redmead, and her mother was a Fowler—Mrs. Douglas was persuaded, one of General Fowler of Capley's family.

Pleasance had said to her mother-in-law distinctly, "My mother came of plain yeomen. I never heard that she had any connection a general."

But Mrs. Douglas had kept to her point. "Depend upon it, my dear child, the family is the same. You have Amy Fowler's eyes, and your sister's name was Anne, while to my knowledge there was an Anne Fowler of the elder branch. Straws show how the wind blows."

"But this is such a small straw. Anne is a common name," argued Pleasance against the honourable connection imposed upon her. "If it had been Pleasance, my own name, and which was also my mother's, occurring in another family of Fowlers, there might be something in the fancied affinity; though even then there is this to be said, that in old country places, where St. Placentia once took her turn of worship in the Romish calendar, Pleasance is occasionally to be found to this day."

"I will not be disabused of my theory, and of the second version of Amy Fowler's eyes—even to the short sight," said Mrs. Douglas playfully; "General Fowler's family themselves think the relationship highly probable. My love, you must not be exclusive, and mortify the good people by declining it."

Mrs. Archie's father and mother's marriage, Mrs. Douglas went on to relate, had also been one of those charming love marriages which show that the slandered world is not so heartless after all. But the marriage had been against the grain with the heads of the families; there had been the usual reprehensible neglect, under which the poor young couple had died; and the orphan daughter, darling Pleasance, had been suffered to grow up in the most wonderfully unsophisticated fashion.

But Archie had found out for himself the Sleeping Beauty, and won her before the great change in her fortune, when her grandfather's last will came to light, and she was discovered to be the real heiress of Heron Hill. That property had only been held, in consequence of an overlook, by the poor Wyndhams, her aunt and cousins. Mrs. Douglas was very sorry for the Wyndhams, especially as the late Mr. Wyndham and his son had spent a great deal of money; and Nelly's Roman count would fain swallow up more than her portion, while Mrs. Wyndham had not yet secured an establishment for Rica.

Heron Hill, with its mines, was a mine of wealth in itself, which Archie certainly did not need with his wife, and he had not coveted it. But Mrs. Douglas could say that her son and daughter were good stewards of their large possessions: witness their going out to Queensland, and remaining two years there in the suite of Sir Ashley Morgan. They took a deep interest in emigration. Indeed, what did they not take an interest in that concerned their fellow-creatures, and especially their own people? Mrs. Archie was not a bit behind her husband; she made him a perfect wife, and they shamed older folk by their chivalry. Mrs. Douglas called these modern crusades against poverty, ignorance, and vice, the highest chivalry; she was proud to think that both her son and daughter—not to speak of her other daughter, her little Jane, who was only her mother's companion yet—belonged to the order.

Pleasance could never quite comprehend or become wholly intimate with Mrs. Douglas, in spite of her ultimate pronounced partiality for her son's wife, for which Pleasance was in a measure grateful—in spite of Mrs. Douglas's delicacy of health, which proved a special attraction to Pleasance, and prompted her to nurse the invalid tenderly whenever she had the opportunity.

But Pleasance and Jane Douglas lived fully to realise the expectation entertained, in different circumstances, of their becoming friends and sisters. This was the case above all, after Jane fulfilled her destiny—urged on to it by her mother's elaborate precautions to prevent it, even while Jane thoroughly believed in and dearly loved her mother—in carrying her large portion, her youthful bloom, and her genuine goodness, to the penniless curate, her Welsh cousin. Pleasance took at once, and without the least pretence, to the plain living and high thinking of Welsh gentility in the curate's circle. She induced Archie Douglas to spend in it many happy holidays like those of his youth.

All that happened years after the Douglases' return from Queensland, and after Pleasance was settled at Shardleigh, which she was not tempted to forsake for Heron Hill. Nevertheless the vexed question of the welfare of the miners, whose toil contributed so largely to the Douglases' wealth, was studied in all its bearings by husband and wife, until Archie Douglas threatened to forsake the light of day, and take a "shift" in the coal and ironstone workings, as he had done a turn at farm labour. If he had fulfilled his intention, he would have but followed the example of an ancient Scotch earl.

Rica Wyndham had judged rightly that Pleasance's beauty, wealth, good descent on one side of the house, and natural ability, together with the originality bred of her history, were elements of popularity in any class.

Pleasance had not to grow a noble lady; but the nobleness that was in her from the beginning was enlarged and stripped of the fetters imposed upon it by injury, suffering, and prejudice.

As for the stories of early incompatibility between Mrs. Archie Douglas and her husband, and of their having spent the first year of their marriage apart, Pleasance's neighbours unanimously agreed to cancel them, shrewdly concluding that there was more than met the ear in explanations which were not given to the public, else why had Mr. and Mrs. Douglas gone out together, without any call, to Queensland, and why were they notoriously one of the happiest, most inseparable couples in the county?

So soon as Pleasance began to feel that not only the great, well-appointed, hospitable country house, not only Archie with his energy, generosity, and good temper in full swing, but that she herself with her inexhaustible friendly sympathy and human interest, could be of service to oppressed mothers and dissatisfied daughters, harassed fathers and unsatisfactory sons, in halls and lodges, as well as in cottages, her heart began to warm to the first as to the last.

Even the seasons in town lost their unpalatableness. Her neighbours' wants followed and found her there. Archie was in Parliament, labouring for his fellows, making use of his experience as a senator, and she had blue books to read, extracts to copy out, applicants and petitioners to see for him. She went into company with him that they might have yet more fellowship, receive still more enlightenment, and as iron sharpens iron, she felt her own wit sharpened, and enjoyed its play and the play of other wits, where intellect is keenest and most brilliant.

Nothing pleased Pleasance better than Mr. Woodcock's secret pride and satisfaction in Archie Douglas's having set at nought all Mr. Woodcock's own alarming predictions, in proving a worthy son of his father in the yet more difficult task of spending, as it ought to be spent, than of earning a fortune.

Mr. Woodcock himself found idle hours to escort Pleasance without his niece, and when Archie was in committee, to the Tower and to those sights of London which never palled upon her.

Mr. Selincourt ate his leek to the extent of owning that Archie Douglas had been the most far-sighted, and he—Mr. Selincourt—the most purblind of men.

With Lizzie Blennerhasset and Long Dick, who continued to thrive across the sea, Pleasance and Archie Douglas kept up pleasant relations.

Pleasance's intercourse with her kindred the Wyndhams was not so satisfactory. The limit of Pleasance's concessions having been reached, Mrs. Wyndham was no longer impelled by her family's interest, to cultivate a late regard for her niece. But as Pleasance had done well for herself, Mrs. Wyndham, who had an immense respect for worldly success, was never anything save pompously civil to Mrs. Archie Douglas, when they did meet.

It was otherwise with Rica; she did not

forgive the slight which she considered Pleasance had put upon her by the rejection of her companionship. She really resented it far more than the fact of Pleasance's having taken Archie Douglas from her. Rica was not in the least sentimental, though she was passionate, and Archie Douglas had not stirred her passions. Rica showed her hostility, as openly as she had once shown her patronage. All—happily it was but little that baseless slander, bold allegation, and unconcealed malice could do—she directed against Pleasance, even after Rica had married a wealthy old man—old enough to have been her grandfather, and who, though he was vicious rather than weak, she contrived to browbeat to her own ends. But Pleasance was well protected from Rica Wyndham's shafts, which flew around her well-nigh innocuously. When Pleasance and Archie Douglas wished to get away from the petty spite as well as from the honourable cares of life, they were wont to go off for holidays, which they enjoyed even more than those among their Welsh relations. The couple left their home and the children born to them, and resorted to the heart of the moors of the Scotch Highlands, or to out-of-the-way nooks in the Black Forest, or among the Hartz Mountains, where the husband and wife made believe to live over again the days of their expatriation in Queensland, or the more distant days of their service on the Manor farm.

THE END.

THE COMMUNION-TABLE IN CHESTER CATHEDRAL.

VII.—SPICES AND FINE LINEN.

"IN the place where He was crucified there was a Garden; and in the Garden a new sepulchre, wherein was never man yet laid; there they laid Him; for the sepulchre was nigh at hand." These words take our thoughts, along the path which has been chosen, from Good Friday to Easter Eve.

With the taking down of the Lord's body from the Cross we come immediately and literally to the Garden which St. John names; and with this express association, and with some of the thoughts which it suggests, we shall presently conclude. But in another sense, too, the same association demands our attention by the way.

If we are to complete our enumeration of the plants and trees which come before our notice in the history of the Passion of Christ, and to fill in all the details of the Garden (in this sense) which surrounds the Cross, we cannot omit the "myrrh, aloes, and fine linen," which accompany the Entombment.* We have to deal—not simply with natural growths, as the Palm and the Olive—or with the use that may be made of such natural growths, as in the case of the Reed and the Hyssop,—but with plants made into articles of manufacture and articles of commerce. This description might be given of the Bread and the Wine which come from the corn and the grape; but reverence seems to forbid our pursuing such a thought in connection with that part of our subject. Human industry, however, and human trade, in connection with the vegetable world, have a place, which must not be overlooked, in the account of what belongs to Easter Eve, and in our corresponding artistic representation.

In the Western world we have no notion of the great part which spices and perfumes have always played in the Eastern. A comparison in this respect reveals one of the characteristic differences of the East and West. It has been said that "the whole air of Southern Asia is filled with the smoke and sweet odour of these perfumes, the most precious products of Arabia, the Eastern Archipelago, and China; and it is in the bazaars of these countries—where their use, and in many instances their very names, have been kept in an unbroken tradition—that the identification of the precious perfumes named in the Bible can be studied with the greatest interest and the best chances of success."* How the habit mentioned by this writer prevailed of old, we can see from the frequent notices of these fragrant substances in the Bible. "Spices" were among the presents sent by Jacob through his sons to Joseph in Egypt.† The "traffic of the spice merchants" was prominent in the commercial system of Solomon.‡ "All thy garments smell of myrrh, aloes, and cassia," is a familiar sentence of the Psalms.§ In the

* John xix. 39, 40. Compare Mark xiv. 8, and xvi. 1.

* Dr. Birdwood in the "Bible Educator," vol. i., p. 241.
† Gen. xliii. 11. ‡ 1 Kings x. 15. § Psalm xlv. 8.

description of the Garden in the Canticles we read: "Thy plants are an orchard with pleasant fruits, with spikenard and cinnamon, with myrrh and aloes, and all the chief spices.*

Such fragrant products of the cultivated garden were especially used at the interment of the dead. Of the burial of Asa it is written in one of the Books of Chronicles, "They buried him in his own sepulchre, which he had made for himself in the city of David, and laid him in the bed which was filled with sweet odours and divers kinds of spices prepared by the apothecaries' art."†

This is enough to illustrate what is immediately before us. It is somewhat remarkable that St. John only tells us of the "myrrh and aloes" in connection with our Lord's entombment, as he only mentions certain other particulars which have furnished subjects for the successive parts of this course of meditations. Along with Joseph of Arimathæa, says this Evangelist, "there came also Nicodemus, which at the first came to Jesus by night, and brought a mixture of myrrh and aloes, about a hundred pound weight: then they took the body of Jesus, and wound it in linen clothes with the spices, as the manner of the Jews is to bury." And then follows the text concerning the Garden, which has supplied the general motto for these papers.

As to the particular ingredients which were lovingly and reverently brought together, in such large and lavish quantity, by Joseph of Arimathæa and Nicodemus, we cannot speak with any positive certainty. There is much greater difficulty, however, in identifying that which is termed "aloes" than the substance named "myrrh." There is no reason for supposing that it was the same substance as that which receives the same name in the account of the medicated wine or vinegar mentioned in the last section. However this may be, we have fair reason for believing that we know the plant from which the "myrrh" of the Entombment came. That which is carved here on the olive-wood and embroidered in the needlework at the south end of the Table is in accordance with the opinion of the majority of competent writers on the subject.

And now—to turn to the "fine linen," in which that sacred body was reverently folded—here we are in contact with no merely eastern custom, but with that which is common to East and West and to all the world. The fibre of the flax underlies, so to speak, all human civilisation. The blue flower of the flax is familiar to almost all nations. And as with its geographical range over many countries, so with its continuous use throughout all ages. The "flax" has a most distinct place in the account of the plagues which came on the land of Egypt.* So it has likewise in the account of the entry of the Israelites into the land of Canaan.† Of the model mother of a household in the Book of Proverbs it is said, "She seeketh wool and flax: she is like the merchants' ships."‡ This plant is the basis even of a proverbial saying quoted in the Gospels.§ The phrase "fine linen" occurs again and again in both the Old Testament and the New. This is continued even into the Book of Revelation, where we read that "fine linen is the righteousness of the saints."‖ The flax, as a subject here both for carving and needlework, is in itself beautiful, and truly Biblical, and by no means recondite in its meaning.

But this must suffice for a glance at that part of our general subject. We are also to bear in mind, in our meditations for Easter Eve, that our Lord's body, after crucifixion, was *literally* laid in a garden. And what reflections does this suggest to us? It suggests many.

Let us consider this—that this laying of our Lord in His grave at the close of those hours of agony and shame was such as to help all our feelings of reverential love and calm devotion. It might have been otherwise. That sacred body, so torn by the nails, so pierced by the spear, so blood-stained and marred, might have been neglected and dishonoured. The disgrace might have been continued even after death, so as to have made our minds shrink with horror. This was not so appointed. But it might have been. It would not have affected the reality or the efficacy of the Atonement. But it would have made a great difference in the meditation of all devout souls that seek to find peace and complete rest in the death of Christ.

"In the place where He was crucified was a garden: and in the garden a new sepulchre, wherein was never man yet laid." There the sinless body was placed in the pure rock; and around was the evening fragrance of the flowers. Was it not evidently right that this should be? The flowers are always soothing in sorrow: the sight of flowers causes no distress, no fatigue: they are welcome in the sick chamber: we place

* Song of Sol. iv. 13, 14. † 2 Chron. xvi. 14.

* Exod. ix. 31. † Josh. ii. 6. ‡ Prov. xxxi. 13.
§ Matt. xii. 20. See Isa. xlii. 3. ‖ Rev. xix. 8.

them in wreaths on the coffins of the dead. Surely we are right to surround in our imagination, as we are invited to do by St. John, the Redeemer's grave with flowers.

Remember, too, that it was spring, the season of freshest beauty and life, the season which speaks to us of the resurrection. And spring in the Holy Land is more than it is with us; and it comes earlier. All travellers tell us of the charm of the flowers at this season in Palestine. One of them, a very eminent writer, journeying from the desert into the more cultivated land just at this time, and finding spring astir more and more at every step, and struck specially by the red anemones, which are termed there the "blood-drops of Christ," in the fields of tender green, adds, "In that solitary ride, through this peaceful passing away of death into life, there was indeed no profanation of the days of Passion Week." *

VIII.—CONCLUSION.

We have now passed in review, with Biblical and devotional comments, the chief features of the Communion Table, which is placed in the restored Choir of Chester Cathedral. There are still other parts of its structure and ornament which might be dealt with in the same way in order to make this treatment complete.† But these remaining paragraphs may be occupied to greater advantage by further reflections arising out of that text, which, placing the Cross and the Garden close together, has been taken as the general guide to our thoughts.

Let us revert to the Crucifixion. In that solemn interval of time which came between the agony in the Garden of Gethsemane and the entombment in that other Garden, there is a very marked instance of this combination of two thoughts which at first sight seem strongly contrasted. The expiring Saviour on the Cross said to the malefactor by His side, "To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.‡ Now this word "Paradise," denoting a Garden, is a term which, coming from the East, where the delights of cultivated flowers and fruits have always been peculiarly welcome, has enriched the Greek language, and then all European languages, with thoughts of beauty and rest. Many questions, of course, arise, and grave and difficult questions, when we try to consider deeply those words addressed by Christ to the penitent sinner, who was crucified near Him. But that which we are concerned with here is the image, which our Saviour, in those last moments of agony, Himself employs, to denote the calm assurance of forgiveness, and the safe repose which immediately after death the forgiven enjoy in the prospect of immortality. We see here a Divine sanction given to the association which is before our minds. The dying lips of the Saviour Himself surround the Cross with the image of a Garden.

And thus, too, the Garden, where our Lord Himself was laid after the Crucifixion, becomes to us, as it were, a parable, representing to us in a visible image the place where the souls of the faithful departed are at rest. His soul was now in Paradise, while His body lay in that new tomb; and it is because He was crucified, that His faithful servants after death are in peace and safety within that far-off Paradise. Thus again, in another way, and quite truthfully, we have the thoughts of the Cross and the Garden put side by side. One of the Greek fathers says, that "the new tomb in a garden signified, as by a type, that the death of Christ was to us the forerunner and beginning of our re-admission into Paradise."

This will be for us hereafter, if we are truly His while waiting for the resurrection. Meantime, even for this life, there are thoughts of instruction and comfort, which may be drawn from this near proximity of the Crucifixion and the Garden—this solemn fact that close by the very cross were the fragrance and freshness of the flowers. We may turn this subject into an allegory, and find fulfilments of this allegory in all parts of the experience both of the Church collectively and of the separate Christian.

Is it not true, for instance, that in whatever country the Cross is planted, there straightway grows a Garden? Follow the progress of real and successful missionary work, and you are sure to find this result. Wheresoever "Christ crucified" is set forth among men—set forth, it may be, with suffering and toil, and with the pains of martyrdom—there in due time the wilderness begins to "blossom as the rose." And if we suppose this sacred place, close to the crucifixion at Jerusalem, to have been rather an orchard than a garden, as indeed may well have been the case*—a place of fruits still more than a place of flowers—the resemblance here traced be-

* Dean Stanley's "Sinai and Palestine," p. 99. See p. 139.

† It ought to be added to what has been said in a note at the beginning that Mr. Armitage designed, as well as carved, all the panels except one. This note too affords an opportunity for expressing warm thanks to Mr. Carruthers of the British Museum, for help given in the identification of Scripture Plants.

‡ Luke xxiii. 43.

* See Good Words for September, p. 604.

comes almost more exact. Take the instance of that first successful mission at Philippi, when St. Paul brought Christianity from Asia into Europe: what opening of the heart took place, what charity, what hospitality, what tender sympathy, what faith, what joy—"even as the trees of lign aloes which the Lord hath planted beside the waters!"* So it has been everywhere, in a greater or less degree, under like circumstances. This Apostle, in one of his letters, speaks of Jesus Christ as "evidently set forth, *crucified* among" his converts;† and in another part of the same Epistle he says that "the *fruit* of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, gentleness, goodness, faith."‡ Wheresoever missionary zeal does faithful work, there, in the presence of that Crucifixion, are the fruits of the Lord's Garden.

And now consider what the Cross is to the individual heart. It is "the power of God unto salvation."§ It is death surrounded by life. It is through the Cross that the new life comes into the soul—the happy state of free pardon, with renovation through the breath of the Spirit of God. Truly thus there is a Garden in the heart—thus, and not otherwise. No Cross, no Garden. If sin is not forgiven, if the heart is not renewed, there cannot be growing life, there can only be decay. St. Paul says, "I am *crucified* with Christ: nevertheless I *live;* yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me."‖ It is through the apprehending of Christ by faith that we breathe freely, notwithstanding our guilt, and find our sorrow and shame turned into joy. The air is fresh and fragrant around us, because Christ has died. In closest connection with His death is a new spring-time of life. There is in very truth for the soul that is thus blest "a garden enclosed, a fountain sealed, an orchard with pleasant fruits, a fountain of gardens, a well of living waters:"* and a voice is heard "amongst the trees of the garden," saying, "Be not afraid; my Cross is thy salvation."†

And now, finally, if we turn our thoughts to the Great Future, some glimpses of which, through mysterious clouds, we are allowed to obtain by sharing in the vision of St. John, still the Cross is visible in close proximity to that peace and joy that are presented to us under the image of a Garden. It is a city indeed which we see in the vision; but it is a garden too. "He showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and the Lamb. In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month: and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations."‡ It is Eden once more, but a more glorious Eden than the first. Our Paradise regained is far better than the Paradise we have lost. Yet *even there* is the Cross. The Lamb that is the centre of all homage and praise is "a Lamb as it had been slain."§ Victory is obtained even there "by the blood of the Lamb."‖ Christ crucified, as He was the shame of the earthly Jerusalem, is the glory of the heavenly. "Thou art worthy," says the chorus of praise, "for Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood."¶

J. S. HOWSON.

* Num. xxiv. 6. † Gal. iii. 1. ‡ Gal. v. 22.
§ Rom. i. 16. ‖ Gal. ii. 20.

* Song of Sol. iv. 12, 15. † See Gen. iii. 8.
‡ Rev. xxii. 1, 2. § Ib. v. 6.
‖ Ib. xii. 11. ¶ Ib. v. 9.

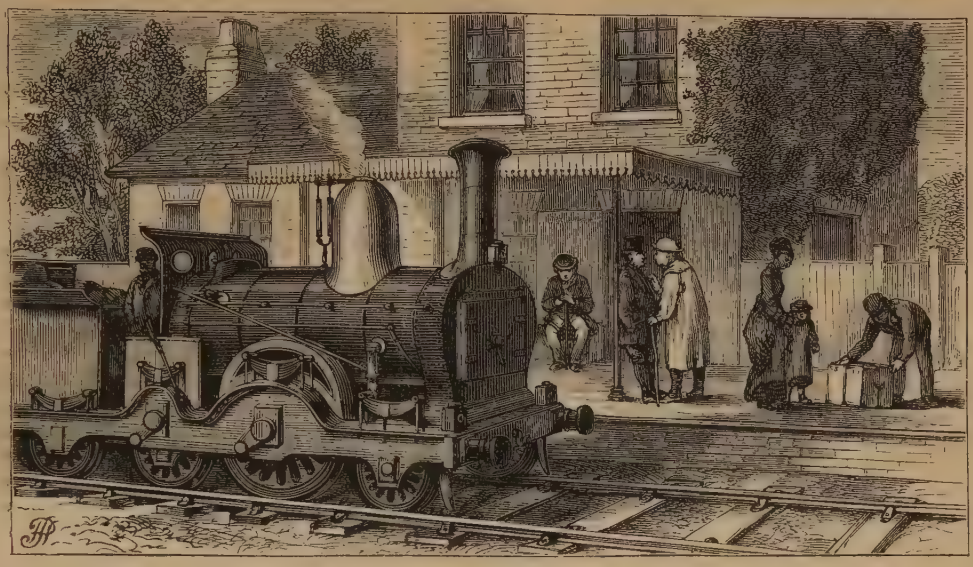
TO CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

THOU hast filled me a golden cup
With a drink divine that glows,
With the bloom that is shining up
From the heart of the folded rose.

The grapes in their amber glow,
And the scent of the blood-red wine,
All mingle and change and flow
In this golden cup of thine.

Sweet, sweet the curling vine!
Fleet, fleet, the rose's breath,
Sweet voice and song of thine,
Voice of love, and song of death.

DORA GREENWELL.



THE SERVICE OF STEAM.

IV.—THE ROMANCE OF RAILWAYS.

By J. SCOTT RUSSELL, F.R.S.

(II.)—WHAT IS A MODERN RAILWAY?

AS we have now discussed thoroughly, what is the measure of work our steam-horse has to do, and how each kind of steam-horse has to be constructed so as to be fit for its kind of work, we are next conducted to that branch of modern engineering which has to settle what is to be the nature of the iron way along which our iron-horse will have to travel and to drag his burden. The loads he can drag we already know and have calculated. The speed he can go we equally know. The way fit to receive him, and carry him and his load safely, surely, and quickly to his way's-end we have now to consider.

The design of a modern railway requires due and mature consideration of the following points:—

1. Permanent way, or what the road is to be made of, and how laid.

2. Gradients and curves, or up and down-hill, and roundabout.

3. Works, or bridges, tunnels, embankments, and cuttings.

To know anything at all of the nature of any one railway, we must know its features in these three respects:—

If the permanent way is of the right nature, and if it be carefully maintained in good order, you may have a safe railway.

If the gradients and curves are well chosen, you may have an economical railway to work on.

If you have unnecessary cuttings and embankments, and costly bridges and tunnels, your money may have been wasted, and the good line may yield bad return.

These are three points to be well considered by all who think of having anything to do with railways, either as passengers, directors, or shareholders. These three points give the main reply to the question, What is our modern railway?

Now there is one ruling condition which should govern the character of every railway which is proposed, undertaken, or constructed—*What sort, size, and weight of things has it to carry?*—If it has merely to carry passengers, post, and parcels, it may be of one nature. If it has merely or mainly to carry minerals, raw materials, and heavy goods, it may be quite of another nature. If it has to do both at once—to combine a slow heavy traffic of goods and minerals with a speedy,

punctual, passenger and parcels traffic, it must be of another and more difficult nature, the most arduous of the three.

It is plain, therefore, that the governing element, preliminary to constructing or using a railway, is the special nature of the traffic for which it is required. A train laden with hay, straw, roots, fruits, grass, and cattle requires one sort of waggons; while a train full of copper ore, iron, stone, steel bars requires quite a different class of waggons. For heavy materials in small bulk, one strength of rails are wanted. For light materials in large bulk, a different strength of rails will serve, and for high speed quite a different sort of way is required from what will serve slow speeds. It is plain, therefore, that a railway, as designed for one purpose, may be a very good railway, and as used for another purpose, may be a very bad railway. Before designing a railway its special use and purpose must be clearly set forth and deliberately settled. The nature and amount of traffic; the heaviest load it has to carry on each pair of wheels; the largest size of its waggons and carriages; the greatest speed to be used;—these should rule the design and govern the cost.

"Before we can take an intelligent interest in railway affairs, we must know something about them," was a remark made by an exceptionally able man, when asked to become a director of a new grand railway. "Nothing of the kind is necessary," said his intended colleague. "Your lordship will only have to occupy the chair a couple of hours a fortnight, sign the minutes, take luncheon, and pocket the fee! Leave all the rest to us!"

But in modern civilised life railways play so large a part, that even a mere railway passenger cannot fail to take some interest in the nature of the marvellous mechanism to which he entrusts his life and all that is dear to him, and on which his food and his work, his pleasure and his usefulness so much depend. Railway directors may choose to remain ignorant, and repose in the board room in security if they please; but railway passengers have a much more important, permanent, and real interest in railways, than an ordinary director.

Let us now proceed to examine,—

1. *The Iron Road or Permanent Way.*

The iron road is really the essence of the modern railways. It is the means of speed, the element of economy, the guardian of safety.

To a railway passenger, therefore, who wants me to tell him what is the essential nature of a railway, and what enables it to give the public the enormous advantages of speed, punctuality, economy, and safety, which make the good railway a model of perfect travelling to him who commits his life and property to its charge, I will try to tell in the fewest words what a modern railway is, and what it should be.

I remember asking one of the oldest railway engineers, one of my oldest colleagues, his definition of a railway. He did not reply, "It is a grand public work, with costly stone architecture, or noble brick buildings called termini." He did not say, "It is a noble public road, covered with costly viaducts a hundred feet high, with bridges over valleys, miles long, with tunnels piercing mountains through and through; with cuttings through hills, reducing them to level plains; with embankments across valleys, raising them high up into the air." He did not say they were marvels of human skill in architecture and engineering; gorgeous monuments of human waste and human wealth, and extravagant expenditure of other men's means for a few men's profit. He said nothing of all that, for he was a man who spent his own money, and spared other men's money. He said only this—"A railway means two bits of iron, laid side by side, five feet apart," and all the rest means merely—"how to place them where we want, and how to keep them there."

(1.) *Two bits of iron, laid side by side, five feet apart.*

These two bits of iron are the essential conditions of railway existence, and as they are good or bad, ill-made or well-made, ill-laid or well-laid, ill-kept or well-kept, so is the railway a safe one or an unsafe one, a smooth or a jolting one, an economical or a wasteful one. All these things have been done wrong, and sometimes done right!

Perfectly straight, perfectly even, perfectly smooth, seem simple enough conditions, and easy enough to fulfil. To take two bars of iron and lay them along a straight road, quite straight, seems easy. To lay two more bars accurately in a straight line with the first two, so as to continue the others straight on seems easy. To lay them on a level with each other, so that the straight line shall not be broken either right or left, nor up and down—all this seems easy, even though it require exactness and care.

Now all this is easy, quite easy, and the way to do it is simple and sure. But then comes the real difficulty. Having laid the rails right, how to keep them there—that is

a grand difficulty, which years on years of time, and millions on millions of waste, have scarce succeeded in teaching our railway men.

What was there about rails and laying them, which railway men did not know? They did not know even the following simple axioms :—

(1.) Rails to keep even should be long.

They made them short in little bits.

(2.) Rails to keep straight must be held together.

They made them free and independent.

(3.) Rails to run smooth must have uniform support.

They stuck them upon isolated detached points.

What, then, is a perfect rail?

A perfect rail should be a single piece of iron, at least twenty-two feet long, quite even, straight, and smooth. It should weigh forty pounds a yard, sixty pounds a yard, or eighty pounds a yard, according as it is to carry heavy engines and trains, or light ones; to last long, or wear out soon. Each rail will thus weigh from about three hundred, to about six hundred pounds, and it will require two hundred and forty of them to cover a mile. A mile of light rail thus weighs just over thirty tons, and a mile of heavy rail over sixty tons, and a line of way of two rails weighs, if light, sixty tons, and if heavy, one hundred and twenty tons. So that rails alone at £10 a ton for the iron, cost £600 to £1,200 a mile. For double ways going and coming, or double roads, rails alone cost £1,200 to £2,400 a mile.

Thus it will be seen that perfect rails need not cost more than £1,200 a mile for a single line, or £2,400 for a double line of railway.

The next question now arises—

What is a perfect way of holding rails together?

Rails made in long lengths of twenty-two or thirty-three feet have the great advantage, that every part of the rail gives help to every other part. If a bit of a rail yields, the other bits, if still in place, lend their help to keep it in place, and impart their own stiffness to it. This is one reason why long rails are wise, and short bits are foolish. But as even the long rails must end somewhere, where they end must be weak, for the iron on one side of the break can give no help to the other.

It is curious to learn that great engineers did not know this simple truth, that for many years some of the greatest fought against admitting this truth. Those who knew it, took timely precaution against it. They invented a cure, and adopted it to great public advantage. The others fought against it, and their ignorant prejudice caused public danger and public loss, until at last they were driven into it.

This simple cure was called "splicing the rail." It is often called "fishing. Every sailor knows what it is to splice a rope. When there is a break in a rope, the sailor takes a portion of the same material as the rope itself, consisting of an equal number of strands. He places the centre of this material in the centre of the break, and extends its two ends along the parted ends of the rope sufficiently far, and incorporates the material of the splice so perfectly with the rope, that all the strength of the one is given through the splice to the other.

The wise engineer did the same thing, he took two bars of iron, laid them across the break between two rails, brought them together on each side of both, and then bolted them together so firmly as to bind them into one. Some engineers even added a third splice below, and others incorporated the break into a sort of envelope. By these means the break is made as strong as the rest of the rail; both rails help each other to carry weight and to keep in place; both ends meet and unite and keep right; and thus great strength, security, and smoothness are given to the way at small cost by simple means. At last nearly all engineers have been compelled to do this.

How to give uniform support to the rails from below is the next great question.

This problem, too, has remained as long in the vale of doubt and ignorance as the rest. "Let us take the hardest granite in large blocks, lay them under the rails along in line some four feet apart. Where the break of rails comes, let us have a larger heavier block to take the heavier strain, let us fasten to the summit of each granite block a flat block of iron, so shaped above that it will carry the rail on an elevated seat and hold it as a hand holds a rod; and thus clutched by an iron railway chair, and perched on the summit of a granite block, we shall be able to create a mathematical point strong enough to last for ever, and to sustain the rail in power and strength against time and strain."

Alas! This best possible was merely the worst possible. Than such a solid stone and iron foundation, nothing can be more costly, less durable, or more dangerous.

Let us study how this came to be done, and how it came to be abandoned. It was done by the doers' having a smattering of science, but not true science itself. Nothing is so dangerous as a little science—you should know "all or none." Of that science with which you have practically to deal, a little misleads you and those whom you lead.

In the early days of railways science was just risen above the horizon of the world of practice. Tradesmen had just been taught that there were new truths their fathers had not taught them, because they themselves did not know them. There was a rush of engineers into engineering who knew just enough to make others believe they knew, and their smatterings of science produced strange smatterings of work. They had seen in treatises on natural philosophy, the statement that the strongest form of beam, bar, or girder, was a "parabola." What a grand captivating word was a parabola! In plain mother English the "navvie" translated it into "fish-belly," and the fish-bellied rail became "a grand invention," and millions were spent on it. Now, the granite block, the pivot iron chair, and the fish-belly, or parabolic rail, all went together as a grand whole—only all were wrong.

In one way of looking at it the parabolic girder is right—it is the best form. The iron chair or pivot is all right. The granite block suits them both. Only all three make a bad railway. If we take the parabolic or fish-bellied form of beam, and call it a rail, or iron bar forty-eight inches long, if we rest the ends of this iron beam on two bearing points or pivots of iron, standing on two bases or chairs of iron, which sit on the summits of two granite blocks; if we take these granite blocks, and set them with their centres four feet or forty-eight inches asunder, and seat them solidly in earth, we have done three clever things, all seeming scientifically correct. The fish-bellied beam is the form of most strength with given material; the iron chair seated on the block and bearing the parabolic point of the beam on its point or pivot by a fitting seat or bearing; the granite block itself taking the strain from the crane of the iron chair, and spreading it out over the square yard or square ell of ground which it covers, is all right and correct as a beam, as a chair, and as a stone foundation —only as a railway it is all wrong.

This railway, with its fish-bellied rails rolled in wrought-iron bars, was nonsense, because it was an agglomeration of patches of good things, but without consistency as a whole. I have travelled over many railways made on this system. Every granite block you feel as you cross it by a jolt up or down. Every chair works loose and jerks between block and rail, and as the weakest part of the rail is where it crosses the chair, there is no continuity in the rail, and you endure, and the train endures, and the railroad endures, a series of concussions every few feet of travel, up and down, or side to side, regularly or irregularly, according to the better or worse state of the road.

This beautiful thought of making each bit of a railway perfect by itself, on its own independent foundation, by fish-bellied bars, pivot chairs, and granite blocks, has ruined, not its thinkers, but its victims, owners of many railways. The larger and fitter truth gradually displaced the shallow scraps of truth, and so a sound system of constructing safe, stable, and economic railway lines slowly took its place.

I will call the sound system of railways—the continuous system.

I will call the past system—the broken system.

Now it is right to say that the errors of railway engineers in adopting a false system of constructing their ways, was not an error peculiar to themselves—it was merely an example of the manner in which untrained human nature gropes its way to truth. Most men see only a little bit of a question at a time, they take this little bit for the whole, and only when it is too late they see the rest of the truth. Only these men do us this good, that they teach those who come after them, by means of the blunders they have made; and the reader is now reaping the fruit of knowledge extracted from years and millions of expensive blundering.

The lesson taught by all this is in laying down a railway to adopt a continuous system, and to maintain its continuity always perfect.

Instead of fish-bellies resting on iron points, in short lengths, make your rail a long even parallel iron bar, with no difference in its shape or size at any one point from any other, let it be five inches deep, two and a half inches wide, above five inches wide below; let it weigh, say seventy pounds each yard long, and let it continue even and unbroken as far as you can.

Where the one rail ends and the next begins, let the joint be so spliced as to give, as nearly as possible, equal strength and perfect continuity as if it were all in one. This you do by wise splicing.

In order that no jolts may be felt, try that no place may be on a stronger or on a weaker foundation than another, no hard granite blocks, no strong stone sleepers. Lay the flat bottom of a continuous rail on a flat beam of wood, lay the beams as close as practicable, so that the rail is everywhere supported on sound, even, level surface. These wooden sleepers are practically beams of nine or ten feet long, ten or twelve inches wide, lying across the rails, as near as can be, with convenience for getting at the ballast under them for repair, and six to eight inches thick. When the bottom of the continuous spliced rail, four or five inches wide, lies across a close series of these sleepers, the large flat faces of rails and sleepers fit continuously. The spliced rail gives longitudinal continuity. The cross sleepers brought near together give vertical nearly continuous support. Each sleeper also acts laterally in keeping the rails at their fixed distance asunder, and so gives lateral as well as vertical continuity.

There is one great virtue in these wooden sleepers across the line, not clearly seen by the advocates of exclusive longitudinal sleepers. I mean the maintenance of the two opposite sides of the way in continuous agreement with each other. The want of this I had once the opportunity of proving, by being asked to examine a line laid down by a staunch advocate of the exclusively longitudinal arrangement—that is, laying a longitudinal series of wooden sleepers right along under each rail — instead of laying them across under both rails. On travelling along the line a new and strange motion became sensible. Each rail following the little irregularities of the ground, gave to opposite sides of the carriage independent motions, rising and falling as if lying on independent waves, and this at high speeds became so great as to make a cause of so much discomfort and danger that it was abandoned.

The cross sleepers have this advantage, that being bound together by the two opposite rails which keep them in place longitudinally and vertically, they in turn keep the opposite rails in one plane, and keep them at the same time equidistant and evenly supported. In railways, therefore, as in many others matters, we have come back from complicated ingenuity to wise simplicity. What can be more simple and plainer to sound sense than two long bars of iron lying flat on a series of wood logs laid across under them, the bars and logs fixed together so that each helps to hold all the others in place, and each helps the others' weakness.

Such is the iron way, two straight bars of iron, five feet apart, laid on cross wooden sleepers. Firmly united, wisely joined together—forming an even, uniform, continuous whole—every part giving strength to every other, so that a strain on one is spread among all the others round about, and all hold well together and do the common work.

2. *Up-hill and Down-hill, Gradients and Curves.*

When railways for locomotive engines were first made, it was the belief of great engineers that they could not climb hills nor descend slopes, that their exclusive use was for a dead level, or a line nearly level. This belief was an important cause of extravagant cost in railways, because, to avoid what we now consider a very gentle rise or fall of level in the line, these engineers erected enormous viaducts and pierced enormous tunnels.

To appreciate what they did in this way, let us compare accurately the different steepness of rise and fall in going up-hill and down-hill. Let us begin with a common staircase on which we ascend in our own houses. Imagine each step of our staircase to be six inches high and twelve inches wide. We thus ascend at each step we take six inches, while we go forward twelve inches. And technically we call this a rise of one in two. This is rather steep for a staircase. I next take a gentler rise, by a staircase whose steps are five inches high and fifteen inches wide. So that while I rise five inches at each step, I go forward fifteen inches. Technically we call this a rise of one in three. A still gentler staircase would be made of steps four inches high and sixteen inches wide, or a rise of one in four, and I have even seen a flight of stone steps as gentle as three inches high and eighteen inches wide, or one in six; but this gentle rise in steps is rare.

When we get beyond one in six, we do not require steps, as a sloping way, with common gravel, used as a walk, will take us up a slope of one in seven, one in eight, one in nine, one in ten, without the expense of cutting or placing steps. If I call my length of pace in walking thirty-three inches, and if the slope of the road be such that in each step I rise three inches, that is a slope of three inches rise for thirty-three inches forward, or one in eleven.

One in eleven is an easy rise for a foot-way. One in twelve is steep for a horse-way, and steeper than that is generally avoided even in country roads, although for a short dis-

tance it is practicable for a horse and cart. For a man on horseback it is quite easy. Calling one in twelve the steepest road, we may consider one in twenty-four as the standard road. As a rule, on such a road, a carriage driving rapidly down, can travel ten or twelve miles an hour, without requiring the horses either to pull forward or to push backward. This is an advantage. On going up-hill there is twice as much strain on the horses as on the level; but as on going down there is next to none, the two are deemed to compensate one another.

Calling one in twenty-four or one in twenty-five a standard of the rise or fall of common roads going up-hill and down-hill, it is almost needless to say that if you wish a horse to draw the heaviest possible load at a slow speed, the dead level will enable it to draw the heaviest extreme load, and also that the gentler the rise in the roadway, the heavier the load the horse can draw. But highways are not made exclusively for heaviest possible loads, they are made also, perhaps equally or predominatingly, for fast traffic, especially main highways, some of which do not rise more than one in thirty or one in thirty-three.

Now this mode of rising up-hill and going down-hill, by slopes not exceeding an inclination of one in twenty-five or one in thirty-three, can only be put in practice where the nature of the hills and valleys permits it. Where steeper slopes cannot be avoided they must be encountered. But those steeper slopes have been and can be avoided. The Roman roads of the Cæsars, in England, as elsewhere, used to run nearly straight, taking the hills as they came, and making grand works to keep them straight. But the modern Cæsar, when he laid out his roads across the Italian Alps, added the improvements of modern engineering, and even in crossing terrible passes, cut noble ways, which remain there still as monuments of perfect science skilfully applied. The way in which hills and even precipices are made practicable for modern highways is familiar to men who have trodden the Alps or the Highlands. The road is made to wind around the slope of a valley, or the promontory of a hill so as to make the way much longer than if it were straight. As we know that we cannot diminish the height of the hill we have to surmount, what we do is, ingeniously to lengthen out the way we have to go over, before reaching the top. By this means, we do not diminish the height to be attained, but we do diminish the part of the height we attain in each single mile we go forward.

Let us now see what heights we can conveniently conquer in this way. Take a thousand feet high and consider how we can conquer it by a good practicable carriage road. The summit of one thousand feet is two miles off—each mile is five thousand two hundred and eighty feet—two hundred feet rise in one mile is almost exactly one in twenty-five.

Therefore to rise one thousand feet requires five times two hundred feet, or five miles of roadway. The distance being only two miles direct, the engineer must make the road wind round about the rising slopes of the hill for three miles more. By this means the ascent of one thousand feet by horse-carriage becomes long and gentle.

The problem of going over hills and mountains is not very different in its nature, as between horse-ways and railways. Yet the objects to be gained are sufficiently diverse to cause wide differences in the application. It is the peculiar differences between roads and railways which have led to the gigantic tunnels of the Mont Cenis and the Gotthard.

Up-hill and down-hill on a railway is as much more difficult for the railway, as the railway is better than the road. On an ordinary railway a horse-power can draw on a level ten times as much as on a road. Where the road loses power is when we come to speed. When the railway loses its power is when we come to steepness.

On a road it requires some one hundred and ten pounds of horse's-power to drag a ton two or three miles an hour. Up to twenty miles an hour, we can say that on a level it requires about eleven pounds of power to draw a ton of load on a railway. Therefore the advantage of a railway on a level is immense in heavy loads.

But on steep roads, the drawing power required is but little increased by steepness. On railways it would be increased *tenfold* with the same degree of steepness; and we must now proceed to modify all we have said about slow and heavy traffic on roads and on railways, up and down-hill, and accommodate our mechanical notions of up-hill and down-hill to the mercantile notions of time and money, of speed and price.

The superiority of railways over roads for heavy and slow traffic disappears as the railway and the road become steep; so that on the slopes of a common road, rails and railways become valueless. Modern tramways

are of this nature—they are lines of rails laid along common roads. For *level roads* they are a great gain. For *steep roads* they are worthless. Where level roads predominate over the steep ones in number and in length, tramways may still be employed advantageously in populous districts. Where steep roads predominate, tramways may fail to be useful.

Hitherto all we have said about the value of railways and roads going up-hill and down-hill, is true of heavy traffic and slow trains. When we come to speak of high speeds and passenger trains, all we have said has to be modified on account of the high value of extreme speed in modern life! "Speed at any cost" is nearly accepted as the companion to the other modern maxim, "Time is money." And there is so much truth in both, that we are compelled to count with both of them. To understand the question of the value of up-hill and down-hill on railways, we have to compare the effects of steep and gentle gradients on two things—on the *load* an engine will draw, and on the *speed* it will go.

The following is a list of the speeds a train will go, and the power it takes to draw it.

DRAGGING POWER WANTED FOR DRAWING RAILWAY TRAINS ON LEVEL LINES.

20	miles an hour	uses	11	lbs.	of power	per ton of train
30	,,	,,	22	,,	,,	,,
40	,,	,,	33	,,	,,	,,
50	,,	,,	44	,,	,,	,,
60	,,	,,	56	,,	,,	,,

Thus we see the great economy of slow trains, and the great cost of express trains. Sixty miles an hour costs five times as much as twenty miles an hour in dragging power alone. Hence the possibility, that in districts of heavy traffic, we may one day make separate lines of railway for heavy and slow traffic, and others for speedy and light traffic. This will be not only a measure of safety, but in some cases of economy; but it can only be used where the traffic being excessive for one line, will pay for the separation into two lines.

The speeds got by given dragging powers as we have shown them on level lines, cannot be got on lines that go up-hill and down-hill. For each gradient of steepness, much additional power is wanted to drag the train up-hill—to the following amounts.

ADDITIONAL DRAGGING POWER WANTED FOR TAKING RAILWAY TRAINS UP-HILL.

STEEPNESS OF HILL.				ADDITIONAL DRAGGING POWER.		
Rising	1 ft.	in	200 ft.	..... wants	11	lbs. per ton.
,,	1	,,	100	,, ... ,,	22	,,
,,	1	,,	70	,, ... ,,	33	,,
,,	1	,,	50	,, ... ,,	44	,,
,,	1	,,	40	,, ... ,,	50	,,

We now see the nature of the struggle which is daily taking place on every railway between speed and economy. On the level line, twenty miles an hour only costs eleven pounds of power. On the rise of one foot in two hundred feet of line, the cost is doubled by the eleven pounds power used in steepness of way. When the line rises a foot in each hundred feet of line, the cost is tripled, twenty-two pounds power being used by the steepness, or in all thirty-three pounds required to draw a ton instead of eleven. The following table shows the practical results:—

DRAGGING POWER FOR RAILWAY TRAINS GOING TWENTY MILES AN HOUR UP-HILL.

Gentle	rise of	1	ft. in	200	ft. wants	22 lbs.	of total dragging power per ton.
Common	,,	1	,,	100	,,	33 ,,	,,
Steeper	,,	1	,,	70	,,	44 ,,	,,
Very steep	,,	1	,,	50	,,	56 ,,	,,
Steepest	,,	1	,,	40	,,	66 ,,	,,

DRAGGING POWER FOR RAILWAY TRAINS GOING FORTY MILES AN HOUR UP-HILL.

Gentle	rise of	1	ft. in	200	ft. wants	44 lbs.	of total dragging power per ton.
Common	,,	1	,,	100	,,	55 ,,	,,
Steep	,,	1	,,	70	,,	66 ,,	,,
Steeper	,,	1	,,	50	,,	77 ,,	,,
Steepest	,,	1	,,	40	,,	90 ,,	,,

DRAGGING POWER FOR RAILWAY TRAINS GOING SIXTY MILES AN HOUR UP-HILL.

Gentle	rise of	1	ft. in	200	ft. wants	66 lbs.	of total dragging power per ton.
Common	,,	1	,,	100	,,	77 ,,	,,
Steep	,,	1	,,	70	,,	90 ,,	,,
Steeper	,,	1	,,	50	,,	100 ,,	,,
Steepest	,,	1	,,	40	,,	112 ,,	,,

These tables enable the public who pay to judge whether it is to their interest to go fast or to go slow, to have steep and cheap railways, or level and costly railways—it is a mere question of what speed, steepness, and capital cost the public. Speed has a given cost; steepness has a given cost; capital has a given value. Each must be duly balanced against the other, and only the public can judge which is the best for them.

Speed at any cost?—Level lines for lavish expenditure of capital? or moderate speed, moderate steepness, and moderate cost? If, therefore, the inhabitants of a valley or a village, or a town, or a county, or a country, want a railway, it is their duty, as it is also their very serious interest, to settle what sort of railway they want.

(1.) Are they content with twenty miles an hour?

(2.) Is their traffic heavy or light?

(3.) Does the nature of the country allow of easy level way at small cost?

(4.) Does the nature of the country allow

of steep rising and falling way at small cost?

(5.) Does the nature of the country exclude a cheap railway? and is the necessity for the line such as to justify extravagant waste on creating lines at enormous cost?

On the answers to these questions depends the practicability or impracticability of the public having the use of the proposed railway.

1. If the lie of the land is favourable, a line of railway may be made at a cost of £3,000 a mile, an interest of £150 a year. It may be supplied with engines and trains at £1,000 a mile, and it may have moderate stations and works at £1,000 a mile—say £5,000 a mile in all, or say a pound for each foot forward, which is £5,280, finished complete and ready for traffic. Of course, if the county wants the railway, it gives the land free?

Few railways in this country have cost so little as £5,000 a mile—most of them have cost more than five or six times that sum. A yearly interest of £250 per mile would be paid by a net revenue of a pound a day per mile: most people and most places can easily pay this. But the actual cost to this country for her railway system has been £25,000 to £36,000 per mile!

A YEAR AGO.

A YEAR ago we walked the woods,
A year ago to-day;
The lanes were white with blackthorn bloom,
The hedges sweet with may.

We trod the happy woodland ways,
Where sunset lights between
The slender hazel-stems streamed clear,
And turned to gold the green.

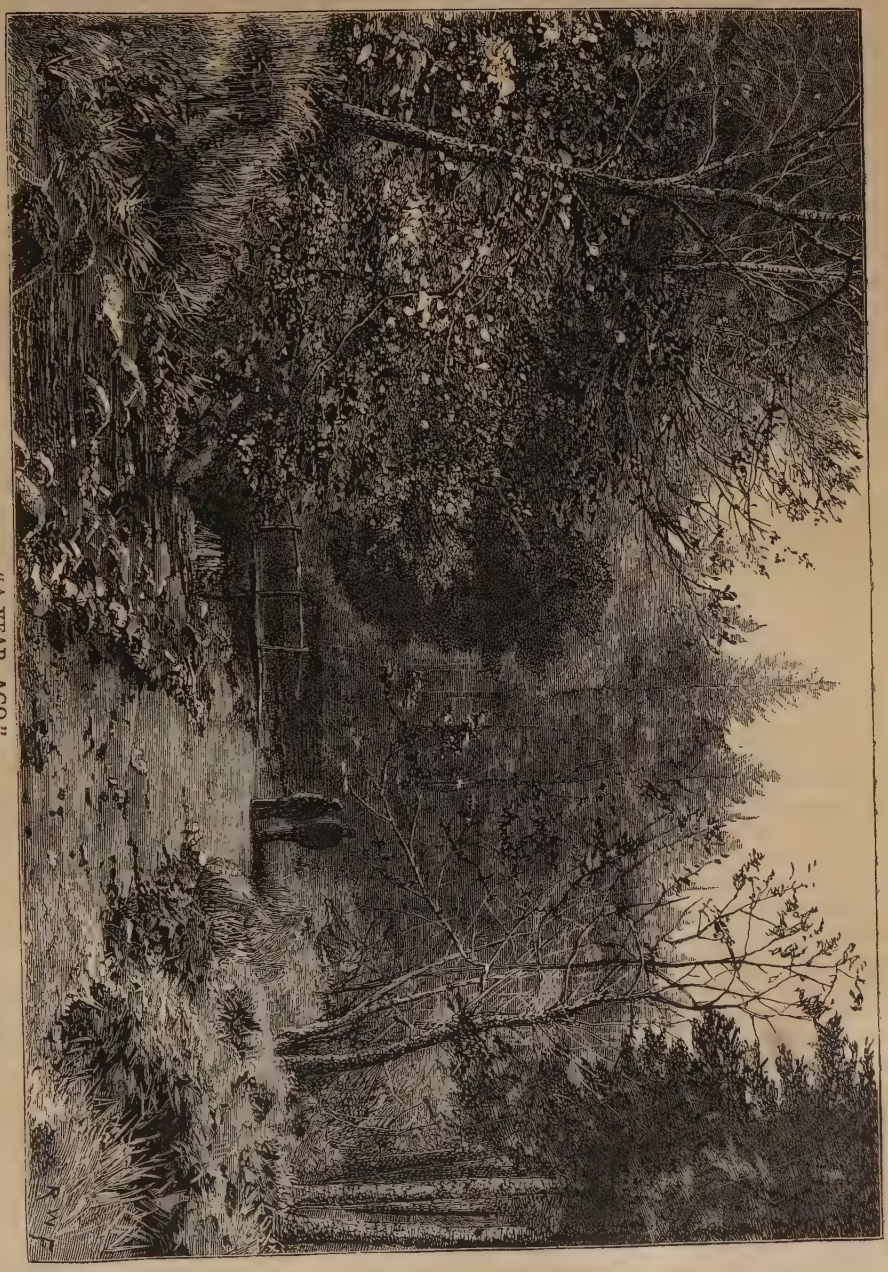
Thrushes sang through the cool green arch,
Where clouds of wind-flowers grew:
That beauty all was lost to me,
For lack of love to you.

And you, too, missed the peace which might
Have been, yet might not be,
From too much doubt and fear of Fate,
And too much love of me.

This year, O love! no thing is changed:
As bright a sunset glows;
Again we walk the wild wet woods,
Again the bluebell blows.

But still our drifted spirits fail
Spring's happiness to touch;
For now you do not care for me,
And I love you too much!

D. NESBIT.



"A YEAR AGO."

GRETNA, PAST AND PRESENT.

RAILWAY passengers flying across the Solway Moss and the tiny Sark get a poor idea of the amenity of Gretna. The best way to learn the beauties of the district is to take your stand on a summer's evening on Gretna Hill, which, though only about two hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea, commands a view of the mountain-ranges of upper Eskdale and Liddesdale, of Canobie Lea, Netherby, and all the "Debateable land" of the Grahams, of the wall-like Brampton hills, of Saddleback and the towering Skiddaw, with Helvellyn, Scawfell, and the long serrated ridge through which the rays of the sun play with delightful undulations, and behind which lies the enchanted ground of Wordsworth and the lake poets. Beyond are the Westmoreland hills, gradually sinking into the busy Lancashire, and, seawards, the little antiquated ports Allonby, Maryport, Workington, and Harrington, with the flourishing harbour of Whitehaven, and the Cleator ironworks, which send up a constant volume of smoke by day and a glare of fire by night. The bold rocks of St. Bees complete the view southwards, unless Sneafell or the Manghold Head rise out of the Irish Channel and reveal the Isle of Man,—

> "Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
> Of watery Neptune."

Nearer at hand may be seen the stalks of Carlisle, the Burgh marsh with the obelisk that marks the spot where the stalwart Edward I. succumbed on his march to Scotland, then Bowness with its rustic windmill, and the two-mile viaduct that spans the Solway and makes another connecting link between England and Scotland.

At the feet of the admirer roll the combined waters of the expansive Eden, of the Esk, ever liable to flood; and, often in olden times, the grave of tardy horsemen wending their way home at night from "Car'l" market, and the little Sark, so frequently dyed with the blood of desperate combatants. Westward, the view is shut in by the patriarchal Criffell, constantly reminding one of his age by putting on a misty cap, while the interval is filled up with level, rich, arable land, diversified here and there with little patches of rising ground, and clumps of trees or ridges of sandstone. A walk from Meg's hill to Torduff point will amply repay the pedestrian, for it will include the remains of an old Druid temple, enclosing about half an acre of ground (one of the standing stones consists of a block of rough whinstone, probably twenty tons weight, carried ten or twelve miles, no one knows how), the traditional scene of ancient alliances between England and Scotland, near Old Gretna, the Anglo-Saxon Gretan-how. Occasionally he may stumble on the vestiges of an old peel-tower, the stronghold of a border chieftain in the days when the Maxwells ventured thus far from Caerlaverock castle to keep up some feud and fill their larder. Crossing the romantic Kirtle (Kirkconnel Lee, where lies "Burd Ellen," with her lover Adam Fleming, is a few miles higher up) by a rickety wooden bridge, he will reach the prettily-situated Redkirk Mill. A good story is told of the late miller, who lived before the call for a public analyst arose, and scorned adulteration. Being asked by the sheriff, who was fixing the "Fiars" prices of grain, the value of a stone of oatmeal, he replied, briskly, "Two shillings, my lord." "How is this?" said the sheriff, "the others appear to sell at about 1*s.* 10*d.* Have you much custom?" "Ay, and mair orders," said the miller." "But how?" asked the sheriff. "O," said the miller, "I mak a' my meal frae oats." "Well," replied the judge, "and what do the others make it from?" "Ah!" responded the miller quaintly, "they are of age, ask themselves!"

About a mile to the west of the Kirtle is Redkirk farm (famous for wheat and well-bred short-horns), where stood the old church of Renpatrick assigned by Robert the Bruce to the monks of Giseburn, to which the name of *Redkirk* was given from the deep red colour of its soft sandstone. There were saltworks at various places on the shores of the Solway in early times. The monks of Melrose had one at Renpatrick, which they let to the monks of Holm-cultram in 1294. It was but the other day that the ruthless plough overturned the last of the stones in the churchyard consecrated for the Scotch (which in those early days meant the Irish) colonists.

A mile further west, on the very edge of the Firth, where the tide rises to the door-steps, stands the ancient whitewashed village of Browhouses, where you may still find a few descendants of the hardy fishermen, who speared the salmon *à la* Waverley, and vied with the inhabitants of Springfield in the

lawless occupation of smuggling, by which the border combatants maintained themselves for a century after the union put an end to international feuds and forays.

Marvellous stories are told of the white "bore" rushing up the sands at the gallop. The writer has frequently seen this foaming head of the tide, from two to four feet in height, approaching at the rate of eight miles an hour; and he has a vivid recollection of running before it from a stake net facing an English village, carrying a salmon and some twenty dozen flounders in a creel (no light weight for a boy), and escaping only at two o'clock in the morning, half wading, half swimming in the darkness through a "gitter" by which the treacherous tide had surrounded him.

As Newcastle is famous for coals, and Sheffield for cutlery, Gretna Green is famous for *runaway marriages*. Peers and judges have begun their married life here; while many a broad acre and many an envied title has depended simply upon the proof of a Scotch wedding at Gretna. The place had no privilege beyond other border districts, but its position on the highway between the capitals, the easily-marked boundary of the Sark, together with the number of distinguished parties flying to it, made it the great resort of all who were dissatisfied with home restraint and unbending guardians. The marriage ceremony consisted merely of a declaration by the contracting parties, before witnesses, that they were man and wife. This was followed by their living together as such, and the union was complete. Certificates were sometimes given on printed forms, and these were useful enough before the days of compulsory registration. I have heard of a presumptuous use of canonical dress and ecclesiastic forms, but this was contrary to law. There is no record of a blacksmith having acted the priest here. Perhaps the welding of young hearts glowing with ardour suggested the notion. Innkeepers, weavers, and others took up the trade according to circumstances; and a profitable trade it was. As much as £50 have been received for one marriage. If I mistake not, one man petitioned the House of Commons to allow him £500 per annum, when they ruined his trade by requiring one of the parties to reside twenty-one days in Scotland before marriage. Whatever merit the Gretna Green marriage had in the eyes of the English, many of the Scotch labourers thought the skill of the priest consisted chiefly in untying and tying anew the knots of Hymen, according to the wishes of the candidates.

The writer suggested to the late Lord Brougham, when legislating for the removal of this scandal, that provision should be made for acquiring, at a fair price, all the private registers of these irregular marriages which are tumbling about inns and private houses in Gretna, Annan, and other places, to which even peers have had to go and search with trembling of heart for evidence. Late as it is, many of these registers might still be obtained and lodged in security.

The neat little whitewashed cottage, on the right bank of the dividing stream, where one man kept his witnesses in readiness to make the runaway couples happy with incredible speed, and the more stately Gretna Hall, to which the grooms whipped up their steaming horses with bespattered carriages, are still regarded with interest and curiosity, for there some sowed the seeds of future greatness and prosperity, and others married in haste to repent at leisure.

After this general and hasty sketch of Gretna as it is to-day, let us cast a glance backward and see what was its social and ecclesiastical condition one hundred and fifty years ago. The source of our information shall be the records of its ecclesiastical court preserved in the beautiful handwriting of a distinguished pastor who began his labours in the parish about that time. An ordained minister was necessarily very much more to his people in those days than now. It often happened that he was the only learned man in the parish, and therefore he was regarded as the centre of enlightenment. His communication with the universities, and his professional reading kept him in the van in all matters of science and political economy. His correspondence made him the exponent of news before there was any newspaper worthy of the name. Civil and sacred functions were so intermixed that the parish minister was the local magistrate, who, with the help of the elders as assessors, inflicted summary punishment upon petty offenders, without calling in the justices of the shire, or depending upon a police force not then in existence. Whoever had a friend ambitious of higher learning than the parish school afforded, or a venturesome son desirous of pushing his way in the world outside the family circle; whoever met with an accident, or had a dispute to settle, a case in court, or a will to make—all came to the minister for advice. He was the father

and the friend of his people, as well as their religious instructor and guide. It is only in such an out-of-the-way place as Bressay in Shetland, where the islanders have at present to lament the loss of their dear pastor, friend, and adviser, Dr. Zachary Macaulay Hamilton, that it can be fully realised how much a minister of the gospel was to his people in earlier times. Moreover, the minister was settled among his people generally for life, and became so strongly attached to them and to his parish that he resisted every attempt to lure him away. It happened, therefore, after a number of years, that he had baptized nearly all the inhabitants, married a great portion of them, and officiated at the funeral of nearly all their relatives. His face was familiar, and his form would have been missed in any assembly of the parishioners, whether for business or holiday-making, for mirth or mourning.

Whether it was that the ministers of Gretna were in reality what they styled themselves, "the first ministers in Scotland," or, as their witty compeers said, like "the selvage of the cloth, a poor remnant unworthy of promotion," certain it is that they were not a migratory race. I propose to give a sketch of one who was minister of Gretna from 1730 to 1787. An old parishioner, lately gone to his rest, remembered the subject of this sketch as a venerable octogenarian with a fine face and distinct features, a well-knit frame somewhat bent with years, walking with his hands crossed behind his back, while a little dog, his constant companion, trotted beside him. The name of James Gatt is still fondly cherished in Gretna, his picture is carefully preserved by a daughter of the manse, and many a cottage is enlivened with stories of the piety and quaint humour of the old and beloved pastor.

James Gatt or Gath was born at Cullen in Banffshire, A.D. 1700. Having a knowledge of the Gaelic tongue, he was recommended to the General Assembly in 1722, studied theology under Professor Hamilton in the University of Edinburgh, and, being presented by David Viscount Stormont, was ordained minister at Graitney (this is the old and orthodox spelling) in 1730. He died in the year 1787 in his eighty-eighth year, and the fifty-eight of his ministry. Mr. Gatt seems to have had considerable classical attainments, and especially a predilection for Latin composition. Whether he could have addressed learned societies in Latin, like Professor Mommsen and a few continental linguists, we cannot tell; but he seems to have translated the book of Job into Latin verse. His "Proverbia" and "Miscellanea" are still extant, the latter containing many amusing things. He wrote a beautiful poem on the death of his mother. Indeed, his annual compositions for the Exchequer bursary seem to have begotten a habit of scribbling, for we find, among other remains, a poem, "On going to the Synod of Dumfries," with a delightful sojourn at Comlongan Castle by the way. Many of his sermons have been preserved. Where the text is taken from the Old Testament, it is prefixed in Hebrew with the points, where from the New, in Greek. As to their substance, they are excellent practical discourses, distinguished by judgment and fine feeling, although frequently marred, according to the custom of the time, by long-drawn alliteration. "The three R's" are considered enough for many; but Mr. Gatt, in describing the blessings of salvation, particularises Regeneration, Reconciliation, Renovation, Restoration, Redemption, Rejoicing, &c. In regard to the appearance of Christ, he writes, (1.) Of the Sacrifice, (2.) Of the Service, (3.) Of the Season, (4.) Of the Sufficiency, (5.) Of the Suitableness of it, and so on. Year after year, and week by week, we find the subjects of Mr. Gatt's lectures and sermons carefully noted. Spurgeon's "Inexhaustible Barrel" is nothing to the preaching of those days. What made it lighter, however, for the preacher was this, that he preached very much the same discourse from any group of texts. His great influence seems to have been acquired by diligent pastoral work. In the homes of his parishioners, where he was welcomed as a father and friend, he did most lasting good. Many of his "Good Words" were widely circulated, and some are current still. Mr. Gatt had a good help-mate in Jane Gowanlock, from Kirkpatrick-Fleming manse, who would have been entitled to a golden wedding had such a German institution prevailed in those days, and who died only a year before her husband at the age of eighty-six. There is a tradition that all the valuables of the parish were stowed away in the garret of the manse to escape Prince Charlie's men, and that Mrs. Gatt entertained his officers so well that they quite forgot to rifle the house. The minister hid himself first at Raeburnfoot, and then crossed the Firth to Bowness in Cumberland. According to custom, he celebrated these stirring events in Latin. Fortunately, while the farmer at Floshend suffered greatly by the predatory bands, Mr. Gatt lost nothing but "duo apiaria," while the busy bee of his own

household was undisturbed, as we learn, from his statement, "Conjux servata est incolumis." The manse was still further regulated and managed by an old servant or family friend known by the soubriquet of Mr. Gatt's Mary, a well-known character in the parish. Whether or not her ear was bored after the ancient Levitical fashion, she thought of nothing less than life-service.

Let us now glance at a few of the more notable incidents in connection with Mr. Gatt's ministry as recorded in the sessions records. He seems to have commenced his labours by a vigorous effort to remove the abuses at marriages and funerals. The writer of this article once attended a funeral at Gretna conducted on the old liberal idea of entertainment to travellers. First the table was spread with loaves of bread, and scones, and beer. A second course consisted of wines and cake, &c. The tables having again been cleared, and religious exercises engaged in, the company were offered biscuits, spirits, &c., and the procession got under weigh two hours and a quarter after the hour of invitation. Many poor persons have been stinted for months afterwards on account of such ill-timed expenditure. In 1730 Mr. Gatt began the double task of cleaning the Augean stables of drinking at "Lykewakes" and at "Penny Bridals." It is recorded, "The Kirk-Session, canvassing all pretences for those occasions of riotousness, drunkenness, and debauchery, and finding them frivolous and irrelevant, determined that these practices should be discarded."

The "Penny Bridals" were hard to put down, however, for complaints are made, year after year, of the "tentations to which children are thereby exposed, seeing and hearing much evil which may soon be learned and hardly ever forgotten." It was agreed "to inhibit all who pretend to make a free wedding and yet sell brandy, and require that none shall have more than two-and-thirty persons at a wedding, conform to the act by which all were stinted to eight mess (four persons making a mess); and if they sell liquor in a private house, or have more guests invited, then the married persons shall forfeit the pawns (10*s.*), which must be given in to the session clerk before the banns of marriage be proclaimed at all." It is a comparatively modern innovation, and by no means a commendable one, to have marriages and baptisms in private houses in Scotland. Mr. Gatt says, "Who are married irregularly are to pay half-a-guinea; none are to be wedded but in church without they give half-a-crown to the poor." In 1731 seven couples, including a doctor among the offenders, were rebuked for contracting irregular marriages. Sabbath-breakers staying in ale-houses in the time of or after sermon are to be publicly rebuked, and pay so much for the benefit of the poor. A blacksmith was censured for shoeing a horse to an officer who threatened to shoot him if he didn't. A tailor waiting upon a customer on Sabbath, explained that he did not measure him as alleged, having an old coat for a pattern. Two men were summoned for letting down nets to catch fish when the tide made before eleven P.M. on Sunday.

In a case of witchcraft tried by the session in 1733, it was found "that they burned rowan-tree and salt, they took three locks of Francis Armstrong's hair, three pieces of his shirt, three roots of wormwood, three of mugwort, and boiled all together; then they anointed his legs with the mixture, and assayed to put three sups in his mouth, and meantime kept the door closed, being assured by Isabel Pot, at Cross in Rockcliffe, commonly called the 'Wisewoman,' that the person who had wronged him would come to the door, but no access was to be given. Francis told them that they were using witchcraft and devils' charms. Isabel further ordered south-running water to be lifted in the name of the Trinity, and the slut—*i.e.* a rag dipped in tallow—to be lighted and carried round his bed." The persecution of unhappy old women charged with witchcraft continued till far on in the eighteenth century. When the penal statutes against witches were repealed, the Seceders lifted up their testimony against such laxity in defiance of the law of God, which said, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live!"

Herostratus burned down the temple of Artemis to make his name famous. Mr. Gatt cleverly records the burning of Gretna church in 1734 thus: "Some unhappy persons, whose names should be buried in silence, because of the infamy and reproach, and therefore shall be nameless, shooting swallows in the churchyard, set fire to the heather with which the church was thatched, and everything was consumed except the walls and the bell." The warmth of the pastor's affection for the house of God may be learned from the words with which he closes the record, "O Lord, turn away the stroke of deserved wrath."

In Gretna, in the year 1735, the "stent," or tax, for the schoolmaster's annual salary was proved, and amounted to £5 11*s.* 6*d.* In 1748 the Kirk-Session resolved that the

school should no longer be kept in the church, but that special efforts should be made to build a schoolhouse.

A difficulty with which parochial boards have to contend in the present day crops up in a resolution of the same year: "To punish all those who entertain lodgers without a character, who contribute to the columns of illegitimacy, and waste the funds which ought to be given to the deserving poor."

Bibles were not so common in those days. Hence it is carefully noted that the old, black-letter, church Bible, in folio, gifted by "Cockpool" (one of the Murrays, an ancestor of the Earl of Mansfield), in 1612 was in the custody of W. B., one of the elders.

The old records of the Kirk-Session of Gretna do not contain mere dry and uninteresting details of discipline, but notices regarding the health of the district, the prosperity of the country, the sufferings of the people from storm, and the still more dreadful things that have to be endured in time of war. In August, 1744, there was a flood in the district, by which a village was overturned, the cows had a narrow escape, and the corn was carried down the Esk in vast quantities to the sea.

There are a few interesting notices of the rising in 1745, when Prince Charles Edward so nearly effected a temporary restoration of the Stuarts. Mr. Gatt was a stern Hanoverian, and probably, however much we admire the Jacobite songs and sympathize with the Stuarts ever greatest in distress, had we lived in those days we should have been as decided in our preference for law and liberty.

After noticing the battle of Prestonpans and the death of good Colonel Gardiner, the record states, "On Saturday, 9th November, the Highland army passed by here, and on Sabbath and on Monday. On Friday Carlisle was given up to them. Mr. Gatt retired in a vessel to Bolness, and was in the greatest danger. There was no sermon at Gretna on Sabbath, 10th November, Mr. Gatt being in England, and a column of the Highland army here. On the following Sunday Mr. Gatt preached, but the bell was not rung, the Highlanders being still in sight." It is further stated, "My Lady Ailmer and my Lady Lovat, on their return from Carlisle, came from Gearaston, where they had been detained by the water being impassable, and heard sermon. On the 18th December the Highlanders on their retreat came to Carlisle, and afterwards threatened Mr. Gatt as they came through Esk. On the 20th December the Highlanders passed Esk at Gleinorfoot. Some went by the road of the moor to Ecclefechan, but the Camerons and Macdonalds with their hussars came through Gretna Green, and their prince. Several suffered by them considerably. On the 21st they went all out of the bounds. On the 31st December Carlisle was surrendered to the Duke of Cumberland, who, on the 16th April in the following year, gained a complete victory over the Highlanders at Culloden. On the 17th August the congregation assembled without in the green, because the church had been filled with prisoners concerned in the rebellion or suspected, Colonel Lee's regiment bringing in no less than one hundred and forty-four in one day."

It is not given to all to have their names inscribed in the annals of their country, to wield the sword of victory, to write a nation's laws, or wear the martyr's crown; but thousands have lived a noble life in the service of the Master, and died in a faith which gives life again, having soothed the sorrows and healed the wounds of innumerable unnamed sufferers, and passed into a higher sphere, where their saintly faces are encircled with a halo which reflects the love and purity of the Divine Son. And among these may surely be reckoned the name of James Gatt, the good minister of Gretna.

R. EDGAR.

THE FABULOUS IN ZOOLOGY.

ZOOLOGICAL science has ever been famous for the fabulous forms which fancy and superstition have from time to time included within its limits. And this, for the very good reason, that the animal world affords the most likely and suitable series of objects upon which the imagination of the superstitious might play. A very long stretch of history is attached to the present subject. Indeed, the first beginnings of natural history science had their dawn and origin in the myths and fancies which the earlier naturalists and writers gave forth as the veritable accounts of the true and real in the animal world. Ranging thus, from the classical times, with their tales of monstrous forms of undefined shape and name, through the middle ages with their accounts of gigantic

cuttlefishes, mermaids, and other beings, down to the enlightened present, in which the legendary "sea serpent" still holds its own, the fabulous part of natural history science may be shown to have an ancestry worthy, in point of age at least, of any branch of philosophic thought that can well be named.

Nor, perhaps, has the belief in, and investigation of the mythical in science been without a powerful influence on the real and true in natural history studies. The very desire to ascertain or prove the falsity of any given statement, has frequently set afoot the work of verification, and has resulted in the overthrow of most of the beliefs which had come to be respected from their great age and venerable antiquity, if from no other or more reasonable cause. This principle of attaining the real through the ideal is not confined to biological investigation. It forms a mode of inquiry common to many branches of orderly thought; and frequently presents to the truth-seeker the only available means of tracing the origin, growth, or actual nature of many subjects in the history even of man himself.

In the present topic, therefore, not merely the zoologist, but also the antiquary, may feel a deep and kindred interest; and the study of the mythical in biology may in time be included, as it certainly deserves to be, among the most fascinating of the pursuits proper to the student of antiquarian and folk-lore.

The subjects of the mythical zoologist are by no means confined to the highest groups of the animal world. On the contrary, and as we shall presently observe, animals of a comparatively low degree of organization have from time to time contributed to swell the list of his idealities. And groups of organisms, very far removed from each other in all the aspects of scientific relationship, have sometimes been united in a mythical bond, in the records and systems of fabulous fauna.

Chief among the traditionary forms familiar to all, are the "mermaids" and "mermen" of the mariner. These beings are of strictly classical kind, inasmuch as the sailors of past ages entertained a firm belief in their existence, and the mermaid, even in our own day, has come to hold a stable place in the legendary lore of the sea. Probably the more classic siren, or syren, and the ruder mermaid, have originated from a common root-stock based on mythological foundations; since, as every schoolboy knows, there are no lack of analogous tritons, in the retinue of the great sea-god, Neptune himself.

The more modern and prevalent idea of the mermaid, however, was that of the upper half of a beauteous female form, united to the scaly tail of a fish. And the mariner generally represented this fair being as engaged in toilet operations, dressing her luxuriant tresses,

> "With a comb and a glass in her hand,"

as the old sea-song has it. To the mermaidens were also ascribed certain qualities not usually or naturally associated with intelligent beauty, namely, the power of luring amorous navigators to destruction by singing to them siren-like lays, and of thus enticing them below the waves into the depths of the sea. In this latter phase of mermaiden character, it is not difficult again to perceive a relationship to the classical siren, and to the more modern Lorelei of the Rhine.

The zoological representatives of the sirens are most nearly found in those creatures allied to the whales, and known by the general name of *Manatees*, or "sea-cows." These are aquatic mammals of large size, inhabiting the estuaries of rivers, and the shallow waters of ocean-bound shores. The Dugongs (*Halicore*) thus occur on the shores of the Indian Ocean, and on the Australian coasts; whilst the only other genus of living Sirenians—the Manatees (*Manatus*)—are found on the Atlantic coasts of Africa and South America. The sirenia possess the front limbs in the form of swimming-paddles; the hinder members being totally unrepresented. The head is proportional in size to the body, which terminates posteriorly in a horizontal tail-fin resembling that seen in whales.

These creatures have the habit of raising themselves in the water in a semi-erect posture, and their appearance in this position, together with the intelligent aspect of the face, and the position of the mammary glands on the chest, gives them, especially when viewed from a distance, a close resemblance to the human "form divine." Indeed, the zoological name "Sirenia," applied to the special order of mammals in which these animals are included, has been given to them in allusion to their thus counterfeiting, as it were, the siren-like aspect of the fabulous creatures of the mariner.

By some travellers, also, the Sirenia are said to use the front limbs so as to imitate the motions of humanity when it disports itself amid the water; and the young are

described as occasionally being fondled in the "arms" of the parents; although confessedly this latter statement requires confirmation. There can, however, be no question as to the striking likeness which the sirenia, in their semi-erect posture, present to human beings standing in shallow waters. And it can readily be imagined how naturally the earlier navigators, superstitious with all the nature of their race, and with but imperfect knowledge of the objects they gazed upon, should tell their tales, verified by eye-witnesses, to stay-at-home people, of the wondrous sea-maids and mermen they had beheld disporting themselves in the waters wherein they had sailed.

The Dutch name for the manatee means "little bearded man;" the Portuguese name signifying "woman-fish;" whilst the French term the creature "lamantin." And Scoresby, the intelligent and educated mariner, says of these forms, that he has seen these animals in such positions that the human appearance was very closely imitated; whilst on one occasion the surgeon of his ship reported to him "that he had seen a man with his head just appearing above the surface of the water," so deceptive was the aspect of the sirenian.

Many of the seal tribe with their intelligent countenances—even more human-like than those of the sirenia—and expressive eyes, might similarly be mistaken for beings of human kind when regarded from a distance; whilst the positions assumed by these animals when resting on rocks, are in many cases highly suggestive of the recumbent human figure.

What the fabled "unicorn" represents in actual zoology, if indeed it represents a real form at all, constitutes rather a puzzling question; and the "griffins," "dragons," and other forms of heraldry and romance, may be noted in similar terms. Very probably the unicorn myth was derived from a horned animal belonging to one of the numerous families of mammals which possess these appendages. We certainly know of no living or extinct animal which possessed a single horn springing from the middle of the forehead, as represented in the gallant co-defender, with the lion, of the British crown. The rhinoceroses certainly possess one or two unpaired horny appendages, which, however, are borne on the nasal bones; and it has been suggested that the "one-horned" or Indian rhinoceros represents the unicorn of the ancients—the progress of the myth through the classical ages duly shifting the horn from its somewhat unusual position on the nose, to a decidedly more elegant situation on the forehead. But no conjecture may be offered with a view of reconciling the heavy body of the rhinoceros with the light, elegant form of the unicorn; the exact descent of which from an actual form, may, as already remarked, be reasonably doubted.

Passing from the higher vertebrates to the lower groups of the animal world, we may note amid the Molluscous animals, the alleged occurrence of gigantic cuttlefishes. Accounts of monstrous specimens of these animals are abundantly met with in the works of the classic writers and naturalists; and strangely enough in the present day, instances, verifying in some measure the classical accounts, have occurred, wherein the actual development of large Cephalopods has been placed beyond the shadow of a doubt. Aristotle and Pliny relate stories of various giants of the cuttlefish group; Pliny, in particular, noting one form, which was said to have devastated the fishings on the Spanish coasts, the body of which when captured weighed seven hundred pounds, its arms being about thirty feet in length, and the head alone weighing an additional seven hundred pounds! In the middle ages, when the mythical in zoology flourished even more abundantly than in the classic ages, naturalists seemed to glory in the perpetuation of tales and stories of monstrous cuttlefish forms. To this age belongs the celebrated "kraken" or "poutpe" of the northern European seas, a monster Cephalopod, chiefly constructed after the heart and mind of Denis de Montfort, and gravely described by Pontoppidan, a learned bishop of Bergen in Norway, as "liker an island than an animal." Linnæus himself, with all his acuteness and learning, described or mentioned the kraken under the appellation of *Sepia microcosmos* in his earlier writings, but subsequently expunged it from the records of zoology, being convinced of its non-existence. And in the present day, we find Victor Hugo, in his famous "Toilers of the Sea," enlisting the aid of a monster cuttlefish, in the service and interests of fiction—a circumstance which has served to invest the cuttlefishes of ordinary existence, as seen in our large aquaria, with a great deal of interest.

Without denying positively that the legends above alluded to contained any germ of truth or were based on any probable grounds, there can be little hesitation in asserting that they bear evidence of great exaggeration. The very periods of time and history in which they first appeared were marked, in other

than purely scientific literature, by gross profuseness of romantic detail. And hence the purely legendary character of very many of these tales may be safely assumed, even whilst we may admit the more reasonable of them to contain a nucleus of truth and feasibility.

Several verified instances have occurred, especially of late years, confirmatory of the views of those naturalists who reasonably allowed that in the cuttlefish class, as among other groups of organisms, largely-developed individuals might from time to time be found. This opinion, supported by the experience of everyday life and of biological science, might be qualified by the statement that such instances of abnormal development were of exceptional and detached kind, and were not to be regarded as including any more important features than merely occasional deviations from normal laws. We might thus reasonably believe in the development of huge members of an ordinary and common species of cuttlefish, without assuming that a distinct species or race of such giants actually existed.

On this theory may be explained the instance mentioned in the account of Captain Cook's first voyage, in which the dead body of a huge cuttlefish was met with between Cape Horn and the Polynesian Islands. Portions of the tentacles or arms of this specimen were duly preserved by the naturalists of the expedition, and these interesting remains may still be inspected, if we mistake not, by the curious in such matters in the Hunterian Collection in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons of London. This form, referred to the genus *Onychoteuthis*, is calculated to have measured six feet at least, inclusive of the arms. A specimen cast up on the Jutland coast in 1853 or 1854, and described by Steenstrup, is stated to have filled several wheelbarrows when cut up for bait by the fishermen; and the tentacles of this form are said, at their thickest portion, to have equalled the human thigh in thickness and bulk. Other and similar instances might be related, but we may content ourselves by referring to two additional cases only.

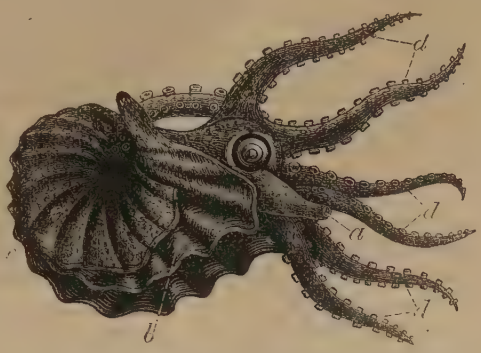


Fig. 1. The Paper Nautilus or "Paper Sailor" (*Argonauta Argo*). *a*, funnel: *b*, shell, around which the two expanded arms (one of which is marked *c*) are generally folded; *d*, *d*, *d*, ordinary arms or feet; *e*, point towards which the Argonaut is supposed to be swimming.

Fig. 2, Representation of Gerarde's "Barnacle Tree," from the "Herball."

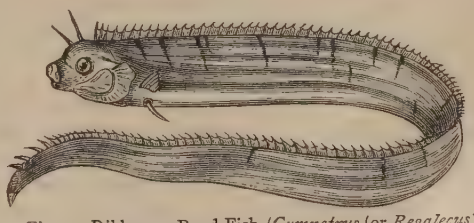


Fig. 3. Ribbon or Band Fish (*Gymnetrus* (or *Regalecus*) *Banksii*).

In 1861, the French war-steamer *Alecton* came upon a gigantic living cuttle, floating on the surface of the sea, about one hundred and twenty miles north-east of Teneriffe. This animal was attacked and secured by a noose being slipped around its body, which unfortunately was arrested at the projecting tail-fin, with the result of detaching the tail from the body. This latter portion was hauled on board, and weighed over forty pounds. The total length of this form—which, from the drawing and account given of the circumstance, appears to

have belonged to the same genus (*Loligo*) to which the common squid of our own coasts (*L. vulgaris*) belongs—was estimated at about fifty feet (equal to fifteen metres), exclusive of its arms, whilst its weight was calculated to average two thousand kilogrammes, or about four thousand pounds. With regard to this case, however, it has been remarked that the two elongated arms found in all the Calamaries are not represented as being possessed by this giant of the race; and it is open for us either to believe that the hurry and confusion, as was extremely probable, may have prevented an exactly correct drawing (taken on the spot by one of the officers of the *Alecton*) having been made; or that it may have lost the two elongated tentacles; or, lastly, that this form represented a new genus or species. With the last opinion no naturalist will care to agree on the slight evidence afforded him, and with the chances of the other probabilities being correct.

A notable instance in which a cuttlefish of gigantic size was submitted to actual inspection and measurement may be regarded as being one of more satisfactory kind than the preceding cases. In 1873, two fishermen encountered a large cuttle in Conception Bay, Newfoundland. The animal, on being struck, stretched its arms across the boat, but the fishermen severed the obtrusive members with an axe, whereupon the mutilated Cephalopod at once retreated. One of the arms was partly preserved, and in its shortened length measures nineteen feet. It lost six feet of its length before preservation, and the fishermen state that about ten feet still remained attached to the body. This would give a total length of thirty-five feet to each of these arms, whilst the body itself was estimated to measure sixty feet in length and five feet in diameter.

A photograph of parts of a second cuttlefish of large size, recently cast ashore on the Newfoundland coast, and described by the Rev. Mr. Harvey, of St. John's, Newfoundland, lies before the writer. It represents the head and ten arms of a large cuttlefish supported on a stand. Eight of these ten arms are of equal length—as in all of the *Decapodous*, or "ten-armed," cuttlefishes—whilst two are greatly elongated, and possess suckers at their extremities only. The latter are each twenty-four feet long; the eight shorter arms measure each six feet in length, and ten inches in circumference at their bases. The suckers are "denticulated," or exhibit a "toothed" structure; and the eyes, prominent in all these creatures, attained a diameter of four inches.

These instances therefore prove that gigantic Cephalopods undoubtedly exist, but the exact nature of such forms, and more especially their relations with their more common-place neighbours, form subjects which only more extensive information can elucidate.

As mythical as are the older accounts of large Cephalopods, is the poetical idea concerning that interesting cuttlefish, the Paper nautilus, or Paper sailor—the *Argonauta argo* of the naturalist. Every one knows Byron's description of this little form, as

> "The tender nautilus who steers his prow,
> The seaborn sailor of his shell canoe,
> The ocean Mab, the fairy of the sea;"

whilst Pope in his turn bids us

> "Learn of the little nautilus to sail,
> Spread the thin oar, and catch the rising gale."

And Montgomery, *par excellence* the poet of the sea, in analogous terms beautifully describes the nautilus, under the idea of its constituting a living ship, of hoisting its two expanded arms to the wind, as a "twofold sail," and of using its other six arms as oars.

Beautiful as the idea may seem of the paper sailor, thus floating on the billows, and unthankful as may be the office to dispel the poetic fiction by the sterner and less elegant truth, it must nevertheless be stated that in no case does the argonaut use its arms as sails and oars, and in no sense can it thus float gaily over the surface of the sea. The two expanded arms are used to secrete and repair the delicate shell, and ordinarily embrace that structure, which is not organically or firmly connected to the body, save for the arms. And when the paper nautilus moves, it does so after the fashion of its more mundane and less famous neighbours. It can come to the surface, it is true, as do other cuttlefish forms; but there it can only propel itself along backwards by means of the *jets d'eau* from its "funnel;" these jets consisting of the water which has been used in respiration or breathing. Or it may crawl head downwards over the bottom of the sea by means of its arms and their suckers. But other means of locomotion it has none; and the webbed or expanded arms are rarely, if ever detached from the fragile shell.

The measurements given of gigantic cuttlefishes, it may lastly be remarked in concluding our observations on these forms, are susceptible in most instances of much modification, it being an exceedingly difficult, and in

some cases impossible task, exactly or correctly to estimate the relative proportions of one part or fragment of an organism to the entire bulk. And allowance for errors and mistakes on this ground must therefore be made in all cases in which only fragmentary remains of these animals have been met with.

A subject of allied nature to gigantic cuttlefishes, and one which has always held a high place in mythical zoology, is formed by the famous "sea-serpent." The mere mention of this name is frequently sufficient to excite all our credulous and risible faculties; and so hopeless and seemingly inexplicable a subject has this topic become, that it is by almost common consent allocated to the domain of popular superstition, and thus placed wholly without the category of sober natural history studies.

A little reflection, however, may soon convince one, that the "sea-serpent" tales are not invariably to be treated in this offhand manner, but are certainly worthy of more serious consideration. We do not mean to insist that all of these stories contain even a germ of probability; but we maintain that in many cases we are shut up to the choice, either of assuming that the eyes and intellects of many trustworthy spectators must from time to time have been utterly deceived, by some appearances mimicking marine serpentine forms; or that the accounts are utterly unworthy of belief. There are very many calmly and circumstantially related and duly verified accounts of serpentine, or at any rate of anomalous marine forms having been closely inspected by the crews and passengers of vessels. Either, therefore, we must argue that in every instance the senses of intelligent men and women have played them false; or we must simply assume they are describing what they have never seen. The accounts in many instances so minutely describe the appearance of such forms, inspected from a near standpoint, that the possibility of their being mistaken for inanimate objects, as they might be if viewed from a distance, is rendered entirely improbable. We may thus then affirm safely that there are many verified pieces of evidence on record of strange marine forms having been met with, which evidences judged according to ordinary and common-sense rules, go to prove, firstly, that certain hitherto undescribed marine organisms do certainly exist in the sea-depths.

A second suggestion naturally follows in the question, as to what support natural-history science can give to the above proposition. To this it may be replied that zoologists can but admit the correctness of the observation. Certain organisms, and especially those of marine kind (*e.g.* certain whales), are known to be of exceedingly rare occurrence. Our knowledge of marine reptilia is confessedly very small; and, best of all, there is no counter objection or feasible argument which the naturalist can offer by way of denying the above proposition. He would be forced to admit thus the existence of purely marine genera of snakes—*e.g.* the *Hydrophidæ* of the Indian Ocean—which possess compressed tails adapted for swimming, and other points of organisation admittedly suited for a purely aquatic existence. If, therefore, we admit the possibility, nay, even the reasonable probability, that gigantic members of these water-snakes may occasionally be developed, we should state a powerful case for the assumed and probable existence of a natural "sea-serpent." We confess we do not well see how such a chain of probabilities can be readily set aside, supported as they are in the possibility of their occurrence by zoological science, and in the actual details of the case, by evidence as trustworthy in many cases as that received in our courts of law.

It is not meant, of course, to be affirmed, that gigantic marine snakes form the only animals which may constitute the "sea-serpents" so frequently described. The *Plesiosauri* and *Ichthyosauri* of the geologist, have in some cases been disinterred and revivified, and somewhat unnecessarily, we think, to do duty for the "sea serpents." Our argument merely tends to show that, *quoad* likely organisms, there is as great provision in the ranks of marine zoology for peopling the oceans with occasional sea-serpents by gigantic developments of ordinary species, as for the occasional production of monstrous cuttlefishes—the existence of which latter might, some few years ago, have been as strenuously denied as the actual presence of "sea serpents" is now by many naturalists, and not a few ordinary people.

The writer recently communicated to the daily journals a suggestion that, in those fishes familiarly named "Ribbon-fishes," likely representatives of "sea-serpents" might be found. The fishes alluded to form a well-known family (*Cepolidæ*), belonging to the order (*Teleostei*) in which all our familiar food-fishes are included. They derive their popular and scientific names from the elongated, band-like shape of their bodies; and as they are known occasionally to attain a

very large size, the probabilities of such fishes being mistaken for serpentine forms—especially when viewed from a short distance, and when swimming through the water with a serpentine motion—are largely increased. One preserved and dried specimen which the writer had an opportunity of examining, measured twelve feet three inches in length, eleven and a quarter inches in depth, and two and three quarters inches in thickness. This specimen was the *Gymnetrus* (or *Regalecus*) *Banksii* of naturalists. Another specimen, captured off the Northumberland coast, measured thirteen and a half feet in length, fifteen inches in depth, and five inches in thickness. These dimensions are known to have been greatly exceeded, as the sequel will show. The extreme length of these fishes, and their dissimilarity in outward form from their finny neighbours, would render the mistake of regarding them as marine serpents very readily committed, especially by persons who were unfamiliar with zoological details. After the publication of the foregoing observations, the writer received a somewhat startling confirmation of his belief in the occasional large development of these fishes, from the head of a well-known firm of fish-merchants in Edinburgh. The facts elicited were to the effect that whilst the smack, *Sovereign*, of Hull, Baillie commander, was engaged some thirty years ago in trawling off the coast of Fife, the crew captured in the trawl a gigantic "Ribbon" or "Tape-fish," which, when laid on the deck, extended beyond the limits of the vessel at stem and stern. The smack was above forty tons burthen, and its length may be safely estimated at sixty feet. This giant fish measured from five to nine inches in breadth; its dorsal or back-fin measuring about thirty feet in length. The fishermen, inclining to view the fish with distrust, cut it in pieces and threw it overboard; some few preserved portions, happily serving to confirm the report of its size. There seems little doubt that such a fish seen by the crew of a passing ship, and by persons unskilled in zoology, would certainly be regarded as a marine serpent, and be reported upon accordingly. Whilst it appears that the entire question resolves itself into one accounting, not for the mere appearance of marine serpentine beings, but of reconciling these verified appearances with living and existent forms. A gigantic conger-eel might in a similar manner mimic a marine snake, as those readers who have noted the appearance of large congers in aquaria will testify; although perhaps the eel would be more readily referred to its true position in the animal world than the less familiar Ribbon-fishes and their allies.

A remarkable and curious coincidence—if, indeed, the circumstance bears no deeper meaning — between a mythological and fabulous form and an actual organism, occurs in the case of the famed tortoise of the classics, which was represented as supporting Atlas, who, in turn, held up the world. Geology makes us acquainted with the existence, in former epochs of this world's history, of extinct tortoises of immense size, the fossil remains of one specimen being found in deposits of tertiary age in the Sivalik Hills of Hindostan by Falconer and Cautley. To this gigantic form, which must have measured upwards of twenty feet in length, the appropriate name of *Colossochelys atlas* has been given. It is probable that this form may have survived the beginning of the human epoch, and may have thus suggested to the primitive inhabitants of the east some of the many legends of tortoises in connection with the formation of the globe, which abound in the religious and historical records of the Hindoos. These legends, and those of the classical nations, may thus have had an actual origin, and in point of fact from a real ancestor.

Descending, in the last place, to animals of a humbler grade of organization, we may notice the various speculations regarding the origin of a certain species of geese from barnacles, which emanated from writers of comparatively modern times. This particular goose is still known to naturalists by the name of the bernicle goose (*Bernicla* or *Anser leucopsis*); whilst one species of barnacle itself, still bears the specific name of *anatifera*, or "goose-bearing." So far as even scientific nomenclature goes, then, the names of these forms would thus tend to propagate, even in these enlightened days, an erroneous, not to say a highly ridiculous supposition.

The barnacles will be familiar to most readers as those crustacean animals which, consisting each of a fleshy stalk or "peduncle," and of a body encased in a shelly covering borne on the end of this stalk, attach themselves to floating timber and to the sides of ships in immense numbers. The ships seen in the graving-docks of any seaport town, will exhibit multitudes of these familiar forms attached to their sides. From such animals, then, crustaceans of low grade, the credulity and ignorance of two centuries ago elected to believe that actual geese were produced.

We thus find Hector Boece, in his history

of Scotland, written in the Latin tongue, bearing date 1527, and as rendered by Archdeacon Bellenden, telling us that "all treis that ar cassin in the seis be proces of tyme apperis first wormeetin, and in the small boris and hollows thairof growis small wormis. First they schaw their heid and feit, and last of all they schaw their plumis and wyngis." And we are further informed that in due time they "ar alterat in geis."

Gerarde tells us in his "Herball" (1633), that the geese are produced from "certaine trees," whereon "certain shell-fishes of a white colour, tending to russet," grow. The shells he describes as being formed from "a certain spume or froth," that in time becomes duly hardened; the shells being of a shape like those of the mussel, "but sharper-pointed." Within each shell "is contained," he continues, "a thing in form like a lace of silke finely wove as it were together," and this "in time commeth to the shape and form of a bird."

When the time for the extrusion of this strange being arrives, "the shell," Gerarde informs us, "gapeth open," and the first thing that appeareth is the foresaid lace or string; next cometh the legs of the bird hanging out, and, as it groweth greater, it openeth the shell by degrees, till at length it is all come forth and hangeth only by the bill." Then it soon comes to full maturity, and falling into the sea "gathereth feathers;" finally becoming a goose, called in Lancashire a "tree-goose," where the best, Gerarde tells us, may be bought for threepence each. Gerarde further gives a drawing of the "bernicle-tree," in which the tree is represented along with the several stages in the production of its geese-progeny, some of which, for the sake of greater effectiveness, are displayed as disporting themselves in various attitudes in the sea below. And our author further offers to satisfy any doubters, by the "testimonie of good witnesses."

Thus far Gerarde of Queen Elizabeth's days, in his curious "Herball." Sir Robert Moray, in a statement published in the "Philosophical Transactions" of the Royal Society, about 1677—78, repeats much the same history with additions of his own. Since he relates that the pedicle of the shell draws nutriment from the tree, whilst he gravely says that he found in every shell he opened, a perfect sea-fowl; although he takes care to add, that he never saw one of the birds alive, nor ever met with anybody who had so seen them.

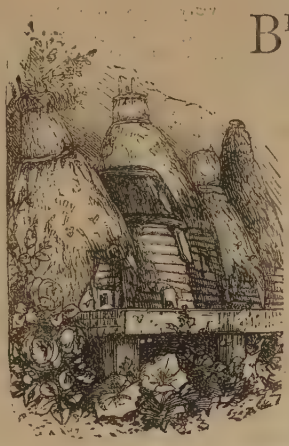
The credulous Sir John Mandeville, or Maundevile, says that in Cathay a gourd-like fruit grows, which when ripe is found to contain "as though it were a lytylle lomb with outen wolle." And Sir John, not to be behind the inhabitants of Cathay in wonders, relates that he told them of the "bernakes," or fruit of a tree that "becomen birddes fleeynge." Whilst some of his listeners, with doubtless a fellow feeling in respect of the marvellous, and a practical knowledge of the ease with which idealities might be invented, "trowed" that Sir John's "gret marvayle" "were an impossible thing to be." The lamb-tree of Cathay, it must be noted, is duly figured in the twenty-sixth chapter of Sir John's "Voiage," and its peculiar fruit development is as graphically delineated.

The present is therefore an instance of the purely fabulous in zoology, argued for, described, and illustrated, as if of real occurrence. The credulity of these past ages in respect to matters biological could receive no more fitting illustration than this; and the convenient doctrine promulgated by some metaphysicians that self-deception is the most subtle of all forms of deceit, may find, in the example of the "bernicle-tree," a fitting and most apt illustration.

Many other instances and examples of the growth, progress, and eradication of the mythical and fabulous, by the development of the real and true, might doubtless be cited and dwelt upon. But sufficient has been said to introduce the subject to readers whose proclivities for archæological pursuits may perchance receive impulse in a somewhat new and little-trodden, but still useful, path. For no one may deem that labour futile or unimportant, which devotes itself to the eradication of the false ideal, and to the diffusion of the healthy and vitalising true.

ANDREW WILSON.

BEES AND BEE-KEEPING.



"Some have taught
That bees have portions of ætherial thought,
Endued with particles of heavenly fires,
For God the whole created mass inspires."

BEES! bees! the busy, busy bees! emblem of industry and theme of poets, endued with the wisdom of Minerva, how they live and how they work is yet a marvel and study for philosophers.

Wherever the bee is to be found, it is an object of interest, not merely to the naturalist and man of science, but also to the practical bee-keeper, who finds in the harvest of honey profit and reward sufficient to repay him for the generally scant attention paid to these miniature live-stock.

Although the manner of bee-keeping is very diverse, the number of species is not great, our own hive-bee (*Apis mellifica*) and its varieties being the only one cultivated in Europe. Few, if any other, insects have had so many historians as the bee, yet new facts in its natural history are continually coming to light, and there is probably no field of research so likely to reward its student with novel discoveries as the scientific investigation of a hive of bees. Among the numerous historians of the bee many of them date long before the Christian era. Aristomachus, Cicero, Pliny, Theophrastes, Plutarch, and Columella, all wrote of the bee. Virgil, the well-remembered poet of our classic school-boy days, devoted the whole of his fourth Georgic to its history, and philosophers of modern times have continued, without exhausting the well-studied subject. Marvellous were the painstaking observations of the illustrious blind Huber, aided by his wife, and the versatile genius of Lord Brougham, although loaded with the mighty cares of state, yet found time to record how the bee had solved the abstruse mathematical problem, "to find the construction of a hexagonal prism terminated by a pyramid composed of three equal and similar rhombuses (and the whole of given capacity), such that the solid may be made of the least possible materials," which problem had exercised the great learning of the celebrated mathematicians Maraldi, Kœnig, and Maclaurin to master. But not alone have staid and solid men of science written of the bee, poets without number have sung its praises. Shakspeare, Thomson, Crabbe, Aikin, Barbauld, Evans, Smyth, Bowring, and a host of others, have gladly recognised its wisdom, its industry, and its value.

It is singular and regretful that, although bees have thus for so many centuries been a source of observation, pleasure, and profit, yet those who have reaped the annual harvest of honey have been indifferent to the fact that the bees have been kept almost universally on a most cruel and wasteful system, and the construction of the hives has been such as almost necessitated the destruction of the bees before the honey could be appropriated. It is true that the ancient Greeks saw this defect, and made an attempt to remedy it by fitting bars of wood in the crown of the hive, to which it was fondly hoped the bees would attach their combs; they did not, however, always accommodate their masters, and if they did so, the combs were surely attached to both sides of the hive, which to some extent made them still fixtures. It is only within the last twenty-five years that what are called frame-hives have been introduced, an invention which we owe simultaneously to Pastor Dzierzon in Germany and Langstroth in America. These frame-hives, without doubt, give the bee-keeper much command over his bees and their stores. They may be described as square or octagonal boxes, fitted internally with light, movable frames suspended by their ends on a rabbet, back and front; within these frames the bees build their combs, and they may be easily induced to do so by laying a straight foundation of wax, which the little architects will readily follow. Notwithstanding the self-evident advantages of such hives, their introduction into England has made but slow progress. Among others, our rustic friend Hodge is very hard to move; that which his father did he does, but he looks with an eye of suspicion and dislike on all innovations; moreover, he can make his own straw hives, and the materials cost him nothing; but he must pay for wood, and with the plane and saw he has not much acquaintance. On the continents of Europe

and America "frame-hives" are now common, and more time, money, and skill are there devoted to an avocation which thus becomes of sufficient importance to be styled "bee-farming." In middle and eastern Europe, apiaries of from one thousand to two thousand stocks are not uncommon, but in the United States is probably obtained a larger return per hive than in any other part of the world. This is accounted for in great measure by the effectual and constant use of the "honey extractor." English cottagers with straw hives and ignorant management will rarely obtain an average of twenty pounds of honey per stock. In America one hundred pounds per stock is a common result, and rare instances have been known of as much as eight hundred pounds of honey produced in one season by a single colony of bees. Such a return has never even been approached in England; but a hundred and fifty pounds have been exceeded here.

The great harvest for bees commences with the fruit-blossoms in April, and when these are gone there is usually an interregnum until the end of June; then comes hard work for a month, sipping the sweets from a hundred flowers; which time being past, there is little more honey stored, unless the bees are in the neighbourhood of extensive moors, whose heather yields abundance of fine aromatic nectar. It is, indeed, a common practice in Scotland and elsewhere, where such favoured localities are found, for bee-keepers to send their hives of bees to the moors for a month, the honey thus gathered fully compensating for all expenses of carriage, &c. Pliny tells us that in his time it was customary in Italy, as soon as spring food for the bees had failed, to put the hives into boats, which were carried up the river at night, in search of better pasture; the bees went out in the morning in quest of provisions, returning regularly with their stores to their respective hives. Such is still the practice on the Nile, where travellers constantly meet bee-barges. And, by the way, Egyptian bees have a dreadful character for ferocity; their introduction into England has been essayed, but abandoned on account of their untameable nature. Swinefurth, in his "Heart of Africa," tells us of the following adventure which happened to his party:—"As our towing-rope was being drawn along through the grass on the banks it disturbed a colony of bees; in a moment, like a great cloud, they burst upon the men who were towing, who all plunged into the water and sought to regain the boat; the bees followed them, and in a few seconds filled every nook and cranny of the deck. I was arranging my plants in my cabin, and called out to know the cause of the noise and confusion, but only got excited gestures, with the cries of 'Bees! bees!' I tried in vain to light my pipe; in an instant thousands of bees were about me, and I was mercilessly stung all over my face and hands. Vainly I tried to protect my face with my handkerchief, and the more violent my motions the greater was the fury of the bees. The maddening pain was now on my cheek, now in my eye, now in my head; the dogs under my bed were frantic, and burst out, overturning everything in their way. Losing well-nigh all control, I flung myself in despair into the river. I dived; but all in vain, for the stings still rained down upon my head. I crept through the reedy grass to the swampy banks, and with lacerated hands tried to gain the mainland to find shelter in the woods, but was dragged back by my servants with such force that I was nearly choked in the mud. Again on board, I dragged a sheet from my chest, which afforded me some protection while I gradually crushed the bees enclosed within. By great courage on the part of my people, my large dog was brought on board and covered with cloths; a smaller one was never recovered—stung to death, no doubt, by the bees. Cowering down under my sheet, I lingered out full three hours, whilst the buzzing continued uninterruptedly, and solitary stings penetrated periodically through the linen. Every one became equally passive with myself, perfect silence reigned on board, and the bees gradually subsided. Some of the crew then went stealthily up the banks and fired the reeds. The smoke scared away the bees, and the boat was drawn to the other bank. With the aid of a looking-glass and pincers, I extracted the stings from my hands and face, but could not reach those under my hair. Those produced ulcers which for two days were very painful. I felt ready that evening for an encounter with half a score of buffaloes or a brace of lions, rather than have anything more to do with bees. Several of our party suffered from violent fever. Of sixteen boats which followed us, all were pestered by these bees; and two persons were stung to death."

The unerring precision with which bees fly straight home is taken advantage of in the backwoods by men who are called bee-hunters, and who by a simple application of

mathematics are enabled to hunt up and to rifle the treasures of the wild-bees' stores. The course pursued is this:—Having reason to suspect that such a prize is in the neighbourhood, the sportsman displays a little honey on a plate; this is soon visited by the bees, who are then adroitly covered by a glass; one bee is let go, it rises, describes several circles in the air, and then strikes *a bee-line* for home. The confined bees are taken along this line, then another is liberated; the direction of its flight is noted and marked by erecting a few stakes. The bee-hunter now moves a few rods to the right or left, and again liberates a bee; its line of flight is also marked and accurately noted. The results are compared, and at the point where the two lines meet there will the hive be found.

The name and fame of the queen-bee is known to all; and on the Italian slopes of the Alps there are many establishments devoted to rearing queen-bees for exportation. Thence comes the Ligurian or Alpine bee, which is found to be a superior variety to our old English compatriot. It is handsomer, a harder worker, and more prolific breeder; and as exportations to England, America, South Africa, Australia, and various countries on the continent of Europe have been carried on successfully, the Italian variety is everywhere fast superseding the aborigines. The island of Cyprus is said to possess a bee as much superior to the Italian as the latter is to the common English variety. The queen-bees are sent out each in a little box, with a few hundred workers as escort, and sufficient full honeycomb for sustenance, and on arrival at their destination they are placed at the head of stocks of common bees, whose rightful queens have been previously deposed. As the progeny of the stranger will be all pure Italians, the stock will in a short time have lost its nationality.

The length of life of bees has been the subject of very diverse opinions, but the introduction of an Italian queen, as just described, has enabled us with reasonable certainty to settle the point. A queen may live five years, but as a matter of fact seldom does attain that age; and her fertility sensibly diminishes in her third year. The maximum life of a drone and worker may be set down at seven months, but more often their days are numbered in seven weeks. Indeed the life of a worker may be measured by the labour done. By introducing an Italian queen into a stock of English bees when the fruit-blossoms of April have to be rifled, and stores of pollen carried to the hive, it will be found that hard work has worn out the lives of the old inhabitants in less than two months; while if the same experiment be made in November, not until April comes will the like result be found. The rest and quietude of winter thus greatly prolong the life of the bee. It is recorded by Thorley that under the leads of Ludovicus Vives at Oxford a colony of bees existed one hundred and ten years, but the individual inhabitants of which it was formed must of course have been renewed many hundreds of times. It sometimes happens that colonies of bees are found in very unlikely places. We know how Samson found a swarm in the carcase of a lion (Judges xiv. 8).

The natural swarming of bees is a sight and sound of pleasure and delight to all who witness it. Let us watch the exciting scene. In a cottage garden stands a row of the well-known rustic hives, straw-built and dome-topped, and with their interior mysteries as unknown to their owner as the mountains in the moon. The day is in June—hot and cloudless. The gudewife goes about her daily avocations in the cottage, but listening occasionally and looking to the bees, who on just such a day are likely to swarm. Glance at the hives: sweltering in the hot midsummer sun, hangs pendent from the alighting-board of one a black mass of bees as big as a pottle-measure. Yes; there it hangs, a solid mass of bees; probably ten or fifteen thousand in that one cluster, where every hot day they have been hanging out for perhaps a fortnight past—idle and useless, ready to swarm, yet not swarming, the old queen being disinclined to emigrate as there are no young princesses growing up to take her place—idle, because every cell in the hive is full, and useless, because they will not gather stores without warehouse-room to store them in! At last the happy time has come. The bees, who have been this morning preternaturally still, commence to run restlessly in and out of the hive, until with a rush and roar out pour the workers in one continuous stream, which the queen soon joins, and all in the air dash frantically to and fro, with a noise that may be heard a hundred yards off. Southey has eloquently described how—

> "Of congregated myriads numberless,
> The rushing of whose wings is as the sound
> Of a broad river, headlong in its course,
> Plunged from a mountain summit, or the roar
> Of a wild ocean in the autumn storm
> Shattering its billows on a shore of rocks."

Now, with a glad countenance appears the owner, and any friendly idlers near at hand, with shovel and key, or some such rough and ready instruments, strike up rude music, clang, clang, clang, as they "ring the bees." No rural bee-keeper would believe otherwise than that this wild din pleases the bees and induces the swarm to remain at home. If all goes well, in five or ten minutes the myriad darting atoms are seen converging on one spot, probably the branch of a tree or a row of peas. Here the queen and workers again gather into a larger black mass than we have before described. Think of suffocation in a crowd! what can be the sensations of the centre bees in that dense cluster? The bees being at length all settled and quiet restored, they are soon with a sharp shake precipitated into a new hive which has been "dressed," by brushing the inside with a bunch of sweet herbs dipped in sugared beer, and a new colony is started; enough bees being left in the old hive to carry on the work of the stock and complete the education of a new queen. It may, however, have happened, nay, it is not unlikely that even in spite of "ringing," the swarm of bees did not settle at home, but, to the dismay of their owners, ring they ever so wisely, after whirling about tumultuously for several minutes, have flown far away, where, unless quick eyes and nimble feet have followed them, they are lost, for bees will sometimes in such a case fly a mile or more.

For another scene let us take a bright spring day in early May, when all nature, lately awakened to new life, is smiling and fresh. Seating ourselves quietly close to a populous hive, we muse and watch the busy scene. The colony is all activity, and the gay yellow bands of the workers tell us they are the Ligurian or Alpine bees, now common among the advanced apiarians of England. What a busy throng! in and out, in and out, backwards and forwards, hundreds and hundred of restless little bodies, faster than the eye can count, they come and go all intent on one great care, "the welfare of the state." The full-blossomed fruit-trees afford nectar and pollen in greater abundance than even these busy bees can gather. With what delight the children run to see the bees, and try to count the active pollen-gatherers, who, returning home with their loads brightly visible on their legs, have just accomplished their unconscious task in nature by assisting in the fertilisation of the various flowers. The pleasant hum of the myriads of vibrating wings almost lulls one to sleep in the balmy air, but a louder individual hum than usual elicits a cry from the children of "There's a drone, hurrah! summer is coming, and the bees will soon swarm." All is life, bustle, and activity; but mark the change should gathering clouds presage a storm, no more bees come out, but see the tumultuous throng going in! Tumbling over one another "sauve qui peut," in they go, and when the storm does come all are snug within. What a never-ending source of delight and interest to the little ones are the bees! Bright eyes and chubby arms are perfectly fearless of the anger of their little friends, and chuckle with glee as they lay their hands at the entrance for the busy army to run over, well knowing the bees are great respecters of courage in their friends, and rarely is confidence on either side abused. The whole atmosphere is now redolent with sweet perfume of mignonette, and gay with the azure blooms of borage sown for the bees. Let us see the "bee-master," quaint old-fashioned title, a relic of the olden times, investigate the economy of his colonies; with the protection only of a light gauze veil, pendent from the brim of a straw hat, but with hands uncovered, he calmly, steadily, and fearlessly removes the crown board or cover of the hive he wishes to inspect. Most people would expect to see the inhabitants rush out in a body and attack the bold disturber; but the fact is, they do nothing of the kind, a few impetuously take wing and perhaps alight on the hands of their master; but do they sting him? No! the practised hands remain quiet, unmoved and unharmed, many more bees come tumbling like a boiling mass over the sides of the uncovered hive, apparently seeking to know why their privacy has been so unceremoniously intruded on; and having satisfied their curiosity, back they go, to rejoin their forty thousand companions within. Whereupon, with a steady unflinching movement, and great care that no hurt shall come to any of the bees, the fingers now enter the hive and grasp the two ends of a frame filled with comb and covered with bees, many of whom will run over the hands as harmless as flies and very much tamer: few bees offer to fly, but remain to be returned with the comb to the hive. The apiarian now lifts out each frame *seriatim*, notes the prosperity of the stock or the reverse by the number of young bees in their various stages of growth, as well as the abundance or otherwise of the stores. On a comb near the centre we see the queen busily engaged in her never-ending employment of egg-laying. Now watch her, in her

all-important work; statelily she travels over the combs surrounded by a body-guard of her subjects, who make way for her as she moves, and are ready to attend to the eggs she lays. Her majesty inserts her head into a cell to investigate, passes over it, and, her abdomen having taken the place of her head, she turns half round until her antennæ are below the medial line, and her work is done, to be repeated again and again two or three thousand times a day! Such is the fecundity of a young and vigorous queen bee, the mother as well as monarch of every other bee in the hive. The nurse-bees now take charge of the egg, a little white body curved and shaped like a cucumber, which is destined three days hence to give birth to a little white grub which, coiled up at the bottom of the cell, revels in a bath of chyle, a kind of jelly which forms its sustenance for a few days, until it passes to a pupa, and eventually it becomes a winged and perfect bee. The exact time for the happening of this latter event depends on whether the perfect bee is to be a queen, a worker, or a drone; the first is matured in sixteen days, the second in twenty-one days, and the latter (which are the males) in twenty-five days. Strange as it may appear, the bees have the power, and may be guided by their owner to exercise that power, to make worker eggs or young larvæ into queens, and this is done by enlarging the little animal's cradle, and feeding it with more stimulating food. We may add, that it is part of the art of a skilful bee-keeper not to permit idleness in his apiary, and should he discover a colony of his bees to be in the same condition as we have been contemplating in the garden of our cottage friends, he would take summary measures to remedy the evil. Lose two weeks of his bees' time, not he! especially as he can either *compel* his bees to swarm or empty their combs of the honey. If he decide on the former remedy, he proceeds thus. A new hive being ready, the old one is removed bodily ten yards away, and its place is filled by the new one. A sheet or newspaper is spread before its entrance; number one hive is now uncovered, and the queen sought for; being found, she is carefully placed in number two, to the front of which the old combs are carried one by one, and with a sharp shake nearly all the bees covering them are precipitated on to the newspaper, and close up to the entrance of the hive, into which they run and rejoin their queen, thus forming at once a swarm. The combs, with sufficient bees to attend to the brood, are returned to the old hive, and if no larvæ are in process of growing up to royal honours, the bees immediately set to work to raise one, in which they almost invariably succeed. On the other hand, if our expert had decided to set his bees to work honey-gathering, he would first clear the combs of bees, and then obtain the honey by means of the honey extractor to which we have already referred. This instrument, by the application of centrifugal force, is made to throw out the honey from the rapidly revolving combs, and that without the combs receiving any injury. The use of this machine is as yet little known in England, but it is undoubtedly destined to work a revolution here, in honey raising, as it has already done in America, which go-ahead country probably boasts the largest bee-keepers and best bee-managers in the world. It is recorded that Mr. Harbison, of San Diego, California, in 1874, sent to market sixty-seven tons of honey in best marketable form. This extensive bee-farmer has two thousand stocks of bees, the whole of which are managed by himself and eight apprentices. Very marvellous it is, indeed, to the inexperienced to see the impunity with which an accomplished bee-master handles his bees, and his indifference to their occasional stings. As to the latter, the blood becomes inoculated, and what was at first a source of great pain and irritation becomes merely a slight annoyance, and sometimes scarcely that. However expert a bee-master may be, if he often disturbs his bees, he cannot avoid being sometimes stung. The bees certainly appreciate and respect courage and care, while flinching and hesitation on the part of their owner is a temptation they cannot resist, and those who exhibit such weaknesses are often reminded of the very potent weapon ever ready to be used. Bees also have an uncomfortable habit of crawling up one's sleeve, &c., and presently feeling aggrieved at some unwonted pressure, they are apt to commit "happy despatch," for the operation of stinging is death to the bee.

A century ago one Daniel Wildman astonished the metropolis by his performances with bees. He had an exhibition at Islington, which showed he had considerable acquaintance with the habits and dispositions of these interesting insects. It is said that he could cause a swarm to settle almost instantaneously where he pleased, even on himself. The solution of this apparent marvel was simply the possession of the queen: wherever she was placed, the bees would follow, and by means of a silken thread round her waist she

could be confined where desired. It is a fact well-known to bee-masters, that bees, when full of honey, or when thoroughly alarmed, lose all disposition to sting unless actually hurt, and a knowledge of this enables the bee-master to obtain an easy control over them. Let us again repeat, that the practice of destroying bees by brimstone in order to rifle their stores, is simply cruel and unnecessary: a few smart raps on the hive will cause all the bees to fill themselves with honey, and they can then be driven out even to the last one, and their lives saved for future usefulness by joining them to another colony, which will be greatly benefited by this addition to their numbers.

There are many superstitions connected with bees; in most country districts it is believed to be unlucky to sell them: if you wish to supply a neighbour with such live-stock, sell him the hive, not the bees; they must be a free gift. Others believe that bad luck does not follow if gold be paid for them. Should any of the family die, the bees must be told of it, and a piece of crape put round their hives or, so the superstition runs, they will die too; and a like fate will befal them if their owners engage in any quarrel about them.

J. HUNTER.

NATIONAL HEALTH.

VII.—HEALTH AND LEGISLATION.

IN ideal moments we may be allowed to contemplate the existence of conditions in which communities shall live in perfection of sanitary splendour. It is allowable to picture to ourselves days of peace, knowledge, wisdom, and plenty, when all possible advances, as they to us appear at this time, shall be realised; when premature death shall be looked upon as an accident, death induced by ignorance or neglect as homicide, and misery from want so hideous a social deformity, "that to be hated needs but to be seen."

These days are, I fear, afar off. That they are possibly near is indicated by the circumstance that some can in the extreme distance see them and describe, in however a feeble manner, what they are likely to be. When they come, as they will, they will not perchance be perfect, but will open the view to other vistas also afar off which new eyes will then strain to discover. For still will remain those who, repeating the words of a civilisation ages before ours, will say, "And I gave my heart to seek and search out by wisdom concerning all things that are done under heaven: this sore travail hath God given to the sons of men to be exercised therewith."

While, then, we anticipate the future and hopefully set up our standards of excellence, we must not walk through the present in our dream, but rather work wakefully to set forth the future within the present, so that all changes leading to what may be considered utopian results may come by such natural footsteps that to the beholders they shall steal without perception of the radical transformations they accomplish. We must work, in fact, remembering the aids we can call into the labour of reformation; the characters of mind that have to be drawn into the labour; the demonstrations of good that have to be made clear and repeated; the prejudices that have to be removed; and the hopes that have to be engendered. He is no sanitary reformer of the true school of reform who cannot comprehend all these points of view in the great discussion on the argument *sanitas sanitatis*.

It is in my power to say that the advances which have been made in the appreciation of sanitary matters have been, in this country, of the most certain and satisfactory kind during the life of the passing generation. Just a quarter of a century ago, as one of a very small body indeed of sanitary scholars, I was struggling to establish the first *Journal of Public Health* in this country. The effort was abortive. No publisher would touch the work, and so few subscribers would assist, or promise assistance, I shrank from the project for a time in despair, to be dismayed still more on seeing a similar attempt by an esteemed colleague and friend, the late Hector Gavin, come to grief. At last, after three years of preliminary labour, I ventured, in 1854, to bring out the first number of the *Journal of Public Health and Sanitary Review*. Backed in the enterprise by the council of the Epidemiological Society of London, who gave me their valuable Transactions for publication, and purchased a certain number of copies of the *Journal*, I commenced with some advantages, and I think the *Journal* was fairly conceived. The motto I invented for it—"National health is national wealth," a

motto which has since passed into a proverb, and been ascribed to Benjamin Franklin and other authors, but which was quite original—has been of some service. The *Journal* was kindly and ably sustained by its contributors, and as the name of nearly every then known sanitary reformer in England was enrolled on the list of contributors, it may be some time of use, historically, for the record that has yet to be written of the early progress of sanitary science in this country.

Since the period of which I have spoken the changes of public opinion that have taken place on matters of sanitary science are so great as to be startling when they are recalled. The tabooed subject is the subject of the day now. Every household circle is full of it; the legislative chambers are charged with it; the press finds it one of the most taking, as it is certainly one of the most useful, subjects of debate; the medical profession, which with a noble self-sacrifice has always been foremost in the work of sanitation, is moving in its behalf with a zeal that might reanimate Hippocrates himself; and, best proof of all, poor authors and students and, shall I say, enthusiasts on the subject like myself, find they have at last a hearing, and a success in their labour.

Never did Shakespeare write a thought more perfect in its truth than when he said, "Teach thy necessity to reason thus, 'There is no virtue like necessity.'" The truth has been most faithfully exemplified in the history of sanitary progress in England. To my mind it is clear that the necessities of the great Crimean campaign formed the means by which the progress of sanitary work was made sure amongst us. The principles had been taught long before. The great philosopher and Chancellor, Lord Bacon, had proclaimed them in terms so remarkable, they ought not to have been forgotten; and all through the second quarter of this century have sprung direct from his time. They remained little heeded until there was a struggle on the part of men of science to bring the national mind to a correct comprehension of what was needed. The Crimean disasters were, however, wanted to create the required deep impression, and to quicken the national heart to steady and effective work.

At this moment we are so fully alive to the risks our forefathers have in their ignorance accepted, and are so eager to lay in our generation a better foundation for future generations, that the prominent danger lies in proceeding too rapidly with what is considered to be, but is not always proved to be, reform of the national health. All intended reforms, to be safe in their course, must be gradual in their development, must grow, as the solidest and finest trees grow, and like the trees must, probably, fall out of leaf for a while that they may renew their life after repose from active growth. Such reforms must be founded on actual knowledge, and must be understood by the masses in the order they are set forth. This statement, which holds good in a general sense, is specially true in relation to sanitary inquiries; for so intimately is each step in the art of preserving health mixed up with social questions of various kinds, that a few false moves, a few impracticable and perhaps unscientific attempts hastily made by amateur sanitarians, for the purpose of doing something, may merely do harm ultimately to the cause they were intended to advance.

I make these observations because it is obvious to all who, by education and occupation, are specially devoted to the pursuit of sanitary knowledge, that the efforts, which at the present are being made by the parliament and by many public bodies, are undertaken without regard to system, and without any definite or comprehensive object. The elements of the sanitary question are few in number, but they lie much deeper than is generally supposed. Many recent and notable health measures are but temporary in their character, and are scarcely calculated to affect the great questions at issue, either for evil or for good.

There is a strong feeling abroad at this moment that legislative enactments are capable of doing service in the preservation of health, and the suppression of disease. I do not deny that a decision in a law court may occasionally check or remove some real or supposed cause of disease; but I doubt the correctness of the principles of coercion, and more than doubt the general competency of the men upon whom devolve the duty of adjudication and of inflicting fines and penalties on those supposed to be guilty of breaking sanitary law.

The labours of the true sanitary reformer lie, I believe, in four directions.

1. In an endeavour to understand simply the nature of diseases, their alliances, their true distinctive characters, the modifications to which the body is subjected under the influence of diseased action, and the chemical or physical measures best adapted for removal and prevention of disease. Labours of this kind require the highest order of

scientific learning. They are altogether removed from the business of the mere politician, and they imply in him who prosecutes them a mind fully charged with all the modern doctrines of chemistry, physics, and the laws of life. These labours tend to lead the mind from effects back to causes.

2. In an endeavour to seek out primarily the causes of diseases, irrespective of the symptoms and the other details involved in the consideration of the diseases themselves. Efforts in this line of research should embrace observations conducted on a large scale, and bearing on the effects of locality, climate, season, meteorology, contagion, habit, diet, and occupation, in giving rise to distinctive types of disease.

3. In striving to make the vast stores of information already acquired in regard to the two forms of inquiry above noted accessible to all classes of society, and in having them scientifically popularised and diligently taught, especially to the young.

4. In giving free scope and encouragement to those mechanical arts which tend to improve the beauty and convenience of towns and cities, to lessen muscular labour, to increase the comforts of the poor man's home, and to introduce such an elevated class of amusements for leisure moments as shall make the hearts of men happier, and their minds refined.

In these offerings to reason and knowledge lies the true reform, the *elixir vitæ*, which carries all the charm the quacksalver's bill claims for the quacksalver's pill.

In the prosecution of the few and simple principles thus sketched out is embodied, I believe, the beginning and the end of sanitary science. These ignored, all else is mere practical dilettanteism—a playing with the details of principles, while the principles themselves are undeveloped. Right honourable and honourable gentlemen may discourse in the senate house, and sit on committees of inquiry, and publish tons' weight of blue-books, and preside over boards of health, and invest magistrates with new powers; but the mortality tables of the Registrar-General will still tell how little can be done until a new impulse is given bearing on the leading improvements which I have endeavoured to define and point out.

There are some diseases which seem to stand forth independent altogether of what are usually understood as pernicious influences, diseases which have a specific cause of which we know nothing whatever, and cannot even form an idea. There are other diseases, the propagation of which are as easily traceable as is the generation of the living world. If legislation must do something, why should it not direct inquiry in reference to this distinction? And when it has made out a few facts regarding those diseases, the propagation of which is understood, why should it not make a trial to lessen or extinguish them? There is a disease of diseases which a mock morality makes it a very crime to name, but which leaves its base imprint more or less marked on every hundredth babe, at least, born in this kingdom, and which engrafts a host of maladies on half our Saxon race. This of all diseases is most preventable by coercive legislation, if such legislation can do anything whatever. But it cannot. It cannot stop small-pox, though it has Jenner's discovery in its right hand.

The two instances of imperfect legislation to which I have referred above are excellent examples of the difficulties that lie in the way in enforcing legislation on a people that revels in freedom, even when the legislative action is necessary for the actual protection of life as well as health. There can be no doubt in any unprejudiced mind that the Contagious Diseases Acts and the Vaccination Acts have controlled two of the most fearful of the diseases afflicting the human family. Yet the difficulties of maintaining these Acts in operation are so persistent and so great, it is doubtful whether the Vaccination Act itself may not sometime be repealed under the pressure of the stern opposition that is made to it. Yet how unreasonable the opposition is, how thoroughly it is maintained by simple want of knowledge, is proved by this one circumstance, that the members of the medical body, who are by necessity most familiar with all the dangers and all the advantages attending the process of vaccination, are so satisfied as to the infinitesimal character of its danger, and so assured of the infinite quality of its advantages, they are, of all sections of the community, most anxious to secure for themselves and their children the protection it affords. On the occasion of the prevalence of small-pox in 1870-1, a public vaccinator to whom I applied for the vaccination of my own family informed me that the doctors alone gave him sufficient employment for another pair of hands, that they were always the first to apply to him, were most importunate of all to take advantage of the prophylactic, and were, he believed, all but universally protected by it. The fact sufficiently accounts

for the immunity from small-pox which the doctors, who are most of all exposed to the poison of the disease, exhibit during an epidemic. It suggests at the same time singular contrasts, in action and in result, as between them and those who on no knowledge at all, object to the process.

The practical lesson that is to be gathered from these strange and anomalous experiences is, that legislative action which is opposed to free-will will always be the most perplexing to the legislator, and, except in instances of absolute necessity, should never be attempted. Free-will combined with ignorance is resolute, and usually wrong; free-will combined with knowledge is so right it needs no coercive law. When he meets the first, the legislator must be in perpetual contest, and must make his way purely by the strength of his position. When he meets the second, the legislator has nothing to do but lay aside his power, let the freedom and the knowledge take their own course and guide him.

Must it then be said that the Government has no responsibilities and no duties in respect to the maintenance of the national health? Must local administration, or private enterprise, or individual effort, alone or in combination, be left to their own discretions and devices? By no means. There is full scope for the action of Government, independently of its doubtfully useful coercive functions. There are before it certain grand supervising and directing functions which, up to this time neglected, should at once be brought into consideration. I cannot do better than invite public attention to some of the more important of these functions of Government. They are vital in respect to the interests of the whole community, but, vital as they are, they are certain to receive no application through the legislature until an enlightened public opinion enforces the fact that it demands their institution.

GOVERNMENT DISEASE RETURNS.

The first grand sanitary work demanded from the Government is the institution of a department for the registration of disease throughout the whole of the United Kingdom. It is as vain for the State to apply legislative action for the prevention of general disease, while it is ignorant of all the phenomena of disease that are present, as it would be vain for the physician to write a prescription for a particular form of disease while he is ignorant of the symptoms of the malady, and the circumstances under which it was developed. I have been hammering at this subject now for twenty-two years, and at the risk of hammering again, I repeat that it is the first essential for the good of the nation that the registration of disease should be made as distinct a part of the business of the State as is the registration of births, deaths, and marriages. The registration of births, deaths, and marriages shows admirably the balance that is paid over by disease to death. We want now to know the balance that is paid over by health to disease, and the reasons of the debt.

The registration of disease is one of the simplest duties that could fall to the action of the State. It has only to be done, and might within any one year be in as perfect working order as the registration of births, marriages, and deaths. I say this not from any theory, but from direct experience. In the year 1855 I commenced an effort to test the practicability of this scheme, and was soon assisted by a large body of competent observers. At one time fifty observers were lending me their services, from forty-four points of observation, extending from the Scilly Islands to the Hebrides. The facts were published quarterly. The diseases affecting the human subject, the diseases affecting the lower animals, and the diseases affecting plants, were recorded with more or less of detail; and in some instances the observers added an excellent account of the meteorological conditions that had prevailed in their districts during the periods of observation. These returns were commenced in the March quarter of the year 1855, and were continued regularly for four years. They were published in the *Journal of Public Health*. The records of disease, obtained as I have described, may still be read with profit. In one of them, reported by Mr. Haffenden, of Canterbury, from the notes of eight observers, there was given, in the spring quarter of the year 1857, the first distinct account of the outbreak of diphtheria in England, from a series of cases observed at the village of Ash, by Mr. Reid, of Canterbury. If to the Government such a report of a disease new to the country were conveyed immediately on the outbreak of the malady, I need not tell how important might be the action of the Government in stamping out the plague at its first source.

The success of the experiment for the registration of diseases was the actual cause of its failure. It was impossible for any one individual to bear the labour and the expense of collecting and publishing regularly the

returns of disease from fifty observers, though their valued labours were freely given. When, therefore, the experiments had been fairly tried and shown to be practicable, I laid the results before Sir Benjamin Hall, who was for a time President of the Board of Health, and suggested to him that the weekly records of the union medical officers of the kingdom should, by a very simple modification, be utilised for registration of disease, after they had served the primary local purpose for which they were intended. Sir Benjamin Hall received the scheme with much favour, and promised to take the opinion of the Registrar-General upon it; but after a little time, he informed me that the carrying out of the design would involve an expense which the public, he believed, would hesitate to meet, so the effort was not made.

In scientific research it is so common for the most laborious series of researches to fail in their direct object, that men of science become inured to failure, and soon cease to lament over it. I confess, however, I have never ceased to lament the failure of my original proposition for obtaining a complete registration of disease in this country. I regret most deeply the time that has been unnecessarily lost. If I could have continued to have received reports four times a year from but fifty observers during the twenty-one years that have now passed, I should by this time have collected over four thousand sets of facts relating to disease, from which something useful must have been derivable. If the larger scheme I proposed had been carried out, if the weekly returns of the three thousand poor law medical officers had been utilised for the same period, instead of being allowed to go to destruction when their first use was over, some three million and a quarter of facts, relating to diseases and their causes in England and Wales, would by this time have been collected. It is impossible to estimate this deplorable loss of knowledge, yet still the loss goes on. I name the subject in order to urge forward an endeavour to prevent the further and continuous waste of knowledge. To know the diseases of this country in their entirety, to know the relation of the diseases in men to the diseases of inferior animals and of plants, to be able to fix the special localities of special diseases, to be able to trace the diseases back to occupations, modes of life, and all the external exciting causes from which they spring, were knowledge which every Statesman surely should long to acquire. Such knowledge is the best history, the best book of reference that could be obtained, from which to read the health, and thereby the wealth, of our people. Domesday-book were a poor contribution by the side of that book of vital possessions to which I once again venture to direct public attention.

GOVERNMENT WATER SUPPLY.

There are certain common necessities of life which, supplied from impure sources, are the causes of many diseases, but which, supplied from pure sources, are the great maintainers of health. The grandest representative of these common necessities is water. The animal body, as I have already said in a previous paper, is made up more of water than of any other compound that enters into its organic construction. For this important, all-essential constituent we have had to depend hitherto on various supplies; on the rain that falls into the cistern; on the river that flows near our houses; on the wells that are sunken into the earth; on the rivulets that flow out of rocks, or out of the earth,—natural springs. Precisely as these sources have been found for the convenience of the inhabitants, they have been resorted to without any reference whatever to the healthiness of the supply. Not until these late years, not, indeed, until Dr. Snow some twenty-five years ago began to direct the attention of the world to this all-important subject, supply of water in relation to health and disease, and to demonstrate by his wonderful researches the fact of its importance, did the wisest of men look with any anxiety on water as a source of disease. Afterwards, when Snow had made it appear most clear that cholera is dependent on certain kinds of impure water, the wider question of the whole influence of water in the production of disease came forward for discussion; old and half-forgotten truths began to be revived and put into their proper place, and new truths soon burst into light. The result has been to show that a large number of diseases, which were originally supposed to be due to some occult and unremovable cause, are due to the consumption of impure water. Typhoid fever has been traced to water charged with organic decomposing excreta, and perhaps to other organic decomposing substances. Cholera has been traced to the consumption of water holding in it the poison of cholera. Goitre has been traced to the consumption of water containing an excess of saline constituents. Ague has been clearly traced to

the drinking of marshy water as a cause. Paralysis has been found to occur from the dietetic use of a water charged with lead derived from leaden pipes. Diarrhœa and continued fever have been constantly discovered to arise from the swallowing of water derived from wells contaminated with sewage or the fluids from filthy drains and stagnant pools.

In these and some other directions the connection of acute and chronic diseases with the water supply has been satisfactorily determined, and now it is frequently asked, by the community generally, when the healthiness of a place is under consideration:—What is its water supply? Every one, in fact, who knows anything at all is alive to the necessity for a proper supply of the natural fluid aliment of man and beast; while the learned have so far advanced in their knowledge as to be able to compute the rate of healthiness of a place and the character of some of its prevailing diseases by the examination of the water with which the people of the place are regularly fed. With all this knowledge, general and special, it remains too true that the supplies of water throughout the country are so uncertain, and so often bad that they are a persistent cause of the most serious diseases. The health resorts of England, as they are called, and as they would be truly called if they were properly fed with water, are amongst the worst of the water-contaminated centres.

To meet the dangers arising from supply of impure water we have so far had to depend on the exertions of private companies, or in rare instances on the public enterprise of municipal bodies. Some advance has been made from these efforts, and sufficient has certainly been effected to prove that in water supply, as in everything else, "where there's a will there's a way;" that no barriers lie between healthy men and healthy water which modern science cannot overcome; and that the purest water is a commodity to be ensured at a fair cost of money, and the labour and skill which money purchases.

It seems to me that at this crisis the legitimate duty of the Government is to legislate on the question of water supply. The Government now knows, and the people know, what precisely is wanted in respect to the maintenance of health by water food. Both know the dangers that belong to neglect on this great subject. Both know equally well that supply of water to the whole kingdom, to every city, town, village, hamlet, separate mansion, lodge, is out of the range of pure private enterprise, and cannot be safely entrusted to an unlimited number of independent companies, each liable to differ on matters of science, economy, and method. Government and people, therefore, should be of one mind to place the management of the supply under strict legislative enactment, so that every living centre should be made certain of receiving the first necessity of nature in the condition fitted for the necessities of all who live.

There are two processes by which the legislature may proceed to act on this question. It may declare what is a standard of a pure water, and enforce all municipal and local boards to supply such water to those whom they locally govern. Or it may take the whole business into its own hands, as it has the postal supply, and be itself responsible for waterworks everywhere. I do not discuss the merits of these respective systems. It is sufficient to indicate that on this subject it is time for the public to enforce on the legislature decisive action.

To see that the nation has a pure supply of water is not more important than to ensure that supplies of fatal drinks shall in some measure be reduced and in the end abolished. For more than a hundred and fifty years this question has been before the legislature, and still I fear the Lords of the Privy Council might write by her Majesty's command to the Custodes Rotulorum of the several counties, precisely as the Lords of the Privy Council wrote by his Majesty's command on March 31st, 1743, "That the excessive drinking of spirituous liquors has not been prevented by former Acts of Parliament, but still continues the same;" and it is there complained of as "a custom destructive of the health, morals, and industry of his Majesty's subjects, and to the peace of his kingdom." There are few now who do not admit the evil that has to be legislated for, and the necessity of immediate legislation; none, except those who are directly or indirectly profiting, or thinking that they profit, by the sale of strong drink. Every legislator who speaks deplores the evil, and would, he says, fain crush it. Every candid legislator knows that the nation is ready for the gradual abolition of the drink traffic. Yet only about one in seven dares to propose legislative action, and no Government dares to touch the question with a view to restrict the sale of the most useless article at its best, and the most fatal article at its worst, of all human beings buy and sell.

The future historian, watching the curious contest that is now in progress, and seeing its bearings with a distinctiveness we cannot realise, will have many speculations on the reason why such a contest was so long on hand, and why the greatest enemy of civilised man was allowed so long a reign. He will probably come to the conclusion that the chief reason was of a physiological character. He will say the generation did not see the evil because they were born to it, begotten in it, begotten upon it. The degeneracy of liking the enemy had to be bred out before a majority could exorcise it by the action of their free-will. The time, I think, approaches when the generation is sufficiently changed to begin the process of exorcism. It can only begin practically by legal enactment. I know it will be said that such moral extension of temperance as will give direction and power to political movement might be expected to move everything in due order, and with due effect, without the introduction of any one addition to the statute book. I would be second to none in supporting moral over coercive human law, in cultivating virtue, if I may so say, by fashion rather than by penalties and punishment. But in this drink question, the law as it stands is hopelessly involved. The law which should protect the nation from the folly and crime of drink, actually legalises, and it is not saying a word too much to add, patronises and sustains the evil. It exacts dues out of the iniquity, and doubles the injury which the enemy himself inflicts. It allows every temptation to drink to stand forth in the public thoroughfares to catch the ignorant and unwary. It trains the ignorant, by these means, into drunkenness; robs the man it trains of money for what are called State purposes; punishes him if in his trained, legally trained, madness, he commits some offence against society; and finally leaves him unprotected from his own acts when his madness is fully confirmed. Can any system be worse than this, or more urgently require reformation?

It is not necessary to ask the legislature to adopt any process for reducing the power and efficiency of rational free-will in order to ask it to do something to help those who are struggling to put down the great crime of our age, and who fail to triumph because the legislative machinery stands across the way. It is only necessary to pray the legislature to remove its own acts by which it has given license to a large class of men to traffic in alcohol to the injury of the national health, if they will but pay a license for the privilege of inflicting the injury. The State here surely can say we will not take part in the wholesale disposal of an article that is to be retailed for the life service of none who buy it, but for the fatal service of the many who buy. In this case, in fact, the State has merely to withdraw its protection; to place the drug alcohol in the same position as other chemical bodies of the same class; to recognise that death produced by alcohol is the same as death produced by any other poisonous agent; and, to leave the use of this agent in the hands of those who are learned enough to know how to use it, if it be at any time a warranted necessity. Presuming the State has not power to act altogether in this concern, it should at least give fair play to those advanced communities which in their own spheres are anxious to legislate for themselves; which beg for no more than that they, by their free-will, may exclude an evil they abhor; and which hope, by the example they would set, to extend their movement until the supreme will of the people should emancipate the legislator from all peril and responsibility when the time comes for a prohibitory decree that shall transform the local into the imperial policy of the nation.

I have included in these three heads the most important measures which, to the mind of the sanitarian, first call for the attention of Government. There are many other reforms that lie prominently for notice, but it were only to embarrass legislation for the public to agitate for them until the greater measures are carried. The complete registration of diseases and their causes; the complete supply of pure water for all classes of the community; the suppression of the most determinate and extensive cause of many and fatal diseases;—these are legislative labours of so much moment they may well precede, and exclusively precede, all minor measures of a domestic character and interest.

For the due consideration of these great contemplated measures, and for the due working of the sanitary laws and regulations which already exist, an important reform is required within the Government itself. It is essential that there should be a recognised minister of health holding a seat in the Cabinet, and having a department under him that should be completely organized for dealing with every matter pertaining to the public health and life. At present sanitary supervision is so chaotic the nation does not really appreciate the quantity or the quality of the sanitary work

that is actually performed for it. The Registrar-General is an important State sanitary officer. The President of the Local Government Board is an important State sanitary officer. The President of the Board of Works is in some sense an important State sanitary officer. The Secretary of State for the Home Department is vested with duties which can only be interpreted as sanitary. In this confusion sanitation stands connected with legislation by so many loose ties, it is, according to the popular mind, disconnected and inoperative. It has no fixed place in the system of government, and is treated consequently as if it had no fixed or enduring importance. The consolidation of all that now exists of official sanitary work into one department, under the direction of a responsible minister fitted by education for the ministerial duties, would do more to bring the people to the idea of sanitation as a distinctive part of political science than any step that has been taken in the whole political sanitary history of the country.

We must probably wait long for sound legislation on matters of health, for there is always more tempting metal than health before the gaze of the politician. But we must not, therefore, weary in sanitary work. Each man and woman is a politician in the circle at home, and if each will work intelligently in the million little centres which under the name of home make up the nation, the Minister of Health, who must one day appear, will be looked up to as one of the most honoured and responsible servants of the commonwealth: the physician, *par excellence*, whom Alexander of Tralles himself might envy.

BENJAMIN W. RICHARDSON.

FROM PALERMO.

O'ER snowy Alps and tossing seas,
To me, an idle wanderer, comes
A memory with the northern breeze—
A touch of hands from English homes.

I roam 'mid ruins rich in fame,
And on the days of glory muse,
When Carthage, with her heart on flame,
Wrestled with Rome for Syracuse.

While Clio bids to greater themes,
To strike a lyre with sterner strings,
And mingle with remoter dreams
The fights of old Phœnician kings.

But this fair shore, where roses dwell,
And reaches of the silver main,
Encircled by the Golden Shell,
Demand from me a softer strain.

So, loitering up Sicilian glades,
And climbing cliffs that Pindar sung,
I gather flowers, 'neath olive shades,
To speak to thee in English tongue.

No brighter hues around were spread,
When Proserpine, with all her girls,
Forgat the hours on Enna's mead,
Nor gentler breezes fanned her curls.

In far green valleys, I forget
The whole dim world of strife and care;
The Graces wreathe their dances yet,
With them I breathe a calmer air.

The hopes that have a second birth
Revive, fresh splendours are unfurled,
And, treading on a kindlier earth,
I realise a wider world.

Still, 'mid these realms of antique art,
Of classic sculpture, Arab dome,
And tropic fragrance, half my heart
Points, with my compass, o'er the foam.

Not wholly in the Syren's thrall,
I set afloat my random rhymes;
And pluck the branches that recall
The message borne from colder climes.

The lily's light, the violet's ray
Purpling, like eve, in this rich sky;
And daisies, blooming where the day
Beams with an ever azure eye.

Receive these blossoms of the year,
Grown, where eternal summer smiles,
Round the great gorge, without a peer,
In this the pearl of all the isles.

JOHN NICHOL.

WHAT THE KETTLE WAS SAYING.

"I WONDER what you are making all that noise about," said Malcolm one dark evening, as he sat on the hearth-rug before the nursery fire, hugging his knees, and waiting for tea-time.

It was not at all strange that he should want to know what the kettle meant, because it really was making a most ridiculous fuss—all about nothing, as it seemed; and just as he spoke, there came a still more vigorous puff and splutter, and a few boiling drops of water flew out, and fell on the hearth directly in front of him.

"What's all that hissing and singing about?" said Malcolm to the largest drop, "what's the use of making such a noise?"

"It's that horrid kettle," said the drop, "it's a great shame, he wants to keep us shut up in there, and we are all begging him to let us get out and go and do our work."

"But Nurse put you in there to make our tea with, and she'll soon pour you into the tea-pot, and then we'll drink you, you know," said Malcolm.

"Will she? Then that's quite a different thing; if we are being useful, we don't mind being shut up. I wish I could tell my friends in there that they're being useful!"

"What would that matter to them? They are only drops of water, they don't understand anything," said Malcolm contemptuously.

"We have seen and done a great many wonderful things," answered the drop, rather stiffly, "we understand a great deal more than you think."

"Why, what have you seen? You haven't been to the Circus like me, and I'm sure you've never been in a railway train!"

"Are you quite sure? Some of my friends in there have been in a train, and I've seen quite as wonderful things as what you call a Circus."

"I don't believe it: where did you come from?" asked Malcolm, rather rudely.

"I used to live in the Sea," said the drop.

"Did you? Why, then, you must be *salt!*" cried Malcolm, with a horrid fear coming over him that his tea, for which he was waiting so anxiously, would not be quite so nice as usual.

"No, I am not salt, and that is just one of the wonderful things I could tell you about. Would you like to hear?"

"Oh, yes, if you please—go on—tell me a story." And he laid his head down on his knees, and drew a little nearer to the fire, to listen comfortably.

"Once upon a time," began the drop, "I lived in the sea; I was very happy, for I had nothing to do but to dance about all day, and run races with my companions, or play hide-and-seek among the seaweed that hung down from the rocks on the shore. But one day, two little things like you——"

"Boys," suggested Malcolm.

"Yes,—boys,—were playing on the shore, and we were running after them, and trying to catch their bare feet and wet them, when one of them cried out, 'This is stupid work, I'm tired of it, let's make a pond and sail our boats.' The other clapped his hands and shouted, 'All right, that will be great fun,' and ran away to fetch their boats and their wooden pails. It was not long before they had carried me and a great many of my playfellows away from the rest, and put us into a hole in the rocks, just like those I had often jumped into for fun when I was playing hide-and-seek, only it was a long way up from the sea.

"The boys sailed their boats till they were quite tired, and till the Sun had gone to bed behind the hills. Then they ran home; but we lay still in our pool, waiting for some of our companions to come up and take us back with them into the big sea; but all through the long dark night, no one came near us.

"In the morning, the Sun rose just as usual, but instead of smiling at us, and sending his servant, little Breeze, to play with us, he looked at us very solemnly, and began to talk to us.

"'My dear little children,' said he, 'you have spent quite enough of your life here in play, and it is now time for you to begin to do some of the work that you were made to do. Nothing in the world was made only to amuse itself, or to be idle, and though you do not know it, even you little playful drops are able to do great work.'

"We were rather frightened when the Sun spoke to us so seriously, so differently from his old way,—for he used to do nothing but amuse us, play at looking-glasses with us,

and build long trains of golden light for us to go and dress up and dance in. But one little fellow took courage and asked him,—

"'Of what use can we be? We are so small, and we don't know how to do anything but run about the shore and play.'

"'You have been doing some work already, even in your play,' said the Sun smiling; 'you are each of you carrying about a very precious burden,—something that neither men nor animals can live without. But now you have done all you can for those burdens, and you must leave them behind, and come up to me, and I will give you some other work to do. It is quite true that you are very small, but should you like to know how to make yourselves big?'

"'Oh, yes,' we all cried eagerly.

"'Always be ready to help one another; what one drop is not big enough to do, perhaps two can do: if two cannot, perhaps ten can. Help every creature or thing that wants help; a little help which comes just at the time when it is needed, is a very great help indeed. If you are always helping one another, you will always be big enough for your work.'

"As he said this, I saw that a great many drops were flying up into the air, and getting out of sight, and just as I had made up my mind to do the same, I saw the boys who had played with us the day before run up, and I heard one of them call out—

"'Oh! look here; our pond is nearly dried up, and there's such a lot of white stuff left in it; I wonder what it is!'

"'Why! it's *salt*,' cried the other, 'let us scrape it out, and take it home to put in our porridge to-morrow morning!'

"I rose slowly up into the air, not sorry to leave my load of salt behind for the boys' breakfast, saying good-bye to the sea and the rocks, and all my old friends, wondering where I was going, and what my work would be, till I found myself among a crowd of drops of water, all being driven along, away from the sea and towards the land.

"'Come on, little fellow, or you'll be too late; fly along with the others, they have just started,' said a soft voice; and I saw behind me a tall man dressed in pale grey robes, and felt that he was driving me forward very gently.

"'Please, sir, who are you?' I asked in my most polite manner.

"'My name is South Wind,' said the man, 'and my master has sent me to drive you little rain-drops to your working ground; and now, please, get on as fast as you can, or your cloud will leave you behind.'

"So I flew along, as he told me, and soon came up with the others, who were getting greyer as they went, till they looked just like the grey man's robes.

"'Where are we going?' I asked of a drop quite close to me.

"'I don't think we shall go far,' the other answered. 'I heard the Sun tell South Wind to make haste, for the country was so dry, there had been no rain for three weeks. He told him also that his cloud was not nearly large enough; he would get some more drops to come up from the sea and join him. South Wind said he could not drive any more drops along without somebody to help him; but the Sun answered, "Oh, I think you can manage it very well, you have not far to go; and North Wind will come and help you to set them to work when you get to the right place."'

"'What will our work be, I wonder?' said I. 'Have you ever done any work?'

"'Oh, yes!' answered the other, 'I have been at work for a long time; the last thing I did was——'

"'Stop! stop! you have gone quite far enough,' shouted a rough, harsh voice. 'They are all wanted down below here, and the sooner they go the better.'

"'All right, North Wind,' said our gentle grey driver; 'if you will send them about their business, I will go and fetch another cloud.'

"So saying, he disappeared, and North Wind rushed in among us, knocking us about and shouting, 'Now, then! off with you, and see who can get to the earth first!'

"What a grand race we had all the way down from the sky, North Wind chasing us and blowing us each in the way we had to go! Even hide-and-seek among the rocks was not half so much fun.

"I landed at last upon a raspberry leaf, and was not at all sorry to lie still for a moment after my splendid scamper; but the leaf exclaimed at once,—

"'Oh! here is a drop of rain at last. Please help me to get rid of all this dust that is choking me.'

"I looked at her and saw that she was quite covered with dust; there was hardly any green to be seen. I tried with all my might to clear her, but the dust was so heavy I could not move any of it.

"'Oh, dear!' said the leaf, 'you're too small. Dear Mr. Bee,' she continued, speaking to one who had just settled near

her, 'do go and look for a few more rain drops, I am sure there must be plenty of them about. This kind little drop would like to wash me if he could, but he is not big enough. Please send a few more to help him.'

"The bee buzzed about for a few seconds, looking out for some of my companions, and at last perched himself on a twig just above me, and shook down half-a-dozen big heavy drops. Then we ran all over the leaf, and made her beautifully clean and fresh.

"'Thank you, little drops,' she said, 'now I can breathe again! You had better carry all that dust down to the ground, and leave it in a crack you will find there; the sun shines in through that crack and hurts my roots, and I shall be so glad to have it filled up.'

"So we carried the dust down, and laid it very carefully on her roots at the bottom of the crack.

"I can tell you that we were almost as glad to get rid of it as she was, it was so heavy and choky. But we had now got down into a very deep hole, and we could not jump out of it again, so what were we to do? We ran backwards and forwards to see if there was any other way to get out; and after a long time, I discovered at one end a chink just large enough for a drop to squeeze through, and I pointed it out to my companions.

"'I shall go out through that chink,' I said, 'and see what is beyond.'

"But they all preferred to stay where they were, so I left them, and making myself as small as possible, I slipped out of the deep crack where we had been prisoners for so long. I found myself in a narrow passage between two high walls, very like the place where I had left my friends, only it sloped downwards pretty quickly. I ran on as fast as I could till the passage came to an end on a large flat stone. I peeped over the edge of this, and saw a stream running very quickly past.

"'That is all right,' I said to myself, and was just going to jump into it, when I caught sight of a fish staring up at the stone with large hungry eyes.

"'I say, little drop,' he called up to me, 'do give that dead worm a shove and send it down here. I'm so hungry, for I've had nothing but flies to eat all this hot weather; I've been watching that worm for the last five minutes, and it only wants the least push to set it loose.'

"I looked about me, and soon saw the worm on the very edge of the stone. Here was a chance for me! Some work not too hard for one drop to do alone. I ran in behind him, and leant all my weight against the place where I thought he was sticking. Yes, that was right; in one instant he slipped off the rock and fell plump into the stream, and I fell after him, but not into the same place, for before you could say Jack Robinson, my friend the fish had gobbled him up, and, shouting out to me, 'Thank you for a capital dinner,' he wagged his tail and dashed off to hide himself under a large stone.

"'Now for another race!' I thought,—but no. Before I had gone ten yards I was stopped and turned into a little narrow stream which went along so sluggishly that I thought we should all stand still in a few minutes. There was a great deal of mud mixed up with us too, and altogether it was very stupid and uncomfortable. However, I made the best of it, and kept near the top of the stream, so that I could look about me and see what was going on. Sometimes I was stopped by a bulrush or a long blade of grass, and kept from getting on for a short time. Once when I was waiting like this, I saw two boys going along the bank with long slender rods in their hands and baskets on their backs.

"'Do you think it will be any use trying the fly to day?' said one.

"'I don't know,' said the other, 'the water is getting pretty thick, but they may still be able to see it; we can always take to the worm afterwards, if we don't get any fish with the fly.'

"'Oh! if we only catch enough for breakfast, that is quite as much as I want,' said the first boy.

"There was some more work for me; I had helped one fish to get a dinner, perhaps I might save another from being made into a breakfast.

I followed the boys down the stream (which was now beginning to go a little faster), as well as I could, till they stopped at a pool where they said they would try. There, under a stone, lay a nice fat trout, watching eagerly everything that floated past. 'I must tell him about the boys,' I thought. So I went up to him and said, 'Please, sir, don't eat any flies to-day.'

"'Why may I not eat what I like, you impertinent young rascal?' he answered, making a snap at a passing worm.

"'Because there are boys out fishing, and they mean to catch you on a hook made to

look just like a fly; do take care, sir!' I cried.

"'Mind your own business,' said the fish: don't you think I know a really good fly with half a wink of my eye?' And he gave his tail such a switch that it sent me spinning up the stream again. I was so vexed at the fish's obstinacy that I could not help speaking of it to all the drops that were near, and asking them if we could do anything to save him.

"We soon hit upon a capital plan, and set to work to carry it out. We had got into a small hollow by the side of the stream, under a bank of soft brown earth, and we ran round and round in this hollow, each of us knocking down a grain or two of earth from the bank as we passed, till we had collected as much as we could carry. Then we watched, and just as the boy was throwing his fly over the place where my ungrateful friend the fish lay, we all rushed down over him, carrying our burdens of earth; and we made it so dark over him that he could not see the fly.

"'The water is too thick to-day, I told you so,' I heard one of the boys say as I ran on down the stream, and in a very few moments I could see and hear nothing more of them."

"Did they try to fish with the worm, and did the greedy trout get caught?" asked Malcolm anxiously.

"I don't know," answered the Drop, "I never met the Fish again,—but I had done my best to help him. Well, I swam on for a long time, neither seeing nor hearing anything, through a mill-dam, over a wheel, round two or three islands, till the stream had become a great river, and ran very fast indeed. I was racing along, wondering what we should come to next, when—splash—a little girl of about your size fell into the river, and began to float down with us. I thought she had come to play with us, but I soon found out my mistake; for a number of little voices shouted out, 'Stop her! stop her! she'll be drowned: pull her out!'

"But we could not stop her, we could only carry her on down the river. Three or four little children were running along on the bank, and it was their voices that I had heard. Suddenly there was another splash: could it be another child in the river?—no. It was a large black dog, and in a minute he had seized the little girl by the frock, and was trying to drag her to the shore.

"'Hold up her frock! keep her up!' cried a drop near me, and we all did our best to get under her frock and to help the brave dog who was swimming to the bank, holding her up as well as he could.

"'Here she comes!' shouted the children, 'help her out! give her your hand! pull her up on the grass!' and by the help of the dog, on whose coat I was now resting, we got her safely on dry ground again. I was not to stay long with the dog, though I wished very much to see what he would do next, for he gave himself a tremendous shake, and threw me off into the air, and I very soon found myself running down the river again.

"I have very little more to tell, for I had not been there many minutes when I suddenly passed into a dark tunnel, and have neither seen nor heard anything since, till I sat down here beside you. I can't stay any longer now, I must be off to find some more work. Good bye."

"Come, Master Malcolm, wake up; are you not going to have any tea?" said Nurse.

Malcolm rubbed his eyes, and looked all over the hearthstone for his friend the drop, but it really was gone, I wonder where?—Perhaps to take a journey in a railway train.

G. S. RAMSAY.

PRINTED BY VIRTUE AND CO., LIMITED, CITY ROAD, LONDON.

MAY 1966
WESBY